

### Chapter 3

It was Saturday, and Harry was enjoying a rare chance to sleep in. He trudged down the stairs groggily, yawning and lazily attempting to fix his messy hair as he made his way to the kitchen. Pushing open the swinging door, he paused, wondering if he was still in bed dreaming as he took in the chaotic scene in front of him. There were owls everywhere, perch on every surface and fluttering about the room. Hermione, Lavender, and Sue were frantically trying to maintain semblance of order as they collected letters. He stood still and blinked several times to make sure what he was seeing was really happening.

“What happened?” He asked blankly.

All three girls jumped and turned to face him in surprise at the sound of his voice.

“Nothing.” They said in unison.

Harry sighed and put his hands on his hips as several more owls flew in and looked for a place to land.

“What happened?” He asked more firmly.

The girls looked at each other for a long moment, holding a silent conversation between them before Lavender grabbed a copy of the Daily Prophet off of the kitchen table and handed it to him. *‘Harry Potter Builds Harem by Rita Skeeter.’*

“Oh, For fuck’s sake.” Harry groaned.

“I’m sorry Harry, she listened in on a conversation I had with my mum. I didn’t mean to tell anyone, I swear.” Lavender said.

“I know, I don’t blame you, Lav.” Harry assured her, walking over to give her a one-armed hug.

“See, I told you he wouldn’t be angry with you.” Hermione told her.

“That doesn’t explain all the owls though.” Harry said, as always, looking to Hermione for answers.

“They’re offers.” She said, biting her lip to suppress a smile.

“Offers?” Harry asked with a confused look.

In answer, Hermione picked up a letter at random and handed it to him. Taking it from her, he broke the seal and pulled out the contents, a letter and a photo. Looking at the photo first, his eyes widened as he took in the image of a naked, dark-haired woman who looked to be in her thirties looking at him seductively as she blew him a kiss and posed erotically.

“Whoa.” Harry breathed.

Putting the photo down, he read the letter. It was from a woman named Esmerelda Hawkins who was begging him to let her join his harem and promising to do anything her wanted in extremely descriptive terms. Setting the letter down, he looked around the kitchen as the dozens of owls still waiting for their letters to be taken and the scores of letters scattered about the counters and table that had already been delivered.

“I’m going back to bed, wake me when the world is back to normal.” Harry said, turning to leave the room.

“Harry!” Hermione yelled as the door closed behind him and Sue and Lavender laughed.

After getting a shower and changing, Sue Li was kind enough to bring him breakfast. He felt a little bad leaving the girls to go through all those letters by themselves, but it wasn’t like he would be that much help anyways. After breakfast, Harry spent some time flying, clearing his mind of his troubled thoughts. The moment he re-entered the house, Lavender and Hermione grabbed his arms and marched him into the kitchen. All of the owls were gone and only a small stack of letters, around twenty at a guess, remained. They sat him down in a chair at the end of the table while Sue busied herself making lunch.

“Alright, we went through all the letters and these are the ones we thought you would be interested in. All of them are from girls we know, mostly from school.” Hermione said, picking up the letter on top. “I thought you might be interested in this one first.”

Harry opened the envelope and pulled out the letter. This one didn’t contain a photo. Before reading anything, his eyes jumped down to the bottom to see who it was from.

“Katie?”

*Knock. Knock. Knock.*

Harry stood outside of the door to a small apartment in Diagon Alley, waiting nervously for someone to answer. It was a lot easier when girls came to him, he thought to himself. It was only a few seconds later that a pretty, dark-haired girl with wide brown eyes and a slim, athletic figure opened the door.

“Harry!” She gasped in surprise.

“Hey Katie. Mind if I come in?” He asked giving her a nervous smile.

“Sure. Yes, of course.” She babbled quickly, opening the door for him.

Harry walked in and went past the tiny kitchen to the small, cluttered living room. He stood next to a chair, too flustered to sit as Katie followed him in.

“Er, I got your letter.” He blurted.

“Oh.” Katie said, her cheeks going a light pink. “I’m sorry, Angelina and Alicia talked me into it. Ever since they got engaged to Fred and George, they’ve been pushing me to find someone. Honestly, I thought you’d get so many letters this morning you’d just burn them all.”

“The thought did cross my mind.” Harry said with a smile, getting a smile back from Katie.  
“Listen, do you, uh, want to have dinner with me tonight?”

“Really?” She asked, twirling a lock of hair around her finger. “Look, Harry, I really do like you, but I don’t know about having to share you with so many other women.”

“Easy, Katie. I’m not proposing or anything just yet.” Harry said smiling. “I’m just asking you to have dinner with an old friend. We can figure the rest out as we go.”

“Alright, sure.” Katie agreed with a smile. “I’d like that.”

