

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.

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Chapter 2: Chasing A Chaser

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Harry used to think there was nothing better than magic. Why wouldn't he? Suddenly being thrust into a world where the laws of physics are more so recommendations than ironclad rules of reality would give one that perception. And yet against all odds he had found something even better.

He groaned as his cock was taken even deeper inside a hot, wet mouth. The mocha-haired beauty kneeling in front of him had her legs spread wide and two of her fingers plunged deep inside her dripping snatch. Parvati squealed around him, her throat vibrating pleasantly against his length as she swallowed his cock with feverish need. Her hooded eyes peered up at him, glazed over with lust as she bobbed her head leisurely along his length.

Yes indeed, magic paled in comparison to the feeling of a woman's mouth around his cock. There was only one thing better, and that was ramming his member deep inside that same woman's sweltering cunt, hearing her scream his name as he split her inner walls in two.

Unfortunately they didn't have time for that, but everyone always says good things come to those who wait, right?

Regardless, her mouth would have to do for now. Harry grabbed the sides of Parvati's flushed face. Practice would start soon and he didn't want to start his first season as Quidditch Captain by being caught with his pants down...literally.

Pitching his hips forward, Harry slammed the remainder of his length down Parvati's tight gullet. The caramel skinned girl gagged loudly around his cock as her throat convulsed in protest, yet she made no move to push him away. Instead she brought a hand up to cradle his spit soaked sack in her hand while the other continued to work her cunt with a furious speed.

Harry slammed his hips forward over and over again, brutally fucking the Indian girl's throat as he chased his own release. Under normal circumstances, Parvati would be a squealing mess below him. He had found that the gossiping witch was an oral *fanatic*. Just the barest touch of his cock against her lips was enough to drive her absolutely wild with lust. As it was however, it was very hard for her to wail with wonton arousal with a thick pole of meat forced down her gullet. What came out instead was the wet squelching gags as she screamed in climax. Her thighs clamping down around her own hand while her pussy and body both convulsed.

Harry paid her climax no mind. His own was coming to a head soon and his mind could only concentrate on seeking out that fiery eruption in that moment.

With a groan he slammed his hips forward one last time, forcing his cock as deep inside Parvati's throat as it could go before releasing his pent up load. The girl gagged around his cock once more, her nails digging into his thighs as he deposited his seed directly

into her stomach. While he wanted nothing more than to finish completely inside her mouth, the need for air became too great for Parvati to bare, and so she pushed him away with as much strength as she could muster, forcing his pulsing cock to rain down the remaining jets of white hot cum down onto her pretty face.

She gasped in surprise at first before smiling and letting the cum paint her smooth skin. The petite witch moaned lightly, dipping her face forward to kiss the tip of his cock almost lovingly, the last few spurts of cum painting her full pouty lips. Parvati stared up at him pointedly. She poked her tongue out and licked the cum from her lips, swallowing loudly before she leaned forward to circle her tongue around his spent cock-head. It seemed the mocha-haired slut loved to make a show of things, not that Harry was going to complain.

“Dear Morgana, you have the perfect cock!” Parvati purred. She nuzzled his stiff member against her cum-covered face, sighing dreamily before taking him in her mouth once more with a lewd moan.

Harry chuckled and pulled away from her. As much as he wanted to let the sexy witch bury his cock down her throat once more, practice would start soon and the boys locker room wasn't exactly the most private of spots.

Parvati pouted as he stowed his cock away causing Harry to chuckle once more. He gave her a soft pat on the head before finishing buckling up his trousers.

“Don't worry love, we'll definitely be doing this again soon.”

Parvati's face lit up with a brilliant smile. “I would hope so mister.” She giggled. “Oooo Lavender's gonna be sooo jealous!”

“You could always invite her along next time.” Harry laughed

The witch rolled her eyes and stood, not paying heed to the cum still dripping down her cheeks. She fixed her own skirts before standing on her tiptoes to place a quick kiss on his jawline.

“Beat Slytherin next week and we’ll see. Lav’ and I always love a good after-party. We can never seem to keep our hands off each other after a few shots of firewhiskey.”

