

Harry was out of the 8th year dorm well after curfew for the first time this term, but almost certainly not the last. This time he wasn't breaking any rules to do so though, and he didn't need to sneak around. He hadn't even brought his invisibility cloak with him this time. There was no need, with so many other students around as well.

7th and 8th year Gryffindors and Slytherins were outside on top of the Astronomy Tower, attending their first midnight Astronomy study of the night sky, but if Harry was being honest, his work was pretty subpar right now. Though he and Hermione frequently partnered together on assignments with Ron not having returned for one more year at Hogwarts, they'd agreed that it would be a good idea to try working with other people sometimes too. They would always be best friends, but their career paths were going to take them in different directions post-Hogwarts, so it would be a good idea for them to get comfortable working with new people now.

Hermione and a quiet 7th year Slytherin girl were working together, while there had been a few smiling witches who had asked Harry to work with them, continuing the trend of his first week-plus back at Hogwarts. There hadn't been any new witches to overtly throw themselves at him since Lavender first asked to join him in his bedroom, but it wasn't due to lack of interest. Harry was aware of more than a few women watching him in classes, at the Great Hall and in the corridors throughout the week. Some were more blatant about it than others, and there had been some flirtatious moments where it seemed as if a girl might be hinting at something. But he was taking a wait and see approach to this point, interested to see if anyone else was going to be forward enough to do something like throw themselves at him on the train like Romilda had, stroke him under the table in the Great Hall like Parvati, or ask to join him in his room as Lavender had. It had been his most enjoyable week at Hogwarts ever, without a doubt. He and Lavender had shagged two more times since her first night in his bed, and Romilda had found an opportunity to squeeze in a quick blowjob one evening before skipping back to Gryffindor Tower by curfew.

Parvati, though she'd given him plenty of looks over the last week, hadn't done anything with him after that handjob during the Welcoming Feast. It felt like that might be on the verge of changing though. Remembering that under the table wank vividly, Harry had chosen to partner with Parvati for this Astronomy lesson, curious to see if she would stick to the lesson or if she would get as playful as she had on September 1st.

The answer was very firmly the latter, and it was making it hard for Harry to concentrate on what he was meant to be doing. She hadn't pulled his cock out or anything; that would have been *really* blatant and obvious while surrounded by so many other students with nowhere to hide. But she was still pushing the limits and doing her very best to tease him and arouse him. It was working brilliantly. Her flirty tone and the way her hand often lingered on his arm while they worked side-by-side had been enough to mildly distract him, and that was before she'd started touching his leg and even brushing her hand against his dick through his robes.

"Hmm, is it there?" Parvati mumbled. It was a very convincing attempt at sounding like she was focusing on the lesson as she looked through the telescope, but she was doing it while only one of her hands was on her telescope. The other hand was rubbing Harry's dick through his robes, making it very hard for him to concentrate on what he was seeing through his own telescope. Everyone else was also using their telescopes, and she had positioned herself perfectly so Harry was the last one in the line and her body shielded the view anyone might have been able to have of what her other hand was doing. Predictably, Harry's body couldn't help but respond to her touch.

“Ooh, I think I’ve got it!” Parvati suddenly exclaimed, right as her hand slid under his robes and stroked his cock over his underwear. Harry groaned under his breath, closing his eyes and trying not to give them away while Parvati rubbed his erection.

“I’m sure you do,” Lavender said sarcastically from Parvati’s other side. Lavender, who was working with Neville tonight, would probably have the best idea of what Parvati was up to, if anyone had. But Harry wasn’t worried about her calling it out. She’d known that her friend was stroking his cock during the Welcoming Feast too and hadn’t said anything, and the best friends both knew that the other was trying to get with him. Lavender wasn’t likely to call her friend out and get them in trouble, but Harry wondered if Parvati’s tease would increase the chances of Lavender asking to come to his room again tonight.

“That’s our time, class,” Professor Sinistra called out. “Turn in your telescopes and prepare to return to your respective dormitories. I’ll expect you to hand in your papers the next time we meet.”

Harry groaned as Parvati’s hand left him. Obviously, it wouldn’t have been a good idea for them to go any further here, but his body wanted more.

“Was it a hard lesson, Harry?” Parvati asked, giggling. Her hand smoothed his robes out, though he doubted it did much to hide his erection.

“Like you even need to ask,” he muttered. Parvati giggled and leaned into his side.

“If you need some help with that, feel free to join me in my bedroom tonight,” she breathed into his ear. “I’ll make sure that thing stays down, no matter how many times it takes. And I’ll use so much more than just my hand.” With that, Parvati skipped off to turn in her telescope along with Lavender, who glanced down at Harry’s groin and smirked before joining her friend.

Harry didn’t immediately follow the others back down. He stayed facing the night sky for a bit, willing his cock to go down enough that it wouldn’t be blatantly obvious. But he whirled around when he felt someone bump against him, and a hand drop something into the pocket of his robes. He turned just in time to see the short black bob of Pansy Parkinson moving away from him quickly.

“Pansy?” he called out, but she didn’t respond to him. He watched her disappear down the steep spiral staircase taking her back down into the Astronomy Corridor, shook his head and pulled out the note she’d just slipped him. A short message was scrawled on the tiny strip of parchment.

Wait five minutes, then come to the Room of Requirement.

Harry frowned down at the note. Did Pansy really expect him to do what she said and meet her in the Room of Requirement, alone? He hadn’t forgotten that she’d tried to convince everyone to hand him over to Voldemort. Hell, no one had forgotten that. He’d seen most of the students giving her a wide berth. Even her fellow Slytherins didn’t seem to want to get too close to her.

Harry shook his head, still trying to figure out what the hell Pansy was up to as he became the last student to head towards the spiral staircase. He was still looking down at the note, confused by Pansy’s behavior, which might have explained why he accidentally bumped right into Professor Sinistra as she turned around. The professor let out a startled gasp as his momentum made her stumble, and Harry’s

instincts allowed him to catch her just before she fell. His arms caught her around the back and by the waist.

“Thanks, Potter,” she said, taking a deep breath to recover from her surprise.

“No, it’s nothing.” He shook his head. “My fault I bumped into you anyway. Sorry about that.”

“It’s forgiven.” The professor straightened out her robes and smiled at him. “This is the first time we’ve really had a chance to speak this term, so just allow me to thank you for what you did.” He stared at her blankly. “Beating You-Know-Who, I mean. We all owe you so much, Harry.”

Harry just nodded and looked down; he still wasn’t really sure what to say in situations like this. He looked up when he heard her exhale sharply. His professor’s eyes were wide and her lips parted into an ‘O’, which seemed like an odd response to him simply nodding. But then he realized that his dick was still hard under his robes, and it was pointing right at his Astronomy professor.