

Blurb:

Pansy Parkinson has always been an outcast. The first of her family to be sorted into Gryffindor, she had become an outsider both in her House and with her family. She hates her parents' decision to marry her off to the Malfoy heir to salvage their family's reputation but is powerless to stop them.

That is until the Head Girl gives her a punishment that will change her life.

Harry/Hermione/Pansy!

Harry Potter and Hermione Granger. Everyone knew who they were. The Boy-Who-Lived and the smartest witch of her generation, the power couple that people envied and desired in equal measure.

Everybody knew Harry's story. She herself had first heard it from her grandmother, who had spent many a night regaling her young granddaughter with the tale of Lily Potter's heroic sacrifice and her son's miraculous defeat of the Dark Lord. Harry had become an international celebrity before he could even speak. His father (who had thankfully not been in the house at the time of the attack) had raised him into a confident, kind young man with the help of his friends.

Or so Pansy thought. She didn't quite know what kind of man he was, having only observed his actions from afar. Their direct interactions were limited to classroom conversations and she doubted he knew much more about her than her name.

She didn't know much about his girlfriend either. She knew they'd met on the train (everyone knew the story of how she accidentally tripped him and broke his glasses, only to repair them with a quick spell). She suspected it was love at first sight. They had been inseparable since their First Year, and it had come as no surprise to anyone when she'd kissed him right on the Quidditch Pitch after he'd won Gryffindor the House Cup for the very first time in twelve years. They'd been together for the better part of five years and had risen to be Head Girl and Boy and in the case of Harry, Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team.

What she did know for certain was that they brought out the best in each other. Their teachers already touted Hermione as a future candidate for Minister of Magic while scouts from every team in Britain had descended on Hogwarts, eager to snap up the talented Seeker.

Unlike most other girls in the castle, she wasn't jealous of Hermione. She didn't dream of breaking them up so she could swoop in and console a heartbroken Harry. She wanted him, yes, but she wanted her just as much.

It was a conflicting bag of emotions for the young woman, especially given her father's insistence she keep dating Draco despite how horribly he treated her.

Her father had wanted a son. She was his daughter. He had wanted a strong heir to help rebuild the Parkinson family fortune. She had turned out to be a quiet wallflower whose only ambition was to be a writer. She couldn't even bring herself to be sorted into the house he wanted.

Terrified of Slytherin's reputation and hoping a different house would allow her to get away from Draco, she had begged the hat not to sort her into Slytherin. When it asked where she wanted to be, she impulsively answered '*Gryffindor*'.

And so it was that Pansy became the first Parkinson ever to be sorted into Gryffindor.

Except, she hadn't felt like it. A true Gryffindor wouldn't have quietly admired the people they had crushed on for three years from a distance all while dating a man who bullied them just to keep their father happy.

A true Gryffindor certainly wouldn't be splayed out on their bed, touching themselves to an imaginary scenario while wearing a Quidditch robe they had nicked from an unattended changing room.

She pushed the thoughts from her mind. Her imagination was the only thing that kept her sane these days and her dreams were the one thing Draco hadn't been able to stamp out in all their time together.

I won't feel guilty for them, she thought stubbornly. *There's nothing wrong with me*.

She closed her eyes and spread her legs further, turning her attention back to the task at hand.

"H-haaarry!" she gasped, desperately pumping two fingers in and out of her virgin pussy, completely unaware that she wasn't alone. She arched her back to give her fingers easier access to her needy core and slipped her free hand under the robes to tug on her rapidly stiffening nipples. "Hermione!" Pansy moaned, fantasizing about the Head Girl toying with her petite breasts while Harry took her virginity.

"Well, this is new."

Hermione's voice caused her eyes to snap open. The Head Girl had silently pulled apart the curtains around her bed and slipped inside and was now towering over her half-naked body with an amused expression on her face.

Pansy tried to shut her legs and climb out of the bed at the same time, causing her to stumble and land face-first into Hermione's chest. Hermione chuckled and grabbed her shoulders to steady her.

"You know, it's considered polite to buy a girl dinner before trying to get to second base," Hermione said with a smirk.

Pansy's cheeks burned as she pulled away from her crush. "I'm sorry," she mumbled, hoping the ground would open up and swallow her whole. If it was actually possible to die of embarrassment, she'd be dead where she stood.

"You were supposed to meet me and Harry in the library thirty minutes ago for the interview you're doing for Witch Weekly. When you didn't show, I thought I'd check on you," Hermione explained. The Quidditch robe she wore looked familiar and Hermione grabbed her shoulder, gently turning her to look at the 'Potter' emblazoned on the back.

