

The soft scratching of quill on parchment always seemed surprisingly loud in the otherwise quiet of the library. Harry was sitting there diligently working on a Transfiguration essay. It was the most productive thing he could do to pass the time while he waited.

When he felt a soft hand rub against his neck, he thought that he was done waiting. But there was something not quite right about it. The hand was rougher than it should've been and there was a lack of lavender perfume that he'd come to love. Turning his head, he flinched back at just how close the person intruding on his space was, "Ginny?"

"Hey, Harry! Been looking everywhere for you." The two of them were still cordial, even friendly. Since her family still adored him, she didn't think it would be fair to be anything less even though she decided it was best if they remained broken up once the war ended.

While it lessened the more that the year went on, he was still widely the center of attention around the school and made a point of finding his peaceful moments. So, he believed her, he simply didn't understand why. Leaning back just to make sure he could keep that extra bit of space between them, he asked, "Right, well, you found me. What's up, Ginny?"

She smiled sweetly and sat down in the seat next to him, leaning closer than he was remotely comfortable with, "Well, I've been thinking lately... and I realized that I made a mistake."

He didn't like where this conversation was going, not one bit. Setting his quill down, he turned to look at her properly, "What mistake?"

"We should've gotten back together... after the war." It sounded like she meant it, but then she was rather convincing back in May, too when she was saying exactly the opposite, "With Fred's death and everything that happened here while you were fighting, I just... I needed more time." She smiled and made to grab his hand, "I don't need anymore time now..."

Pulling his hand away, Harry watched her face fall. He gave her a sad smile, "You wanted time, and I understood that. But I wanted you." He didn't blame her though. Things after the war were difficult enough without the complication of their relationship thrown in there, but he wanted her support, and she wasn't willing to give it to him.

Ginny frowned, the conversation clearly not going the way that she was expecting, "I know, I wish I could've been there for you. But I can be there for you now."

With a shake of his head, Harry explained, "That's great to hear, but things aren't the same now as they were back in May." He'd done healing, quite a lot of it on his own and with the help of someone very special, "I've changed as a person, and I'm sure so have you." Recovering from a war did that sort of thing to a person, "I've moved on... I'm with someone else and she makes me happy."

He was sure that Ginny knew that. Unless she was regularly stricken made deaf, blind, and dumb. He didn't try and hide Astoria, not from Ginny and not from the rest of the school. He had a feeling it was his new relationship with Astoria that had prompted this sudden change of heart.

That explanation did nothing to quell the fierce look of determination in the fiery redhead's eyes, "I know all about Astoria." She was trying to control her voice, and her emotions, not letting the anger she was hiding slip to the surface, "And I'm sure she's been good to you, but you and me... there's something

deeper there. I'm sure with time, you'll realize that... and I'll be waiting." Leaning closer, she managed to finally get a hold of his hand and give it a squeeze.

It was just then that he heard a very relieving voice from behind, "Harry?"

Pulling his hand free, he spun in his chair to find Astoria standing there with her brow furrowed looking between him and Ginny, "Tori, hey love, I've been waiting for you."

"Sorry..." she moved over to the same table they'd been using for months now, ever since that first encounter between the bookcases, "I needed to send a letter to my parents, but so did Daphne. We both wanted to use the family owl, so I had to wait or her in the owlery."

He appreciated the explanation but didn't really need it. He was just happy that she was there. Leaning toward her, his hand drifted to her thigh, and he squeezed it affectionately. The smile she sent his way made him feel palpable relief. He was worried that she'd get the wrong idea with Ginny there, "So..." she glanced at the redhead, "what are we talking about?"

"Nothing," Ginny said too quickly, glaring at the younger girl with an obvious distaste, "I was just going anyway." Before she left, she turned back at Harry and softened considerably, "Think about what I said."

Neither he nor Astoria said anything to her as she left, nor did they bother watching her leave. Without saying a word, the Ravenclaw started pulling her books from her bag along with a fresh sheet of parchment. He was confused by her apparent apathy, but as she dipped her quill into her inkpot she finally asked, "So, since she certainly wasn't going to tell me, mind explaining what that was all about?"

Harry knew that he did nothing wrong, so he had no problem telling her the story, "Ginny says she made a mistake, that she wants to get back together." He saw the way her hand tightened almost imperceptibly on her quill. Without waiting for her to ask he kept going, "It isn't happening, Tori, I need you to know that. I told her that I'm with you, that you make me happy, and I meant it."

