

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

-

Chapter 13: An Unexpected Partnership

-

To say things around the castle changed much for Harry after his heart-to-heart with Cammi, and by extension, Dumbledore - would be a gross exaggeration.

Classes continued as normal, students still gossiped, and the witches of Hogwarts were just as enticing as before. The only change Harry could even perceive was the steady growing chill in the air with winter's approach. That and the subtle shift in *hunger* for more than a few of the castle's inhabitants...

"*Oh my~* It's even bigger than Katie described!"

Harry smirked down at the raven-haired Hufflepuff with a smug satisfaction. The Asian witch kneeling before him stared open mouth at his hardened length poised mere inches away from her face. Even in the dimly lit Gryffindor common room, hours after the sun set, he could still easily make out the flush look of arousal stinging her cheeks as well as spot the small subtle shifts in her body as she rubbed her thighs together in anticipation.

"I'm glad I could surpass your expectations then Leanne."

The aforementioned witch snapped her awe-filled gaze up to him, her face cracking into a small smile with part of her bottom lip held tightly by her teeth. "Mmm, you most certainly did!" She hummed lowly, one hand reaching up to wrap around his thick shaft- or at least wrap as much as she could. There was easily an inch and a half she could not completely encompass with her slender hand. "And to think I let Katie have all the fun first!"

Harry groaned as the raven-haired witch began to stroke him with slow measured pumps of her hand. "You *let* Katie?" He asked a bit confused, though to be fair his confusion was mostly tossed aside in favor of the delightful sensations of the older Hufflepuff's hand moving lazily up and down his cock.

Surprisingly, Leanne's face broke out in a small blush, her hand faltering just a moment in its movements before continuing its current pace.

"We...may have made an agreement back in our fourth year...an agreement about... sleeping with you?" She explained with no small hint of embarrassment.

"Oh?" Harry said, intrigued. "And part of this agreement was that Katie got first dibs on sleeping with me then?"

Leanne bit her lip, a small bashful smile now splayed across her lips as her hand began to increase its speed. "Mayyyybe..."

Harry groaned quietly and leaned back against the soft couch where he sat. "And how did you two- *fuck!*- determine who got to go first?"

Leanne giggled, her earlier embarrassment slowly fading as her own arousal took over with every stroke of his cock. "Now that would be telling! Although...I suppose you could say it involved 'practising' some necessary skills for when we finally worked up the courage to lure you into our bed."

"Skills?" He asked with a barely suppressed gasp as the Asian witch added her other hand to the mix, softly massaging his balls in sync with her strokes.

In lieu of answering, Leanne merely giggled and shot him a suggestive wink. Without warning, the raven-haired witch surged forward, her soft, velvety lips wrapping around his engorged member with a hungry enthusiasm. Immediately, the hot wet feeling of the petite girl's mouth around his cock had Harry groaning out in pleasure. While not the best he's ever had, her quick, rapid movements paired with the almost *obsessive* enthusiasm in which she swallowed him proved to be an extremely enjoyable experience.

Only twice did she falter. The first time when her excitement overruled her capabilities and she accidentally forced too much of his cock down her throat. With a sharp gag, Leanne was forced to pull away, coughing into her hand while small tears trailed down her porcelain cheeks. The Asian seductress said nothing as she regained her composure, only taking a quick determined breath before returning to her work. The second time her eager bobbing ceased was when the sound of a door opening and closing echoed down the stairs from the girls dormitory.

Both she and Harry immediately froze- Leanne with her mouth still very much wrapped around Harry spit-soaked cock, and Harry with one hand fisting a large bundle of the witch's hair while the other held his wand aloft in preparation as the sound of soft footfalls quickly grew closer.

Thankfully, before either could move to conceal themselves, a familiar voice whispered out from the stairwell.

"Harry?... Leanne?"

Cock still in her mouth, Leanne audibly sighed in relief through her nose before pulling of his length with a slurp.

"In here Katie!" The dark haired girl whispered back.

The familiar sight of the blonde haired Gryffindor chaser appeared as she happily bounded into the common room clad only in a pair of pink lace panties and a loose fitting tank top. Harry's eyes followed the hypnotic jiggle of the blonde's braless tits as she practically skipped over, not even batting an eye at her friend lazily lathering her tongue all along the underside of his shaft.