"You know, if I had a galleon for every time I've caught a girl masturbating to my boyfriend, I'd have three galleons. Which isn't a lot, but it's weird it's happened thrice."

"Maybe they were hoping Harry would be the one to catch them?" Pansy suggested. The idea had crossed her mind as well, except she usually chose broom closets close to the Head Dormitories in an attempt to have the couple run into her together. Not that it had ever happened. Even fate hated the idea of her having a happy ending.

"You know, we'll ask him how many girls he's busted while they were rubbing one off to him."

"We?" Pansy squeaked.

"I guess it'll be a little risqué for Witch Weekly," Hermione mused, tapping her chin.

"You still want me to do the interview? You're not... mad?" Pansy asked, confused.

"I'm mad about the robes." Hermione pointed to the only thing she was wearing. "He's been searching for those for six months. Turned our entire dorm upside down on three separate occasions. They are the ones he was wearing when he caught his first snitch."

“I didn’t know they were special,” Pansy mumbled, suddenly feeling horrible about the theft. “They were the only ones that fit me.”

“Take them off.”

Pansy immediately complied, not realizing it would leave her completely naked. It was only when Hermione began to circle her and study her body with a clinical gaze that she understood what she had done. She reached out to grab the discarded robes, only to be stopped by Hermione grabbing her wrist.

“They’re not yours, are they, Pansy?”

“No,” Pansy mumbled, her cheeks heating up.

“Why masturbate to me and Harry when you have a boyfriend?” Hermione questioned with a raised eyebrow. Pansy was perhaps just what she’d been searching for, but before she went any further, she needed to clear up a few things.

“I’m not Draco’s partner. I’m his… plaything,” Pansy admitted softly. Given her current situation, it didn’t seem prudent to lie.

“Being a plaything can be fun in the right circumstances,” Hermione said softly.

“I have to be around him because my father forced me to. I don’t have any friends because he scared them all away. I don’t want to be alone so I keep going back to him for scraps of his attention,” Pansy admitted, ducking her head to hide her shame. “He doesn’t care about me. I-” She paused, choking back tears.

“It’s okay,” Hermione whispered, not wishing to traumatize the poor girl by making her dig up her painful past. “I got the gist of it. And us?”

“I have a crush on you. I’ve had one ever since I accidentally walked in on you tending to Harry’s bruises after a match.”

“Both of us?”

Pansy nodded shyly.

Hermione leaned closer and squeezed Pansy’s firm butt. “Well, you are his type. He likes his girls petite and sassy,” she murmured. She had heard Harry talk about his ‘cute’ Defense Against

the Dark Arts partner often enough to know exactly what he thought of her, even if he wasn't the type of man to act on it. He'd need a little push, and she had just the way to make sure it happened.

"I am?" Pansy asked, her eyes wide.

"Well, we'll need to work on your confidence. Potter men have a thing for fiery girls. But other than that, yep."

"What about you?"

Hermione chuckled and gently pushed Pansy back on the bed. She shut the curtains and kicked off her shoes before clambering on top of her.

Pansy moaned quietly as Hermione's warm lips left a trail of kisses down her body, her legs instinctively parting to make space for the bushy-haired bookworm.

Hermione kneeled in between her legs and bent, tracing Pansy's wet slit with her lips. "This answer your question?" she asked, peering up at Pansy through half-lidded eyes.

"Y-yes," Pansy breathed, her back arching as Hermione's fingers plunged into her needy core without warning.

"When we're done," Hermione whispered, her fingers mercilessly pistoning in and out of her dripping pussy. "You're going to tell me everything about yourself so we can give Harry an anniversary present he will never forget."

Harry walked into a quiet Common Room, his eyebrows raised in surprise. Hermione had never failed to surprise him on their anniversary, and he had expected at least their close friends to be waiting for him in the Common Room. He had thought the silly spat between Ron and Lavender to be a ruse to keep him away from the Head Dormitory until Hermione could finish whatever it was that she was planning.

"Happy anniversary." Hermione shut the book in her hands and rose to her feet with an impish grin. "You look surprised," she murmured. She walked over to him and wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning up on her toes to press her lips against his. "Did you expect a party?"

"It's what we usually do," Harry moaned into her mouth. Hermione had wasted no time in slipping her slender hand into his pants. She gently massaged his rapidly stiffening cock as they

kissed, giving Harry a very good idea of what she had in mind for the rest of their evening together.

