

Chapter 6

Sunday morning, Harry woke to the familiar feeling of a petite figure in his arms. Smiling, he gave the breast cupped in his hand a gentle squeeze and hugged Hermione's back to his chest. Saturday nights had become their night over the last few weeks. On Friday nights, he spent time with all the girls, but on Saturday night, Hermione got him all to herself. It was remarkable how much she'd opened up since this whole thing had started. She'd been nervous and shy in the beginning, but now that it had become a regular thing, Hermione wasn't afraid to ask for what she wanted anymore. Just thinking about what they'd done the night before had him hardening against her smooth, muscular bum.

"Harry," Hermione groaned sleepily. "Merlin, how can you still be hard? We had sex four times last night. Did you take that Stamina Potion again?"

"No," Harry chuckled. "I just really like fucking you. Do you have any idea how hot you look when you really let go and enjoy yourself?"

"Can't say I do," Hermione said, trailing off into a moan as Harry ground against her bum and teased her stiff, pea-sized nipple.

Rolling over to face him, she pecked him on the lips.

"Sorry, Harry, I really don't have time for another round," she told him. "It's a Hogsmeade weekend and I need to get a couple of books from the library before we leave."

"Alright," Harry smiled.

Leaning in, he kissed her passionately, leaving her slightly breathless and flushed by the time he finally pulled back. Shaking her head, Hermione smacked his bum. Harry reached for her playfully, but she darted away to the other side of the bed, trotting into the bathroom with a giggle. Smiling, he stretched and yawned, his erection standing out proudly.

When he stepped out from behind the curtains surrounding Hermione's bed, Harry squinted from the sunlight streaming in through the window and made his way over to Lavender's bed. Slipping inside her curtains, he smiled at the sight of the pretty, busty blonde lying on her side, a light snore issuing from her slightly open mouth. Slowly, he pulled back her blankets, hardening further at the sight of the nightie she was wearing. It barely contained her impressive bust, the edge of her pink areola peeking out over the neck.

"Lav," Harry called, shaking her shoulder.

Blinking open her hazel eyes, Lavender blinked at the erection staring at her and broke into a giggle. Her hand reached out, and her fingers wrapped around his shaft, gently caressing his smooth skin.

"Did you wear Hermione out last night?" she asked, smiling sleepily.

"A little," Harry admitted with a shrug. "She went to take a shower and told me to come bother you."

"Oh, you're definitely not a bother," Lavender smirked, squeezing his shaft. "She's still in the shower?"

When Harry nodded, she smirked mischievously and sat up, throwing off her blanket.

"I could use a shower, too," she said, pulling off her nightie.

Sliding off her knickers, she stood up. Harry let his eyes rake over her incredible body and let himself be pulled along towards the bathroom.

After showering, sneaking back into his dorm, and getting dressed, Harry met the girls downstairs so they could make their way to Hogsmeade. He shared a carriage with Hermione, Katie, Luna and Ginny.

“Is Ron not coming?” Katie asked curiously.

Harry and Ginny snorted while Hermione rolled her eyes and crossed her arms.

“He’s in the Hospital Wing,” Hermione told her.

“Really?” Katie asked. “What happened?”

“Fred and George sent him a bunch of Playwitch magazines,” Ginny smirked. “You know those potion recipes you get in the back of Witch Weekly to get rid of acne or make your tits bigger? Well, Ron found one to make his dick bigger and tried to make it. I’m not sure if the twins messed with it, Ron brewed it wrong, or the potion was a scam, but it made him break out in these gross purple and yellow splotches.”

“Knowing Ron and the twins, it was probably a combination of all three,” Katie giggled. “Leanne tried to brew that Bra Buster Elixir last year. It worked, but only on the right one for some reason. She had to go to Madam Pomfrey to get it fixed. I still don’t know how she convinced her to make the other one bigger.”

“Really?” Ginny asked, looking down at her own breasts. “I’ve always wished I was a bit bigger.”

