

Plodding into the ladies' showers, the three starting Gryffindor chasers were all tired and frustrated. They all stripped off rain-soaked gear and were happy to get a bit of warmth back in their bones.

Ginny beat them in there and was in and out of the showers before the other girls were even done washing the dirt away. She had a date with Michael Corner and didn't have time to lollygag. She'd spent the day working as the team's seeker much to Angelina's consternation. Ginny was good, but she was a natural-born chaser, not a seeker and unfortunately, they'd been deprived of their proper seeker for all of their practices but one thanks to their horrible toad of a DADA professor.

"I don't understand why he can't just keep his mouth shut." Angelina commented as she rubbed the soap into her dark skin.

Alicia was beside her, long dark hair wet and soapy as she started wringing it out, "Well... it must be infuriating for him. The entire fucking Ministry has made it their mission to paint him as a nutter. It would have me pretty wound up, too."

"And I don't know about you ladies, but I've never known Harry to be a liar which means he's really gone round the bend or he's telling the truth about He-Who-Must-Be-Named." Katie said from her other side as she worked soap into her bum, "Knowing the most dangerous Dark Lord in a century wanted to kill me would have me pretty bloody stressed."

Angelina sighed as she turned off the water to her showerhead, "I get that, but what good does it do him to constantly get himself in trouble. It's certainly not changing anything, and the vindictive bitch isn't going to stop punishing him either."

"Maybe he's got a bit of masochistic kink going on." Alicia said making all three chuckle, "But really, he thinks it's the right thing to do. And he doesn't seem to care what happens to him so long as he's telling the truth."

"But it isn't only affecting him. There are scouts coming to every game this year."

"Much as he loves quidditch, he really does have bigger concerns." Katie argued on his behalf. The youngest of the trio had always been very fond of their seeker.

Angelina was silent for a long moment, deep in thought, "Well maybe we could do something to take his mind off of all those concerns. If he can relax a little, get rid of some of that stress, maybe he won't pick a fight with her every chance he gets."

"Uh... what do you have in mind?" Katie asked. She was blushing from her chest up to her cheeks. The summer hadn't been good for Harry in many ways but he had filled out quite nicely. He was taller, and while he'd never be a overly-muscled meathead, he had a lithe, fit body. She'd always liked their young seeker but now she was woman enough to say that she properly fancied him now.

"Suck him and fuck him, that's what she means. Help him get his rocks off." Alicia supplied for their captain, "I can't imagine Hermione is doing it for him, and he doesn't spend much time with any other girls but us." She turned a naughty, knowing grin at Angelina, "Of course, you wouldn't mind having a new outlet yourself since Fred and George broke up with us to focus on their new business."

Angelina ignored the teasing comment, true as it might have been, “We give him some incentive to think before he speaks. And if he’s a good boy and keeps out of trouble we’ll give him something most boys only dream of.”

“What?” Katie asked absently. Her mind was elsewhere thinking about what it would be like to see those emerald-green eyes looking at her with desire. It was an extremely enticing thought to the young woman.

“Some time with all of the Flying Vixens at once.” Angelina said with a beaming smile.

Katie moaned involuntarily as she felt fingers slip into her wet pussy from behind. She looked to her right as Alicia giggled, “I think Katie is up for it. She’s absolutely soaked just thinking about it.”

“And you?”

“I’m always willing to do my part for the team, captain.” With them all in agreement, they started planning.

Harry walked down an almost entirely unused corridor on the fourth floor by himself. One of the advantages of the Marauder’s Map was that he could avoid the other students when it suited him and these days it did just that more often than not.

There was about half an hour before he needed to be at his next class, and he was absolutely dreading it. *Who would have thought that Voldemort, Lockhart, and a Death Eater would be far better teachers than the Ministry approved choice?* What was usually his favorite class had quickly become tied for his most hated. *And pretty soon even Snape is going to be preferable to the fucking toad.*

Worst of all was that no matter the advice he was given, or even his best judgement, the horrible woman always managed to get a rise out of him. *I’ve spent almost as much time in detention this year as I have every other year put together, and that really is saying something.*

Rubbing at his scar, he could feel that it was angry and enflamed. Some days he half expected it to start bleeding. That thought was whipped from his head, as a door to his left was pulled open suddenly and he was dragged inside by a feminine hand.

On instinct, he grabbed for his wand, but he stopped when he realized who it was, “Angie?” He had no idea how she thought to find him here.