Astoria finally smiled then. She leaned in to kiss him, before saying, "I know. I don't doubt that for a second."

He breathed a sigh of relief at her easy acceptance, "So, what would you like me to do about it?" There were a few things she could ask of him that would be perfectly reasonable as far as he was concerned. Ginny clearly didn't respect their relationship, so it would be understandable if Astoria didn't want him spending time with her anymore, certainly not alone. *It'll be difficult with Ron and the rest of the Weasleys, but I would hope that they'd understand.*

What she said next genuinely surprised him, "Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yep," she said with an infectious smile, "Absolutely nothing. I'm not threatened by Ginny because when you tell me how you feel about me, I believe you. And when you tell me how feel about her, I believe that, too." Putting her quill down, she reached for his hand. Unlike with Ginny, he didn't pull away even slightly, "I'm not going to tell you to cut important people out of your life for my sake."

Her confidence in him, her trust, was heartwarming, "Thank you..." But there was a niggling worry at the back of his mind that he couldn't shake, "What if she doesn't get it? What if she just keeps pushing?"

“Oh, I’m sure she will...” There was a hint of something in her eye, it was equal parts devious, frightening and sexy, “but if she doesn’t, I’ll figure out a way to fix that... don’t you worry.” She gave him a little smile that had him wondering if she didn’t already have something planned for just that eventuality.

That was her last word on the matter, and they fell into a comfortable silence, the quiet scratching of their quills the only noise between them for a while.

Ginny looked at herself in the mirror one last time. It was the nicest set of lingerie she owned. The set was gold accented in copper. Her tits looked bigger in it and the stockings and garter highlighted her tight, sculpted bum. She’d been waiting for the opportunity to wear it for months, since before the start of the term. And even if they weren’t together at the time, she knew exactly who she wanted to wear it for, too.

And there was a little slip of paper that she’d found tucked inside her bag that was going to finally turn that desire into a reality. *He held out much longer than I was expecting, but I knew he’d come around eventually.*

Since their conversation in the library, Ginny had been her usual friendly self where Harry was involved. *Probably a bit more than friendly, if I’m being honest.* She openly flirted with him from that day onward, reminding him of their time together in his sixth year, of all the fun they could get up to, of all the things they’d talked about together that could become a reality if he just came back to her.

There was a part of her that felt bad for doing it, even if she thought it would be best for them both when all was said and done. Astoria seemed like a nice enough girl. *Nicer than her sister at least.* And there was a part of her that didn’t think she deserved it. But she also wasn’t the sort of girl to shy away from getting what she wanted, not after she’d spent years being invisible to Harry only to have him finally see her.

Granted, in some respects it was entirely her fault. He offered her exactly what she wanted, and she decided to turn him down. It was naïve to think that he would wait for her, especially when nearly every girl in the school was throwing themselves at him, but she thought it was the right thing at the time.

Ginny put on her blouse and her skirt, the uniform hiding the risqué lingerie beneath. Going to her nightstand, she read the letter. ***Room of Requirement... Tonight after dinner... I’ll meet you there.*** It was clearly written by him. *I’d recognize that chicken scratch anywhere.* Heading down from the dorm, she saw Harry over in the corner playing a game of chess with her brother.

As she walked over to the portrait hole, she caught his eye. Before she disappeared through the hole, she winked at him. Without seeing his response, she made her way down the few steps out of the common room. If she had just waited a moment longer, she would’ve seen a look of irritation... certainly not what she would’ve expected given the note she’d received.

Making her way down from Gryffindor Tower, it was a relatively short walk from there to the seventh floor corridor that hid the Room. As she approached, the wall was blank as expected. She walked in front of it three times, reciting in her head... *I need somewhere private for two...*

The door appeared and Ginny made her way in. As it closed behind her with a click and disappeared back into the wall, she was pleased with what it gave her. There were candles, unlit as of yet, rose petals

on the ground, and a big bed that would work perfectly for what she hoped would be a wonderful reconnection.

Nodding to herself in satisfaction, she didn't see a wand slip out from beneath a familiar cloak. She screamed as ropes hit her hard, wrapping themselves around her tight enough that she had no hope of wiggling free. She fell over onto her side, eyes looking about frantically for her attacker.

The cloak was thrown off and underneath was a grinning Astoria. Dread went down her spine as she realized that she'd been had, "Hel..."