“It’s our fifth year anniversary. I thought we’d do something special,” Hermione murmured, slowly pulling away from him. “And I wanted to thank you for your wonderful gift. A party didn’t seem enough so I thought of something else. Come on.” She took his hand and led him up the stairs.

“It’s in the bedroom?”

“Yep. Remember how we’ve been talking about making sure our relationship doesn’t get stale? I thought of a way.”

“Now I’m worried,” Harry teased. He watched Hermione push open the door to his bedroom and walked inside, looking around until he spotted a familiar face.

“Pansy?!” Harry stopped dead in his tracks at the sight of the girl kneeling on his bed. His eyes widened as he took in the Slytherin, his already throbbing cock forming a massive tent in his pants. Pansy was on her knees in the very center of his bed, wearing what he could only describe as a Slutty Seeker uniform. The Red and Scarlet trimmed robe cut off at her upper thigh instead of her ankles, and the two halves were held together by a loosely tied string leaving the garment to loosely hang off her petite frame and provide a tantalizing glimpse of her quivering chest. She was blindfolded and gagged, her soft, pink lips stretched across a bright red ball gag. A trickle of drool leaked out of the corner of her lips and made its way down to her chin, completing the look of a helpless but very appealing present.

Pansy immediately perked up at the sound of his voice, a faint blush coating her cheeks. She didn’t try to move or speak, however. Hermione had given her instructions, and she was determined to follow them without fail.

“This... she’s my gift?” Harry asked, his breathing ragged.

“Yes. We’ve been talking about spicing up our relationship for months now. What better way than this?” Hermione walked over to Pansy, bent, and kissed her rosy cheek. “Happy Anniversary, dear. Here’s a cutie for you to ravish. Have fun,” she teased with a wink.

“I’m feeling very stupid about my present now,” Harry muttered, chuckling quietly.

“A massive room full of rare books that I have full access to? Harry, gifting me the Potter Library was the perfect gift. Just as I’m hoping Pansy will be.” She gently squeezed Pansy’s breast, causing the girl to squeak in surprise. “You’ll be good, won’t you?”

Pansy nodded vigorously. She had no idea what to do, but Hermione had assured her that Harry would be kind, and gentle, and would patiently teach her everything she needed to know. Just as he did when they paired up in Defense Against the Dark Arts classes.

“Well, enjoy. I have a treatise between Potters and the Veela nation I’m dying to study. Magical diplomacy in medieval times was fascinating stuff.” Hermione planted one last kiss on Pansy’s cheek before she straightened and sauntered over to Harry. She leaned up and wrapped her arms around his neck, gently pulling him down for a quick kiss. “You’re going to be her first so be gentle. Remember how scared and awkward we were during our first time?” she asked, whispering against his lips.

“I remember you giggling a lot when I took off my pants,” Harry teased, his hands freely moving over her slender curves. His hands grabbed her tiny breasts, fingers sinking into the soft flesh.

Hermione bit her lip to stifle the moan building up in her throat.

“Why don’t you stay?” Harry suggested, his thumb toying with the top button of her blouse.

“Tempting,” Hermione breathed. And it was. But if her little plan was to be successful, she needed to make sure Harry and Pansy worked as a couple even in her absence. “But the night a girl loses her virginity should be special. We’ll have a lot more nights together if you end up liking her as much as I do,” Hermione murmured, reluctantly extricating herself from his arms. “Enjoy,” she whispered, kissing him one last time before she padded out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

Harry took a deep breath and composed himself. Once he was sure he was in no imminent danger of erupting, he walked over to Pansy and gently unlocked the gag, pulling it free from her mouth.

“Sore?” Harry asked, tossing the gag onto the nightstand before turning back to Pansy. She was gently massaging her jaw but paused at his words, blindly turning in the direction of his voice. “A-a little,” she stammered shyly. “I’m sorry.”

“What for?” Harry asked kindly, his cock twitching as he imagined her pretty lips wrapped around his shaft. “Being sore? How long have you been here?”

“I came after breakfast like Hermione asked me to,” Pansy replied, instinctively leaning into his hand as he caressed her cheek. Her voice was hoarse, and it was something he immediately picked up on.

“Then I should be the one apologizing for making you wait so long,” Harry said, walking over to the nightstand and pouring her a glass of water. He set the jug back on the polished oak cabinet before picking up the glass and walking back to the kneeling girl. “I was helping Ron and Lavender sort things out. They fought. *Again*,” Harry muttered, rolling his eyes. He held the glass against her lips.

