

Chapter 3

Harry felt extremely nervous as he made his way down to the Great Hall for breakfast. It was the day of the First Task of the Triwizard Tournament. Although he wasn't supposed to know what he was facing today, he knew from his trip into the Forbidden Forest with Hagrid that he was facing dragons. As he slowly wandered through the halls, his mind went back to the plan they had managed to come up with. It sounded simple enough, in concept. Summon his broom and out fly the dragon. Easy, right?

Flashes of fire and gleaming, sword like teeth danced in his vision as everything that could go wrong plagued his thoughts. So many things could go wrong. There were so many ways he could be burned, bitten, or just swatted out of the sky like an insect. Part of him wished he didn't know what he was up against. Sometimes, it was easier not knowing, to just be thrown into a situation head first. There was less time to think about it that way. Of course, not knowing had its downsides as well. Like walking out to face an angry mother dragon without any clue as to how to fight it.

Before his mind could conjure up any more images of his horrific and untimely demise, a hand grabbed his sleeve and yanked him into a broom cupboard. The last thing he saw before the door was closed, and everything went dark, was a flash of long, golden blonde hair.

"Lumos."

Harry squinted his eyes at the sudden change in light. Wand light flooded the small room and it took a moment for his eyes to adjust. When they did, he saw that it was Daphne who had pulled him into the cramped broom cupboard. Setting her lit wand down on one of the shelves along the wall, she smiled at him.

"Hey." She said.

"Hey." He replied, trying to smile back at her, but it come out as more of a grimace.

“You know,” she said, wrapping her arms around his neck. “You seem a little nervous.”

Harry snorted and his lips twitched. “You could say that.”

“You’ll be fine.” She assured him, placing a kiss on his lips. “I’ll make a deal with you.”

Harry raised his eyebrow at her.

“Malfoy bet the Weasley twins twenty Galleons you wouldn’t make it out in one piece. If you make sure he loses, I’ll make sure to give you a reward tonight.” She said suggestively, running her fingers soothingly through his hair. “And, if you come in first, I’ll do something *really* special for you.”

That finally got him to smile, wondering what she had planned. They had been spending every weekend together since they first had sex, and Daphne was becoming much more comfortable in exploring her sexuality with him.

“Alright, deal.” He said.

“Good. Now, how ‘bout I help you relax a little bit.” She said with a smirk.

Daphne kissed him again, and then slowly knelt down in front of him. Harry licked his lips in anticipation as she began undoing his belt. She'd never done this for him before. Opening his pants, she pulled down the waistband of his boxers and pulled out his cock, stroking it lightly with her hand. She opened her lips wide, taking his entire cock into her mouth, sucking on it to get it hard, while her hand reached down and gently caressed his balls. His cock hardened against her tongue, forcing her to back up so she didn’t choke on him. When he was fully hard, she took her hand and wrapped it around his shaft, stroking him as she sucked on the head.

Her tongue swirled around the tip of his cock, as she stroked him faster, trying to get him off quickly. A moan escaped his lips as she started to bob her head back and forth in quick, short

movements. Sucking hard, her tongue circled the sensitive end of his head, where it flared out from the shaft. Harry hissed and his cock twitched as she worked him quickly. Looking down, he watched as her hair bounced from the rapid bobbing of her head, her hand flying up and down his spit slickened shaft. With her fast pace, it wasn't long before his balls tightened as he felt his orgasm beginning to build.

"Daphne, I'm gonna cum." He warned her.

She looked up at him, the head of his cock trapped between her pink, swollen lips as she stroked him quickly. She sucked hard on his tip, flicking her tongue back and forth along the underside of his head. Harry's muscles tensed as his cock started to pulse in her hand. At the last moment, right before he came, he watched in awe as Daphne her mouth off of him. She closed her eyes, tilted her head back, and continued to stroke him as his cock jerked, cum shooting from the tip.

The first shot went all the way across her face, leaving a long white streak from her chin, over her nose and forehead, and up into her hair. The second and third streaked over her cheek and eye. The rest didn't go as far, spurting out of his cock to land on her lips and chin. Some of his cum slipped between her slightly parted lips, dripping into her mouth. As he panted, recovering from his orgasm, she opened the eye that wasn't streak with cum and licked her lips. The sight of the Slytherin Princess on her knees, covered in his cum, made his cock twitch, and nearly making him hard again. She scooped up most of the cum on her chin with the side of her finger, and sucked it into her mouth.

"Bloody hell." He said, entranced.

She smirked at him and wiped the cum from her eye so she could open it.