Parvati said with a wink.

She left without another word, her shapely arse rocking from side to side with every step. Harry watched, mesmerized by the bounce of her round cheeks before shaking off the momentary trance.

One way or another, he was going to ensure his team *destroyed* Slytherin.

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The first half of their practice had been shaky at best. Harry wasn’t afraid to admit that his team was definitely going to need some MAJOR adjustments before they were ready to play anyone, much less Slytherin.

Katie and Ginny were godsend. Katie was a seasoned veteran, an absolute demon with a quaffle. Ginny herself was no slouch, having trained with the blonde and her two best friends, Angelina and Alicia, the year before. The young redhead would no doubt surpass even the latter two’s skill on a broom in no time at all.

The third member of Gryffindor’s new chaser trio wasn’t as good as Katie or Ginny, but that didn’t mean she was without talent. What Demelza lacked in experience, she more than made up for with her impressive speed and agile reflexes. She’d make a formidable seeker in Harry’s opinion, but unfortunately for her, he had no plans to give up his spot.

Things took a bit of a downward turn when it came to their new beaters. There was no replicating Fred and George's amazing chemistry together. Andrew Kirke and Jack Sloper, however, left a lot to be desired. They were functional at least. Enough natural talent in their blood to ensure the rest of the team wouldn't be bloodied up too bad. Though Harry still made a mental note to wear an extra layer of padding next week. A hit from a bludger was no joke.

And then there was Ron...

Look Harry hated to insult his best mate, but Merlin did Ron have a lot of ground to make up. Last year the red-haired boy was at least semi-confident, but now it was like he lost all sense of the game completely! Harry was glad he threw out his original idea of tryouts now. With Ron already pissed at him as it were, Harry could only imagine how livid the boy would've been if he had been forced to choose someone else over the ginger.

It was too late now regardless. He'd already handed his official roster over to Madame Hooch. Barring any injury or detentions, Ron would be their keeper. He'd just have to make his friend run twice the amount of drills than he originally intended.

Harry looked up with a wince and watched as Ron nearly knocked himself out on one of the hoops.

...Perhaps thrice the amount.

"Alright there capn'?" A cheery voice called out.

Harry turned as Katie banked her broom alongside his. Immediately his eyes glanced over her figure, from her tight leggings to the overstretched sports bra that did little to hide her large bust.

While it was technically required for everyone to wear their practice jerseys during training, Katie had never cared to follow that particular rule. The blonde wasn't ashamed to show off some skin in the name of comfort, a preference the other two chasers seemed to have picked up, if Ginny's own sports bra clad chest and Demelza's tight tank top were any indication.

"You have that same look Wood and Angie wore whenever they were trying not to kill one of us." The blonde laughed.

"I think Ron is doing most of that work for me." He groused.

Katie laughed once more. Her face was flushed with the exertion from the drills he was having all the chasers run. Sweat pooled on her brow, with tiny shimmering droplets falling slowly down her cheek. Harry couldn't help but watch one fall from her chin, raining down onto her chest where it collected in the dip of her cleavage. The sight of her full breasts was enough for Harry's cock to harden slightly, the thought of those same breasts bouncing up and down while he pounded into Katie's impossibly tight snat-

"My eyes are up here Harry."

The sound of Katie's teasing voice was enough to snap him out of his reverie. "Wh- Ah sorry about that." He said, slightly embarrassed at being caught.

Katie chuckled and waved him off. "S'alright. You're not the first bloke to go and ogle my quaffles."

"Well they're certainly something to look at." He shot back, his earlier embarrassment fading.

Katie raised an eyebrow with a smirk. "Think so?" She asked, leaning forward on her broom as she squeezed her breasts together with her arms. "Careful now Potter. A girl might get the wrong idea if you go around saying things like that."

Harry made no move to avert his eyes as he drank in the sight of her tits. Glancing up to meet the blonde's teasing gaze, Harry smirked back and leaned forward. "We couldn't have that now could we? I'd hate to make the wrong impression and leave a girl...unsatisfied." He finished with a wink.

