

Chapter 13

Dora dozed with her head on Harry's shoulder, hugging his arm to her chest like a teddy bear as they rode the train away from Ilvermorny. Amanda sat on his other side, talking quietly with Jennifer, who sat across from her. Next to Jennifer, Michelle helped explain the elective classes Jenna would get to choose from next year. Just as Dora was starting to fall asleep, Harry shifted and patted her leg.

"I need to pee," he said.

Dora groaned and cuddled into him, deliberately rubbing his arm between her breasts.

"But I'm comfy," she murmured.

"Well, if you'd rather I just go right here...", Harry said.

Sighing, Dora sat up and folded her arms over her chest.

"Fine," she pouted.

With a smile, Harry patted her leg, got up, and slipped into the hallway. As she turned away from the door, Dora noticed Jennifer and Amanda looking at her with knowing smiles.

"What?" she asked.

"You've gotten a lot closer with Harry this year," Jennifer smirked.

Dora rolled her eyes, "We've always been close."

"Yeah, but not like this," Amanda said with a grin. "You were rubbing your tits all over him. You're crushing on him, aren't you?"

"Of course not," Dora replied. "I'm not interested in Harry like that. He's like a brother to me."

"Really?" Amanda asked. "Then you won't mind if I go for a quicky with him in the bathroom?"

"Harry can sleep with whoever he likes," Dora said, waving her hand.

"Good," Amanda grinned. "I'll be back in a few minutes then."

Dora bit her lip as her friend stood up and reached for the door. Before Amanda could open it, Dora grabbed the back of her shirt and yanked her back into her seat with a glare.

"Fine, you called my bluff," Dora admitted with a sigh before muttering, "bitch."

Jennifer and Amanda shared a look and laughed girlishly.

"I knew it," Jennifer crowed.

"Oh, shut it," Dora barked. "It's not my fault he's so..."

“Hot?” Amanda asked, breaking down into giggles.

“Well, yeah, but it’s not just that,” Dora sighed. “He’s just – I don’t know... Harry.”

Suddenly, the door opened, and they all went silent. Harry stepped back inside, and the moment he looked at them, Amanda and Jennifer started giggling again.

“Did I miss something?” he asked, arching his brow.

“Nothing important,” Dora told him.

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him back down into his seat, hugged his muscular arm, and laid her head on his shoulder. Her friends talked quietly while she pretended to sleep, but her mind was a jumbled mess. She mentally cursed Amanda for forcing her to admit her feelings for Harry, then cursed Harry for being so damn handsome and having such sexy muscles.

As she trapped his bicep between her breasts, he turned and kissed the top of her head. Murmuring sleepily, she pressed herself even more firmly against him and inhaled his scent deeply.

This was all his fault, she decided.

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“Everyone, I have an announcement to make,” Sirius said later that night as they sat at the kitchen table after dinner. “A few nights ago, I proposed to Marlene, and she said yes!”

“That’s great!” “How wonderful!” “I’m so happy for you!” “Damn it!”

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled disapprovingly as her daughter’s shoulders slumped. “You should be happy for Sirius and Marlene.”

“Not when I lose ten Galleons,” Dora muttered.

With a grin, Harry sat back in his seat and held out his hand expectantly.

“Pay up,” he said.

Reaching into her pocket, Dora pulled out ten gold coins and slapped them into his palm. Andi stared at them incredulously while Marlene covered her mouth to stifle a laugh. Sirius, however, narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

“How did you even know I was thinking about proposing?” he asked.

“Harry found the ring over Christmas break,” Dora said.

“Thanks, Dora,” Harry muttered.

“What?” Sirius asked, pinning his Godson with a glare. “What were you doing in my room?”

“I was looking for nudey mags,” Harry admitted. “Aunt Andi found mine and threw them away while I was at Ilvermorny.”