“Fancy seeing you here, Harry.” She was wearing a white button-down and black skirt. The normal Hogwarts attire minus the robes. Her dark, curly hair was loose around her and fell to her shoulders.

“What’s going on?” he asked, brow furrowed in confusion.

“I’m concerned about you as your captain, and as your friend.” She told him as she stepped close to him and rubbed his chest. The year before he’d been shorter than his captain, but now he stood a few inches taller than her.

“Uh... thanks, but I’m fine.” It was the same thing he told everyone, whether it was true or not.

“I don’t think so, Harry.” She wasn’t buying his broken mantra one bit, “I think you’re horribly... horribly stressed and that you could really use something to help you relax.”

"I appreciate the thought, Angie but..." He was cut off as she leaned up and captured his lips in a gentle kiss. When she pulled back, she smiled at his dumbstruck expression. It was his first kiss, and it was absolutely wonderful.

"My players are important to me. I care about you, and your well-being." She gave him a little smirk, "And I do need you at practices if we have any chance of the cup this year."

"Right..."

She leaned in and kissed him again, her hand stroking along his chest and down to his abs, "So I'm going to help you relieve some stress, and in return you're going to make sure that you stay out of trouble with that bitch, Umbridge."

Her fingers reached the hem of his shirt. She pulled it up and quickly opened his trousers. Her smooth digits plunged into his pants and wrapped around his growing erection, she smiled winningly up at him when she found her prize, "Hmmm... that feels promising."

She fished his cock out and actually gasped when it was out in the open, "Merlin, Harry, I'm surprised you even need to bother with the Firebolt, you've already got a fucking broomstick between your legs." His length was rigid and protruded proudly from a dark patch of coarse hair. Harry didn't make a habit of wand-measuring but he'd seen enough in the showers to know that he'd been bigger than the older lads for years.

Stroking his hot, hard flesh, Angelina's eyes were dark with undisguised lust as she stared awestruck at his cock, "Seems this is going to be even more fun for us than we thought." She said it more to herself than him and he wasn't going to question her lest she stopped her ministrations.

"This the first time a girl's touched this beautiful cock?" She asked him as her hand started gliding down more and more of his length. Her dark hand was a stark contrast against his pale skin.

"Y...yes." He told her with a shudder. Nothing he ever experienced had ever felt half this good.

Angelina smiled at that news, "Well all your lady friends have certainly been missing out. You won't be lacking for company from if anybody finds out about this." He throbbed in her hand and a spurt of precum shot from his cock and landed on her blouse, "When was the last time you came, baby?"

Harry shook his head, "M... months. Before the end of last... term"

"What?!"

"Not gonna... do that at the Dursley's. Been too preoccupied... to do it."

"No wonder you've been wound up so tight," Angelina looked absolutely gleeful at that news, "Lucky me... you're going to give me an absolutely massive load."

Turning away from him, her fingers never left his length as she flipped her skirt up to reveal her wide hips and bouncy bubble-butt. Angelina was widely regarded as having one of the best bums in the whole school, and seeing it firsthand, Harry could understand why. It was a thing of absolute beauty.

Angie was wearing a pair of crimson boy-short knickers that hugged her bum wonderfully. The tops of her full thighs were wet with her own arousal as she pulled his cock toward the tiny gap there, "I want

you to fuck my thighs, Harry. I want you to rub your fat cock up against my drippy slit until you give me that huge load.”

Placing his cockhead between her thighs, he could feel the heat of her womanhood through her knickers and the sensation made him jerk his hips intuitively against her silk smooth skin. His abs pressed against the meat of her arse as his cock protruded from between Angie’s thighs. Her fingers found his crown and rubbed purposefully, “Good boy,” she cooed, “hump out all that pent up stress.”

Harry listened and started hammering into her bum. The top of his shaft became stained with her juices more and more with every pass. Angie’s growing moans and mewls were music to his ear. Tilting her hips upward slightly and arching her back, she made sure he was pressing against a particularly sensitive bit of her sex, “Oh... that’s so... good, baby.”

Much as he wanted this encounter to just keep going, Harry was still a virgin. Not to mention, he was dealing with months of built-up need. Grabbing her hips, Harry hammered against her erratically a few more times before he started coming.