Katie told him to wait a few minutes and dashed off to get changed. She came back several minutes later in a tight black dress and a short jacket to cover her arms. Taking her arm in his, he led her out the door and down the street as they got caught up with what they had done after Hogwarts. He was very glad to hear she had made it as a reserve chaser for the Holyhead Harpies. The pay wasn’t great, and she hadn’t gotten to play in a game yet, but just from the way she talked about it, he could tell she loved it. Unfortunately, with the small size of Diagon Alley, the only restaurant was the Leaky Cauldron, and he felt she deserved to go someplace better than that. He ended up taking her out into Muggle London where they found a nice Italian restaurant with an open table, after a little discrete wand work from Harry.

Harry and Katie had a great evening together, talking and laughing about old memories, new stories, and hopes for the future. After dinner, they walked along the streets hand in hand enjoying the sights and each other's company. When they made it back to Diagon Alley, they made a stop for dessert at the recently re-opened Fortescue’s, who had just returned a couple of weeks earlier from hiding. As it turned out, he went to an island in the Galapagos to get away from the war and ended up coming back with some sort of massive magical tortoise that

seemed quite happy to deliver orders to tables. It wasn't the fastest way to deliver ice cream, but it certainly fun and unique.

It was well past dark by the time he walked her back up to her small apartment above one of the shops.

"I really had a great time tonight, Harry. Thank you." She said, squeezing his hand and smiling up at him as they came to a stop in front of her door.

"Me too." Harry said, reaching up to push a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

Leaning forward slowly, he caressed her cheek lightly just before their lips gently touched. As his hand slid down her sides to rest on her hips, Katie wrapped her arms around his neck, both of them pulling each other closer. She moaned quietly into her mouth as he medium sized breast pressed against his chest and he pressed her back against the door. When they finally pulled apart, they were both slightly flushed and out of breath.

"Do you want to come in." She asked him breathlessly.

"Definitely." Harry said with a crooked smile.

Katie fumbled with her keys for a couple of seconds before she unlocked the door and pushed it open. Harry followed her in and closed the door behind him as Katie took off her jacket. Walking up behind her, he wrapped his arms around her, his hands flat on her toned stomach as he pulled her back against his chest. Bending down, he kissed her neck as she tilted her head to the side and leaned back into him. Sliding his hands up her stomach, he cupped her firm

breasts through the thin material of her dress. Katie let out a moan and reached behind her to grab the back of his head. Turning her head, she pulled him down, pressing her lips to his. As Harry kissed her, she pushed her ass back against him, stimulating his rapidly rising erection.

Katie spun around in his arms, her lips breaking from his only briefly before she was kissing him again. Harry's hands slid from her chest to her back, where he moved them up to grab the shoulder straps of her dress. She moved her arms down, allowing him to slide the straps down her arms, the top falling down to her waist. Grabbing her ponytail, he tugged her head back lightly, kissing his way down her delicate throat to her bare, perky breast topped with hard pink nipples. Katie grabbed her dress and wiggled it down her hips while Harry sucked and kissed at one breast, and then the other. When her dress was pooled on the floor, she began tugging at his clothes, quickly sliding off his shirt and working on his belt.

In short order, they had stripped each other completely naked, their bodies pressed together tightly while they were locked in a heated kiss. Harry grabbed her ass in his hands and lifted her up, causing her to squeal in surprise and wrap her legs around his waist, his rigid length trapped between them.

"Ooh, I finally get to go for a ride on Harry Potter's broom!" Katie joked, grinding herself against him.

Harry snorted.

"That's horrible, Katie." He told her.

"What, you don't want to catch my snitch? You seemed to like playing with my quaffles." She said with a playful smile.

Harry couldn't hold back a smile as he carried her over to the nearest wall and pinned her back against it.

"I'm gonna have to punish you for those puns, Katie." Harry jokingly threatened her, placing his engorged head at her entrance.

"Are you going to put me in detention, Professor?" She asked with an excited look.

"I think you're going to enjoy this too much to consider it a detention." Harry told her with a smirk. "Don't worry, I'll spank you later."

Before she could say anything else, Harry sank into her slowly. Her mouth dropped open silently for a moment before she let out a long, loud moan. As he drove into her tight, wet grasp, her legs quivered and her chest heaved. He squeezed her ass firmly when he bottomed out, holding still for a few seconds to savor the feeling of her smooth walls hugging his length. Burying his face in her neck, sucking and kissing her tanned skin, he began thrusting. Starting slowly, at first, he gradually went faster and harder, making her moan louder as they shook the picture frames on the wall.