“Hermione could probably find the right potion,” Katie said, smirking when Hermione rolled her eyes. “What do you think Harry? Ginny would look good with a set of D’s, don’t you think?”

“Honestly? I think you’re great just the way you are,” Harry told her. “Bigger doesn’t necessarily mean better.”

“Smart answer,” Katie giggled. “Besides, they get in the way with Quidditch. Angie used to bitch about her big tits getting in the way all the time.”

The carriage lurched to a stop, and Harry hopped out before offering the girls a hand. He got a few jealous looks from the other boys when Katie wrapped her arm around his waist. As they wandered the village, Ginny got called away by her friends. A few minutes later, Hermione mumbled something about forgetting to get a book before leaving the two of them standing outside the Three Broomsticks while she made her way in the opposite direction.

“That girl,” Katie said, shaking her head with a smile.

“What?” Harry asked.

“Nothing,” she smiled, shaking her head. “Want to get a Butterbeer?”

“Sure,” he shrugged.

Slipping inside the crowded pub, they made their way to one of the booths and took a seat. Because of how busy it was, it took a few minutes for Rosmerta to get around to taking their order.

“Hullo, dears, what can I get for yeh?” she asked, bending over to hear them over the din.

That had the effect of presenting her large, pushed-up breasts right in Harry’s eyeline. He couldn’t help but wonder if they were as firm as they looked or if it was because of the corsets she always wore.

“Two Butterbeers, please,” he said, looking up from her chest to meet her eyes.

“Coming right up,” Rosmerta said, smiling knowingly.

“Bigger doesn’t mean better, eh?” Katie teased once she was out of earshot.

“They were right there,” Harry protested helplessly. “And I stare tits big and small equally, thank you very much.”

Laughing, Katie bumped into his shoulder and laced her fingers through his. When Rosmerta returned a moment later, she placed the bottles on the table, leaning towards Harry more than necessary and giving him a wink. Lifting his bottle in thanks, he popped the cork and took a sip.

“Do you think she just does that for the tips, or do you think she’s hoping some older student will take the hint and give her a good shagging?” Katie asked.

Harry had to cover his mouth to keep from spitting out his Butterbeer. Laughing, he grabbed a napkin to wipe up a bit of dribble on his chin.

“I doubt Rosmerta’s interested in shagging students,” he chuckled.

“Why not?” Katie asked. “Think about it. She could get all the young, handsome men she wants. As soon as they graduate, a new batch comes in the next year. There have been rumors for years, but no one really believes them.”

“Because if any bloke was shagging Rosmerta, they’d be shouting about from the top of the Astronomy Tower,” Harry pointed out. “No way that wouldn’t get out.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Katie admitted, sipping her Butterbeer. “Oh! Look, there’s Angelina. Ang!”

Looking up, Harry spotted the tall, dark figure of Angelina Johnson as she pushed her way over to them. He and Katie stood to greet her, both of them receiving a tight hug.

"It's good to see you again," Harry smiled. "How's training going?"

"Gwenog is even worse than Wood, but I've never played better," Angelina smiled, taking a seat across from them while Harry yelled to Rosmerta for another Butterbeer.

"Is Alicia coming?" Katie asked curiously.

Angelina shook her head, "She's home, nursing some bruises from our last practice. Took a Bludger in the lower back. She'll be fine in a few days."

"Do you think you'll be playing in the next game?" Katie asked.

"Maybe," Angelina shrugged. "If we get a good lead, I might. Professional Quidditch is on a whole nother level compared to what we did at Hogwarts. Gwenog sends scouts to all the games, and she said only one person has looked ready to go pro as soon as they leave Hogwarts in the five years she's been captain."

"Really? Who?" Katie asked.

Smiling and taking a Butterbeer delivered by Rosmerta, Angelina popped the cork and pointed at Harry before taking a sip.