Angie pushed at his hips so that his cockhead was nestled right at the junction of her thighs. His ridiculously thick cum stained the crimson fabric of her knickers and added to the moisture between her legs. Pulse after pulse filled that little gap and by the time he was finished, her panties were a mess of white jizz. Dipping one finger down, Angie collected some of his cum and brought it to her lips, “Hmmm... not bad, bit salty though. Might want to eat a bit more fruit, Harry.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” He told her absolutely gobsmacked by what he’d just seen, not to mention what he’d just done. He felt better than he had in months. There was a wonderful airiness in his head, and if it weren’t for the euphoria of the moment, he probably would have noticed that his scar wasn’t in nearly as much pain.

“Good,” she said dropping her skirt, without cleaning up any more of the mess he’d made, “Now get yourself to DADA and ignore that ugly bitch for me, yeah?”

“I will... yeah. Thanks.” He told her as he redid his trousers. *If it means there’s any chance of that happening again, I’ll make it my life’s mission to ignore that fucking bitch.*

“It was my pleasure, Harry. No need to thank me.” With that she left a befuddled Harry behind. That day when he reached Umbridge’s class, he found it effortless to ignore her constant goading. The fact it turned her purple with anger only made it that much better.

Another couple of weeks went by, and they’d been the easiest ones since his return to Hogwarts. It was mid-October, and they were only a couple of weeks away from their first game of the quidditch season against Slytherin. Harry had been at every practice in the last two weeks, despite Umbridge’s constant attempts to provoke him... much to Angelina’s joy. It’d been getting harder, especially since the memory of his time with Angie could only last for so long against the almost daily provocations.

Funnily enough, he was headed to that very class, alone, just as he had been before his encounter with Angelina. He looked at that door hopefully every time he headed to DADA but to no avail. As he passed the door yet again, he resisted the urge to scowl.

Yelping, he was pulled back by the shoulder into the abandoned room. He didn't hear the door open at all and actually stumbled back into the young woman who grabbed him and they both fell over, "Sorry... sorry," he was full of apologies as he pushed himself up and turned to help who he assumed was Angelina, but he was surprised to find, "Alicia?"

He offered her his hand all the same and received a smile, "My fault, Harry. No need to apologize." Taking his hand, she stood and closed the door behind him.

"Right, sorry." He told her only for her to shake her head in amusement, "What's up?"

He received a look like he was a bit daft, "You know quidditch is a team effort, right? I want to win the cup just as much Angie does. You didn't think Angie was the only one with a vested interest in keeping our star seeker on the pitch, did you?"

Yes, yes that was exactly what I thought. Harry just nodded his head as he took her in. Alicia had olive colored skin that she inherited from her Spanish mother. Her coal-black hair was shiny and up in a tight ponytail. Her silver-grey eyes had an amused glint in them. He didn't know if she was on a free period but figured she was since she wasn't wearing her uniform. Instead, she wore a black sports bra and sweatpants, and that was it. His eyes fell to her toned midriff and her cute bellybutton. Like all of his teammates, she was in great shape.

Swallowing thickly, he found the mischievous look in her eye very enticing, "So you're..."

"Going to help you out," she informed him confidently. "We've noticed you've been a bit frustrated again the last couple days and we can't have you back in detention right when the team is prepping for the big game." Stepping up close to him, she leaned up and kissed at the sensitive skin of his neck, "So I thought I'd make sure you're nice and relaxed again." He shivered as she whispered sensually into his ear.

Grabbing his hand, Alicia walked him to a single conjured chair that sat in the middle of the room. She pushed him down and sat in his lap, "I'm going to take really... really good care of you, Harry." Kissing him, she grinded down against his covered cock as it started growing in his trousers.

Sliding gracefully down his body, she pushed his legs wide open and settled herself between them with her knees on the hard ground below her. She didn't seem to mind one bit as she reached for his trousers. Thinking to help her, he made to undue his belt, but she smacked his hand away, "You just sit back and relax and let me do all the work."

Making quick work of his belt and zipper, she started pulling down his trousers and pants all in one. *Thud.* His cock sprang free and smacked heavily against stomach, his bollocks hung low between his thighs. One velvety hand ran up his thigh until it reached his left bollock and started massaging gently, "Bloody fucking hell," Alicia whispered, "she wasn't kidding. That's a fucking monster."

Grabbing his shaft, she held it upright in front of her face. She brought her other arm up and held it against her forearm, it was just as long and nearly as thick. Alicia whimpered in the back of her throat, "That's incredible."

"Do you... like my big cock?" Harry asked breathily.

Her eyes snapped to his and he could see pure lust reflected in them, "I fucking love it, Harry." To prove her point she licked the side of his shaft from the base all the way to the head. When she reached the top, she gave his crown a sloppy kiss.