Katie giggled and gave his shoulder a light slap. Before they could continue their back and forth, Ginny and Demelza both glided down to join them. The latter blushing slightly as Harry glanced her way.

"What's next, oh glorious leader?" Ginny said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Harry rolled his eyes and pointed towards the goals. "I want you to run Ron through a few more blocking drills. Make sure to divide your attention equally between the goals. He needs to work on covering all three at the same time." Ginny nodded and gave him a mock salute, flying off to torment her brother. "Demelza you take Andrew and Jack through the obstacle course."

Said course was a series of rings and other obstacles floating in the air that you needed to fly through to get to the other end, courtesy of Oliver Wood back when he was captain. "Their reflexes need some fine tuning. Don't be afraid to throw a bludger or two in there, give 'em a taste of their own medicine so to speak." The small girl smirked and nodded, whizzing off to collect the two novice beaters.

"What about me?" Katie asked with a raised brow.

Harry smirked and leaned in close to whisper in her ear. "How 'bout we go for a ride?"

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Harry laughed to himself as Katie yelped with one part fear and another part delight.

The tight turns and mid-air corkscrews he was performing were not exactly the most useful tricks when it came to quidditch, but they were fun.

He wrapped his arm tighter around the blonde's waist, pulling her back against his chest in a snug hold as he pitched his broom forward in a steep dive. Katie's delighted laugh morphed into a scream halfway down. The ground was approaching at an *incredibly* fast rate, but Harry wasn't worried. On a normal school broom this move would be borderline suicide, but his Firebolt was made for maneuvers like the Wronski Feint.

With a yank on the handle, Harry forced his broom to pitch upwards into a sharp roll.

Katie slammed into his chest from the g-force of such a move. Harry winced as the air was driven slightly from his lungs but did his best to remain focused. Though it wasn't the lack of air that was making it hard to concentrate.

With every turn, dip, and dive, Katie's bum was pushed hard against his groin. The tight leggings she wore did little to hide the softness of her plump cheeks. His cock responded in kind at the presence of a pretty girl's backside rubbing into him, and now stood at full attention, trapped between Katie's round arsecheeks.

There was no way the blonde *couldn't* feel his stiff erection pressing into her from behind. Though she said nothing, Harry was acutely aware of her small gasps and hitches of breath. It was hard to ignore them, especially when she'd purposefully rock her arse back into his groin when she thought he wouldn't notice.

He cursed under his breath as she did it again, this time letting out a small mewl of pleasure as she did so. His cock jerked against her arse from the feeling, wanting nothing more than for him to bend the blonde over and fuck her right then and there. Fine. If she wanted to play this game, then he could play it too.

The arm, which was previously wrapped snugly around her toned stomach, shifted. Harry moved his hand up her bare ribs slowly, the tips of his fingers brushing against them hem of her sports bra. He paused momentarily, waiting to see if she'd protest. When none came Harry took the plunge, slipping his hand easily under the thin stretchy material and cupping her large supple breast.

"Hng!" Katie grunted and Harry agreed. He gave her breast a firm squeeze, feeling as her nipple stiffened against the palm of his hand. The blonde gasped and bucked her arse against his cock causing Harry to almost lose focus and crash into the stands. Katie yelped in surprise but thankfully Harry was able to veer out of the way.

"What say we take a breather yeah?" He chuckled into her ear. Katie nodded in response as she scooted into a more comfortable sitting position. Harry slowed his broom into a leisurely glide, bringing them towards the ground gently while he discretely removed his hand from under her bra.

With a quick glance towards his watch, Harry summarized that they'd had enough practice for the day. The team had worked hard after all. It definitely wasn't because of the way Katie was staring at him, with her face flushed and eyes glazed over with barely concealed lust. Nope, not at all.

"Alright!" He called as the remaining team member's gathered around. "Good practice all around. I think we got a good look at where we're at, as well as the areas we need to

improve! Everyone study up on the formations and their respective plays tonight as we'll be running through them all starting tomorrow. Now hit the showers!"

