

Chapter 1

The compartment was the same as it always was, a bit stuffy and smelling like old cushions. Harry had his back against the headrest and his legs stretched out, watching the countryside go by. He felt good. Not in a forced way, just genuinely, properly good, which was different enough from last year that he actually noticed it.

He had noticed a lot of things differently this summer.

It had happened at the end of the battle at the Ministry. Sirius was gone, the prophecy was smashed, and then Voldemort himself had been there. Harry had felt the invasion, that cold crawling thing trying to get inside his head and take over, and it had lasted maybe three seconds before Harry had just shoved it out. He did not even know how. It was less like casting a spell and more like being in your own house and refusing to let someone through the front door. And then Voldemort was gone, and Harry's head was his again.

What he had not expected was what he had felt in those three seconds of contact. Something deep inside him, twisted, unfamiliar, and wrong, wanted Voldemort to win. It had stirred like a parasite waking up, reaching out greedily to latch onto the intruder, pulling with a sickening eagerness that made Harry's stomach turn even now in memory.

In that frozen instant of possession and violent resistance, the truth had slammed into him with brutal clarity. A fragment of Voldemort's soul lived inside him, buried like a venomous seed. He had shoved it all back with every ounce of will he possessed, but the knowledge remained, lodged in his mind like a curse he could not expel.

Over the long, restless weeks of summer at the Dursleys', Harry had wrestled with it in silence, night after night. He would lie awake staring at the cracked ceiling of his room, replaying those fleeting seconds until his head throbbed, questioning if he was going mad or if the Horcrux, yes that was the word that had come to him in one sleepless night, had always been there, whispering in the back of his thoughts.

The struggle had been exhausting. Waves of panic that made him want to scream were followed by a hollow numbness, then fierce denial that gave way to grim acceptance.

He had nearly told Ron and Hermione a dozen times in his letters, his quill hovering over the parchment, but each time he crumpled the page. This was his burden alone. They had already seen too much. He would not burden them with the knowledge that their friend carried a piece of the enemy inside him, that the prophecy did not just doom Voldemort. It doomed Harry too. Voldemort would not truly die unless Harry did. That was the hidden meaning, the part Dumbledore had not spelled out.

The revelation had left him raw, grieving not just for Sirius but for the future he now knew was borrowed time. Yet it had also sharpened something in him. No more regrets piling up like the old ones from years of isolation, hesitation, and lost chances. If his life was going to end in this fight, he would live what remained of it on his own terms, fiercely, openly, and without holding back.

It had been a decent summer, all told. He'd more or less ignored Dumbledore's suggestion to stay in Little Whinging and had gone out whenever he felt like it, which Dumbledore had probably expected anyway. The diner two streets from the high street had been open late most nights, and Claire, the waitress who worked evenings, had been funny and easy to talk to and had laughed at his jokes like she meant it.

"You're kind of weird," she'd said one night, a few days after his birthday, leaning on the counter after the place had emptied out. "Not in a bad way. Just. You always seem like you're thinking about something else."

"Occupational hazard," he'd said.

"You're seventeen. Almost eighteen, but still."

"It's a complicated job."

She'd laughed at that, and things had gone on from there. It had been good and easy, with no strings attached on either side.

After a few nights of lingering conversations and shared cigarettes out back, their connection had deepened quickly. One slow evening when the diner closed early, Claire had locked the door, flipped the sign, and pulled him into the small staff room at the back. There, under the hum of the old fridge, she had kissed him hard and guided his hands under her uniform.

Harry had responded with a hunger born from his new resolve, no hesitation, no holding back. He had lifted her onto the counter, pushed her skirt up around her hips, and taken her right there with urgent, steady thrusts while she gripped his shoulders and moaned into his neck. She was warm and wet and eager, her legs wrapped tight around him as they moved together.

Afterward they had stayed tangled for a while, catching their breath, her fingers tracing lazy patterns on his back. She had not asked too many questions about his scars or his distant eyes, and he had not volunteered much. It was simple physical release mixed with genuine fondness, exactly what he needed.