"Hope I haven't missed too much of the fun!" Katie breathed as she all but threw herself against Harry's side.

Below, Leanne hummed and gave his cock head a quick peck before pulling back. "We were just getting started actually. Why? Planning on joining in?"

Harry felt his cock unconsciously lurched at the thought of the two older beauties atop him, naked and moaning as one bounced freely on his cock while the other shuddered in pleasure as his tongue flicked between her folds.

Beside him, Katie seemed to consider the proposal for a moment before- disappointingly- shook her head. "Nah, not tonight. Got a charm's exam to take in the morning and knowing this one-" She said, nudging Harry with her elbow. "-I'd be positively knackered come sun-up. 'Sides, it's your turn for a solo ride. I'll just stay for a bit and...watch." The blonde finished with an almost breathless whisper, her eyes locked intently on where Leanne's mouth now bobbed rhythmically up and down his cock.

Leanne giggled, the sound muffled by the thick meaty pole inside her mouth as she stared deeply into her friend's eyes- all the while keeping steady in her movements of sucking Harry's cock.

Harry groaned out as Leanne picked up the pace. On instinct, he pulled Katie closer to him, snugly pressing the blonde into his side with her head on his chest and one hand on the chaser's toned arse. Katie herself was content to allow him to grope and paw at her juicy bum. She was far too enraptured by the sight of one of her best friend's throating his cock with all the enthusiasm of a lust-drunk whore to care. Though- if she had to admit- she did always *love* when Harry played with her arse like that...

The Asian witch below was moving at a blazing speed now. Where before she used her mouth and hands together to stroke and suck his cock at a steady pace, now the Hufflepuff girl was moving erratically. With both hands on his thighs, Harry watched as Leanne all but threw herself forward, forcing her mouth to take him as deep as possible.

"GLURK GLURK GLURK!"

The rhythmic sound of his cock slamming into the back of the petite witch's throat filled the otherwise quiet room. Tears and spit both coated Leanne's flushed face, dripping down to coat her white sleep shirt and revealing her perky breasts hidden beneath. Harry cursed sharply under his breath as he could feel himself growing steady closer to an explosive end. With a groan he gripped Katie's bum even tighter, using the supple flesh to ground himself- what little he could- as the excitable witch below fucked him with her face.

“Kinda reminds me of our own time in the shower, remember? When Ginny was spying on us while I let you hammer this big beautiful cock down my throat?” Katie purred against his chest as one of her hands rubbed small circles on his abdomen. “That was fun. We should really do that again sometime.” She finished offhandedly.

Harry couldn't respond to her even if he wanted. He was too close- too close to erupting inside the raven-haired vixen's mouth from her vehement worship of his cock.

“Leanne- !” He began, the word strangled with a gasp.

“Ooo he's close Annie!” Katie said excitably. Sitting up, the blonde moved quickly down to the floor, sitting mere inches away from her friend. “Let him cum on your face! That'd be fucking *hot!*”

The Asian witch hummed in acknowledgement, whether agreeing or not was a mystery, only that- if anything- she seemed to only move even faster, throating Harry's cock with loud squelches of her gullet.

In the end, she followed through with Katie's suggestion. At the first sign of his climax via a pulse of his cock, Leanne quickly pulled herself off Harry's length and settled herself in front of it, mouth open and tongue out as she rapidly stroked him to his violent eruption.

The first spurt of cum shot out like a bullet, splashing against the Hufflepuff's chin with a wet '*splat!*'. The second and third were far less volatile but no less fast as they rained down atop her forehead and left cheek in twin heavy ropes of sticky white liquid. Over and over again his cock pulsed, releasing more jets of cum until, finally, the girl kneeling before him was positively *painted* with his warm sticky seed.

Leanne took a moment as his orgasm finished to scoop a glob of cum from her chin and pop it into her mouth, moaning in delight as the warm substance spread over her tongue and down her throat.

“Mmm~ Delightful!” She chirped, eyes still burning with a heavy lust.

From beside her, Katie giggled and leaned forward. "Isn't it?" The two girls leaned together, lips melding together in a sloppy kiss of tongues and cum as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Katie alternated between sucking on Leanne's lips and using her tongue to lick some of Harry's cum from her friend's cheeks, before diving back to Leanne's lips, swapping the cum between them in a kinky liplock.