Stretching her mouth out to obscene proportion, she filled her wet oral cavity with the bulbous crown of his manhood. Her pillowy lips hugged his girth as he felt her tongue wiggle against the underside of his cock. As good as the thigh-job he'd gotten from Angelina had felt, this was infinitely better. Throwing his head back, he groaned loudly. He should probably be worried that someone might catch them, but he was understandably preoccupied with something else far more pleasurable.

Forcing her head down, some of his daunting length slowly disappeared down into her voracious mouth. Her hand dutifully stroked at his hanging ball-sack as spittle started to dribble down his shaft. It was the most insanely sexy sight he'd ever seen in his entire life.

Gluck. Gluck. Gluck. Alicia was nearly halfway down his shaft when she started gagging, but the older girl was incredibly persistent as she forced more and more of him into her throat. He could see her slender neck bulged as he entered the tight tunnel, and he could feel as she tried swallowing around him.

Managing to get over two-thirds of his length into her gullet before she finally had to admit defeat, she held herself there for a few wonderful seconds. Harry's toes curled in pleasure as he did his best to hold off his orgasm. It was a hard-fought thing, but she gave first. Pulling off with a gasp, thick lines of spittle connected her to his throbbing cock. Her eyes were watering from the effort.

The air was cool on his cock and sent a shiver down his spine. Wiping her face, she collected the spittle on her hand, "Fu...fuck... I'm going to get this fat cock down my throat someday, Harry. Mark my words." There was a fiery determination in her eye, as she seemed to take it as a personal challenge. She pulled her sports bra over her head revealing her perfectly shaped, perky breast to his eager eyes. They weren't particularly big, probably an average-sized B-cup but they were wonderfully proportioned.

"Anytime you want to practice... just let me know." He told her with a smile.

Giggling, she jerked his cock working her spit into the slick flesh, "I'll be sure to do that." She leaned in and kissed his testicles, licking at the crinkled flesh of his sack with her flexible tongue. She pulled away briefly and looked through hooded eyes up at him, "But there's something you could do for me right now." He meant to respond, but she pulled a throaty moan from him she continued her attentions.

"Yeah?" He managed when he regained some sense.

"Yeah," She told him as she brought his crown back to her lips, "You can blow a fucking load right down my throat and into my tummy." He throbbed in her hand and leaked a bit of precum at her naughty declaration. He'd been riding a knife's edge with his orgasm anyway, but that wonderfully slutty comment had him ready to blow.

Hollowing out her cheeks, Alicia suckled incessantly on his oversensitive crown. She brought both hands up and fisted the rest of his length and started twisting and jerking the hot flesh. Harry growled low in his throat, "Fuck, here it comes... you fucking slut." His teammate seemed to enjoy the comment as she moaned around his thick girth. His hand went down to her dark hair and held her in place as his abs tightened.

His cock throbbed and pulsed. His bollocks pulled tight to his groin and recoiled with every thick shot of jism that left his cock and filled Alicia's greedy mouth. Despite the prodigious load, she swallowed it all happily and the young woman didn't miss a single drop. His last few pulses filled her mouth and she pulled off as she continued to stroke him. Pressing her cheek against his cock-slit, she used the last little dregs of his climax to paint her cheek with his seed.

Opening her mouth, she showed him his seed on her tongue before swallowing, "Hmmm... good to see you took Angie's advice." It was true, he'd been eating more fruit every morning.

Harry sagged in the chair riding high on the tails of his climax. Alicia smiled at him as she grabbed her bra and put it back on, she also retrieved a blouse from somewhere else in the room that he hadn't seen.

Walking back over to him, she gave his flagging erection a few soft strokes as she stood over him, "Remember, keep yourself out of trouble and it's going to be well worth your while." She leaned in close to his ear and whispered, soft and sultry, "I'm going to be playing with myself every day until you get your reward just thinking about what your big cock is going to do to me."

Merlin and Morgana. Alicia left for her own class before he did. Her last bit of teasing meant he had to wait for his cock to soften again because he wasn't walking to DADA with a massive stiffy.

Still, he made it in time and had absolutely no problem ignoring Umbridge to boot.

It was only three days until their first game of the season when Harry again found himself walking through that unused corridor. And honestly, he was in a damn good mood all things considered. For the last couple weeks he'd avoided getting any detentions with Umbridge or Snape for that matter. *Seems learning how to keep my mouth shut for one has worked for the other as well.* So, he'd been able to make every quidditch practice which was a great stress relief in itself.