Pansy opened her mouth once she realized what was happening, grateful for the water soothing her parched throat. Her heart skipped a beat at his gentleness. She had expected a quick fuck, a memory she could hold onto for the rest of her unremarkable and miserable life. But here he was, acting like he actually cared about her.

He’s just nice, she reminded herself. It was dangerous to dream. She’d never have what Hermione had.

“I wasn’t sure if you knew who I was,” Pansy admitted, suddenly feeling very silly. Of course, he knew who she was. She just didn’t think he’d noticed her, but if his actions were any indication, Hermione had been right. She seemed to be his type.

She tilted her head at the sound of him walking around the room. She didn’t know what he was doing, but not being able to see was a strange kind of freedom. It lowered her inhibitions and allowed her to actually speak normally in his presence.

“I didn’t know you were interested in me,” Harry shot back with a quiet chuckle. “Seems like we both made faulty assumptions.”

Pansy blushed. Had he truly not noticed her longing stares? Or was he so used to every girl in the castle lusting after him that it simply did not register?

“I mean, you’ve been pretty close to Draco from year one. It’s why I never invited you to hang out outside of classes. I didn’t want to mess up your relationship with him. We are... he’s-” Harry paused, trying to figure out a diplomatic way to let Pansy know he thought Draco was a disgusting twatwaffle.

“My parents told me to be close to him. They think he’s the best match I can get,” Pansy replied, her shoulders sagging. “I don’t like him.”

“Then why stick around? It can’t be pleasant.”

“It’s the worst,” Pansy admitted, shivering despite the warmth radiating from the fire merrily burning in the fireplace “He bullies everyone and if he can’t find someone, he bullies me. But I didn’t want to be alone... if he dumped me I’d have no boyfriend, no friends, and no parents. They made it clear they’d disown me if I didn’t do whatever it took to keep him happy.”

“He bullies you?” Harry’s voice was harsh and Pansy flinched. Her stiff body relaxed when he cupped her cheeks, his thumbs gently caressing her pink skin.

“He doesn’t like my body. Says it’s not fuckable,” Pansy murmured, a lifetime of insecurities spilling over now that she had finally found a sympathetic ear to hear her story. “My hair is too short-” She bobbed her head, causing her shoulder-length black hair to bounce. She kept it short, despite repeated orders to let it grow out. It was her way to rebel against her lot in life. “My boobs are too small. I... I took the breast enhancement potions he ordered but they didn’t work.” She sighed. “I’m probably the only girl in the seventh year who is still a virgin. Nobody in Slytherin is supposed to touch me until I am-”

“Fuckable,” Harry finished for her.

Pansy nodded. She didn’t tell him that Draco had promised to let Nott, Crabbe, Goyle, and the rest of his friends have a go once he was done with her. He didn’t need to know every detail about her shitty life and she had no desire to think she had come to him on his anniversary for a pity fuck.

Harry’s quiet chuckle broke her free from her reverie. She frowned at the sound of laughter.

“I’m sorry. Nothing about this is funny,” Harry murmured, resting his forehead against hers. “But if I don’t find the silver lining in this story I’m going to march over to the Slytherin Common Room and feed that twat his own balls. As much as I’d enjoy doing that, I’d much rather spend the night with you.”

“Silver lining?”

“Yeah. I knew Malfoy was stupid, but I had no idea he was an utter moron. There’s no accounting for taste I suppose,” Harry murmured, gently pushing Pansy onto the bed on her back. “Because you, Pansy Parkinson, *are very fuckable.*” He climbed on top of her, his large frame easily covering her petite body. His calloused fingers brushed against her soft skin as he grabbed the edge of the blindfold, pulling it away from her eyes.

Pansy blinked rapidly to adjust to the dim orange light illuminating the room. Her big brown eyes peered up at Harry with shy anticipation, still unable to wrap her head around what was happening.

“If you had a choice, who would you pick?”

“You,” Pansy whispered without hesitation. “And Hermione,” she added quietly, the blush on her cheeks deepening.

“Well, you’re in luck, because we’re kind of a package deal,” Harry teased, rolling off her. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her off the bed and onto her feet before taking a step backward to admire her slender frame.

Harry pulled out his wand and with a flick, charmed the camera the Creevey brothers had gifted him for his birthday. It tumbled off the dressing table and floated towards Pansy, slowly circling her and occasionally clicking pictures.

“Who won the last match against Slytherin, Miss Parkinson?” Harry asked, closing the distance between them.

“Gryffindor did, sir. Two hundred to thirty. You caught the snitch ten minutes into the game, ending it.”

“And to the victor go the spoils,” Harry murmured, towering over Pansy. “What’re my spoils, Miss Parkinson?”