"Well!" Katie said, pulling back from Leanne and using her finger to scoop the remainder of him cum off her lips. "That was fun! I think I'll head up though. Exam tomorrow and all!" Standing, Katie bid the two farewell with a blown kiss and a wink before ascending back up the girls' dormitory stairs.

It wasn't even moments after the blonde left that Leanne made her move, planting herself firmly on Harry's lap with his cock trapped between her delightfully pert arse cheeks.

"If you liked that, wait until you see what else Katie and I 'practised'!" The Hufflepuff purred, rocking her bum over his cock suggestively.

Harry groaned and reached down to sink his fingers into her lithe backside. "I think I'll need to see one of these little 'practising' sessions soon."

Leanne giggled and lifted herself up, using her hand to push her knickers aside before lining his cock head up with her dripping entrance. "We can make that happen~"

-

It was two days later that something truly surprising happened.

While it was by no means an effect of his reconciliation with Cammi, it could be inferred that another meeting that happened that day swayed the events of what occurred later...

It was a Wednesday afternoon like any other. History of Magic with Binns had been as eventful as watching paint dry. Ron had been lucky, he hadn't drawn the short straw that day and thus didn't have to sit next to Hermione during the entire two hour long class. As such, it was Harry who was forced to stay awake during the ancient ghost's horrid droning of some goblin treaty or another, courtesy of Hermione's elbow digging into his ribs every time his eyes began to droop.

Thankfully, the class ended before long- though only after Harry earned himself a handful of bruises peppered along his side. Their next class, DADA with Snape, wasn't much better.

Though it couldn't be said that the greasy haired professor didn't know his stuff when it came to the dark arts, his actual teaching method was still just as vile as ever.

"Potter!" The crooked nose potioneer barked. "What, pray tell, is the most effective method of fighting a Runespoor?"

Harry internally sighed and looked the scowling man in the eyes with no small amount of irritation. "Most direct spells won't work against its magic resistant hide. A smart wizard would use the three heads of the serpent to their advantage, either by confusing the heads with misdirection or other distractions, or by tricking the heads to fight one another. It's known that most Runespoors despise their right head due to its natural criticism of the other two. This would be the best weakness to exploit in order to detain the snake."

It was one of the benefits of Snape being the new DADA professor. Though the man was still just as poisonous as before, at least now he couldn't dock points from Harry for his lack of knowledge on the subject. Defense was where Harry shined.

"10 points from Gryffindor for being smug Potter!"

...That didn't mean the man didn't find other bullshite reasons to take away points.

Sighing, Harry just slumped back in his seat, content to tune the rest of the man's lesson out.

Beside him, Hermione gave his shoulder a reassuring pat, though in truth it did little to help his sour mood.

His attempt at peacefully ignoring Snape's droning was not to be, it seemed, as the man stalked to the front of the class and slammed his hand atop his desk with a loud 'bang!'

"Pay attention dunderheads! I will only be explaining this once!" Snape growled. "It seems my duties outside of the castle will be taking up much of my time for the remainder of the semester, as such, I will not be present for most classes going forward."

There was an excited murmur that broke out among the Gryffindor students and even a handful of the Slytherin at the man's sudden proclamation. It seemed even the man's own students were joyful at the thought of him being gone.

"Quiet!" Snape roared with another pound of his desk. "Though I will not be here does not mean I will allow any of you to slack off! While I am gone, I will be assigning a project for the entire class to complete. Headmaster Dumbledore-" Snape sneered. "-in his infinite wisdom has suggested this project be a team effort in the name of house unity. As such you will each be separated into a team of two." Turning to face the white board, Snape flicked his wand, magically splashing words across the black surface. The words 'TEAMS' and several names appeared, detailing the pairings each of them would be in. "Each team will be assigned one of the Unforgivable Curses at random. You will research your assigned curse- it's history, origins, and detail the best way to defend against each one. I expect an essay of at LEAST six feet of parchment from each team and you will be expected to demonstrate your chosen defense when I return before the semester's end! Understood?!" At everyone's nod the sneering man growled and turned sharply towards his desk. "Well then what are you waiting for? Find your teammate and begin!" Snape ordered, sitting sharply and picking up a quill.