"You'd better go out there and win after that, Potter."

An hour later, Harry was sitting in a tent by himself, waiting for the Hungarian Horntail to be brought into the arena. It had been absolutely horrible to sit and wait as the other Champions took their turns, with only Bagman's commentary to tell him how they were doing. While he

was certainly scared, he just wanted to get it over with. The waiting was almost worse than having to face a nesting dragon. Almost.

Finally, he heard a loud roar and the cheering of the crowd as his dragon was brought in. Standing up, he paced back and forth, trying to settle his nerves and calm his hammering heart.

“And now, Witches and Wizards, it’s time for our final, and youngest, Champion to face his dragon, Harry Potter!” Bagman’s magically amplified voice carried over the noise of the crowd.

A cannon blast sounded, signaling him to start. With one last deep breath, Harry exited the tent, and stepped into the arena. Harry squinted his eyes against the sudden change in light. The bright November sun lit up the rock covered area in front of him. Not seeing the dragon immediately, he crept forward, slowly and cautiously climbing the rocks in front of him. Peeking around one of the many large boulders that were strewn around him, he finally spotted it. Less than a hundred yards away, held to the ground by a long, thick iron chain, was the dragon.

It was massive, big enough to take up the entire inside of the Great Hall. The glossy black scales that covered its body shone in the sunlight, hundreds of two-foot long, white horns covered it back. On the end of its long, thick tail, sat half a dozen spikes the size of his leg, tapering to a sharp, deadly point. Underneath the dragon’s enormous body, he caught a glint of gold reflecting in the light. Looking closer, he could just make out the nest, several large white eggs sat in a group, and in the center sat his target. A gleaming, golden egg.

Tightening the grip on his wand, he licked his lips nervously, and aimed his wand to the sky.

“Accio!” He yelled.

The dragon head snapped to look in his direction, its cold, merciless orange eyes locked on to him. It shot forward with terrifying speed, covering half the distance between them faster than it seemed possible for such a large creature. Harry scrambled back in fear just before the chain holding it went taught, stopping the beast in its tracks. Opening its mouth, it let out an angry roar that shook the ground, small pebbles trembled around his boots as he covered his ears. Standing up on its hind legs, the dragon unfurled its enormous wings as it roared, each the

length of its body. Harry's eyes widened in terror at the truly monstrous size of the of the dragon.

Landing back on all fours, the dragon looked at him again, opened its mouth, and unleashed a torrent of fire in his direction. Harry dove behind the boulder next to him, the roar of the flames filled his ears as sweltering heat washed over him. He peeked around the side of the boulder, and sighed in relief. The bright magical flames stopped about ten yards from him, but even from that distance, the heat still stung his face. Moving back behind his shelter, he looked up, searching from his broom. Seconds ticked by like hours as he waited for it to show, until, finally, he spotted it.

Starting as a small black speck, it rapidly grew into the long, sleek shape of his Firebolt as it flew towards him. Harry readied himself as it approached, taking two quick steps he jumped into the air, landing on his broom as it reached him. Pulling up, he rocketed straight up into the air, the wind cooling his sweat covered skin. A smile stretched across his face at being back in the air. Wheeling around, he flew high above the arena, a plan forming in his mind. The dragon moved back to stand over the eggs, its long neck craning up to watch him intently.

Easing his way down, he decided the best way to get the egg was to make the dragon fly up, then dive down, grab the egg, and get the hell out as fast as possible. The dragon watched him closely as he floated above it, moving left and right, trying to get it to chase after him. It stayed on the ground and shot a jet of flames at him, forcing him fly back up. Harry cursed and rethought his plan. Tightening his grip on the broom, and taking a deep breath, he dove down, pulling back up just as it let loose another jet of flame. He waited a moment for the flames to clear, then he dove at the dragon again, pulling up just as it shot flames at him. This time, it flapped its massive wings as it glared angrily at him.

"C'mon." He said quietly to himself. "Come and get me."

He dove for the third time, and again, the dragon opened its mouth to shoot flames at him. He pulled back up to avoid the flames, and his eyes widened when it cleared. The dragon had flown up while his view was blocked by the fire, and it was rising up to meet him, fast. He jerked his broom to the side, the dragon's teeth missing him by inches. A split second later, his side exploded in pain as the air was forced from his lungs. The dragon's tail had swung around to hit him in the side, the long spikes on the end barely missing his back. The force of the impact threw Harry from his broom.

“Arresto Momentum.” He called out as he spun through the air.