But more than that, it seemed that the pain in his scar had lessened recently. Either Voldemort was truly lying low, or he had simply lost interest in tormenting him. *Either way, I'm not going to look a gift-horse in the mouth.*

Passing the door where he had some of the most exhilarating experiences of his life, he didn't expect to see it slightly ajar. Except for the two times that he and one of his teammates made use of it, he'd never seen it open before. He didn't notice it, but he passed through a couple of light wards as he pushed the door open. More than any of his previous encounters, the person inside had no desire to be caught or disturbed and had gone to great lengths to ensure only he would find her.

Inside laying on conjured bed was Katie Bell. The last of his female teammates on her side, in nothing but a sheer black nightie. Her dirty blonde hair was up in an elaborate bun. She bit at the nail of her index finger as he entered, looking coy and sexy in equal measure. Her pale blue eyes looked him up and down, "Hi Harry."

Jaw dropping in stunned silence, his mouth went dry at the incredibly enticing young woman in front of him, "Hey... hey, Katie."

"I've been waiting for you... rather impatiently actually." She told him as she ran a hand along her inner thigh, pulling up slightly on the nightie. The motion revealed just a peak of her slit, but Harry saw it in all its vivid beauty. It was a bright pink with a tiny patch of coarse, dark-blonde hair neatly trimmed into a

thin strip just above it. And it was glistening with her arousal already. Harry could only imagine what she'd been doing while she waited for him to manage that.

"Are you going to keep me waiting any longer? Or are you going to come and join me?" Harry approached her slowly. Even after his previous experiences, he had a hard time believing that what he was seeing was real. Katie had been his first crush at Hogwarts. Older and confident, he'd always thought that she was beautiful and now here she was scantily clad and waiting for him. Looking at her now, he was wondering why Cho had ever caught his eye over her.

Harry came to stand at the edge of the bed, his crotch right in line with Katie's head. She looked up at him through her eyelashes, "It's been so good having you back at practice again, Harry. We all think we're going to absolutely crush Slytherin, and that has a lot to do with you." She leaned in and rested her cheek against his thigh, "And it's my turn to remind you why you're suffering through all of that toad's horrid taunts."

"I'd really like that." He told her, voice deep and eager.

Katie grinned up at him, pleased with his answer, "Good, I want you to do me a little favor though?" She was rubbing her cheek against the impression of his hard cock pressing on his trousers.

"I want you to strip for me, Harry." Katie knew that they didn't have a lot of time, but she wanted to do this right because she really did fancy him, "I've always thought you were cute, but you came back to Hogwarts this year looking fit as fuck and I want to be the first girl to see what you look like under those robes."

How the hell did I miss that? Harry had no inkling that Katie had ever thought of him as cute, much less anything more than that. Given the situation he was in, he'd give that more thought later. For now, he was going to do exactly as she asked. He started by kicking off his trainers in a quick second. Stripping his robes just as fast, he followed with his shirt. Katie traced the lines of his abdomen with the lightest of touches. With slightly shaky hands he undid his belt, unbuttoned the button of his trousers and pushed them down

A light gasp escaped Katie as his cock bobbed heavily between his legs and actually hit her in the cheek with a gentle slap. Giggling she grabbed his imposing cylinder of steel hard flesh. Her eyes were wide in wonder as she looked his length up and down, "Fucking Merlin, you're going to stretch me wide open." As she said that, her fingers dipped below the hem of her nightie and circled her wet, engorged lips.

Smiling up at him she suddenly rolled away from him and stepped off the bed toward the far side of the room. When she reached it, she spun around to look at him and pressed her back against the wall. Crooking one finger, she beckoned him over, "The bed was just so I was comfortable while I waited. I want you to take me standing up. We're athletes after all, we should fuck like athletes."

Stalking over to her, he could feel his heart beating hard in his chest as Katie bit her lip in anticipation of what was to come. Stepping close to her his cock pressed into the smooth skin of her thigh, "Be gentle at first, Harry." Katie said, showing her first sign of any fear, "you're **much** bigger than anything else I've ever had in me." Her quiet confidence returned as she grabbed his cockhead and guided it toward her dripping core.

Harry had to bend down to line up properly and he could feel her heat before he actually reached his destination. As he nestled between her tiny pussy lips, he already knew that he'd found his favorite thing. The thigh-job had been brilliant and the enthusiastic blowjob even better but sinking into Katie's tight womanhood was pure bliss.