"Me?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Yep," Angelina grinned. "Gwen's even thinking about breaking the girl's only rule to get you on the team after you graduate. I told her you probably won't go pro; I know you want to be an Auror. Though, I did tell her it might help to convince you if she hired Katie and maybe a few cheerleaders. I bet Lavender would look good shaking her pom poms."

Raising an eyebrow, Harry glanced over at Katie, who hid behind her Butterbeer.

“Oh, come on,” Angelina grinned. “You really didn’t think Katie wasn’t going to tell her old friends about your late-night visits, did you? And I was just joking about telling Gwenog. I’m sure between me and Katie, we can keep you occupied.”

“I wouldn’t bet on that,” Katie scoffed. “There was six of us the Friday night, and he still had enough in him to leave Hermione limping this morning. He’s a machine, even without potions.”

“Really?” Angelina asked, smirking as she eyed him up and down.

“Aren’t you dating Fred?” Harry asked.

Although he was proud of being able to please multiple girls in a single night, he still didn’t like to brag, even if it was coming from someone else. He wasn’t too worried about Katie telling anyone about what happened in the dorm. Lavender would’ve already told half the girls in the school, but he wasn’t there to listen to it.

“We broke up,” Angelina shrugged. “We hardly go to see each other with our schedules. I heard he’s dating that Verity girl that works at their shop now. Alicia and George are taking a break, too.”

“Oh,” Harry said. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Angelina waved him off. “If anyone should be apologizing, it’s me.”

Harry tilted his head, looking at her in askance.

"I was a bitch," she told him. "I was so obsessed with winning the Cup my last year that I didn't even bother to realize how hard you had it last year. Merlin, you had the Ministry working against you, and all I cared about was you catching the Snitch."

"It's fine," Harry said.

"No, it's not," Angelina said firmly. "But I can make up for it. How about the three of us get a room so I can apologize?"

Harry inhaled sharply when Angelina slipped her foot out of her shoe and rubbed it along the inside of his thigh. Blinking, he looked over at Katie.

"You set this up?" he asked.

"Maybe," Katie smiled.

"Alicia really did want to come, but she was just too sore," Angelina said, pushing her toes against the growing tent in his trousers. "You know, we used to joke about pulling you into the showers with us all the time. You always had it so hard and looked so innocent. Knowing what I do now, I wish we had."

Harry snorted, "I'd've had a heart attack if you had. I grew up a lot over the Summer. Hey, Rosie!"

The barmaid busted over with a smile.

"What can I get for you? Another refill?" Rosmerta asked.

"Actually, can we get a room?" Harry asked, blushing lightly.

“For the day?” Rosmerta asked, smirking as she looked between him and the two girls.

“Better make it for the night,” Harry said. “I expect Angelina to be pretty tired by the time we finish catching up.”

Angelina burst out laughing, her mouth hanging open.

“Room three is all yours,” Rosmerta grinned, pulling a key out of her apron and handing it to him. “Enjoy your stay.”

“If he’s got a wand to match those massive balls of his, I expect I will,” Angelina smirked.

Rosmerta chuckled and shook her head as she watched Harry being dragged away by the two pretty witches.

“Are my eyes deceiving me, or did I just watch Harry Potter disappear upstairs with Ms. Bell and Ms. Johnson?”

“Your eyes are as good as ever, Filius,” Rosmerta smiled, looking down at the tiny professor.

“My, that brings back memories,” Flitwick chuckled. “Like father, like son.”

“James was never as successful as he liked to pretend,” Rosmerta told him. “The only time he tried to rent a room, he ended up covered in Butterbeer and without a date. Then again, it might’ve helped if he told the girls he had asked both of them to Hogsmeade.”

“He truly is the best of both of his parents,” Flitwick said proudly.

“James’ ability to talk his way out of trouble and Lily’s ability to make anyone with a heart fall for her,” Rosmerta smirked. “Witches of Hogwarts, beware.”

“Indeed,” Flitwick nodded. “You should hear some of the rumors going around the castle.”

