

Fuming, she was absolutely fuming. Silently, of course, because gods forbid that she ever think of making a scene... even at Hogwarts. If her parents found out, she'd never hear the end of it. 'Just more comparisons to Daphne to suffer through.'

It was her sister that had her in such a state to begin with. They'd never had a great deal in common. Her sister was cold, calculating, and above all else, ambitious. On the other hand, Astoria at the very least tried to be kind, warm, and empathetic.

Their differences extended to the physical as well. Daphne was tall, curvy, and blonde. 'Universally viewed as one of the best-looking witches in her year, and really the whole bloody school.' Astoria... well, she was still attractive, but not in the same way. She was rather diminutive, at only a couple inches over five foot, she had a slender body with modest breasts, but nice hips, and she had jet black hair.

The only things the two sisters really shared was the fact that they were both intelligent, and had the same piercing blue eyes.

Despite their differences, she still loved her sister and Astoria was quite sure that she was one of the few people that Daphne genuinely cared about. But she also wouldn't say that they were close either. 'Which is probably a large part of the reason for the current predicament. Because if we were a bit closer, she might know how I feel about it!'

From her seat at the Ravenclaw table, Astoria just sat and watched as Daphne was doing something entirely uncharacteristic... fawning all over a boy. 'No, man.' And it just had to be Harry Potter. 'Because the first time in her entire life that Daphne shows any interest in anyone... it just has to be him.'

For years, Astoria fancied the school's resident hero. And unlike most of the young ladies in the school, she could honestly say that it had bugger all to do with the fact he **was a** hero. It didn't bother her any, but it had nothing to do with her crush.

It was the simplest thing that started her interest in him. When he was a fourth year, with seemingly everything going against him all at once, he still took the time to help a second year who couldn't seem to find the right book for one of her charm's assignments in the library.

From there she couldn't help but notice him. He dealt with the fickle nature of the school, and the general British public, surprising well considering they seemed to bounce around faster than a kneazle on catnip. Then in her third year, she joined Dumbledore's Army, much to her sister's consternation, and got to know him a bit better. Even though he was coerced into it by Hermione, he still took to the task valiantly. She learned at least as much that year as she did the year before with, what she only knew later was, a Death Eater.

And for most of her school life, she knew that's all it was going to be... a simple case of fancying him. 'Harry was never going to look at a Ravenclaw two years his junior and think, 'yep, there's the girl for me!'' Watching him with Cho was painful because as a Ravenclaw she knew what a high-maintenance headcase her former housemate really was. 'Cedric had the patience of a saint to even put up with her. Harry always had far too much going on in his life to put up with something like that.'

His brief romance with Ginny Weasley hadn't been much better but at least it made more sense to her. But even then, she couldn't help but lament it. 'That one seemed like it might actually last, despite

everything going on with the Dark Lord.' And at the same time, she still couldn't help but think that she would be the best girl for him.

But it wasn't just because of his disinterest that she knew her chances were doomed. There was also the contract. The one that her parents signed with the Malfoys when she was just eight years old, the one that had led to her being unequivocally despised by Pansy Parkinson, the one that had horrible clauses shoe-horned in by Lucius Malfoy should she be disloyal, the one that she hated with every fiber of her being... and the one, in the end, that was broken by Draco.

Her father only made the contract for the sake of the family reputation, and so there were certain, iron-clad clauses that broke the contract if Draco in any way disgraced himself. And as it so happened, one of those things was being convicted of a crime. Which, much to Astoria's delight, happened at the end of the war.

So, at the very least, she knew that her return to Hogwarts for her sixth year would be the first where she didn't have that hanging over her head. 'And then I found out that Harry was coming, too.' On the train, she learned that Harry and Ginny weren't back together, and things just seemed to be lining up one after the other for her to finally have an opportunity to at least take a chance on the bloke she fancied for years.

'But Daphne decided to come back, and somehow that's just going to ruin everything.' There was no part of Astoria that thought Daphne genuinely liked Harry, it was just her ambition shining through as usual. Given his popularity following the defeat of the Dark Lord, he was the talk of Britain for all the right reasons again and could easily sway the future of the magical community if he chose to. 'And I'm sure my sister thinks she's the right person to do that. Even though his coming back to school surely means he's not interested.'