He landed hard on his back, rolling as he hit the ground. Looking up, he watched helplessly as his broom drifted lazily to the ground, landing somewhere in the crowd. He tightened his grip on his wand, thankful that he still had it after his fall, and looked over to the dragon. The ground trembled with each step as it stalked towards him. In a panic Harry scrambled backwards, his heart hammering in his chest in fear. Quickly, the dragon was upon him, and it opened its mouth wide, its chest expanding, readying itself to produce another jet of searing hot flames.

“Stupefy!” Harry shouted.

The stunning hex left his wand, and it seemed to move in slow motion as he watched it fly through the air, hitting the inside of the dragon’s mouth. The dragon roared in anger, staggering as it shook its head.

“HERBIVICOUS INCARCEROUS!” He shouted, his voice echoing magically with the power behind his spell.

Black roots, some as thick as tree limbs, others as thin as vines, shot from the ground, wrapping around the dragon’s body, legs, and neck. The rocks around its feet shifted and fractured as the roots made their way up from the ground. The dragon struggled against its binding, snapping many of them as if tried to pull itself free, even as new roots appeared to take their place. Harry knew he couldn’t keep it tied up long, he needed a way to hold it longer. Looking around, his eyes landed on several of the large boulder scattered around the arena, flashbacks to the fight against the Mountain Troll in his First Year coming to mind.

“Wingardium Leviosa!” he incanted, performing the familiar swish and flick.

Harry strained as the large boulder, the size of Hagrid hut, slowly rose into the air. Directing it with his wand, he slowly moved it over the dragon’s head, shaking from the effort, and dropped the spell. The boulder fell, crashing loudly onto the dragon’s head and body. It roared in pain,

collapsing to the ground as more roots wrapped tightly around its body. Harry panted heavily, elation coursing through him for a moment, before it was ripped away. The dragon struggled back to its feet, turned its head, and shot a long jet of flame along the side of its body.

Ripping and tearing at the roots, dozens of them broke. Harry, directing the binding spell with his wand, desperately wrapped more around the dragon to keep it trapped. He managed to hold it for the moment, and turned his wand to three large boulders to his right.

“WINGARDIUM LEVIOSA!” He called out, his voice echoing with power once again.

The three boulders trembled and Harry grunted in exertion as he struggled to lift them. With one final shake, they slowly left the ground. Harry grit his teeth as he raised them ten feet into the air, sweat pouring down his face. His body shook from the strain. It felt like Hagrid was standing on his shoulders as they moved slowly through the air to float in front of him.

“DEPULSO!” He cried.

The boulders rocketed forward as though they were shot out of a cannon, and Harry dropped to one knee in exhaustion. He watched, praying this would be enough, as the boulders sailed towards the dragon. The first one to hit struck it in the chest and leg, the second hit it in the head, snapping it back. The third one glanced off the dragon's back, bounding and rolling until it hit the wooden wall of the arena, shattering through it.

The dragon shrieked in anger and pain. It swayed, staggering on its feet for a moment, before it collapsed forward. The rocks under Harry shook as it crashed to the ground. The roots of his binding spell wrapped themselves around the dragon tightly, new ones making their way through the rocky ground to ensnare its head and neck. For a long moment, Harry waited with baited breath to see if it would move, the arena suddenly quiet all around him.

Harry jumped when the audience exploded into cheers, and took a deep breath to calm his racing heart. With a groan, he tiredly got to his feet. As the crowd around him cheered, some even chanting his name, he walked over to the nest of eggs. Carefully, he reached passed the real eggs, and grabbed the golden egg in the center. There was more applause from the crowd,

but he was too tired, and too relieved, to care about that. Turning, he started to make his way to the medical tent.

A high pitched, pitiful cry from behind him made him stop. Looking back, the dragon was awake and staring at the egg in his hands. He swore he could see her emotions in her gaze. Pain and anger as she helplessly watched him steal her egg. Looking down at the egg in his hands, he couldn't help but think of his mother, and how similar this was to what she had gone through for him. That would make him Voldemort in this situation. He shuddered at the thought.

With his conscience egging him on, Harry turned around, and make his way back to the dragon. He ignored the confused, incredulous sounds from the audience as he slowly walked back to the dragon. She glared balefully at him, struggling ineffectually at her bindings. Cautiously, with the egg held out, he knelt down in front of her.

"It okay. Look, it's not one of your eggs, it's fake." He told her quietly.

