

If this had been a different witch, one that Harry had anything resembling genuine feelings for, he might have reacted differently than he did. But he did not care for Romilda Vane. He barely knew her at all, and the few things he did know about her in no way endeared her to him. Since he didn't care about her, he found it easy to put his hand on her shoulder and stop her before she could get his cock into her mouth. She looked up at him in surprise when he prevented her from beginning to suck, but he grinned.

"I'm sure you really are good with your mouth," he said. "But I don't know you, Romilda. If you're right about other girls putting their names forward for me to consider when I've got to choose a wife by the end of the year, you're going to have to do a lot more than just suck on me for a little bit if you want to even have a chance."

"Harry?" Romilda said. "You mean—"

"I'm sure you know what I mean," Harry said, shrugging his shoulders. "There's no pressure, of course. If all you planned on doing was sucking me before you left, and you're not comfortable going beyond that, you can just go back to your compartment. I'm sure it won't take long for another witch to come along and do her best to impress me." Him mentioning the possibility of another woman coming along seemed to motivate Romilda, because her eyes narrowed and she nodded her head.

"Okay, Harry," she said. She got up so she was sitting on her knees. "Don't think I'm just all talk. You're right. If I want to show you what you can have with me, I need to be ready to go all the way." She crawled over and moved to straddle his hips, but Harry's hands held her still.

"Don't worry, Romilda," he said, shaking his head. "I'll take it from here." He pulled her into a hug and rolled her over onto her belly on the seat. Romilda had to move up onto her knees and elbows to actually fit on the seat, and while she got up onto all fours, Harry pulled her knickers off from underneath her skirt. He flipped that skirt up as well and gave Romilda's bare ass a little squeeze. He had to give her credit; she had a nice butt.

He left his hand on that butt while lining his cock up with his other hand. Remembering the things he and Ginny had learned about sex together, he paused, wondering if he should give her some stimulation so she was at least a little bit wet before he put his dick inside of her. He might not care about her, but he didn't want this shag to be unpleasant for her either. But not long after he had the thought, he felt her slickness for himself. Romilda was getting aroused by the position she now found herself in, and she even proved it by wiggling her hips to rub against him.

"Put it in, Harry," she said. "I was going to show you what I can do, but I have *no* problem with it being the other way around."

What he was doing was out of character for Harry. He'd spent the summer thinking that he might wait for Ginny to be ready to commit, regardless of how often she'd encouraged him to have fun and enjoy the position he was going to find himself in as a war hero whose need to choose a wife was public knowledge. Even if he and Ginny weren't meant to be, he'd still kind of figured that he would have feelings for any girl he might have sex with in the future. Yet here he was, about to stick his dick inside of Romilda Vane on the Hogwarts Express. Was this really how this year was going to go?

Deciding to ignore everything else but the cute Gryffindor on her hands and knees and wiggling her hips against him, Harry put both hands on her arse and thrust his hips forward, sliding his dick inside of Romilda's cunt.

“Ohh!” Romilda moaned as he penetrated her. “Fuck, you’re *big*, Harry! You feel so good in me!”

Romilda felt good too. There was none of the emotion with her that had been there every time he had sex with Ginny, but the physical act itself still felt damn good. The pleasure got better by the second as he held her arse and moved his hips, quickly putting more force behind his thrusts as he got comfortable with fucking his second woman. Romilda was ready for his faster thrusts and seemed to enjoy it when he really got going, if her moans were anything to go by. Or maybe she was just putting on an act for his benefit.

Honestly, Harry didn’t really care. For the first time, he was selfishly focusing far more on his own pleasure than that of his partner. He fucked Romilda hard in the compartment, enjoying the strictly physical connection between them as he switched from holding her by the arse to slapping her pale butt to go along with his thrusts. Maybe love or at least some level of fondness would lead to satisfaction on multiple levels, but there was still plenty to enjoy about fucking a woman who he tolerated at best.

“Fuck, oh, fuck, it’s so good, Harry!” Romilda mumbled. “You’re the best I’ve ever had! I, *oh*, I’d be happy to get fucked like this every night!”

Harry smirked to himself, understanding that she was still trying to sell him on the idea that she would be a good choice as his wife, that he could have sex with her like this whenever he wanted to if he chose her. Harry very highly doubted that Romilda would even get a second thought when the time came for him to choose the woman (or pair of women, potentially) that he would get betrothed to as he secured his family’s Wizengamot seats and took up his place in adult magical society. But she *was* right about the sex being great, at least. He was having loads of fun with Romilda on the train and maybe they could have some more fun later in the year.

Eventually his thrusts got to be so much that he could hear Romilda panting rather than moaning, and he responded by speeding up and fucking her even harder. While he was concentrating on his own pleasure, he still got to hear Romilda cry out in orgasm. Her cries, her shivering and the way that her cunt squeezed around him demonstrated that her excitement had been genuine and not just meant to please him. He’d been focused on himself rather than her, but fucking Romilda to a climax was a bonus that he would accept happily.

He continued to pound into her from behind for another minute or two before he felt his own orgasm approaching. Ginny had shown him the contraception charm, so he could have cum inside of her without needing to worry about anything. But he decided to do something else instead. He pulled his cock out of Romilda, scooted back and sat down beside her.

“Let’s see how well you can keep up,” he said while slowly stroking himself to make sure he didn’t lose the edge. “Can you make it over here and swallow as much of my cum as possible?”

Romilda responded to the challenge. She groaned as she turned her body around and got into a position close to the one she’d been in before he put his hand on her shoulder and requested that she do more than just blow him. She took the head of his dick between her lips and sucked on it briefly before his cum began to shoot into her mouth. He watched her close her eyes and swallow as fast as she could. He would admit that she did a pretty good job, but some of it did spill out towards the end and dribble down her chin.

He tapped the side of her head when he was done, and she pulled her head back, coughing a bit. She sat up straight on her knees and smiled at him.

“Did I leave a good impression, Harry?” she asked, panting. Harry laughed.

“I’m sure you’re going to have loads of competition,” he said. “But this was definitely the best train ride to Hogwarts I’ve ever had. And as long as you accept that I’m not promising you anything, I wouldn’t be against letting you show me more of what you can do during the year.”