Everyone moved towards the white board, each searching for their name and respective partner. Some students cheered when they saw who their assigned teammate would be, while other groaned or outright cried out in blatant disgust.

"WHAT?! I'm paired up with fucking Malfoy?!" Ron cried with a look of unrepentant horror.

"Weasley! 25 points from Gryffindor for cursing and detention with Filch!" Snape spat from his desk.

Ron grumbled at the man under his breath before turning to find his assigned partner. The blonde in question was staring back at the redhead in equal parts horror and disgust.

"Of all the miserable excuses for wizards he just had to assign me to the worst of the lot." Malfoy sneered. "I will NOT be doing all the work for you Weasley, so don't expect an easy grade."

“Oh shut it Malfoy!” Ron spat. “Let’s just get this over with.”

Draco nodded with a barely concealed sneer, both boys walking towards Snape to receive their assigned Unforgivable.

“Looks like I got Parvati. What about you?” Hermione asked, looking towards the board.

Harry hummed and scanned the list of names, finding his quickly. The name next to his caused him to pause in quiet surprise.

“Well this is unexpected.” A familiar level voice intoned from behind.

Turning, Harry was met with the frosty blue eyes of Daphne Greengrass staring back at him, a hint of...something glinting behind the crystal blue orbs for just a moment before it was gone.

The blonde straightened herself and nodded towards him.

“Well then Potter, shall we?”

Harry couldn’t help but smirk back lightly at the blonde. “Lead the way Greengrass.”

“Granger.” Daphne acknowledged coolly as they left, leaving the bushy haired witch to watch them walk away with an air of confusion.

They approached Snape’s desk together. The greasy haired professor was scowling down at the parchment before him as he scratched off the names of each pairing as they were assigned their curse.

“Potter and Greengrass.” The man growled, searching through his list for a moment. Harry watched as the man paused, the ghost of a smirk passing over his features before he glanced up towards him. “The Killing Curse.”

Of course that would be it. What else would Snape choose out of the three besides the one that Harry had more than his fair share of experience with. It was a pisspoor attempt to irk him, but Snape was anything if not petty.

In response to the man’s smug smirk, Harry simply rolled his eyes and nodded. “Is there anything else sir?”

Snape’s smirk morphed into a scowl as he waved them off. “Just get to work.”

“He’s not very subtle with his barbs is he?” Daphne asked as they walked away.

Harry snorted and shook his head. “When it comes to me? Snape’s about as subtle with his feelings as a Hippogriff in a china shop.”

Instead of laughing, Daphne instead raised a brow in vague amusement. “Indeed. Well- shall we start our research now?” She said, gesturing to one of the desks closest.

“How ‘bout we first get a schedule together of when we can meet and work on the project? No point in diving into the nitty gritty now with only half an hour of class left.” He supplied instead.

Daphne nodded, conceding his point as they sat.

The rest of the class went by faster than expected. Though Daphne was still closed off and reserved towards him, her ever famous ‘Ice Queen’ mask held firmly in place, Harry still found the blonde to be quite fun to be around. Even with her mask, her tongue was sharp and witty, constantly making small comments and the occasional joke disguised as an observation about those around them.

In the end, they decided to meet twice a week every Monday and Thursday for two to three hours at a time. When asked *where* exactly she wanted to meet Daphne had hummed to herself.

“As much as our classmates are fond of unused classrooms and dusty corners of the library, I prefer spaces that offer a greater sense of...comfort.”

“Do you have a suggestion for a place like that?” He asked.

“Hmm...one or two. Meet me by the second floor staircase tomorrow after dinner and I’ll show you.”

With that, their planning came to an end, and so too did the class itself.

-

The rest of the day passed rather uneventfully. Aside from Ron’s groaning about being paired up with Malfoy, there was no more unpleasantness in the form of boring ghosts and vindictive professors.

It was only after dinner did another interesting occurrence happen.

Hours after dinner, when most students were wandering back to their dorms to settle in for the night, Harry was sitting in the owlery petting Hedwig. The snowy owl preened under his touch, her vain nature always melting against a slow brushing of her feathers.