“So that’s where they went,” Sirius said before clearing his throat uncomfortably at the looks he got. “I mean, you could’ve just asked, and I would have gotten you new ones.”

He studiously ignored the glare Andi directed at him.

“I was desperate,” Harry shrugged.

Sirius sighed and shook his head.

“And just where was Sirius hiding those magazines?” Marlene asked.

She tried to glare at Sirius, but Harry could see the amusement dancing in her eyes.

“In the back of the closet underneath his old riding leathers,” Harry told her.

“I live in a house full of perverts,” Andi said, tilting her head back and gazing up at the ceiling as if to ask for divine intervention.

Smiling, Ted reached over and patted her arm. Suddenly, Marlene stiffened and looked at Sirius worriedly.

“You didn’t hide those pictures I let you take of me there, too, did you?” she asked.

Sirius was silent for a long moment before he swallowed nervously. In unison, they turned to look at Harry, who grinned. Dora burst out laughing a moment before all hell broke loose.

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The next couple of weeks were hectic for the household. Andi had insisted that Marlene start planning her wedding as soon as possible.

“You never know what might pop up,” she’d told her.

As punishment for his snooping, Harry was grounded for the first week of summer and had been forcibly conscripted into helping. Mostly, he spent hours doodling in the notebook he was supposed to keep notes in and giving the wrong opinion about everything he was asked about. They asked him about dresses, table settings, decorations, locations, and more, yet every opinion he gave was turned down on the spot.

Honestly, why even bother asking him if they’d already made up their minds?

After over three weeks of constant planning and making list after list, Marlene and Sirius decided to wait until next summer for the wedding. Free of his note-taking duties, Harry was finally able to start enjoying his vacation in the days leading up to his birthday.

Waking up late on July 30th, Dora stretched and slowly climbed out of bed. Stumbling to the door and cursing when she stubbed her toe on the dresser, she grumbled tiredly as she made her way into the kitchen.

“Morning,” she yawned, waving halfheartedly to her mother, Marlene, and Jenna, who sat at the kitchen table.

“It’s closer to afternoon,” Andi said, glancing at the clock. “We need to run to the store to get a few things for Harry’s birthday. Do you want to come with us?”

"I'm good," Dora said, smiling as she poured herself a glass of pumpkin juice. "I've got his present all sorted. Where is he, anyway?"

"Out by the pool," Marlene said as she, Andi, and Jenna stood. "We'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Behave while we're gone," Andi said, pinning her with a penetrating gaze.

Dora rolled her eyes and waved as they left the house. As soon as the door closed behind them, she reached into the refrigerator and drank directly from the milk carton. Wiping her mouth, she put the milk back in the refrigerator and looked out of the window. Harry lay on a lounge next to the pool, his muscled chest and abs glistening in the sun. His left hand absently caressed Levina's feathers as the giant Thunderbird soaked up the heat. Smirking to herself, Dora walked to her bedroom.

She spent a few minutes looking for the most revealing bikini she had, which ended up being a little black one that was a couple of years old. Smiling to herself, she put it on and checked herself in the mirror. Enlarging her breasts slightly, which left them one sharp movement away from slipping out of the cups, she fixed her hair and made her way outside. Harry lifted his head when he heard the back door slide shut and pulled down his sunglasses to stare at her. Dora felt a thrill of excitement at the way his eyes unabashedly raked over her figure. With a flirtatious smile, she grabbed a bottle of suntan lotion from the table and walked over to him.

"You mind doing my back?" she asked.

"Not at all," Harry smiled.

Returning the smile, Dora nudged his legs apart and sat between them, deliberately scooting her ass against his groin before handing him the suntan lotion over her shoulder. As he put some on his hands, she leaned forward to give him more access to her back. Starting at the waist of the bikini, he massaged the lotion into her smooth skin, slowly making his way up. Dora

didn't even try to stifle the guttural moan that left her lips when she felt his hands run along her spine.

"Hold on a sec," she said when he reached the middle of her back.

