

“Mind if I come in with you, Harry?”

Harry, having seen just how many witches had been eyeing him at the Welcoming Feast, had fully expected at least one of them to be bold enough to try and approach him directly before the day was through. None had done so on the way out of the Great Hall and into the shared common room area that all of the ‘8th year’ students across the four houses were in. Because of the uniqueness of the situation this year, the students in Harry’s year who had chosen to return were given a bit more freedom and less supervision after classes than traditional Hogwarts students. There was a joint common room where 8th years from all four houses were expected to coexist. They also had shared bathrooms, but each of them had their own private bedroom. No spells were being used to keep the wizards out of a witch’s bedroom, or vice versa. There would of course be severe consequences if any of them came where they weren’t invited, and students could put up their own spells to ensure that no one tried invading their privacy. But in this unusual year, the 8th year students were being shown a great deal more freedom than a Hogwarts student usually got.

That none of the 8th year girls had approached him yet might have been because he and Hermione had claimed a couch together to chat for a bit. It wasn’t as if every returning witch was making eyes at him or anything, but Harry was pretty sure that at least a few of them had been looking his way, and of course there was Parvati, who’d wanked him off in the Great Hall. Lavender had pulled her into a corner as soon as they’d stepped through the door into the common room together. He wasn’t sure how that conversation had gone, but he’d heard Parvati giggle a couple of times.

Parvati wasn’t present now, though. It was Lavender alone who had gotten up and followed Harry as he broke away from Hermione and went to get settled in his new bedroom. Harry knew that there was kind of a rule that you weren’t supposed to fool around with your friends’ former girlfriends. But Ron had been a pretty shite boyfriend to Lavender, honestly; it was no secret who Ron had really wanted to be with.

Maybe he still shouldn’t have let Lavender into his room, given her history with Ron. But most wizards had a weakness for huge breasts, and Harry was no exception.

“Sure, Lavender,” he said, opening the door and stepping inside of his bedroom. He held it open for her to follow. “Come on in.”

“Thanks, Harry.” She grinned sweetly at him and followed him into his room. He closed the door behind her once she was inside and threw up quick locking and silencing charms as well. While he wasn’t 100% sure where this was going, he felt like it was perfectly reasonable to believe that the spells to preserve their privacy would be necessary.

“You can sit wherever,” he said, mostly because he was curious to see where she would choose to sit.

“Great!” Lavender bypassed both the little love seat in the corner and the chair at his desk, instead choosing to walk over and sit down on his bed. She patted the spot beside her with a smile, and Harry smiled back and sat down next to her.

“So,” Harry began. “What did you want to see me about, Lavender?”

“Parvati isn’t half as clever as she thinks she is,” Lavender said bluntly. “I know she wanked you off during the feast.” Right to it, then. That was fine by him.

“Assuming that was true, what would you do about it?” Harry asked. “Not gonna try and get us in trouble, are you?” He said it lightly, knowing there was no chance of that being Lavender’s aim. The bubbly blonde giggled and shook her head.

“You know I wouldn’t, silly,” Lavender said. “I’m only upset because she got to you before I could!” She pouted. “I was really hoping that I could be the first one to make a move on you this year, but she got her hand on your dick before we even made it out of the Great Hall!”

Harry laughed at Lavender’s blunt honesty about her motivations. If his encounter with Romilda on the train and Parvati’s handjob in the Great Hall hadn’t already proven just how right Ginny had been about how this year was going to play out for him, Lavender’s casual honesty drove it home. Numerous witches were interested in getting with him now that it was known that he had to get engaged by the end of the year if he wanted to claim his family’s Wizengamot seat, and they weren’t going to hide it. Since she was being so upfront about what she wanted, Harry decided to do the same.

“Sorry, Lavender, but Parvati wasn’t even the first,” he said. She looked surprised to hear that, so he explained. “A certain someone made her move on the train.” Lavender groaned.

“I *knew* I should have tried to find you on the train!” she said, shaking her head before heaving a sigh. “Oh well; it wasn’t as if I was going to get you to propose to me before any other girl even got close to you. I knew I’d have competition. But now it’s my turn to make my move.” She nonchalantly pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it onto the floor beside Harry’s bed. Then she reached behind her back to undo her bra, and her breasts popped free. Harry hadn’t seen many bare tits thus far, but Lavender’s were the biggest he’d seen by far. She might very well have been the biggest in their year, with only Susan Bones seeming to be close to her as far as Harry could tell. Harry stared at Lavender’s breasts openly, and she giggled at his focus.

“I might not have been your first, but I can definitely be your *biggest*, at least where it counts,” Lavender said. She shook her shoulders, making her tits jiggle for his viewing pleasure. “Do you like my boobs, Harry?”

“I’m pretty sure you’ve already figured that out,” he mumbled, which made her giggle again.

“Do you want to play with them, then?” she asked. “You can do whatever you want with them today. And you can do whatever you want with them *forever*, if you make me your wife.”

Harry wasn’t ready to propose to her or anyone, but the offer to play with a pair of breasts as large as Lavender’s definitely made his dick stir.