Picking up a pebble from the ground, the dragon watching his movements intently, he tapped it against the side of the egg, producing a sharp ringing sound. Watching the dragon, her eyes widened, then narrowed as she stared at the egg. She tried to move closer to him, but couldn't, so he edged forward slowly, holding the egg out for her to examine. First, she sniffed the egg, her nostrils flaring. Then, her long, forked tongue slipped out from between her jaws, licking it gently. As he watched her closely, her whole body seemed to deflate slightly, sagging in relief. Or so it seemed to him at least.

"Your eggs are over there. They're fine, I didn't touch them." He said, pointing over to the nest.

The dragon followed his gaze. As she looked at the nest, she struggled again, letting out a pitiful whimper that sounded odd coming from such a large creature. Standing up, he backed away from her, fiddling with his wand as he debated his next move. He raised his wand, and pointed it at her.

"Releashio." He said.

The root wrapped around the dragon loosened, releasing their hold on her. The dragon climbed back to her feet, shaking off and snapping the remaining roots. Harry backed away even further, hoping it wouldn't decide to turn on him. His wand was pointed away from the dragon, but ready to be used if he needed to, though he wasn't sure if he could stop it again. The dragon shook her head, then turned to stare at him. Harry stared back into her large orange eyes. She turned her head to look at her nest, then turned back to look at him again. There was a tense moment, Harry's muscles tensed, ready to run. Then, she turned, slowly making her way back to the nest, but keeping an eye on him the entire time.

Harry let out a sigh, his shoulders sagging in relief. He watched her as she sniffed the eggs in her nest, testing them with her tongue. Seemingly satisfied, she laid down next to the nest, her tail circled around it protectively. She looked back up at him, and he bowed his head, maintaining eye contact. She didn't make a move to bow back, so Harry backed away a few more steps, then turned and jogged to the medical tent, the golden egg clutched tightly to his chest.

Once in the tent, he was happy to learn that everyone else would be fine, though a little banged up. Cedric gave him a hearty congratulations, Fleur looked at him strangely, but said nothing, and Krum was asleep on his bed, his shoulder wrapped in bandages. Madam Pomphrey was on him the moment he entered, scanning him for injuries. He was relieved to find out his ribs were only bruised and not broken. As he took the revitalizing potion she gave him, and applied bruise balm to his ribs, Professor McGonagall came in.

"Mr. Potter, while I'm impressed with your performance, and relieved to see that you are relatively uninjured." She said, after checking with Pomphrey that he was okay. "I'm concerned for your sanity. Why on earth would you let the dragon go *after* you defeated it?"

McGonagall looked paler than usual, and her lips even thinner as she stared at him sternly.

"She was just trying to protect her children, Professor." He said quietly, knowing it was a weak excuse.

Her expression softened as she looked at him. "Yes, well. Next time, I would appreciate it if you waited until after the task to worry about things like that. If that dragon had decided to attack you..."

Harry smiled at her, touched by her concern for him. "Sorry. I'll be more careful next time, Professor." He assured her.

"Very well. When you are done being looked at, you need to go back out and get your scores." She informed him.

Harry nodded. Professor McGonagall made to turn, then stopped herself and hesitantly placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Your mother would have been very proud of you today." She told him quietly.

Harry cleared his throat and blinked back a sting in his eyes.

"Thank you, Professor." He said thickly.

She patted his shoulder and left.

Madam Pomfrey told him to wait five more minutes before he could leave. While he was waiting, Hermione, surprisingly followed by Ron, came in to see him. Ron had awkwardly apologized, and Harry had forgiven him. While he wanted Ron back as a friend, it would be a while before he trusted him completely again. It made him worry about how he would react to him spending time with Daphne, if he found out. He just hoped being friends with Ron again wouldn't take away from his time with her. He was growing to greatly enjoy his time with Daphne. While they hadn't talked about their relationship at all, it was clear that they both liked each other. He knew they would need to talk about it sooner or later, but for now, they were both happy with things as they were.

Finally, it was time to get his scores. With Ron and Hermione tagging along, he walked out to see the judges. On the way, they ran into Charlie Weasley, who gushed about Harry's performance, and explained how he would be judged. When they walked up and stood in front of the judges, Bagman made his announcement, and he was given his scores.

Dumbledore, Crouch, and Bagman all gave him ten's, Maxime gave him a nine, and Karkaroff sulkily gave him a four, earning him boos from the crowd. This put him in first place with a score of forty-three points.

The newly reunited trio made their way back to the castle and sat down to have dinner in the Great Hall. During dinner, Harry barely got a chance to eat with what seemed like most of the school coming up to congratulate him, one after the other. Finally, when it was nearly over, people stopped coming up to him, and he was able to eat in peace. Looking across the Hall, he caught sight of Daphne. She looked up at him and smiled, giving him a wink. Harry smiled back and discretely gestured with his head towards the door. She nodded back at him, and turned to talk to Tracey.