Reaching behind her back, Dora pulled the tie that held the bottom of her bikini top in place. With the way she was bent forward, the top fell away from her breasts. She didn't know how much of her breasts Harry could see, but it was enough for him to lurch noticeably in his trunks. Glancing over her shoulder, Dora looked at him and smirked.

"I don't want you to miss a spot," she said.

Harry grinned and started rubbing lotion into her skin again.

"No, we definitely wouldn't want that," he said. "Your mom will go ape shit if she sees you like this, though."

"Well, then it's a good thing she's not here," Dora smirked, closing her eyes with a groan as his hands reached her shoulders. "She went to the store with Marlene and Jenna. We have the place all to ourselves for a couple of hours."

"Really?" Harry asked, the smirk audible in his tone.

Running his hands down her back, he spread the lotion to her sides and started making his way slowly back up. Dora bit her lip in anticipation as he edged his way closer to her chest. His fingers grazed the sides of her breasts, teasing her supple mounds with a delicate touch and causing her to suck in a sharp breath. Harry's hands lingered there for a long time, and when he finally dropped them back down to her hips, she had to suppress a groan of disappointment.

Dora grabbed her bikini top and pulled it up over her head, leaving her completely topless. Harry's hands slid around to her soft but toned stomach as she leaned back against his chest. Her eyes drifted closed, and a shiver of excitement ran down her spine, knowing he was devouring her with his gaze. Harry's rapidly hardening excitement pressed firmly against her ass, and she unconsciously ground herself against him.

"Would you mind doing my front?" she asked, eyes still closed.

"Gladly," Harry muttered huskily.

Without any hesitation whatsoever, he cupped both of her breasts firmly and kissed the side of her neck. Dora gasped at his unexpected aggression and then groaned as his slippery hands massaged her pliable globes. She bit her lip and reached back to thread her fingers through his hair when his fingers toyed with her nipple. Pulling his head down, she turned to the side and captured his lips in a demanding kiss. Harry's chest vibrated against her back as he chuckled softly and continued to play with her breasts. After several seconds, she broke the kiss and leaned her head back on his shoulder with a groan.

"Merlin, your tits are amazing, Dora," Harry murmured.

"Better than Marlene's?" she asked teasingly.

"Don't know," Harry shrugged. "I didn't actually look at the pictures."

Blinking in surprise, she turned and looked up at his smirking face with a furrowed brow.

"What?" Dora asked incredulously.

Harry smirked, "Did you see the way she blushed every time she caught me looking at her? That was totally worth being grounded for a week."

Dora burst out laughing and shook her head, "You're horrible," she giggled.

"I know," Harry shrugged. "But you love me anyway."

"Merlin knows why," Dora grinned as she rested her head on his shoulder again.

Chuckling, Harry let go of her breasts just long enough to put more lotion on his hands before they were back on her chest. Dora groaned pleasurably as he spent the next few minutes fondling her breasts to his heart's content. Eventually, one started working its way down her stomach. She thought he would stop there, but his hand continued down, slipping under her bikini bottoms and caressing her bald mound.

"Harry," she gasped softly, eyes shooting open.

Harry kissed her temple and nibbled on her ear as his slick fingers teased her damp folds. Dora hadn't planned for things to go this far, but she couldn't think of a reason to stop him either. A long, low moan escaped her lips as two of his fingers slid along either side of her clit, causing her to arch her back and spread her legs unconsciously. Her mouth fell open, and she panted heavily when those same two fingers slipped into her depths. Gripping the side of the lounge chair in a white-knuckle grip, she bucked her hips wantonly as Harry squeezed her left breast harshly.

"Oh, fuck!" Dora yelled as her body shuddered.

Harry ground his erection against her ass while he continued sawing his fingers in and out of her depths. He found a sensitive spot inside of her that caused her to tremble every time he touched it. Tweaking her nipple, he pressed against that spot firmly, forcing the air from her lungs. Dora gasped for breath as she let go of the chair and clung to his strong, muscular arm.