Harry said something that sent her sister into an uncharacteristic tittering as she brushed his arm. It only made Astoria scowl. 'That's not my sister! But apparently there's a first time for everything.' Leaving Harry behind, Daphne stood then and headed out of the Great Hall. Staring at Harry for a long moment, Astoria's irritation only grew.

Bouncing up from her seat, she made a hasty pursuit of her sister. If she were being perfectly logical, she knew that it wasn't the wisest thing in the world to do. She could very well cause irreparable harm to their relationship, all over a young man who probably had no idea she even existed, but that didn't stop her.

She caught a head of blonde hair taking the stairs down to the dungeons, and she followed, nearly jogging to catch up. Catching her as she turned the corner, she called out, "Daphne!"

Her sister turned on the spot and didn't even crack a smile when she saw her, "Astoria." For a long moment, she didn't know what to say. 'How do you tell your sister that you don't think she's the right person for someone because... you fancy them.' Even in her own mind, it sounded incredibly selfish, but it was genuinely how she felt. Her sister grew impatient with her silence though, "Well, what did you want?"

"I..." She took a deep breath and prepared for the worst, "What are you doing with Harry?"

If the question caught her off guard or irritated her in any way, she didn't show it for even a second, "I think that's between me and Harry, but I appreciate your concern." She seemed to think that was the end of the conversation and went to turn away, so, Astoria just blurted out, "You're not right for him."

That certainly caught her sister's attention, and there was a dangerous glint in her eye when she turned back to look at her, "Oh, and what makes you think that?"

"I know you... I know enough about the way you think. You want to use his reputation and popularity for your own ambitions," There was a slight upturning at the corner of her lips at the accusation that only made Astoria more frustrated, "He deserves better."

Daphne snorted at that and took a step closer to Astoria. Looming over her, she patted her head like she would a child. It was utterly demeaning, "I'm sure that he would appreciate your concern, but Harry's a big boy. I'm sure he's more than capable of deciding what's right for him all by himself."

"If you were being honest with him, I might agree with you." Astoria glared up at her sister, not the least bit intimidated by her, "But you and I both know that you're not."

With a roll of her eyes, Daphne countered, "Oh please, grow up. Have you considered, even for one second, that I might just be different than you believe."

'No, I didn't.' But Astoria wasn't going to tell her that, "I considered it. Decided it was gobshite."

Her sister cracked a smile at that, "How thoughtful of you. Now would you like to know what I think, little sister?" She was going to tell her whether she wanted to hear it or not, "I think that you're just jealous that I've been spending time with Harry, and you haven't. That whatever little fantasy you've constructed in your head is doomed to failure. You don't give a damn that I'm interested in Harry, you just care that he's paying attention to someone other than you. We both know you wouldn't have approached me about this if you didn't have a vested interest. So, why don't you just come out and be honest, since you're so worried about my motivations."

Astoria's mouth went dry, her palms started sweating, and she swallowed nervously. 'I should've expected that Daphne would see right through me.' Deciding that it was best to just approach it head on, she admitted, "Fine, I fancy, Harry. I have done for years and couldn't do a bloody thing about it."

"And that's supposed to dissuade me?" Daphne wasn't the least bit perturbed by her confession, "it just sounds to me like I'll have more competition for his attentions, which believe me, there are already plenty."

"I..." It was hard to say what she really thought she'd gain from this confrontation, "I hoped that as my sister, you'd listen. That you'd understand when I say I properly fancy him, think the world of him, in fact."

There was something in her eyes that made Astoria think maybe she'd actually show her a bit of sympathy, "I am listening, and I understand. I understand that you think that **you** are the right person for Harry, and that's why you're trying to warn me off him."

Taking a step back, there was a smirk on her lips that spelled trouble, "And all I have to say to you is this... prove it."

“What?”

“I don’t have any intention of backing off, Astoria.” That was the last thing that she wanted to hear, “So, if you want Harry, you’re going to have to prove to him that you’re the right girl for him. And for what it’s worth, if you manage, I promise there won’t be any hard feelings.”