“Really?” Rosmerta asked. “I’ll get you a drink on the house, and you can tell me about it.”

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Angelina jumped on Harry, kissing him passionately. As they stumbled over to the bed, clothes flying in all directions, Katie took the time to close the door and silence the room. Laying Angelina on the bed, her blouse hanging open, Harry buried his face in the impressive cleavage created by her lacy black bra and sucked hard. Running her hands through his hair, she moaned and pulled his t-shirt up until it hit his armpits. Harry straightened up and ripped it over his head before returning his lips to hers.

Angelina scooted back, Harry crawling after her to keep their lips attached. Once they were fully on the mattress, she flipped them over with surprising strength and sat down on the tent straining against the front of his trousers.

“Mmh, that feels promising,” she smirked.

“It’ll feel more than that in a minute,” Katie joked, stripping out of her clothes and climbing on the bed.

Leaning down, she kissed Angelina sensually while her hand reached down to unclasp the front of her bra. Harry was a little surprised to find they were even bigger than Lavender’s, though not quite as perky. Cupping one and teasing the dark nipple, he smiled as he watched the girls snog.

“Pants,” Angelina muttered between kisses.

Obligingly, Harry removed her pants and panties before staring and laughing. Angelina had shaved her trimmed bush into the shape of his scar.

“Cute,” Harry smiled, caressing her mound with his thumb. “Does this mean you’re mine?”

Angelina broke her kiss with Katie and looked up with a smirk.

“That depends on how good you are,” she said. “Now, get out of those pants. I want to see that cock Katie’s been bragging about.”

Smiling, Harry opened his trousers and pushed them down his legs.

“Merlin, you weren’t kidding,” Angelina gasped, wrapping her hand around his shaft when he maneuvered back over the top of her. “This thing put Fred and George to shame.”

“That thing put most guys to shame,” Katie told her with a grin. “I still don’t know how Demelza fit that whole thing inside of her.”

“Come on, Harry,” Angelina said, using her fingers to hold open her lips, revealing her delicate pink insides in a delightfully lewd display. “Get that cock in me. I’ve been thinking about this all week.”

“Wait!” Katie yelled, earning a curious look from Harry and a glare from Angelina. “Harry, do you remember the first time you fucked Demelza? I think you should do that with Angie.”

“Are you sure?” Harry asked.

His first time with Demelza, he pinned her to a wall, folded her almost in half, and practically dominated her. Angelina was larger than Demelza, but he was sure he could hold her up, at

least for a time. He just didn't think Angelina was the kind of girl to enjoy being dominated. She always seemed more like the take-charge type.

"Trust me," Katie grinned. "She'll love it."

Glancing down at Angelina, Harry shrugged and rolled off the bed. Katie knew Angelina better than he did, so he'd take her advice. Holding out his hand, Angelina glanced over at Katie curiously before reaching out and letting him pull her to her feet. She gasped when Harry grabbed two handfuls of her wide, muscular cheeks and lifted her off the floor. Her eyes widened further when he tossed her up and slipped his arms under her thighs before catching her again, all without breaking his stride towards the nearest wall.

"Ooh, little Harry has muscles now," Angelina teased.

"Little?" Harry smirked, pressing her back against the wall and his head at her entrance.

"Maybe," Angelina shrugged. "It's hard to tell with cock all the way out there."

"Harry, treat her like you treat Demelza or Padma," Katie told him. "Trust me, she'll love it."

"If you say so," Harry said, keeping his eyes on Angelina's. "Do you want it slow and soft or hard and fast?"

She opened her mouth to reply but was interrupted by the sound of Harry's hips colliding with the inside of her thighs. Angelina's eyes went wide, and a vibrating scream left her lips as she came instantly. Harry blinked and looked down as her arousal showered his groin and dripped down to the floor.

"Damn, you cum easier than Ginny does," he told her, rocking his hips lightly.