She'd kissed him the morning he left for King's Cross and told him to be careful, like she somehow knew he had trouble waiting for him.

He pulled himself back to the present. Neville was across from him, reading something called Magical Herbology Quarterly with genuine interest. Luna was

beside him, staring out the window in her usual serene manner. Neither of them was saying anything, which Harry appreciated.

Ron and Hermione, on the other hand...

"I'm just saying," Ron said, for what was probably the fourth time, "that going the that way first means we'd have to double back."

"We wouldn't be doubling back," Hermione said patiently, "because there's a connecting passage between carriages seven and eight, which I've already mentioned."

"Yeah, but that passage is always packed at the start because of the trolley."

"Then we wait for the trolley."

"By which point we're behind schedule."

"Ron, I drew a rough plan. It's not a military operation."

"You put times on it."

"That was illustrative."

Harry watched them. He'd noticed it over the summer in their letters, this particular heat that came through even when they were writing about nothing. He'd honestly noticed it before that too, just hadn't had the headspace to think about it clearly. Now he did. It was obvious, if you were paying attention. Ron liked Hermione. Hermione liked Ron. They'd both apparently decided the best way to handle this was to argue about perfect schedules.

Just kiss her already, he thought, watching Ron gesture with the schedule. *Mate, I'm begging you.*

"You can't call something illustrative and then expect me to ignore it," Ron was saying.

"I expect you to use common sense."

"The times are right there on the paper."

She clearly fancies you, Harry thought, looking at Hermione, who had taken the schedule back and was pointing at it with unnecessary force. *How are you both this oblivious?*

Luna turned from the window and looked at Harry. "Are you hungry?" she asked. "You have a particular expression on your face."

"I'm fine," Harry said. "Just listening."

Luna considered Ron and Hermione for a moment, then nodded like that explained everything, and went back to the window.

Neville looked up, took in the situation, and made brief eye contact with Harry. His expression said very clearly, *not my problem*. Harry respected that.

The argument wound down eventually the way it always did, not with anyone winning, just a mutual unspoken agreement to leave it there. Ron and Hermione both stood up to do their prefect rounds. There was a brief, slightly farcical moment at the door where they both reached for the handle at the same time, both pulled back, Ron waved Hermione through, and then the door slid shut behind them.

The silence that followed was excellent.

Harry let it sit for a moment, then said, "Reckon they'll have sorted it out by the end of the year?"

Neville thought about it seriously. "Graduation, maybe."

Luna said, without turning from the window, "The Nargles are very active around people who won't admit things to themselves. It makes the air quite heavy."

"That tracks," Harry said, and meant it a bit more than she probably knew.

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The trolley lady came, and Harry bought too much out of old habit. Neville got a couple of Cauldron Cakes while Luna picked through a box of Bertie Bott's without any visible concern for what she might find.

Harry ate a Chocolate Frog, flipped the card over, and got Dumbledore again. He pocketed it with a small shake of his head and stared out the window.

A few minutes later, the compartment door slid open and a girl Harry faintly recognized as Romilda Vane walked in with her two friends, all three doing their best to look casual.

Harry tried to recall what he knew about her apart from the fact that she'd been trying to catch his eye for about a couple of years now.

She was a year younger than him, dark-eyed and confident, with a figure that Harry had to admit had filled out nicely over the summer. He noticed this right away, the way her school robes hugged her curves, especially the nice round shape of her ass as she stepped inside and shifted her weight. She looked at him like she had already decided how this was going to go, and there was a spark of interest in her eyes that made something warm stir low in his stomach.

"Hi, Harry," she said, smiling straight at him.

Harry let his gaze drift over her, taking in the soft lines of her body and then dropping lower again as she turned slightly toward him. She caught him looking, and instead of getting flustered, she straightened up a little, which only made her

curves stand out more. A small, pleased smile tugged at her lips. She seemed emboldened by it.

"Hi, Romilda," he nodded, smiling politely. The fact that he knew her name seemed to make her stand straighter, her smile widening a bit more.