Her hips bucked without her telling them to, helping to drive his fingers in and out of her leaking core.

“Cum for me, Dora,” Harry growled.

With his palm mashing her clit and his fingers rubbing her sensitive depths, she did just that. Leaning her head back, Dora let out a trembling moan, and a shudder ran through her body while stars burst in her vision. For a long moment, she forgot to breath before sucking in a deep breath and letting out another moan. As she collapsed bonelessly against his chest, his hand stopped moving, and he slowly eased his fingers out of her. Dora groaned at the loss even as Harry hugged her against his chest and kissed her neck.

They stayed like that for a long time, his hands continuing to grope and massage her breasts. Slowly, Dora felt his excitement wane, no longer incessantly digging against her ass. A part of her wanted to turn around and mount him right that second, but she wanted their first time together to be more than just a quicky in the backyard. And since Harry wasn't pushing for more, she suspected he felt the same way. Smirking as an idea popped into her head, she laid back against him and closed her eyes, enjoying the way his hands felt on her body.

Unfortunately, they lost track of time, and all too soon, they heard the front door open and close. Sitting up, Dora quickly put her top back on before turning around and kissing him on the lips.

“Harry, Dora, come help with groceries!” Andi shouted.

“Coming!” Dora shouted back.

Sharing a look with Harry, they laughed before she stood up and helped Harry off of the lounge. Dora winked as she ran her hands over his chest. Then, she spun around and walked to the house, her hips swaying seductively.

Smack.

Dora yelped when Harry's hand landed on her ass. Laughing, he raced through the back door with her hot on his heels.

"No running in the house!"

~

Harry lay in his bed, trying to read through his book on magical shields before the next dueling tournament. It was nearly impossible to focus. His mind wandered between words on the page, his thoughts drifting back to that afternoon by the pool.

With a groan, he glanced at the clock, and seeing that it was just past one in the morning, he decided to give up for the night. Closing his book, he tossed it aside, slid down on his bed until he was lying flat on his back, and slipped a hand into his shorts. His mind turned back to that afternoon, with Dora in his arms, cradling her breast in one hand while he drove her mad with the other. Just remembering the sound of her moans and the feel of her body left him with a raging erection.

Pulling himself out of his shorts, he stroked his length once before the door to his room suddenly opened. He stared at Dora while she stared at his throbbing length for a long moment before their eyes met. Covering a giggle, she slipped into his room and closed the door behind her. With a sigh, Harry sat up and tried to tuck himself away.

"Don't," Dora whispered.

Smiling, her dark brown eyes sparkled as she waved her wand. The lock on Harry's door clicked into place loudly, and the whole room glowed blue as a Silencing Charm settled into place. Wearing only a loose white T-shirt and a pair of purple panties that peeked out under the hem when she moved, Dora grinned, set her wand on his nightstand, and crawled onto the bed.

There was no mystery about why she was there and no question about the growing attraction between them, so Harry didn't bother wasting time with meaningless words. The moment she was within his reach, he cradled the back of her head and kissed her passionately. Dora kissed him back with a hunger that matched his own and climbed on top of him, her knees straddling his waist. They groaned in unison when her panty-covered mound ground against the underside of his shaft. Her hands caressed every inch of his shirtless chest while his slipped under her shirt and sought out her breasts.

Breaking their kiss, Dora gave him a naughty grin that had his length pulsing in anticipation as she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Carelessly tossing the shirt aside, she reached down and wrapped her fingers around his shaft.

"Yes," Harry hissed, bucking his hips.

Dora let out a giggle and stroked him gently, examining his shape and size. Biting her lip sexily, she slid back out of his reach and tugged off his shorts. Her breasts bounced wildly as she tossed them onto the floor and shed her panties. The sight of her naked body made Harry pounce, pinning her to the bed under him. Their lips in a frantic, heated kiss as they bucked and ground against each other. With a needy groan, Dora reached between them, grabbed his length, and guided it to her entrance.