She couldn't even finish the word before the younger girl flicked her wand and silenced her, "Hush, there's no need for screaming, Ginny. No one is going to hurt you." There was another flick of her wand, and she was hoisted into the air to sit in a surprisingly comfortable chair, "I have to say, I really do admire your persistence. Even when Harry made it clear that he moved on, that he was happy with me, over and over again, you still believe in yourself enough to keep trying."

Standing right in front of her, her eyes bore into Ginny with an intensity that made it hard to hold her gaze even as she was filled with utter loathing, "But at the same time it is... infuriating that you just can't seem to take a hint. Which is exactly why I invited you here tonight."

Her nostrils flared and her face went red as she tried to speak, to call her every vitriolic, horrid name that came to mind. But she was just left there to impotently rage as Astoria waited for her to still. When she finally slumped back into the chair in defeat, she continued, "I told Harry that if you couldn't accept the situation for what it is, I would be the one to solve the problem. And I think the best way of doing that is with an object lesson to really drive the point home."

Ginny gulped at the downright wicked smile on Astoria's lips. It promised a long and unpleasant night to come.

The door appeared before he even had a chance to start thinking about it. Grinning like a fool, he made his way inside. She was already there waiting for him as expected.

Tori was leaning against the edge of the bed, arms out straight behind her to hold herself up. The sight of her there sent a smoldering heat right to his cock. She was wearing a midnight blue set of lingerie. The garters made her already incredible hips look absolutely to die for, and he didn't think he'd ever seen anything as sexy as her smooth legs covered in white stockings. Her coal black hair fell in elegant waves down to just below her shoulders.

For just a moment, he was struck completely stupid. He just stood there looking at the absolute vision of beauty that was waiting for him on the bed. Astoria giggled, and bit one of her fingers before she finally spoke. It was soft but carried over the quiet flickering of the candles in the room, "Hi handsome, I've been waiting for you." Her hand skimmed down her slender neck, along the swell of her perky breasts to her covered sex. She cupped her mound, and ran her fingers along her slit, "Are you just going to stand there, or are you going to join me?" Her question was enough to finally break him out of his stupor.

Blink and you'd think he apparated for how quickly he covered the distance between them. Taking her cheeks in either hand, he bent down to capture her lips in a searing kiss. He felt her finger gently graze along the inside of his thigh as they slowly drifted higher until she rubbed against the crown of his swelling length. He felt her smile against his lips the instant she felt it.

When he pulled away, understandably out of breath, he stared into her eyes, "You look..." he wasn't sure there were any words that really did it justice, but he tried anyway, "stunning... just absolutely stunning."

Her dainty digits danced up his covered length as she beamed up at him, "Thank you... you don't look too bad yourself." Harry glanced down at his school uniform, and couldn't help but disagree. There was a quiet snap as she unhooked the button of his trousers, "But I think you'd look even better in a **lot** less."

Hooking her fingers on either side of his trousers, she pulled them down to his knees in one smooth motion. His dick bobbed heavily between his legs and smacked against her cheek with a dull thud. Astoria didn't mind in the slightest. Instead, she took hold of him in one soft hand and smacked him against each of her cheeks harder than he would've expected. It left them a pretty shade of rose red.

Looking up at him with her big, doe-like eyes, she spoke between full mouthed kisses to his spongy dome, "I don't want you to hold back... not one bit... I'm going to suck this big dick off until you fill my tummy... and you better not deny me that treat one second... you understand?"

There was an answer on his lips, but he swallowed it in his throat as she sucked him into her warm, greedy little mouth. Her hands went to his hips, and she just kept pushing well past where he thought she was capable of going.

Glugh... She gagged when he poked her throat. There were tears at the corner of her eyes as she stared up at him with her striking blue eyes, but then she just swallowed around him. As she slowly pushed herself the rest of the way down his length, bit by bit, centimeter by centimeter she filled her gullet with every bit of him until he felt her pouty bottom lip kissing against nut sack.

The tears were still there when she managed it, but there was pure excitement as well. She swallowed around him, and he could see as the bulge in her throat flexed as he felt those wonderful muscles massage his length. Even though she told him not to hold back, he just couldn't help himself. He wanted to keep that image in his mind forever, and the longer it lasted the better.