"Err yeah. Hi. W-We were wondering if you wanted to come sit with us for a bit," Romilda said. "Our compartment is just down a bit. It will be a lot of fun over there."

Harry met her eyes and gave her a slow, appreciative once-over that he did not bother hiding from her. "Looks tempting," he said casually. "But I am occupied here right now."

Romilda tilted her head, still smiling. One of her friends nudged her, but she ignored it. "You sure? We've got loads of Chocolate Frogs and some Exploding Bonbons. Come on, it won't be the same without you."

Harry glanced at the way her robes clung to her hips and that nice ass again as she shifted closer. She noticed exactly where his eyes went and bit her lip lightly, looking even more confident.

"Maybe another time," he replied. "We're going to the same place. I'm sure there'd be enough time to hang out."

Romilda's smile widened, and she gave a little nod, her cheeks flushing just a little. "Yeah? You promise you will not forget?"

"I don't forget things like that," Harry said, his voice calm but direct.

She laughed softly. "Good. Because we will save you a seat. And maybe you can tell us some stories about last year. Everyone is dying to hear the real stuff from you."

"Stories, huh?" Harry said with a small grin. "I don't think you've got the stomach for that. Still, we'll see how it goes."

"Alright then," Romilda replied, glancing back at him one more time as she turned to leave. The movement made her nice ass stand out again under her robes, and she threw a quick look over her shoulder, clearly aware of his gaze. "See you, Harry."

"Later," Harry said with a nod.

They left, and the door slid shut. Harry glanced at Neville who gave him an uncertain smile and went back to reading. Luna simply gazed at him with her usual expression, her head tilted slightly.

Harry gave her a smile as he closed his eyes and let the rhythm of the train settle around him.

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Ron and Hermione came back about an hour later. They sat back down, stayed silent for about five minutes, and then started a new argument about whether the new Defense teacher would actually be competent. Harry tuned them out, leaning his head back against the cushion and closing his eyes.

A knock on the door made him open his eyes, and he saw a second-year girl enter their compartment, holding an envelope at full arm's length like it might go off.

"I was told to give you this," she said.

Harry sat up and took it. "Thanks."

She went completely red, nodded with great dignity, and walked away.

The envelope had a green wax seal with his name on the front in theatrical handwriting. He broke it open.

My boy Harry, I would be delighted if you would join me and a few other students for a small get-together in my private compartment. Light refreshments provided. Compartment A, first carriage. Come whenever you like. Warmest regards, H.E.F. Slughorn.

Hermione had already read it upside down. "Slug Club," she said in a peculiar tone that Harry raised an eyebrow at but didn't comment on.

"What now?"

Hermione told him about Slughorn's little hobby which he already knew a bit from his excursion with Dumbledore this past summer, and he gave her a nod.

"Guess I'll find out what it's all about then." He stood and pocketed the note, looking at them. "Well, I'll see you lot in a bit. Head out if I'm not back in time. I'll be fine."

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The compartment was quieter than the rest of the train. Slughorn had done some magic with the space, enlarged it from the inside. It still technically looked like a train compartment but felt more like a small sitting room, with bottles of mead on the folding table and crystallized pineapple on a platter. A few students were already arranged around the seats.

Harry took them in quickly. Belby from Ravenclaw. Zabini, which was unexpected outside of his usual context. Nott whom he recognized and had not thought much about since the Ministry. Another girl from Slytherin, this one a striking blonde. Two Ravenclaws he did not know that well. A few others he recognized from the DA.

And Cho.

She was by the window with a Ravenclaw girl, talking quietly. She looked good, her dark hair down and flowing over her shoulders. Harry definitely noticed her, the way her robes followed the lines of her body, especially the nice curve of her ass when she shifted in her seat. Their eyes met across the compartment. She must have felt him looking because she glanced over, and they stared at each other for a moment. Harry let his gaze drift appreciatively over her before he gave her a small smile. She smiled back, softer this time, and he felt that old pull that had attracted him to her two years ago.

“Harry, my boy!”