Astoria honestly didn’t know if she could say the same, but she appreciated the sentiment. It didn’t stop her challenge from lighting a fire deep in her belly. ‘I’ve always felt like second best to her, but I refuse to be second best in this.’ Staring up into her sister’s eyes, just like hers, she bit out her response, “Fine, then that’s exactly what I’m going to do.”

Turning on her heel, she stormed away from her sister. The one thing she didn’t see was her best friend, Tracey, peak out from behind a tapestry with a wicked smile on her face, “Well, that seems to be working.”

“Astoria might think that she knows me, but I know her far better.” The idea that Daphne unaware of her sister’s fascination with the Gryffindor was laughable, “All she needs a little push. Suppose we’ll see what she does with it.”

“You going to keep needling her?”

Daphne smiled, “Of course, it wouldn’t be any fun if she didn’t think there was still a fight in it.”

The next day, Astoria decided to act, well sort of. She wasn’t the sort of girl to just pull him into a broom closet and have her wicked way with him. ‘Not that I haven’t thought about it before.’ And Harry wasn’t the sort of bloke to want that anyway. He was highly aware that a lot of people wanted him for the wrong reasons and was cautious because of it.

So, instead of that, she found herself in the library, looking for a book, just like she had been when it all started for her. The fact that it happened to be when he was in there, too, trying to find something for a project of his own wasn’t even slightly a coincidence.

She was pretty sure that she caught him giving her subtle looks as they got closer, perusing the shelves and it gave her the courage she needed. As he got closer, she found the book she was looking for. Of course, she knew where it was the entire time. Standing up on tip-toes, she tried to reach it, but couldn’t quite manage. It would’ve looked rather foolish if it weren’t for the fact that magic was restricted in the library. Her blouse pulled free of her skirt and revealed a hint of her tight tummy underneath. Astoria just hoped that he was looking.

Huffing, she made to go and get one of the ladders, but Harry stopped her with a whispered, “Wait, I got it.” It was a simple thing for him to reach up and grab the book she’d been struggling for before handing it to her, “That’s the right one?”

It was a rather small book on advanced defensive magics, “Yep, it is, thanks, Harry.” She was doing her damndest to keep her voice even, “Wish you were still my defense teacher, Harry. Still don’t think I’ve had a better DADA professor than you.”

That had him grinning, and she felt pleasant tingles that she’d managed it, “I had no idea what I was doing ninety percent of the time, but glad you got something out of it anyway.”

“Well, you never would’ve known it,” Astoria assured him, “Honestly, been a bit of a struggle this year, especially after last year.”

It wasn’t even a lie, while she was still doing well, it wasn’t nearly up to her usual standard. She was trying to be subtle, and lucky for her, he took the hint, “If you need help with anything, just let me know.”

“Really?” She knew that he could very well just be saying that to be polite. And as much as she fancied him, she didn’t want that.

“Yeah, definitely. DADA has always been my best subject.” He ran a hand through his hair, “Well, more on the practical than the theoretical, but I’m not half bad at that either.”

“Well... great!” There was a ‘shush’ from the other side of the bookshelf as Pince loomed nearby. Giggling, Astoria took his hand and led him back to the table that she’d procured for herself. It was off in one lonesome corner, next to a window.

He set his things down in the seat across from her, and Astoria couldn’t help but ask, “Out of curiosity, do you even remember me from Dumbledore’s Army?”

Quirking an eyebrow at that, he told her as though it were obvious, “Yep, Astoria, right?”

Just the simple acknowledgement was enough to leave her smiling for the rest of the afternoon.

Her simple little plan worked out beautifully. They met in the library at first ever other day, and then daily, and then she felt a moment of triumph when he actually sat with her at dinner one night rather than Hermione, or Ginny, or Daphne.

As far as she was concerned, the only way to make things work how she wanted was to take things slowly. To let him get to know her little by little. To naturally get closer. And that’s exactly what happened. In between him helping her revise for DADA, they talked about everything and anything. Their time at Hogwarts, their childhoods, their interests, and even their futures.

“I really think you ought to consider teaching.” Astoria told him, “I wasn’t lying when I think you’re the best professor I’ve ever had in Defense.”