“Me,” Pansy replied breathlessly.

“Undress me,” Harry ordered quietly.

Pansy reached out with shaky hands to grab the edge of his shirt, waiting for him to raise his arms before she pulled the shirt over his head. She dropped it to the floor, forcibly shutting her mouth before she started to drool. Her eyes roved over his broad chest and abs, committing every muscle and faint scar on his tanned skin to memory.

The loud *SNAP* of the camera clicking next to her ear made her jump.

“I’m recording the night for Hermione. Is that okay?”

Pansy nodded silently. After what Hermione had done for her, it was more than fair. A part of her also found the idea of being Harry's muse to be very thrilling.

"My pants, little pixie."

Pansy blushed at the unexpected nickname. She bit her lip and reached out to unbutton his trousers, then pushed her fingers into the waistband of his pants and pulled them and his boxers down his legs.

She couldn't help the gasp that escaped her lips when she straightened and glanced at his massive erection. "It's... you're..." she stammered, staring at the throbbing manhood with wide eyes. The only other cock she had seen was Draco's. He loved to make her watch while he fucked Thornberry. She thought back to all the times Thornberry had screamed about how big he was and how he was splitting her in two and wondered what she'd do if she ever came face to face with Harry's cock. Pansy wasn't an expert on them by any means, but she was certain Harry's cock was at least twice as long and much thicker than Draco's.

Pansy giggled nervously.

"You know, I think I need to go see a healer. Every girl who sees me naked for the first time laughs," Harry joked, his eyes twinkling as he stepped closer to her.

"You'll split me in two," Pansy said breathlessly, echoing Thornberry's words. Except in her case, she suspected it might actually be true.

"I'll be gentle," Harry promised. He wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her flush against his chest. "My turn. Can I undress you Pansy?" he asked. His hand was on the string keeping the two halves of her modified Quidditch robe together but he made no move to undo the knot, waiting for her permission.

"Yes," Pansy whispered, shivering under his intense gaze. His emerald eyes darkened with lust as he undid the flimsy rope. She gently rolled her shoulders to push the loosely hanging robes off her body, suddenly filled with unexpected confidence.

He *desired* her. She could see it in his eyes, and in the hungry expression on his face.

His eyes flickered to her chest and she ducked her head, her confidence evaporating just as fast as it had appeared. "They're not much," she mumbled, arching her back to jut out her pert breasts as much as she could. "I still have the potion. I could try it again--"

Harry shut her up by pushing his thumb between her soft, pink lips. She instinctively parted her lips, letting the calloused digit freely plunder her mouth.

“Suck,” Harry ordered softly. She complied without question and began to swirl her tongue around his thumb as she sucked on it.

Harry reached out with his hands and traced the curve of her creamy mounds before grabbing one of them with his free hand. “They’re flawless. You just didn’t know they were made for me,” Harry teased with a kind smile. “See?” he murmured. Her breast fit perfectly in his hand and she moaned quietly as his fingers sank into the soft flesh, massaging her breast for a minute before they closed around the stiff pink nub crowning her creamy mound. He gently tugged on it before twisting it without warning.

“Ah!” Pansy shrieked, her eyes flying open.

The camera kept whizzing around them, capturing pictures from every angle.

“The potion didn’t work because your magic protected you. It knew one day someone would appreciate you for who you are. You don’t have to change.”

“I just didn’t want to be alone my entire life,” Pansy whispered.

“You won’t be.” Harry’s hands shifted to her waist and he lifted her, effortlessly throwing her over his shoulder and carrying her to his bed.

“Cute butt, Miss Parkinson,” Harry teased, playfully smacking her firm ass before dumping her onto the bed.

Pansy blushed heavily, completely unused to such praise, especially when it came to her body. She turned and propped herself up on her elbows, looking up at Harry through her thick lashes.

“Spread your legs.”

Pansy obeyed, her blush deepening when he grinned at the sight of her glistening slit. Harry grabbed the floating camera and clicked a quick photo before letting it go. “That one was for personal use,” he whispered huskily.

“Let me guess. Hermione couldn’t resist while getting you ready for me,” Harry grinned. He pushed his palm flat against her pussy and slowly began to rub, providing the needy girl with the barest amount of friction.

“O-oh! She... she’s been... teaching me...” Pansy moaned breathlessly, bucking her hips in an attempt to get his fingers inside her. She needed them. She needed *him*.

“Next time, ask her to wear the leather corset and high heels I gifted her for her birthday,” Harry suggested with a wink. He had suspected for a while that his girlfriend was a switch, and he was pleased she now had partners to explore both sides of her personality.