“And she squirts,” Katie grinned.

“Fuck!” Angelina shouted, panting as she came down from her climax. “You lost your virginity to that!?”

“Actually, I rode him instead of getting pinned to the wall like a cheap whore,” Katie smirked.

To his surprise, Angelina groaned, her hips jerking at the derogatory name. It was at that moment Harry realized he would never understand women. Shaking his head, he started thrusting back and forth, a slick, wet sound filling the room.

“Every time you acted like a bitch last year, Harry should’ve just bent you over and fucked you like one,” Katie said, reaching out and twisting one of Angelina’s nipples. “Just imagine it. Every time you yelled at us on the pitch, he’d mount your broom mid-air and then mount you. Hell, Fred would’ve probably thanked him for shutting you up.”

“Oh, Morgana,” Angelina gasped, fluttering around him.

Harry panted as he hammered her against the wall. She was by far the wettest girl he’d ever been in, and it made for an incredible sensation. The wet, sloppy sounds coming from her depths only added to the thrill.

“Oh, and Harry,” Katie said, twisting the nipple between her fingers as she smiled at him, ignoring Angelina’s pitiful whine. “She does anal, too.”

Harry lifted an eyebrow, his length throbbing in his moaning teammate.

“He’ll. Ruin. Me,” Angelina panted, her legs trembling.

“Sweetie, he already has,” Katie smirked.

“Not quite,” Harry smiled.

Lifting Angelina away from the wall, Harry carried her over to the bed and laid her down on her back. Pulling out of her completely, he flipped her over and smacked her firm, round bum before spearing back into her depths. Angelina cried out, her body rocking back and forth. Harry was able to thrust much harder in this position. The girl under him mewled and moaned, a steady stream of arousal dripping on the sheets as her dark globes rippled with every impact of his thighs.

“Such a slut,” Katie giggled, hugging Harry from behind. “Poor Fred, she won’t even be able to feel him after you’re through with her. He’ll feel like he’s fucking a wet paper bag.”

“Fuck!” Angelina shouted, climaxing in a shower of arousal, her arms giving out under her.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned. “You girls are crazy.”

“Yeah, but you still love us,” Katie smiled, kissing his neck. “Grab her ass and spread her open for me.”

Harry followed the instructions without thought, staring at his drenched shaft as it plunged in and out of Angelina’s dripping depths. Reaching over his shoulder, Katie tapped her wand against her anus. With a splat, a glob of thick, clear fluid sprayed from the tip. Harry slowed his thrusts as Katie moved around to the side and knelt on the bed. He watched, transfixed, as she swirled her finger through the fluid and then pressed it against Angelina’s starfish. A groan left her lips when the brunette pressed, sinking her finger up to the second knuckle.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” Harry asked.

“Most girls aren’t into it,” Katie shrugged. “Alicia and I tried with our fingers and didn’t like it. Angie loves it, though.”

As if to prove her point, she added a second finger, pushing both in all the way to the third knuckle. Angelina moaned, her walls spasming around his gently moving length. From how tight she looked around Katie's fingers, he had no idea how he was supposed to fit in there. Over the next few minutes, he pumped his hips just enough to stay hard while he watched Katie finger Angelina's bum. Eventually, she made it up to an impressive three fingers before pulling them out.

"She's ready," Katie said, cleaning her fingers with her wand.

"You okay with this, Ang?" Harry asked, rubbing her back.

"I want to try," she said, taking a deep breath. "Just go slow."

Nodding, Harry pulled his shinning, dripping length from her folds.

Katie snorted, "At least you don't have to worry about lube. Fuck, Ange, you weren't this wet when we used to fool around in the showers, and the fucking water was on."

Harry chuckled, feeling a bit of pride as he lined himself up with her tiny, wrinkled entrance. Gently, he pushed, but it was too tight for him to slip in.

"Push harder," Angelina told him.