Slughorn was already moving toward him, his hand extended. Harry shook it easily. He had met Slughorn once over the summer, during that whole ordeal involving Dumbledore and him convincing the man to take up this job, and found he had liked him well enough. Slughorn was straightforward once you understood him. He liked people, liked potential, and liked the feeling of a room full of people going somewhere. There was nothing particularly sinister about that.

“Good to see you again, Professor.”

“And you. Looking well.” Slughorn’s eyes did a quick sweep of the room. “Sit wherever you like, help yourself to refreshments.”

Harry found a seat that put him diagonally across from Cho and was willing to call that accidental. He had definitely not chosen that seat on purpose.

Slughorn moved through the compartment the way he always must have, stopping at each student with genuine warmth, asking the right questions, and actually listening. He started with Belby, whose uncle Damocles had invented the Wolfsbane Potion and who had clearly spent his entire Hogwarts career being interesting by association. Belby handled it with the grace of someone long at peace with that. Then he moved to Zabini, who was cool and smooth and managed to give nothing away while seeming entirely open, which Harry found impressive.

Cho’s eyes drifted to Harry while Slughorn was with Zabini. This time Harry caught her looking and held the gaze. He let his eyes move over her again, appreciating the way she looked, and she noticed. Instead of looking away quickly, she straightened a little, which only showed off her figure more. A faint flush touched her cheeks, but she gave him a small, knowing smile that carried some of their old history in it.

Slughorn materialized at Harry’s shoulder and settled in beside him with ease.

“I was telling Daphne here just now about your mother,” he said. “Lily was one of the best I ever taught. A genuine instinct for potions you cannot get from a textbook. You might have it too. We will find out soon enough.”

"Looking forward to it," Harry said with a smile as he glanced at the striking blonde Slytherin girl who was apparently named Daphne. She gave him a cordial nod. As he turned back to Slughorn, he realized he meant it. Potions without Snape was a different world entirely and he was cautiously optimistic.

The Ravenclaw girl on his left, Mandy, leaned over and asked about the DA. She had joined last year, found it useful, and asked if there was any chance of something similar this year.

"Depends what the year looks like," Harry said. "We had a reason last year."

"We might have reasons again," she said carefully.

Harry looked at her meaningfully. "Yeah. We might."

Across the compartment, Cho was talking to Slughorn now, animated in the way she got when she was actually interested in something, her hands moving a little. Harry had always liked that about her. Last year had been strange between them, too much shared grief and not enough words for it. But watching her now, easy and calm with that spark still there, made him think maybe it was worth revisiting in a different way.

Eventually Slughorn wound things down as they started approaching the end of the journey. Students stood and stretched and started filtering out. Harry said a few words to a few students about the DA, and by the time it was over the compartment had mostly cleared.

Cho was almost at the door. She had her bag over one shoulder and was saying goodbye to the Ravenclaw girl. The other girl went out first. Cho turned to follow but before that, she looked back at him directly. Their eyes met again. Harry let his gaze drop for a second, taking in the shape of her body one more time, and she caught it. She bit her lip lightly, looking a bit emboldened by the attention, before her smile turned warmer.

"See you, Harry," she said softly, her voice carrying just enough for him to hear.

"Yeah," he replied, meeting her eyes.

She held the look for another few seconds before she turned and walked away. Harry watched her go, appreciating the sway of her hips and that nice ass under her robes as she left.

Harry stood there a second. Slughorn, still at the table, was watching him with a cheerful and an entirely knowing look on his face.

"Thank you for coming, Harry. I will look forward to this year."

"Same," Harry said, and shook his hand before he went out as well.

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The corridor had quieted down as most students settled back into their compartments, the rhythmic clatter of the train filling the space. Harry stepped out, stretching his legs after the long conversation with his friends. Cho was leaning against the wall a few compartments down, her bag resting at her feet. She gazed out the window at the darkening hills rolling by, but she glanced over as soon as he appeared, like she'd been waiting without wanting to seem obvious about it.

"Hey," she said, her voice light and casual.

"Hey," Harry replied, walking over to join her. There was a brief pause as they stood side by side, but it didn't feel awkward. Just... easy, somehow.