Breathing heavily through her nose, she held herself there for far longer than he thought possible until finally she pulled off him in a rush. There were thick strands of spit that connected her lips to his cock, she took him in her hand and massaged the sensitive flesh with a wicked smile, "I've been training myself... as a surprise... it's the least you deserve..." Her words were stilted as she took a few deep breaths, but she steadied herself, "Could Ginny ever do that for you? Did she ever manage every inch of that perfect fucking cock?"

He was honestly taken aback by the question. *Where in the bloody hell is that coming from?* She kept slowly jerking his cock as she looked up at him expectantly. The answer was an easy one to give though, and he didn't see a reason not to tell her, "No..." she squeezed him just that little bit harder and it made it hard to think, "never... not even close." In their few explorations of one another, Ginny was lucky if she managed more than half of his length and always seemed rather intimidated at the task.

Giggling excitedly, she shifted her body so that she was on her hands and knees at the side of the bed with her mouth in perfect line with his glistening shaft, "I didn't think so..." She reached for his hands and brought them to either side of her head, "Now I want you to fuck... my... pretty...face. Just like you would my pussy and blow a load buried balls deep in my throat."

That was easily the hottest thing anyone had ever said to him, and that spoke volumes. If he didn't know it for a fact, he'd wonder how this amazing girl who'd been a virgin when they first got together was so wonderfully naughty. *And if this is all because Ginny decided not to take a hint... I might just have to thank her.*

Just holding his tip in her mouth, Astoria waited patiently for him to make the next move. Carefully, he pulled her head toward his groin. There was every chance that the sexy witch was overestimating herself, and there was no way that he was going to hurt her if that was the case. But it seemed that she didn't, because in one smooth motion, he filled her throat. Her new position made it easier for her to take him without gagging. Reaching for his thigh, she gave him an affectionate squeeze as assurance that she meant it.

Working himself into a rhythm, her easy acceptance of his cock turned into lewd gargling as her spittle frothed at the corner of her mouth and fell in thick rivulets down to the silk sheet beneath her. It was exactly what she asked, and from the way she reached between her thighs to please her little pussy, she was clearly enjoying it. He tirelessly pulled her head back and forth along his length, meeting her with his own small thrusts, his balls swinging against her chin every time

And the entire time she just looked up at him with nothing but adoration, and it finally just became too much to take. Holding her against his base, his cock bulged her throat just that little bit more as it bucked confines. Ropes of hot spunk fired straight down into her stomach as her eyes rolled back in pleasure. She tried to contain it all, but she didn't manage. Coughing around him, some of his thick, white seed escaped the seal of her lips and covered her chin. It was obscene, and only made him cum that much harder.

Harry twitched with each new pulse as Astoria reached around to grab his ass and make sure he didn't let up. His grip on her head finally faltered and she slowly made her way back until just his cockhead was still in her mouth. Her tongue darted around the crown and dipped into his slit to get the last dregs of his spunk before she finally pulled away with that same satisfied smile on her lips.

Running her finger along her chin, she brought his cum to her lips and sucked it off her finger. And continued doing it until not even a drop remained. She moaned low in her throat as she sat back on her heels, "Yummy..."

Still rock-hard, Harry chuckled at her giddiness. It turned into a yelp as she moved suddenly and pulled him down onto the bed so that she was straddling him. Seemingly from nowhere, her wand appeared and a second later he was naked as the day he was born, "Sorry, you still had far too much on for my liking, love."

He wasn't complaining one bit as she sat her bum down against his rigid rod, and grinded her heat against him. He could feel her wetness seeping through the thin, silky material of her knickers. He wanted nothing more than for it to be entirely out of the way. Reaching down, he pushed it to the side with his thumb and filled her with one long digit. Astoria's eyes fluttered shut and she had a contented smile before she told him, "Not yet... I have something I want to show you first."

Turning around on top of him, his finger popped free of her clutching heat as he was treated to the wonderful sight of her perky bum. This time, she reached for the string of her knickers, and he was

treated to yet another entirely unexpected surprise. There was a jewel right where he expected to see her tiny asshole, "Tori... is that?"

"A plug... for training." She looked back at him, somehow looking both undeniably sexy and shy at the same time, "I'm not ready yet... Your cock is going to split me in half if I don't practice for it first...but I will be, because I want you to be able to have all of me."

Taking hold of his cock, she raised her hips and nestled him between her puffy pussy lips, "I want you to know that you can use any part of me... my mouth... my pussy... my ass..." With every word she let her hips drop just a little bit more, "I'm all yours, yours to fuck however you want... I'm a slut for you... and only you..."