“Really, even better than Lupin?” She knew that, at the very least as a teacher, he had a fondness for their former professor.

“In all fairness, I had him first year and it is rather boring even with a great professor.”

“So, maybe only second best then?” He was teasing her.

“Nope,” She poked him in the shoulder, “definitely the best!”

“Well, I... honestly don’t know where things are going to take me. Being a professor sounds a fair bit better than dealing with the insanity at the Ministry. I’ll give you that much.” After his years dealing with the bureaucracy his distaste for them was perfectly understandable. That, along with finding out that very little of the job had anything to do with actually pursuing dark wizards, had left him rather tepid about becoming an Auror.

After three months, there was only one small problem with this slow, methodical approach. She was growing increasingly more impatient with every passing day. He featured in her dreams nightly, and in just about every one of her private moments. Every time they spent time together in the last week, she'd had to go straight back to her dorm room and get a new pair of knickers, regardless of the time of day.

Then there were the other girls, Daphne included, who were trying to catch his attention, and it irked her. The only thing that comforted her was the fact he seemed to largely ignore their attentions, seeing them for what they were. Still, it concerned her all the same, and was the main reason why she'd made a very important decision. At some point, she knew that she was going to need to take the plunge, and just put herself out there, "Harry?"

"Hmmm?" As she got caught up in thought, he'd returned to working on an essay of his own.

"I've been struggling a bit... with silent casting, especially with some of the more complex defensive spells and charms, do you think you'd be able to help me out?" That wasn't entirely true, but it gave her a good way of getting him alone.

"Bit hard in the library, Tori." Every time he used that nickname it made her feel a bit lightheaded. 'Merlin, I really have it bad.'

Slapping his shoulder, she scowled but had a hard time maintaining it, "I know that! I was thinking maybe a classroom or even the Room of Requirement."

"Sure, no problem." He ran a hand through his hair, "We can try the Room, but if not, we'll try somewhere else."

Astoria was pretty sure her heart skipped a beat, but she forced herself to remain calm, "Alright... just going to drop my things off at my dorm. Meet you there!"

"Shush!" Pince was looming over them, glaring at her overeager response.

Waving her hand in apology, she mouthed out, "Sorry." Harry just shook his head, entertained by her discomfort. Poking him in the shoulder for his cheek, she grabbed her things and hurried off, but not before telling him, "I'll see you up there in twenty minutes?"

"I'll be there."

With that she hurried out of the library, but not without looking back over her shoulder as she left. She was ecstatic to see Harry hurriedly turn back to his essay when he'd clearly been watching her leave. Any other boy, she would've been irritated, but not Harry. There was one more person watching her as she turned the corner and headed out of the library, she could feel the eyes on her. It was Daphne, sitting with Tracey, and for some odd reason, she looked pleased.

Deciding not to dwell on that, Astoria hurried up to the Ravenclaw dorm. Stopping at the door, she was impatient for the riddle, "Only one color, but not one size, stuck at the bottom, yet easily flies. Present in sun, but not in rain, doing no harm, and feeling no pain. What is it?"

"A shadow." The door clicked opened and she hurried inside. The Common Room was mostly empty as most people were still out after classes. Luckily for her, the sixth-year girls' dorm was no different. She threw her things down onto her bed and started stripping. Going into her trunk, she retrieved something

that she'd gotten for just this special occasion. A set of blue and silver lingerie. Boy short bottoms with intricate lace patterning, and brassier that wrapped around her midriff like a corset with cups that helped to pump up her modest breasts. Putting it on quickly, she went to the mirror and did her hair up in a loose bun.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she was thrilled with the girl looking back at her. It was easily the sexiest she'd ever felt. 'Hopefully, Harry likes it too.' Putting back on her blouse and skirt, she hurried back down as quickly as she came and headed for the seventh-floor corridor. When she came to the blank stretch of wall, she stopped and stared for a long moment, head tilted to the side in thought. 'Right... what to ask it for?'

Her mind immediately went to the naughtiest places imaginable for some odd reason, she decided to roll with it. 'I need a romantic bedroom, I need a romantic bedroom, I need a romantic bedroom.'