Pansy nodded, biting her lip to stifle the moan building up in her throat. Harry kept up the lazy rubbing, letting his eyes rove over Pansy’s petite body.

“You’re gorgeous.” He grabbed her hips and flipped her, using his grip on her waist to pull her up on her hands and knees.

Pansy was light-headed, delirious with a mixture of pleasure and praise. Never before had she been the center of attention, the sole object of a man’s desire. And for that man to be Harry...

I’m in heaven.

SMACK!

Pansy squealed loudly at the playful smack to her ass.

“Sorry. I couldn’t resist,” Harry murmured, his eyes fixed on the gentle jiggle of her bubble butt.

“I liked it,” Pansy whispered, biting her lip. The gentle sting only increased the floaty feeling, and for the first time in her life, Pansy felt like a lion. “Again?” she requested, her voice barely audible.

“What was that?”

“Again, please?”

SMACK!

Harry spanked her hard enough to leave a pink handprint on her pale skin.

“Ah!” Pansy moaned, her body instinctively arching her back to push her ass up for him.

“The things-”

SMACK!

“I want to-”

SMACK! SMACK!

“Do to this gorgeous ass...”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Harry was breathing heavily by the time he delivered the last spank. He paused to catch his breath and admire his handiwork, his eyes fixed on her gently jiggling pink cheeks.

“It’s yours!” Pansy moaned, thick trails of her juices gushing out of her pussy and streaming down her thighs. The tangy scent hung heavy in the air, the entire room smelling of sex and arousal.

“Soon, my little lioness. I had a different conquest in mind today,” Harry murmured. He climbed onto the bed, the mattress creaking under his weight.

“I don’t feel like a lioness,” Pansy admitted softly. “I’m afraid all the time. I’m not a real Gryffindor. The hat just took pity on me and put me where I asked.”

Harry chuckled. “You want to know a secret?” He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her against his chest. “I’m afraid too. Pettigrew was never found. We don’t know for sure if Voldemort-” He paused and kissed her when she shuddered. “And Hermione’s safety... the point is, I’m scared too. Being a true Gryffindor doesn’t mean not being scared. It means doing something even when you’re afraid,” Harry murmured, gently pushing her legs apart.

“And guess what? You’re in Gryffindor because you were brave enough to ask. You’re with me because you did this even if it terrified you,” Harry said, lining up his throbbing manhood with her dripping slit. “You’re a true lioness. You’re *my* lioness.”

“I... okay,” Pansy breathed dreamily. If he believed it, she would too.

“Roar for me.”

“Rawr,” Pansy said with a quiet giggle.

“Louder, love.”

“Ra-RAWR!” Pansy screamed, her eyes flying open as he thrust his cock inside her tight, virgin pussy. She had been right! He was going to split her in two! Her walls hopelessly fluttered around his length, burning as they stretched to accommodate the shaft slowly but firmly pushing deep inside her.

He paused when he encountered resistance, giving her a minute to catch her breath.

“Smile for the camera,” Harry whispered, grabbing her chin and turning her face in the direction of the floating device. She smiled happily and it clicked a picture before moving away to get them from another angle.

Her last moment as a virgin, forever immortalized in film. She wondered if Harry would let her keep a copy of the photo.

“I’ll be gentle,” Harry promised, kissing her pink cheek.

“Don’t,” she said, her request surprising even herself.

“How do you want me to take you, pet?”

“Like I’m yours,” Pansy whispered, her heart hammering in her chest. She glanced up at the camera and grinned. She was afraid, but it didn’t matter. She was a lioness, and she would put on a show they’d want to watch every year on their anniversary.

Harry didn’t ask her if she was sure. He simply trusted her decision, kissed her cheek once more, and tore through her hymen with one firm thrust.

“HARRY!” Pansy screamed, her mind going blank as the dull ache in her core transformed into searing pain. It only lasted for a second, and by the time he was moving deeper, it had already subsided into a pleasant throbbing. She glanced down at the thin trails of red staining her thighs, a happy smile on her face.

I’m damaged goods, she thought with a tearful chuckle. No matter what happened with Harry and Hermione, she’d never have to go back to Draco.

The camera floated in front of her and captured her writhing helplessly, impaled on Harry’s massive shaft.

She watched it tilt lower through half-lidded eyes, taking a photograph of the bulge in her normally flat belly.

“What’re you thinking?” Harry asked, gritting his teeth. Her walls had clamped around his shaft in a vice-like grip, insistently milking him for his seed. He stubbornly held on, refusing to let such a precious moment end prematurely.