Nervous about hurting her, Harry gradually increased the pressure he put on her bum. Just when he was about to pull back, her entrance gave way and swallowed his head, sealing around his shaft. He gasped, surprised by the sudden give and the heat wrapped around his sensitive glans.

"Holy shit!" Angelina yelled. "I did it!"

“That’s just the tip,” Katie laughed, patting her bum.

“I was more worried about the girth,” Angelina said, taking deep breaths. “Bloody hell, he’s stretching me out, but it feels so fucking good.”

“I still don’t get why you like that, but whatever,” Katie shrugged.

Slowly, Harry started rocking his hips back and forth. Over the next several minutes, inch after inch of his shaft sank into her depths. The feeling was amazing but different. She was incredibly tight and hot, though Katie continued to add lube. Eventually, she took all of him, his hips pressed against her bum.

“Yes!” Angelina hissed triumphantly.

“Okay, I’m honestly impressed,” Katie admitted. “Now, bugger the bitch.”

Raising her hand, Katie smacked Angelina’s ass hard, causing her to yelp and tighten around him. With a groan, Harry started rocking back and forth. After applying lube one last time, Katie crawled over to Angelina’s head. Lifting her head roughly by the hair, she slid down until her mound was directly under Angelina’s mouth. Harry throbbed as he watched her pink tongue poke out and lick Katie’s damp folds.

After a couple of minutes easing his way back and forth, Harry’s confidence grew, and he really started buggering Angelina. She seemed to enjoy it, based on her muffled moans. Remembering Katie’s words from earlier, he decided to push her limits. Drawing his hips back, he plunged back into her depths. A squeal was her response, followed by a spray of arousal on the mattress. Pulling back until just the tip was inside, Harry drove back into her depths rapidly, forcing out another gush of arousal.

“You fucking slut!” Katie shouted, tugging Angelina’s hair and bucking her hips. “You’re taking his massive cock in your bum! He just gave you every inch, and you came like a whore! Fuck!”

As Katie shook through her climax, Harry began chasing his own. His slow movements to get into Angelina had basically been a fifteen-minute tease, and now he wanted to cum. Knowing that she could handle him, he started moving faster and harder. Using her wide hips as handles, he rapidly pulled halfway open before slamming back in. A steady stream of arousal rained from Angelina's folds, ruining the mattress.

Harry realized Katie had moved when he started hearing Angelina's mewls and cries loud and clear. The brunette shuffled over, her hair mused and face flushed as they both watched him ruin their friend's beautiful bum.

"Need more lube?" Katie offered, holding up her want.

Nodding, Harry pulled out, leaving Angelina's back door gaping wide open.

"Merlin, if you go any deeper, I'll be able to see her liver," Katie quipped.

Harry chuckled as she lubed both him and Angelina's stretched entrance. Using her hand, she guided him back, caressing his shaft. Angelina groaned tiredly when he re-entered her depths with a squelch. Setting a quick pace, he focused on reaching his climax.

"Merlin, the sheets are soaked," Katie said. "How many times have you cum?"

"Haven't... stopped," Angelina said, her words coming out in time with Harry's thrusts.

"Slut," Katie laughed, spanking her friend roughly.

Harry grunted as Angelina tightened around him.

"Where do you want me to cum?" he asked, voice strained.

“Don’t... care,” Angelina replied.

“Outside,” Katie told him. “She’ll bitch for days if you cum in her.”

Nodding once, Harry gave a rapid flurry of thrusts before yanking himself free. Before he could reach for his throbbing length, Katie’s hand wrapped around him and stroked him furiously, thanks to all of the lube. Leaning his head back, Harry groaned as he reached his peak. Several thick, white streaks decorated Angelina’s round bum, the color contrasting sharply with her dark skin.

Panting, Harry collapsed on the bed next to Angelina and gave her shoulder an affectionate kiss. As he caught his breath, Katie cleaned him with her wand.

“Thanks, Katie,” Harry smiled. “You okay, Angelina?”