"Fuck... Tori... you're perfect." Harry gripped the smooth skin of her bum, trying not to cum on the spot. He was still sensitive from his last peak, and her usually skin-tight sheath was made that little bit tighter by the plug in her bum. It was almost overwhelming, but he managed to hold on.

Her hands braced on his thigh, she started gliding up and down along his length, her juices covering his veiny member with every plunge. His thumb grazed against the jeweled flange and Astoria gave the most primal, horny moan he'd ever heard from low in her chest. Her cunt trembled around his turgid prick as she started throwing her ass down into him harder and harder.

Every impact made her beautiful body shake. He kept pressing on the plug, forcing it as deeply into her as it could go with every bounce. It became rather difficult as she leaned back against him, her back pressed to his chest, her legs spread out lewdly. Her eyes were glazed over she kissed against the side of his neck, "You understand... don't you? I'm yours... your girl... your last and best! Your personal slut!"

There was a part of his mind telling him this all probably had something to do with Ginny. It was her way of proving to him that she was better. *She's doing a damn fine job of it too.* As far as he was concerned, she didn't need to prove anything to him, but he wasn't going to tell her that. Instead, the words came out harsh and possessive, "All mine Tori... all mine..."

He grabbed her hips hard and held her in place with just half of his cock lodged in her pussy. *Smack!* He snapped his hips off the bed and filled her in one violent thrust. And then again... and again.

Astoria screamed in utter bliss as he held her there, "Gods... fuck... fuck... right there... right there..." His spongy dome scraped along that wonderful little spot deep in her tunnel as he reached between them, yet again, and pushed on her plug. Her pussy quivered, flexing so hard that it became almost painful and then she just gushed, squirting so forcefully that she pushed his cock from her pussy.

Liquid falling on stone reached his ears as her entire body shuddered like a leaf. But even as she experienced that mind-numbing bliss, she had the wherewithal to take hold of his prick and sit herself back down.

Surrounded by that clutching, rippling heat, he couldn't hold on any longer. With a yell, he unleashed a torrent of white, hot cum, bathing her tunnel white. Every muscle in his body went taut as he filled her with more jizz than he thought himself capable of producing at once.

As they both basked in the afterglow, Harry kissed her temple lovingly. They cuddled up together to rest... at least for a while.

"I'll be right behind you, don't worry." Astoria insisted as she pushed Harry through the door of the Room of Requirement, "Takes me a bit longer to get ready than you, that's all."

Before he left, he stopped at the door and asked, "Hey, are you finished with the cloak?"

The fact that he trusted her with it to begin with had warmed her heart. There were other ways she could've done it, obviously, but it just wouldn't have felt nearly as good, "I'll have it back to you by lunch, guarantee it."

"Great!" He leaned in to give her one last kiss, "I'll see you later." With that he let the door close behind him and left Astoria alone... at least as far as he was aware.

Taking a deep breath, Astoria headed over to the corner with a bit of a hitch in her step. *Though after six rounds during the night, can't say I didn't expect it.* Grabbing at the air, she pulled away the cloak to reveal Ginny Weasley. Her eyes looked puffy, as though she'd been crying. From the trail along the inside of her thigh, it looked as though she'd been turned on by her lesson as well, "So, did you enjoy the show?"

The redhead refused to meet her eye even as she raised her wand, unbinding her and returning her ability to speak. She was half expecting to be attacked, and was more than prepared for it, but it never came. Gently, she rubbed Ginny's arm, "For what it's worth, I get it. I know how wonderful he is, and how hard it is to consider letting him go."

Her amber eyes finally snapped to hers, but she still didn't speak, so Astoria just continued, "That's why I knew it would take more for you to understand. He's mine now, and I don't plan on letting him go... not ever" She didn't see a reason to be cruel, she'd already proven her point, "And besides, you got to see what he's like firsthand... do you really think you could keep up with him when you want to be a professional quidditch player?"

It was like the entire previous night flashed in her mind and Ginny deflated slightly. When she spoke her voice was small and weak, a far cry from the fiery personality that she usually displayed, "He's still my friend."

That actually made her smile, "I know. You fought with him in some of the most difficult moments of his life, and I have no intention of taking that from him. And so long as we understand each other now, that won't happen."

With a shuddering breath, Ginny nodded and Astoria only grinned wider.