“You’re too big,” Pansy teased breathlessly. “You really will split me into two.” She could feel his tip deep inside her belly. Any deeper, and he’d be pushing into her womb.

“You’re just tiny,” Harry pretended to grumble. She had barely reached his chest when they were standing, and if he had to guess, she wouldn’t even hit five feet in height. He slowly started to rock his hips, building up a steady rhythm.

“I... OH!” Pansy moaned loudly as his thick shaft pistoned in and out of her. Her walls stretched with every thrust, the burning slowly subsiding to a pleasant ache as she got used to his presence. “Hermione said... you liked...”

“I do,” Harry muttered, burying his face in the crook of her neck. He slowly kissed down her creamy skin until he located her pulse point.

“MERLIN!” Pansy screamed as Harry’s teeth sank into her soft skin. She was losing track of her surroundings and of the camera whizzing around her. It kept clicking photos, recording her as she came undone.

“No, Harry,” Harry whispered teasingly, his lips pulling away from her neck and moving to her ear. She shivered as his hot breath tickled her skin. He lazily toyed with her perky breasts with one hand while the other moved in between her spread legs, expertly locating her clit. He massaged the bundle of nerves with his thumb, pushing Pansy closer and closer to the edge.

“HARRY!” Pansy keened, swaying in his arms. The coil in the pit of her stomach was tightening but she stubbornly held on, unwilling for her time with Harry to end. His tip kept brushing against her G-spot as he sped up, thrusting deep into her belly. Her tiny body bounced on his cock.

She was a mere doll.

Being a plaything can be fun, she thought deliriously, remembering Hermione’s words. If this was what it truly meant to be one, she wanted it morning, noon, and night.

“Do you want me to pull out?” Harry asked, knowing he was about to erupt any second.

“No!” Pansy pushed herself down on his shaft to prevent him from pulling out. “Cum in me. Fill me with your seed. CLAIM ME!” Pansy screamed as she came. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head and her limp body slumped against his. Her walls clamped around the shaft thrusting into her, her juices coating the massive rod from tip to base.

Harry kept thrusting for a few more minutes, holding on through sheer willpower and a determination to ride out her orgasm, but in the end, it was a losing battle. He pushed deep inside her one last time before he came with a roar. He stayed put, his throbbing manhood filling her belly up with rope after rope of thick, white seed. They stayed like that for what felt like eternity before Harry gently pulled Pansy free of his slowly softening cock, chuckling at the disappointed groan from the tired girl.

“Throw up a V for the camera, sweetie,” Harry requested. He used one arm to support her limp body, while holding up a ‘V’ for the camera floating in front of them with his free hand. Pansy tiredly copied his actions, letting the device capture one last photograph for the album they had created for Hermione.

Its purpose fulfilled, the camera gently set itself down on the nightstand.

“Is it okay if I spend the night on the couch downstairs?” Pansy asked as Harry carefully set her exhausted body down on the bed. “I don’t think I can walk back to my dorm tonight,” she mumbled, a cute yawn escaping her lips.

“Don’t be silly-”

“I’m sorry, I-”

“Don’t be silly,” Harry repeated firmly, cutting her off. “You’re not going anywhere.” He lay down next to her and pulled her into his side, letting her be the little spoon. He pulled a blanket to cover their naked bodies before wrapping an arm around her to pull her even closer.

“Goodnight, little lioness.”

“Goodnight, Harry,” Pansy whispered, falling asleep within seconds. And for the first time in her life, her dreams paled in the face of reality.

Hermione walked into the bedroom the next morning, grinning at the sight of Pansy curled up on top of her boyfriend. She silently padded over to the bed and buried her hand in Pansy's messy black curls.

Pansy, always a light sleeper, stirred immediately and turned to look up at Hermione, a faint blush immediately forming on her cheeks.

"Good morning," Hermione said cheerfully, gazing at the streaks of dried cum staining Pansy's thighs. "I take it you had a good night?"

Pansy blushed and nodded silently.

"What're you doing?" Harry asked gruffly. He lazily opened his eyes, only to be greeted by the fuzzy vision of his girlfriend grabbing a fistful of Pansy's sleek black hair and pulling their new lover towards her.

Hermione waited until Harry had grabbed his glasses from the nightstand and pushed them up his nose so he could see them clearly before planting a kiss on Pansy's cheek. The extra bright-red lipstick she had smeared onto her lips caused an imprint of her lips to immediately form on the girl's pale cheek. "Marking our claim. Can't send her back to her dorm without it, can we?" She slowly kissed down Pansy's slender neck, leaving a trail of red lipstick imprints on her way to the girl's pert breasts.