There was an obscene squelch as he started driving his length into her gripping tunnel. Katie's breath hitched at the intrusion and she closed her eyes in a mixture of pain and pleasure, "Fuck... you're so... **thick**. You're already stretching me around that fat cock."

"And you love it." He said with more boldness than he knew he was capable of.

Katie seemed to enjoy it though and gave him a pleased little smile, "Damn right, I do."

They both groaned as he sank further and further into her soaked depths. When he reached the end of her tunnel, there was still an inch-and-a-half of his length that wouldn't fit. They both looked down and Katie barked a slightly pained laugh, "You're so big you... don't even fit. Bloody Merlin." Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she rotated her hips, stirring him around in her womanhood. Her voice was tight with restrained desire, "I don't know if I'll ever be able to feel anyone else after this. You're going to fucking ruin me."

Harry throbbed inside of her and he bit back a groan, "Suppose you'll just have to keep doing this with me then."

"I can... can think of worse things." She started pulling her hips back and forth along his length, the lips of her pussy distending slightly as they tried to keep him in her cock-hungry tightness... and it felt absolutely incredible.

Considering this was his first time inside of a girl, he knew he probably wasn't going to last too long. But he wanted to make sure that she got just as much out of it as he did. He started thrusting brutally against Katie's wonderfully tight and toned body. He wanted to see more of it and gripped at the silk material where it sat high on her hips and pulled the nightie over her head.

Her breasts were a small handful, high on her chest with hard, eraser nipples. Her abs were probably the best of any girl in Hogwarts and he could see every line of her light six-pack as her muscles tightened with each sharp thrust of his hips.

Leaning down he took one of her delectable looking nipples into his mouth, and pulled a silent scream from her in the process. Her fingers threaded through his hair to hold him in place, "Oh... oh fuck... Harry, that feels so...so good." He felt her pussy flutter around him rhythmically as he continued lavishing attention on the little nub.

Both of her legs came up off the floor to wrap around his waist. Katie was only being held up by her back against the wall and Harry. Instinctually, his hand went to her bum. It wasn't the biggest in the school, in fact it was quite small. But it was beautifully sculpted and muscled and had a lovely curve to it. He dug his fingers into her skin, and he wouldn't be surprised if he left a bruise.

Reaching down, she pulled at his chin and brought his lips from her nipple up to meet her own. She kissed him desperately as she started whimpering with every thrust of his hips. Pushing away only slightly, she rested her forehead against his, "Please... please cum, Harry. I'm so close and I want you to

cum at the same time.” Harry was right there with her, and he didn’t know if he’d be able to hold off, but he was going to do his absolute damndest.

As fate would have it, he managed to hold off for her. But that was only because his grip on her bum faltered slightly, and his finger slid across the smooth skin to her puckered, pulsing little bumhole. The contact made Katie gasp and arch her back off the wall, she screamed and squeal “Oh... fuck... cum...MING!” One of her legs left his hip and straightened tightly, toes desperately trying to reach the ground as she went through an incredible peak.

The news was music to Harry’s ears as he buried himself all the way to the balls for the first time in their entire encounter together. His cock heaved inside of her and massive rope of cum painted her insides white. Her tunnel was flooded with her own juices and his and the tight seal of her lips around his girth couldn’t take it all. Their mixed cum leaked from her hole, staining his cock and her thighs. It dripped all the way down her leg to her toes and stained the floor beneath them.

They were both panting, foreheads resting against each other. Harry couldn’t help himself and stole a quick kiss, which she returned, “That was a pretty... amazing first time.”

“I would say so... for me too” Katie agreed surprising him.

“But I thought...”

“I said you were bigger than **anything** else that’s been inside me, not anybody,” she informed him with a smirk, “you were my first lad.” The implications of that statement made his flagging erection throb with new life, and Katie shook her head in amusement, “Can’t go for round two, Harry. I skived off one of my classes to do this anyway and we can’t have you being late for DADA when you’re supposed to be staying **out** of trouble.”

His cock fell from her pussy and was followed by a trail of his thick cum, they both looked down and Katie’s resolve seemed to falter for a second, “You’re right,” he told her, “we’ll just have to make up for it some other time.”

“Definitely.” She told him with a wide smile.

They both dressed quickly and departed his absolute favorite room in the school. As he made his way to DADA with a grin on his face he couldn’t help the thought that came to him. *Who knew it could be this much fun keeping out of trouble?*