The door appeared in the wall, and she went inside. There were rose petals, and a massive open bed with silk sheets, candles, and it looked just about perfect. But then she worried her lower lip and had second thoughts. Muttering to herself, she went right back out the way she came, "This is too much, right... this is definitely too much. No, no, no, need to think of something else." If they needed a bed, she was sure the room would be able to provide it later. 'But better not to get ahead of yourself Tori.'

Standing back out in the corridor, she waited for the wall to go blank again. As if by divine providence, it did just that as Harry turned the corner. She was so focused on thinking of the right thing, she jumped when she heard him right beside her, "Is it not working?"

He chuckled at her expense as she blushed, "No... it's working perfectly fine... just wasn't what I wanted the first time."

"After it was filled with fiendfyre, I wasn't sure if it would even work to begin with."

That left her eyebrows up near her hairline, "Don't think you mentioned that in any of your stories."

With a shrug of his shoulders, he started pacing in front of the wall, "I'm sure you'll hear it eventually." The implication that she'd be around long enough to hear all his stories made her chest tight. 'Get ahold of yourself Astoria, you have no idea if he even meant it that way.'

A door appeared when he stopped his pacing, and he opened it for her, "After you."

The room he requested wasn't the old training room that they used for the DA, it was more casual than that. There was a couch and a table, it didn't look unlike one of the Common Rooms. Harry went and set his things down on the table and rolled up his sleeves. Leaning back against the table, he gave her a wry smile, "Alright, what do you want to work on?"

Astoria breathed heavily through her nose. He was all business while she was busy staring at his forearms. The tight line of muscles and the crisscrossing blue veins made for something that she was sure was unintentionally sexy. Kicking her brain back into gear, she managed to stutter out, "Silent... silent casting, like I said."

"Right... anything in particular?"

She knew what she claimed she was struggling with, but for the life of her, she couldn't come up with a single ruddy spell. It felt like she was standing there dumbly for hours but was only really a few seconds. 'Just tell him the truth, better to down the potion than prolonging my suffering.'

"I..." She shook her head, "No... I'm not half bad at silent casting. I have my struggles same as anyone else, and I'd wager you could help, but..."

"Yes?" His emerald gaze was boring into her with an intensity that took her breath away.

Her lips parted and for a second, no words came out. He waited, patiently for her to continue, "I just wanted to get you alone."

He didn't seem surprised by her confession, and more importantly he didn't make straight for the door. Which she'd heard from his own mouth, he'd done on more than one occasion when fan girls decided to pull him into a broom closet. 'So that's good at least.'

"Well... we're alone."

"I know... I..." She'd imagined this moment so many times over the years, and more times in the last few months than was probably healthy to admit. 'It should be easy.' With a shake of her head, she realized just how ridiculous she was being. 'Either it goes well or it doesn't, better to know.'

"I fancy you," Astoria finally managed to tell him, "I have done for years, and I'm sure you hear that all the time. Ever since you helped me in the library when I was a second year. Which you probably don't even remember..." She muttered out the last, but he heard it anyway.

"Of course, I remember. And... that might be the simplest reason anyone has ever fancied me." The smile hadn't left his lips, which was a good thing as far as she was concerned, "Usually it's because I killed a basilisk, or Tom, or even my quidditch playing."

Astoria fidgeted with her hands, "I... knew that it could only be a fantasy... until the end of the war." At his quirked eyebrow, she added in, "Long story. And when you came back this year, I knew that I'd never forgive myself if I didn't try to get to know you."

"I'm glad you did."

That made her smile despite her anxiousness, "I was nervous, and I sat on my hands while every other girl in the school was vying for your attention." She shook her head at her own stupidity, "But it gave me the kick in the bum I needed."

Harry finally moved away from the table. He covered the distance between them in three quick steps. He was standing so close, looming over her. Her heart was beating rapidly in her chest, there was only one thing that she wanted, "It gave you the kick in the bum to do what?"

Her hands moved to his shoulder, and she pushed up on her tiptoes to capture his lips with hers. It was filled with years of unfulfilled desire. It sent a jolt of liquid heat right to her core as her entire body tingled. Astoria was on cloud nine and was happy to learn that the object of her affections was quite a good kisser.