Harry eased into her depths, but that wasn't what she wanted. Wrapping her legs around him and grabbing his ass, she pulled him down until he was buried to the hilt. She let out a gasp as he bottomed out, yanking her lips free of his to throw her head back and moan. Growling in the back of his throat at the feel of her tight, slick folds hugging his length, Harry sucked and kissed her neck while he began pumping his hips.

"Fuck me," Dora whispered hoarsely.

Pulling his hips back, he surged forward, driving her lithe, athletic frame into the mattress from the force. Dora gasped, the nails of one hand digging into his ass while she clawed at his back with the other. Her heels dug into the back of his thighs, silently urging him to go faster and

harder. Supporting his weight on his forearms, Harry lifted himself just enough to gaze at her face. The lustful gaze in her dark brown eyes and the gasps and heavy breaths that left her open mouth made his heart race and blood pound in his ears.

Harry speared into her hot, silky depths with animalistic need, his eyes dropping to her breasts as they jiggled furiously with each heaving thrust of his powerful hips. With a stuttering breath, Dora's eyes stared blankly at the ceiling as her head tilted back. Her nails dug into his skin, the pain only driving him to fuck her harder. Suddenly, her muscles tightened, and a low, keening wail slowly built as it left her throat. She shuddered, her depths fluttering around his thrusting length as she crested her peak.

Harry felt a surge of pride as he watched Dora writhe under him, lost in the throes of her climax. He wanted her to enjoy this. He wanted to give her a reason to keep coming back to him. Groaning, he rolled his hips in long, slow strokes, trying to extend her release. Dora shuddered and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a slow, passionate kiss between breaths as she came down from her peak.

Just when Harry thought she'd calmed enough for him to start moving again, she rolled them over. He blinked up at her smirking face in surprise as she sank back onto his towering shaft. A groan left his lips as she reached the base and immediately started bouncing in his lap. She leaned over him, her hands braced on his chest, while his sought out her swaying breasts. They expanded in his grip slightly, swelling larger as Dora furiously impaled herself over and over again.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry bucked his hips, meeting her movements with his own. One hand slid down to her ass, gripping it tightly as they moved in perfect harmony.

"Dora, I'm close," Harry warned breathlessly.

Groaning, she planted her hands on either side of his head as she rode him harder.

"In me," she grunted, her eyes locked with his in a hungry gaze.

Harry held her stare as he grabbed her hips and began hammering up into her furiously. Dora gasped, her breasts bouncing wildly to the beat of his rapid, powerful thrusting. Finally, Harry couldn't hold back any longer. With a groan, he buried himself in her depths and flexed his hips as he erupted in her depths.

"Yes!" Dora hissed loudly.

Rocking against him, her body shuddered, and she collapsed on top of him as they both tipped over the edge. Harry wrapped his arms around her back and made sure every drop of his release was planted as deep as possible while Dora moaned and panted in his ear. After several long seconds, they both relaxed, panting for breath.

For the next several minutes, they laid still, catching their breath, until, with a grin, Dora sat up and kissed him.

"Can you go again?" she asked, rolling her hips.

Harry grinned back and flexed his length as it started to swell. Giggling, she climbed off of him and crawled over to his pillows on all fours, her heart-shaped ass swaying teasingly.

"Then come and get the rest of your present," Dora said, smirking at him over her shoulder. "This isn't over until one of us can't keep going."

Crawling behind her with a grin on his face, Harry caressed her round, bubbly ass while stroking himself to hardness. Suddenly, he raised his hand and brought it down with a *smack*. Dora yelped and then giggled as she laid her head on the pillows, arching her back and swaying her ass back and forth.

"Happy birthday to me," Harry sang, driving back into her depths.