Tired of holding her up, he carried her over to the worn arm chair and sat down with her in his lap. With her knees on either side of his hips, Katie used her muscular thighs to raise and lower herself on his hard cock, her pert, perky tits bouncing on her chest each time her toned ass collided with his thighs. Harry reached up, grabbing and kneading her breasts in his hands, his thumbs rubbing her stiff, swollen nipples. Katie let out a quiet, desperate moan and rested her forehead against his. With her panting, he could taste her breath as she rode him faster and harder. Her legs began to quiver, her breathing coming uneven, and her moans louder as she approached her climax.



Harry let go of her breasts and grabbed her hips, using his strong arms to help her move on him. He could feel her walls spasming tighter around him and beads of arousal drip down his shaft as her body tensed. Clutching him tightly, her body sized, all of her muscles flexing while her whole body shook in his lap. Her sweltering core grasped his length tightly, fluttering around him and bathing his cock in a river of her arousal. She let out a quivering moan as he gripped her hips firmly, holding her in place as he bucked up into her. When she finally relaxed, her body sagged, collapsing against him while she panted heavily and continued moaning.

Wrapping his arms around her thin frame, Harry stood up and carried her over to the couch. Katie groan as he set her on her feet and positioned her so that her knees were on the seat and her hands rested on the backrest. Harry pushed his swollen head between her tight, puffy lips and slid back into her moist core. Grabbing her shoulder with one hand and her hips with the other, he thrust into her, causing a loud, wet slapping noise to come from between their bodies. While he watched her ponytail sway with their movements, he noticed a window behind the couch. With a smirk, Harry waved his hand, causing the curtains to fly open, giving them a clear view of the alley below and the few people walking around this time of night.

“Harry!” Katie gasped in outrage.

Despite her tone, he could feel her walls tighten and flex around him.

“Careful, they might hear you.” Harry told her, right before he smacked her ass hard with a reverberating *slap*. “I told you I’d spank you.”

Katie grunted with each impact as he smacked her ass several more times, her tan cheeks reddening to a bright pink under his hand. Her hot core flexed and gripped his cock tight with each loud smack. Looking at her reflection in the window, he could see her eyes flitting from figure to figure below. He could see the excitement and fear of discovery warring within her

eyes as the cheeks on her face flushed the same pink as the marks he left on her ass. With a devilish smirk, Harry took one hand off her hip to grip her ponytail tightly, like a handle. Pulling back until just the head of his throbbing cock remained inside of her, he paused for a heartbeat before slamming back in with bruising force. His thighs clapped loudly against her reddened ass, a loud gasp followed by a lust filled moan left her throat and the couch thudded against the wall from the force.

Over and over, Harry slammed into her with slow but powerful thrusts, each time pulling nearly all of the way out before plowing back into her. There was a rhythmic, wooden thud as the couch bounced off of the wall with every thrust. Despite his tight grip in her hair pulling her head back, her shining eyes stayed locked on the street below, both hoping and dreading that someone would notice the sound and look up. Feeling his own climax approaching, Harry rested for a moment and grabbed both of her shoulders. After a brief pause, he started up again suddenly, this time not pulling out so far, but going much faster. The skin of Katie's ass rippled like waves on a pond as he thrust into her at furious pace. Her loud grunt turned into a needy, desperate whine as she threw her head back and closed her eyes, finally taking her eyes off the street.

Just as he felt his climax beginning to build to a peak, Katie opened her mouth as if to scream, but let out only a high-pitched squeak. Her body locked up and trembled uncontrollably as she came suddenly and violently, her hot, liquid arousal gushing out around his shaft. Closing his eyes to focus more on the pleasure of her walls spasming around his length, he hammered into her like a machine, rapidly driving himself to a powerful orgasm. With a loud grunt, Harry buried himself into her as deep as possible and drenched her core with powerful jet of hot, white cum. Wrapping his arms around her chest and grasping one of her breasts, he pulled her mostly upright, pinning her back to his chest as he bucked his hips with each forceful pulse of his cock. As his climax ended, he had to put one hand on the back of the couch to keep from collapsing on top of her. Katie continued to tremble and occasionally jerk for several more seconds before she finally calmed and went limp in his arms.

Harry, still huffing to catch his breath, pulled out of her and sat down on the couch, pulling her into his lap so she was sideways with her head resting on his heaving chest. In the few minutes it took for Harry to get his strength back, Katie looked to be on the verge of falling asleep. He smiled down at her and pushed a stray lock of sweat soaked hair back behind her ear.

“Ready to go to the bedroom?” Harry asked.

Katie nodded against his chest, but made no move to get up. Chuckling, Harry lifted her with him as he stood and gently set her on her feet. As she turned to face the bedroom, his mostly hard length brushed against her hips. She looked down at it for a moment before looking back up at him with a surprised look.

“Again?” She asked, her tone bordering on incredulous. “No wonder you need so many women.”