When the need for air became too great, they pulled away, and she smiled sheepishly up at him, "Something like that."

Hand on her hip, he beamed down at her, "Well, I guess all those unwanted attentions have been worth it then."

Glancing down, she was acutely aware of the bulge pressing against the inside of his trousers. There was a part of her that thought it was too quick, that thought he would think she was a slag if she did all the things that were running through her mind. But the way he was looking at her, there was more than just lust in his eyes. It gave her the courage she needed to rest her palm against his confined pillar, "Is that because of me?"

His eyes were dark with need, his voice thick, "You know it is..."

"I could help you with that... if you like." It was something that she'd come up here hoping to do, even if she wasn't sure it was going to happen. There were some blokes who would think less of her for even suggesting it, but if it were any other bloke, she wouldn't be suggesting it anyway.

She knew it was exactly what he wanted, but he still hesitated, "Is that not a bit fast?"

"I think that's for us decide." Astoria's touch danced along the waist of his trousers, "I know how I feel about you. I know that I've wanted you for years. I know that I won't regret one second of it. And I hope that it will be the first time of many, but if you want to wait, that's exactly what we're going to do."

His big hands ghosted up her arms, and she felt goosebumps form at his touch. He reached the collar of her blouse, he carefully unbuttoned it at the top. The next second he tore it the rest of the way open in one swift motion.

Astoria gasped as he drank her in. She couldn't say how many times she'd thought of him looking at her like that, and it made her feel like the most beautiful girl in the world. Then he leaned in and kissed against the side of her neck, nipping and sucking on the sensitive skin. His mouth moved down slowly, trailing down to the gentle rise of her breast. He pushed down the delicate material covering her right tit, and enveloped the pointy nipple hidden beneath.

"Oh..." One of her hands threaded through his dark hair. But she refused to just stand there and let him have his wicked way with her. Her fingers found the button of his trousers, and she managed to undo it even as her mind went fuzzy from the sheer pleasure he was eliciting from her. 'This is ridiculous, it's just one nipple!'

Somehow, despite what he was doing, she managed to get her dainty hand into his trousers. What she found made her gush. His cock was thick, her fingertips only just touching as she wrapped them around him.

While Astoria might've been a virgin, she was far from naïve. Every bit the Ravenclaw, she was studious and that included matters of a carnal nature. Those studies might have included some rather bawdy romance novels that she'd found in a muggle bookstore on one of her rare excursions into muggle London.

Pulling him out, his jutting manhood dripped a bead of precum right onto the floor between them as it was freed. Pumping him hard and fast, she reveled in the moans she managed to pull from his body that sent wonderful vibrations to her oversensitive bud.

There was a risk, given her years of fantasy, that the moment would fail to live up to her expectations. Like everything else she'd experienced with Harry, that was far from the case. 'If anything, it's far better.'

She'd heard plenty of girls lament their boyfriends over the years. Many of them complained that their partners were only ever interested in their own pleasure. With Harry, that couldn't be further from the truth.

"Fuck..." Astoria trembled, and tried to pull away as he bit down against her nipple. His arms wrapped around her back to keep her firmly in place. It wasn't a cry of pain, but bliss. While her breasts weren't particularly big, her nipples were incredibly sensitive. They were deep pink and tiny, like little candies on her pale flesh, and he was treating them like they were just as sweet.

One of his hands drifted down to her ass and pulled her closer. Her hand was still on him, just holding the heat of his manhood as he lavished attention on her bud. Astoria wasn't complaining, far from it. He was pulling little mewls of undeniable pleasure from her as he drove to her peak.

She tipped over the edge when she felt his hand slip beneath her skirts and just graze across her panty-clad pussy. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as she came. Her body quivered in his arms as he just held her. She could feel her juices trailing along the inside of her thigh, as every muscle in her body tightened in that blissful moment.

As it finally petered out, she went through an aftershock as Harry swiped his tongue against her nipple one last time. She had to take his head in both hands and pull him away to get him to stop. He had the cheekiest grin on his face when he looked up at her, and she couldn't help but kiss him.

He stood up with her in his arms, her feet dangling in the air with his hard cock pressed against his thigh as he kissed her back. When they pulled apart, she was grinning from ear to ear, "That was brilliant."