No one argued with the order, everyone eager to wash off the sweat and grime of the day and trudge back up to the castle to rest. All expect two.

Harry didn't even need to communicate his thoughts with Katie as they followed everyone into the locker rooms. The blonde took his hand of her own accord and pulled him into the private showers reserved for team captains. He chuckled at her enthusiasm and let himself be dragged along, not even caring that the others no doubt witnessed their hasty escape.

The door had only just clicked shut when the blonde's mouth was on his. She moaned against his lips, her tongue already slipping easily into his mouth to explore. Harry let her without a fight, enjoying the girl's direct approach. He was content to do his own exploring after all. From where they rested on her hips, Harry brought his hands up, gliding over her ribs before they came to rest at the cusp of her weighty chest.

He wanted nothing more in that than to rip the black garment free and maul the blonde's perfect tits. The fire in his blood practically demanded it. Yet he was enjoying taking a back seat this go around. Normally he was the one move things along with a girl. Gabby had been one of the few exceptions when it came to taking the initiative and Harry found he liked the variety her enthusiasm provided. Katie seemed to be cut from the same cloth as his muggle lover and Harry was curious to see how far that extended. Katie mewled against his lips as she pushed her chest out towards him. Harry didn't give in though, content with ghosting his hands over her bosom teasingly. The blonde

witch growled and sank her teeth into his bottom lip before she grabbed his hands and forced them under her bra.

“No more playing.” She murmured heatedly against his lips. “You’re. Going. To. Fuck. Me.” The blonde demanded between kisses. “Now Potter!”

Harry smirked against her mouth, giving her breasts a firm squeeze before *ripping* the tight sports bra away with a single tug.

Katie gasped in surprise, her eyes staring up to him with a look of burning *hunger*. With a leap, the blonde was in his arms, legs wrapped around his waist and her soft tits smushed into his chest. She smashed their lips together once more, whimpering needingly into his mouth. Harry met her lips in kind as he carried her into the large shower.

The rest of their clothes followed in suit of her bra. Eager hands yanked and ripped, throwing the garments away without care. Katie had barely turned the water on before he had her pressed against the wall, his mouth on her throat while he pushed a finger inside her damp folds.

“Oh yes~” She whispered in his ear. “Oh Harry please!”

Harry hummed against her throat, pulling back to admire the dark purple hickey he left behind as he sank his finger deeper into her pussy. Katie threw her head back with a gasp, letting the hot water run down her perky tits. The sight was too tempting for Harry to ignore. He leaned forward, taking one of her pale pink nipples between his teeth while sinking a second finger inside her wet folds.

“Fuck!” Katie moaned. One of her hands came up to cradle his head while he mauled her fleshy mounds. He sucked on the hardened nubs one at a time, giving each a

teasing nip before switching to the other, all the while his fingers moved faster inside the blonde's tight snatch. Katie whimpered and mewled as he explored her body, but she was anything but satisfied.

Harry grunted as the chaser's soft hand wrapped around his cock. He pulled away from her chest with a muttered curse as she began to slowly jerk him off. She tested various speeds, going slow then fast, exploring his entire length before dipping down to give his balls a testing squeeze. The entire time Harry groaned in tortuous pleasure, the blonde effectively giving him a taste of his own medicine.

She made the first move, releasing his cock before turning around to face the wall. Jutting her arse out, the blonde wiggled her backside from side to side, a coy smile thrown over her shoulder for good measure.

"Well captain?" Katie asked. "Care for another ride?"

Harry took one look at her puffy, wet pussy lips and broke. Stepping forward, his hands gripped the blonde's wide round bum, his fingers sinking into her supple flesh easily.

Harry gave each cheek a squeeze, spreading them apart as well to gaze at her wet cunt and crinkled arsehole. His cock twitched in anticipation and Harry knew he couldn't fight it any longer.

He lined himself up with her entrance. The tips of his cock spreading her outer lips apart with ease. Katie looked back, a look of excitement on her face as she bit her lip with anticipation.