"You heading back to your compartment soon?" she asked, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

"In a bit," he said. "You?"

She shrugged lightly. "No rush. It's nice to stretch my legs after sitting for so long."

Harry leaned against the wall beside her. They both looked out the window for a moment, watching the shadows lengthen over the landscape. The closeness felt natural, and Harry found himself noticing the way her dark hair fell over her shoulders, how her robes subtly outlined her figure. She looked really good, more at ease than he remembered from last year.

"How was your summer?" she asked, turning slightly toward him.

"Better than I expected," Harry said honestly. "I got out more, did some normal things for once. It helped clear my head. Yours?"

"Mostly quiet," she replied. "Mum hovered a lot at first, after... everything. But I managed to get some space. Read a lot, flew when I could. It was good to just breathe."

They fell into a rhythm after that, the conversation flowing more naturally than Harry had anticipated. Last year had been a mess. Cedric's death still lingered for both of them, the jealousy, the miscommunications, and the pressure of everything that was going on at Hogwarts. But standing here now, it felt like they were both willing to set that aside. Harry mentioned how he'd tried to enjoy the summer without the constant shadow of expectations, and Cho nodded, sharing how she'd focused on small things to rebuild her own sense of normalcy.

"You seem different," she said after a while, her dark eyes studying him. "Lighter, maybe."

"Yeah?" Harry grinned slightly. "I guess I am. Last year everything felt so heavy. Now... I'm trying not to hold back if something feels right. Life's too short."

The train swayed gently around a curve, pressing them a little closer. Harry caught the faint, fresh scent of her shampoo. Neither of them moved away. Instead, Cho shifted her weight, and Harry couldn't help but let his gaze drift over the soft curves under her uniform as she adjusted against the wall.

She noticed him looking. Rather than pulling back or acting shy, she straightened up a bit, which only accentuated her figure more. A small smile tugged at her lips. "You've been noticing a lot today," she said, her tone teasing but warm.

Harry met her eyes without hesitation. "Hard not to. You look good, Cho. Really good."

Her cheeks flushed a bit, but she held his gaze. "Thanks. You do too. Different, in a good way. Like you've decided to enjoy things more."

They talked for a while longer about lighter things. The DA, whether he'd restart it, Quidditch tryouts, and the odd normalcy of another year starting at Hogwarts. Cho offered that some Ravenclaws might be interested if he did bring the DA back, and Harry appreciated the support without any pressure. He brushed a strand of hair from her shoulder, letting his fingers linger. She leaned into the touch.

Once again, Harry felt that familiar, direct pull toward her, the same one he'd embraced over the summer. He didn't want to do overthinking anymore.

"Cho," he said, his voice lower now. "I've been thinking about you since Slughorn's compartment. The way you looked back at me... and how things were last year. It was complicated, messy even. But I'm not interested in dragging all that around anymore. Are you?"

She bit her lip lightly, her eyes flicking down for a second before meeting his again. "No. I've been thinking about it too. Last year... it hurt for both of us. Cedric, the expectations, everything falling apart. But seeing you today, it feels different. Like we could try without all the weight."

Harry stepped closer, keeping it natural. "It doesn't have to be serious or heavy. I'm not looking for that right now. Just... enjoying what's in front of me. If that works for you."

"It does," she said softly, her hand resting lightly on his arm. "I'd like to spend time with you. Properly this time."

"Good." He smiled, letting his eyes appreciate her again, the curve of her hips, the way her robes hugged her body. "Because I've definitely noticed you. All of you."

Cho laughed softly. "I noticed you noticing. It's flattering. And... mutual."

The corridor was nearly empty now, just the low hum of the train and distant voices. The tension built comfortably between them, full of interest and desire. Harry placed a hand on her waist, feeling the warmth through her robes. She didn't pull away. Instead, she rested her hand on his chest for a moment.