"I aim to please."

Giggling, she told him, "Trust me, you did." But he wasn't the only one who was aiming to please. Daphne's words months earlier were still ringing in her ear, 'prove you're the right girl for him.' That's exactly what she intended to do.

Astoria wiggled her hips, and he took the hint and put her back on the ground. Pressing against his chest, she pushed him back until his bum knocked against the edge of the table. She pushed him hard enough that he ended up on his back against it.

Staring into his emerald eyes, she discarded her skirt and then pulled his trousers down to his ankles. Crawling up on the table, she straddled him, grinding her covered cunt against the raw heat of his veiny member. She could feel every pulse of his heartbeat through the thin material that separated them.

Pulling her panties to the side, she let her slickness cover his length. His hand went to her hip, and he closed his eyes as he rasped out, "Astoria, you're killing me!"

It didn't stop her though. She wanted to drive him mad with need, "What do you want, Harry?"

He needed to say it. After years of thinking of nothing but him, she needed to hear him say it. His eyes bore right down to her soul, his voice thick with lust and something more, "I need you, Tori."

"I'm all yours." Elated, she wouldn't be surprised if she was actually glowing from the utter joy of that moment. Taking hold of cock, she brought his dripping crown to her tiny hole. There was a part of her that was afraid, that knew it was going to hurt, even if it was worth it. But she was so wet, so ready for him.

Those first few inches stretched her, reshaping her taut hole to his size. Her eyes fluttered shut as every nerve in her body lit up. Even though she knew it was the right thing to do, she couldn't wait. She forced more of his impressive length into her body, past her pesky little barrier and deeper still, "Oh gods..." The pain she expected came, but only for a second. It was quickly replaced by that incredible fullness that felt absolutely euphoric.

"Fuck, Tori... so tight." His hands were on her hips, nearly big enough to wrap all the way around. He was holding onto her hard, muscles taught, head tilted up to look at that captivating place where they were joined.

"So full... you're stretching me out soooo... so good, Harry." It was everything she imagined, but there was one more thing that she needed to do. Her only purpose in life was fucking his big, beautiful cock until he couldn't take anymore. Until he exploded in his own orgasm. She needed that moment of bliss.

Clap... Clap... Clap... Bouncing up and down, her pussy clung to his thick shaft, molding to him as though it was made for him. That delicious friction drove her wild. They weren't just fucking though, it felt like far more than that.

She delighted in every gasp and moan she managed to pull from his throat. She sat up high, twisting her hips in soft circles as she grinded against his crotch. His shaft was covered in her slick juices, a trail of her essence leaking in a steady stream down to his swollen bollocks.

"Tori..." He said her name like a prayer, "I'm so close... I... I... don't think I can..."

"It's alright! Just cum... please... I need it! I need to feel all that warm... thick cum!" She was desperate for it, throwing her hips down against him with an almost manic intensity.

But ever thoughtful, he held on because he wouldn't finish without her. He knew just the way to get her off though. Forcing himself up, he took her nipple into his mouth and held her close. Her entire world went white. Light danced at the corner of her eyes as every muscle in her body lit up in bliss. Whimpering low in her throat, her pussy rippled around his cock relentlessly. Coaxing and massaging out the load that she knew she deserved.

Harry hugged her to him, so close that there was no space between them as she felt his shaft recoil. Her depths were bathed in his warmth, as she cried out again. She could feel his balls flexing against her arsecheeks as he pulsed over and over, filling her to the brim.

They recovered just like that, in each other's arms. Finally, when they came down from that mind-addling high, Astoria giggled out, "So, I was wondering if you might want to be my boyfriend?"

Harry barked out a laugh and kissed her on the cheek, "Yeah, I think I'd like that." They laughed together at that.

Almost an hour later, when they walked into the Great Hall together, hand in hand. She caught her sister's eye. She half-expected to see jealousy there, but if anything, she looked... proud. Squeezing Harry's hand, she told him, "I just need to have a quick word with my sister."

He just nodded his head and headed over to the Gryffindor table. When she reached Daphne, she gave her a genuine smile. What she said next shocked her, "Well, I'd say that's point proven, Astoria."