“Now be sure to hang around for a bit so Cammi can send her reply back.” He murmured to the bird.

Hedwig turned her head to face him, the owl giving him a look as if to say ‘Obviously, this isn’t the first letter I delivered!’

Harry chuckled and leaned over to tie his letter to her leg. “Yeah, yeah. Stupid of me to assume you don’t know what you’re doing. Fly safe girl.”

The snowy owl gave a soft hoot before taking off, quickly flying through the open window and off towards Cammi with Harry’s letter in tow. Harry watched her for a while, tracking her path until she disappeared behind the horizon. With a sigh, he stood, slowly making his way from the owlery and back up towards the castle.

By the time he was back within the stone halls it was nearing the beginning of curfew. Most of the candles lighting the halls had already been snuffed out and the paintings were well on their way to falling into their own slumber for the night. A quiet hung in the air that only could be found after the inhabitants of Hogwarts had turned in. A quiet that Harry experienced many times over the years when sleep would not find him and he’d spend his nights wandering the ancient castle in exploration.

Which is why the sound of whispered voices raised his guard almost instantly.

“...don’t like this Draco!” The familiar sound of Pansy Parkinson’s shrewd voice met his ears.

The sound emanated from what appeared to be an old storage room hidden behind one of the many cloves found throughout the old castle. Hearing the urgency in the girl’s voice paired with Draco’s name had Harry’s interest piqued. Slowly he crept towards the door, making sure to

stick to the shadows and out of any potential lines of sight. The closer he got, the more clearly he could hear the whispered conversation within.

“Did I ask for your feelings on the matter, Pansy?!” Draco’s harsh whisper filtered out the door.

“Just do as you’re told and slip the package into Bell’s bag during the next Hogsmeade trip. The compulsions will do the rest!”

“But-” Pansy began hesitantly. “But what if I’m caught? You haven’t even told me what’s inside the package. Much less WHY I need to slip it into Katie Bell’s bag!”

Harry heard Draco make an angry sound akin to that of a disbelieving scoff. “I haven’t shared that information with you because you don’t need to know! You simply need to do as I tell you like any good future lady of House Malfoy should! Or should I tell my father to reconsider the betrothal agreement?!”

“I- No Draco...” Pansy sighed, sounding almost defeated.

“Good.” Draco grunted. “Don’t frown my dear. It’s a most unpleasant look for you.”

At the blonde ponce’s words, the sound of footfalls approaching the door signalled the end of the whispered conversation and the threat of Harry being discovered.

Acting quickly, Harry stepped further into the shadows as he brandished his wand. With a whispered incantation, a disillusionment charm fell over him with the feeling of a cold egg cracking over his head. For good measure he cast a quick Notice-Me-Not charm over himself as well.

No sooner had the final spell been cast than did the cracked door swing open fully and Draco Malfoy stepped from the dimly lit room. The blonde cast a quick glance around the hall, his eyes roving over Harry but thankfully never stopping as he gave a nod of satisfaction. With a hurried pace, Draco left, walking down the hall and disappearing around a bend soon enough.

Harry breathed out a small sigh of relief as he mulled over the conversation he just overheard.

Whatever the two Slytherin’s were planning, it seemed as if Pansy wasn’t an enthusiastic accomplice to it. Worse yet, was that this unknown plan involved slipping a potentially

dangerous package into Katie's bag. A package with, if Draco was to be believed, was enchanted with several compulsions. Not a good sign, and not something he'd allow ANYWHERE near someone he cared for.

As it was, he had two options before him: A) Follow Draco in hopes of discovering more about this mysterious plan, or B) Confront the witch still within the room in front of him and potentially cut the proverbial snake off at the head.

Well- Harry always did prefer the more direct approach.

"Fancy seeing you here Parkinson."

"Wha- Potter?!" The girl cried, whipping around to quickly hide a thin mysteriously wrapped box behind her.

Harry gave the bewildered girl a smirk and stepped further into the room, the door closing behind him with an echoing '*click!*'

"I think you and I should have a chat, yeah?"

-

Author's Note

Looks like Pansy was caught a bit red handed. Oh how will she *ever* get out of this one...

Next chapter: The continuation of this sudden confrontation AND some more melting of an Ice Queen's heart.

Thanks for reading!