They stared into each other's eyes for a long moment, seeing everything they wanted to see in there, and Cho glanced down the hall, a playful spark in her eyes. "Come on," she whispered, grabbing his hand. She tugged him toward the bathroom door right next to them, the one marked for staff but often used by students when compartments were full. "Before anyone comes by."

Harry followed without question, his pulse quickening. She slipped inside first, pulling him after her and locking the door with a quiet click. The space was small, perfectly clean, with the steady motion of the train vibrating through the walls. There were no windows, just the faint light from the overhead fixture. It was private. And it was perfect.

As soon as the door shut, Cho turned to him, her hands coming up to his shoulders. "No show for anyone else," she murmured, echoing his own thought. "Just us."

Harry cupped her face gently and kissed her softly at first. She responded with eager hunger, pressing her body closer. Their kiss deepened fast, their tongues brushing and exploring as months of tension and new desire surged between them. His hands slid down her sides, tracing the curve of her waist and the flare of her hips. She felt incredible, soft and responsive, her body molding perfectly against his in the confined space.

"You feel so good," he breathed against her lips. One hand moved lower, squeezing the firm roundness of her ass. Cho let out a small approving moan, arching into his touch.

They explored each other more enthusiastically now, savoring every moment. Harry kissed along her jaw and down the smooth column of her neck. His fingers worked at the front of her robes, parting the fabric slowly. He slipped his hand inside to caress her breasts through the thin material of her shirt. Her nipples hardened instantly under his teasing fingers as he rolled them gently, pinching just enough to draw another gasp from her.

"Mmm... Harry," she whispered, her voice husky with need. Her own hands pushed open his robes, running over the hard planes of his chest. She traced lower, palming the growing bulge in his trousers. She squeezed lightly, stroking him through the fabric until he groaned deeply.

"I wanted us to be like this last year," she said, nipping at his lower lip. "Not the drama. Just being so close to you."

“Me too,” he replied. His hand slipped under her skirt, gliding along the smooth warmth of her thighs. He pushed higher until he brushed against the damp fabric of her panties. “You are so wet already.”

Cho shivered and pressed against his fingers. “Because of you. Touch me.”

He did, sliding beneath the lace to stroke her slick folds. His thumb circled her swollen clit while two fingers eased inside her tight heat. She rocked against his hand, her breaths coming faster. The train’s steady motion added a subtle rhythm that heightened every sensation. Harry kissed her deeply as he fingered her, curling his fingers to stroke that sensitive spot inside until she moaned into his mouth.

She returned the favor eagerly. Her fingers freed his cock from his trousers, wrapping around the thick, hard length. She stroked him smoothly, her grip soft around him. Her thumb swiped over the sensitive head on every stroke, spreading the bead of precum that leaked from his cock.

“You feel so hard,” she murmured, her eyes dark with lust. “I want this inside me.”

They shifted in the tight space. Cho turned toward the small sink counter, bracing her hands on its edge. She arched her back, presenting the gorgeous curve of her ass to him. Harry hiked her skirt up around her waist and slowly peeled her panties down her thighs. He let them drop to her ankles. His hands roamed over her bare skin, squeezing the soft flesh of her ass cheeks before spreading them gently.

He rubbed the thick head of his cock along her wet slit, teasing her entrance. Cho pushed back impatiently. “Please, Harry.”

He pressed against her entrance and pushed in slowly, inch by inch. Her tight, slick heat enveloped him completely, drawing a deep groan from both of them. “Fuck, Cho. You feel amazing,” he said, gripping her hips.

He started to thrust, steady at first, letting her adjust to his size. The wet sounds of their bodies meeting filled the small room, mixing with the clatter of the train wheels on the tracks. He reached around to rub her clit in firm circles while he fucked her. She pushed back against him, meeting every stroke with equal hunger.

“Yes. Like that,” she panted. Her walls clenched around his cock, hot and silky. Harry leaned over her, kissing the side of her neck. One hand pushed under her shirt and pulled the cup of her bra down. He squeezed her full breast, rolling the stiff nipple between his fingers. The other kept working her clit. Their rhythm grew faster, more intense. The confined space made everything more vivid. Every breath, every gasp, every slap of skin on skin echoed intimately.