"C-claim?!" Pansy asked with wide eyes, moaning softly as Harry reached out and gently tugged on her stiff rosy nipple. His free hand moved between her legs, his fingers tracing the trail of dried cum staining her creamy skin as it traveled up to her aching core.

"Who said we're sending her back?" Harry asked. He shifted his attention down to Pansy's breasts, groaning with frustration when his lips closed around empty air. Hermione had pulled Pansy away from him and off the bed. "What're you doing?" he grumbled, reaching out to grab Pansy's wrist.

Pansy glanced helplessly first at Harry and then at Hermione, not wanting to upset either of them.

"Practice started ten minutes ago. The team is waiting for you," Hermione pointed out, gently freeing Pansy's wrist from her boyfriend's grip.

"They can start without me."

“They can. But they shouldn’t. You have a final to win in three days. Win it, then we can discuss keeping your little lioness. And yes, I heard you. I wouldn’t be surprised if half the castle did,” Hermione admonished with a fond roll of her eyes.

“Seriously?!” Harry groaned, flopping back into bed. Hermione had figured out a long time ago that he was a much better student with the prospect of sexy rewards on the table and had seemingly decided to use the same tactic to motivate him.

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep her safe for you.” Hermione winked and led Pansy out of Harry’s bedroom and towards her own.

Three Days Later, The Quidditch Stadium:

“Here we are, folks. It’s another one for the record books. The third consecutive final to feature Gryffindor and Slytherin. This is unprecedented. The score is currently tied fifty-fifty and the anticipation in the stadium is building. Can Potter lead his mostly green team to victory? He’s done it once before this season, but the pressure of the finals seems to be getting to them,” Colin Creevey’s voice boomed across the stadium amid cheers and boos as the players whizzed around on the pitch.

“His rookie chasers are doing an admirable job holding back Malfoy’s goons but Slytherin is playing dirty as usual-” Colin paused at the sound of the stern cough next to him.

He smiled apologetically at Professor McGonagall before turning his attention back to the pitch at the sound of loud groans emanating from large sections of the audience.

“It seems Slytherin’s... unconventional tactics have borne fruit! Pucey knocks out Weasley with a bludger right to the chest and Thornberry scores. Slytherin is now in the lead, much to the dismay of the audience.”

He grabbed the mike and dodged out of Professor McGonagall’s reach. “What’s this?! It seems Potter has spotted the snitch. The Slytherin beaters are out of position and can’t stop him. He takes advantage and dives! Go, Harry, go!” Colin screeched, dancing in the commentary booth. Professor McGonagall was far too distracted to tell him off for his biased commentary. She was perched on the edge of her seat, watching Harry dive with bated breath.

“Malfoy has spotted Potter and he dives too, but it’s too little too late! Potter grabs the snitch and secures Gryffindor the Cup for the fifth year in a row! The stadium erupts as Potter creates history by breaking Slytherin’s previous record. Do join us in Gryffindor Tower for the after-party, it’s going to be a banger.” Colin glanced at the seat next to him, but it was empty.

Professor McGonagall had joined half the stadium in streaming out onto the pitch to congratulate the victors. “This is Colin Creevy, signing out!”

Hermione held back, letting Pansy dash across the field to Harry. She watched the petite girl leap into Harry’s arms, who laughed and handed her the fluttering snitch before kissing her in full view of the entire school.

“You bitch!” Draco growled the minute his feet touched the ground. He pulled his wand out from his robes and made his way towards the kissing couple who were completely oblivious to his (and everyone else’s) presence. “How dare you-”

He never got to finish the sentence. Hermione intercepted him, punching him as hard as she could.

“Fuck,” she hissed, grinning with grim satisfaction despite the throbbing of her knuckles. Draco had collapsed onto the ground and was rolling around, holding his bleeding nose and howling with pain. “I’ve wanted to do that for a very long time,” she muttered, before raising her voice so the rest of his Slytherin goons could hear as well. “Come within ten feet of our little lioness ever again, and it won’t be your nose I break.”

“*Our* little lioness?” Harry asked with a grin. “Guess we’re keeping her then?” he questioned, playfully tickling Pansy’s side. Pansy giggled and buried her face in Harry’s chest, suddenly aware that nearly every student and teacher in Hogwarts had watched her snog Harry.

“Yeah.” Hermione turned to face the couple, her lips curling into a bashful grin. “Guess we are.”