Harry slammed his hips forward without a word, hilding his cock deep inside her sweltering snatch in one go. Katie cried out in surprise, her legs shaking, threatening to fall out from under her as her pussy was torn in two. The sheer heat and tightness of

her cunt made Harry grunt with pleasure. If he wasn't careful then this would be over far too soon.

Pulling back until just the tip of his cock remained inside, Harry slammed into her once more, barely pausing for even a fraction of a second before slamming into her again and again. Soon the shower was filled with sounds of water falling and heavy wet slaps of flesh against flesh, occasionally broken up by a wailing moan.

"Fuck! Oh fuck me just like that! Oh god Harry, harder! FUCK!" Katie cried, her legs trembled below her as he continued to fuck her from behind.

Harry grit his teeth and did as he was asked, pounding his cock into her pussy with as much force as he could muster. From Katie's answering screams of ecstasy, it was enough to send her spiralling over the edge. He could feel her inner walls convulse around him, her orgasm shooting through her body like electricity. With every thrust Katie cried out with another whorish moan, her bubbly arse jiggling wildly from the force of his hips crashing against her wet cheeks.

The sight of her rippling arse cheeks stirred Harry onwards. The blonde's bum had been the subject of many of Harry's fantasies over the years. He had even, in a moment of weakness, used his invisibility cloak to sneak into the girl's locker rooms during third year to spy on her. It wasn't his proudest moment, but the sight of Katie's curvy toned body, her bubbly arse cheeks glistening with soap and water, made it worth the guilt.

The only reason he hadn't shucked off the cloak and joined her back then was because he hadn't had any experience with a woman before. Now though, he had plenty, and he was going to use every inch of knowledge he had to make Katie want to come back for more over and over again.

With a grunt he pulled out of her tight cunt. The blonde whimpered in disappointment at the loss of his cock though the wobbliness of her legs were of greater concern. Luckily Harry was able to catch her before she could collapse onto the hard shower floor. Katie giggled against his chest, her wet hair splayed out across her face as she peered up at him with a cock-drunk smile.

“Not finished with me yet are you?” She slurred. Harry responded by hauling her into his arms, pushing her against the walls while his hands held a firm grip on her thighs.

“Not even close.” He growled, sliding into her cunt once more with ease.

Katie gasped and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. This new position allowed his cock to go even deeper than before, moulding the blonde’s cunt to it’s exact shape as he hammered into her. The buxom chaser panted and gasped, murmuring quiet pleads and slutty confesions into his ear as he abused her pussy.

Katie cried out as he drove another shaking orgasm from her core. Her legs tightened around his waist trying to get him to bury his cock even further into her pussy. Harry gave in to her request, pressing flush against her body as he sank his teeth into her neck. His hips ground into her’s as the pressure in his loins built. She threaded her fingers through his hair, her breathy moans cascading down his neck as she mewled into his ear.

“C-cum in me.” She pleaded. “M-make me yours and cum inside me!”

The words were like a spell, undoing Harry’s resolve all at once. Before he knew it, he was moaning into the blonde’s neck as his cock erupted inside her tight cunt. Katie whimpered as his cock pulsed in climax inside her. SHe wrapped her arms and legs even tighter around him, clinging onto to him almost desperately as he finished seeding

her cunt.

“Fuck.” He gasped into her ear.

Katie hummed in agreement as she fought to control her breathing. They stayed wrapped together for awhile. Steam slowly filled the room as the shower continued to run. Finally, Katie pulled back, placing a soft, sensual kiss on his lips before leveling him with a questioning gaze.

“Don’t suppose I can expect this treatment after every practice then?”

Harry laughed and kissed the blonde once more. “I think we can work that into your training schedule.”

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Author’s Note

Is calling a shower smut scene steamy technically a pun? We’ll be seeing more of Katie in the future, Parvati as well (Hope you like that little treat in the beginning haha), perhaps paired up with a certain bookworm?

Next chapter: Hermione’s reaction to Harry’s new rampant shagfest, as well as a small plot dump for later chapters.

Thanks for reading!