Harry picked up speed, driving deeper with each thrust. Cho’s moans grew louder despite her efforts to stay quiet. Her body trembled under him. He could feel her getting closer, her pussy fluttering around his cock.

He slowed suddenly, drawing it out. He pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in with a long, powerful stroke. "I want to feel every second of this," he whispered against her ear.

Cho whimpered. "You are driving me crazy. Don't stop."

He kept the slower pace for a while, savoring the way her body gripped him. He pulled her upright slightly so her back pressed against his chest. One arm wrapped around her waist as he groped her breast while the other continued teasing her clit. His cock slid in and out of her from behind in deep, rolling thrusts. He kissed her shoulder, then nipped at it gently. The new angle let him hit that perfect spot inside her with every movement.

Her breaths came in short gasps. "Harry. I am so close."

He thrust harder again, pounding into her. The wet, obscene sounds grew louder. Skin slapped against skin. Her juices coated his cock and dripped down her thighs. He rubbed her clit faster, pinching it lightly between his fingers.

Cho's body tensed, her walls clamping down around him in rhythmic pulses. "I'm coming," she cried out, her voice breaking. The orgasm hit her hard. She shuddered violently, her pussy milking his cock in strong, fluttering waves. Her knees weakened, but he held her steady, fucking her through every peak. He kept rubbing her clit, drawing the pleasure out until she was gasping and whimpering, completely lost in it.

Only when her tremors began to ease did Harry let himself chase his own release. He gripped her hips tighter and drove into her with deep, powerful strokes. The pressure built at the base of his spine. His balls tightened.

"Cho," he groaned. "You feel so fucking good."

He buried himself as deep as possible, his cock throbbing inside her as his orgasm crashed over him. Thick spurts of cum pulsed out, filling her completely. He kept thrusting through it, prolonging the intense pleasure. Wave after wave rolled through him until he was spent, breathing hard against her neck.

They stayed joined like that for a long moment, their hearts pounding in sync with the train. Harry finally pulled out slowly, watching a trickle of their combined release drip down her thigh. He helped her straighten up. They cleaned up with soft spells and tissues from the sink, sharing gentle laughs and lingering kisses.

"That was intense," Cho said, adjusting her robes with a satisfied, glowing smile. "Better than I imagined."

"Definitely," Harry agreed. He pulled her close for one more deep kiss. "We should do this again. Whenever it feels right."

She nodded, her eyes bright. "I would like that. No pressure, no baggage. Just us."

They slipped out of the bathroom separately to avoid notice. Cho went first, and Harry followed suit a minute later. The corridor remained quiet, but the memory of her body, her sounds, and the way she had come apart around him stayed with him as he walked away.

He reached his compartment a few minutes later, a content glow settled over him. Ron looked up as he slid open the door. "Finally! Where've you been, mate?"

"Talking to Cho," Harry said casually, dropping into his seat and grabbing another Pumpkin Pasty.

Hermione, who had been buried in a book, snapped her head up. Her eyes widened in clear surprise. "Cho? As in... Cho Chang? Harry, after last year? The way things ended and everything and... well, you know. Are you sure that's a good idea?"

Harry met her gaze steadily, keeping his voice even but firm. "Yeah, I'm sure. We've both grown up a bit. Talked it through. Last year's mess is behind us. We're not dragging it forward. It's different now. Easier. I'm handling it, Hermione. You don't have to worry."

She opened her mouth to say something before she closed it, staring at him for a moment. "Alright. If you're sure. Just... be careful."

Luna looked over dreamily from the window. "The Wrackspurts do seem quieter around you tonight, Harry. Less interference."

Harry chuckled. "Yeah, they do."

The conversation soon shifted to other things. Quidditch strategies, Neville's latest herbology project, Ron and Hermione's familiar bickering that now felt almost affectionate. Harry leaned back, listening and chiming in, but his mind drifted pleasantly to Cho. The year ahead felt full of possibilities.

He was not going to hold himself back from living whatever time he had left to the fullest. Not anymore.