“Mmh,” she mumbled.

“I think you actually broke her,” Katie smirked. “Her asshole’s so wide she might actually whistle when she flies tomorrow.”

Harry laughed at the mental picture and pulled the smiling brunette into his arms, kissing her softly. Reaching down, she stroked his length, bringing him back to hardness.

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Rosmerta watched as Harry and Katie left just before curfew. Both of them were smiling, arms wrapped around each other. They made a cute couple, she thought, but she didn’t see any sign of their friend. Pausing at the bar, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of Galleons.

“Thanks for the room, Rosie,” he said, smiling bashfully. “Sorry about the mess.”

“No worries,” Rosmerta smiled, giving the handsome, generous young man a flirtatious smile. “Nothing I haven’t seen before.”

With a shy wave, the pair made their way out of the pub and back to the castle. Rosmerta kept an eye out for their friend, but by closing time, she still hadn’t seen her. Out of concern, she decided to peek in on her to make sure she was alright. Or, at least, that’s what she told herself.

Making her way to her private room in the back, she activate the enchanted mirror connected to mirrors in each of the rooms. While she didn’t make a habit of spying on patrons, mixing horny teenagers with alcohol and cheap rooms had resulted in enough problems that she was forced to do it to protect them from themselves. Since she’d installed them, she’d seen more than her share of young men trying to take advantage of young women and young women trying to ruin a young man’s life after a regretful experience.

Fortunately, the mirrors would alert her if a young man got too out of hand and recorded everything if a young woman tried to make false accusations. She was just glad Dumbledore handled those matters and not the Ministry. Together, they were able to set those kids straight without the press ever getting involved. If they did, her secret would be out, damaging her business and preventing them from protecting anyone. Merlin knew that Aberforth did look after the patrons at his pub.

Walking up to the mirror, Rosmerta tapped it and said, “Room three.”

Her eyes widened when she looked at the mess of a girl lying on the mattress. She was completely naked, the sheets soaked in numerous places, and white streaks covered her face and breasts. Only the small, unconscious smile on the young woman’s lips eased her worries. Out of curi -concern, she decided to check the recording.

“Oh my!” Rosmerta gasped.

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Rosmerta was cleaning up the bar when Angelina finally made her way down the stairs.

“Morning, dear,” she smiled. “Have a seat.”

“Morning,” Angelina smiled tiredly.

“Breakfast?” Rosmerta asked. “Harry paid for it before he left yesterday.”

“Really?” Angelina smiled. “That was sweet of him. Sure. I’ll take whatever you have ready. I’ve got practice in half an hour.”

“You’re a Quidditch player?” Rosmerta asked, setting a plate in front of her.

“Just reserve for now,” Angelina replied. “I’m hoping to be a starter next year.”

“Well, either you need to work on your stamina, or Harry put you through the wringer yesterday,” Rosmerta said, smiling teasingly.

Angelina snorted and shook her head before looking around. Thankfully, mornings were always so, and they were the only ones there.

“My stamina is just fine,” she smiled, spearing her sausage with her fork.

“Surely you can give me more than that,” Rosmerta said. “I don’t get all Hogwarts rumors down here. It’s been a long time since something this interesting’s happened at my little pub.”

That wasn't exactly true. The professors kept her up to date on the latest gossip whenever they stopped in. Still, it would be easier to return the favor if she didn't have to lie about how she knew things.

"Four times," Angelina said. "And he's big. Like really big. It was... amazing."

"Four?" Rosmerta asked, feigning surprise.

"Four with me and twice with Katie," Angelina said, shaking her head. "If I'd known he was that good, I'd've jumped him years ago."

Rosmerta smiled and gossiped with the young women for a bit longer. All the time, she wondered if she should make an exception to her no sleeping with students policy. After all, she wasn't getting any younger, and two years was a long time to wait. Maybe it was time for her to clear up those rumors about the Potters once and for all.

Out of concern, of course.