Looking over at his friends, he saw Ron was engrossed in conversation with Dean, but Hermione was looking at him curiously. He hadn't told her about Daphne yet, but he was starting to think he might have to enlist her help to distract Ron. Hermione would be much more understanding about it than Ron.

"I'll be right back. I need to use the bathroom." He said, standing up.

"Don't take too long mate." Ron said, turning away from Dean. "Fred and George went to go get food for the party tonight."

"Ron! You just ate." Hermione said incredulously.

Smiling at the familiar bickering of his friends, Harry left the Great Hall and found Daphne standing near a stone statue, waiting for him. Grabbing her by the hand, he pulled her into a secret passage behind a tapestry. Before he could say anything, she pounced on him, her lips crashing against his in a passionate kiss. Harry grunted in surprise, but recovered quickly, and kissed her back just as hard. As much as he would have liked to take her somewhere more private and continue this, he knew people would start looking for him soon. Regretfully, he pulled back from her.

“Not that I'm complaining, but what was that for?” He asked.

“Do you have any idea how incredibly hot you looked out there?” She asked in reply.

Harry raised his eyebrows in surprise. That wasn't the answer he was expecting. Daphne gave him that sexy smirk of hers, her fingers playing with the hair at the back of his neck.

“I'm still a Slytherin, Harry, and Slytherins are attracted to power. You beat a dragon singlehandedly. That makes you very powerful, and very, very hot.” She said in a low seductive tone.

She leaned up and kissed him again, pulling his bottom lip with her teeth. Harry groaned as she let go.

“Do you want to meet tonight?” He asked, before explaining his thoughts. “There's a big party tonight in Gryffindor, and it probably won't end until late. I won't be able to slip away until after midnight.”

“That's okay, we can meet tonight.” She said. “I'll be waiting for you with the reward I promised you. And then tomorrow, we can spend the whole day celebrating.”

Harry smiled and pulled her closer. She must be really excited if she wanted to spend the whole day in bed.

“I can't wait to see what this surprise is. I'll sneak out as soon as I can.”

“Good.” She said, kissing him again.

It wasn't until almost one in the morning that he was able to sneak out of Gryffindor tower. It was the biggest party he had ever seen at Hogwarts. It was bittersweet for Harry. A lot of his

housemates celebrating with him at the party had been the ones that called him a liar after his name came out of the Goblet. It was good to have them back on his side, but none of them, besides Ron, had apologized.

Moving quietly through the halls under his Invisibility cloak, he quickly made it to the seventh floor, and the Room of Requirement. The door appeared as he approached, letting him know that Daphne was already there, and he quickly slipped inside. Closing the door, he threw off the cloak, and turned to find Daphne, and to his surprise, Tracey, sat waiting for him on the bed.

“Er, hi.” He said, his confusion clear.

They both greeted him and Daphne walked up to him, gave him a kiss, and smirking at the bewildered look on his face.

“No offense, but what why is Tracey here?” He asked.

“Isn’t it obvious, Potter?” Tracey called. “I’m your surprise.”

Harry’s eyes went wide and his head snapped to look back at Daphne. She smiled at him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Tracey’s been jealous of me getting to spend so much time with you, so I decided to invite her along to be your ‘reward’ for tonight.” Daphne explained.

“It’s not my fault you come back every Sunday and brag about how good Potter is in bed.” Tracey told her, then turned to Harry. “I wanted to see for myself if you’re that good, or if Daph is just exaggerating.”

Harry turned back to Daphne, looking at her intently. “Are you sure about this?” He asked her in a quiet, caring tone, caressing her cheek.

"I'm sure, Harry." She assured him.

Leaning in, she kissed along his jaw, then nibbled on his ear.

"I told you, I like powerful wizards. What shows you're powerful more than having her scream your name and then coming back to me, begging for more?" She whispered seductively in his ear.

As she kissed and sucked at his neck, her hands dropped down and began to undo his pants. Opening them, she reached into the waistband of his boxers and pulled out his hard cock. Pulling away from his neck, she kissed him on the lips before dropping to her knees.

"You just gonna sit there, or you gonna come help me with this?" Daphne asked, looking over at Tracey as she stroked his cock.

Tracey smiled, hopped of the bed, and walked quickly over to kneel down next to Daphne. Tracey was the same height as Daphne, with dark skin and straight dark hair. Her breasts were smaller than Daphne's, but still about a handful. The most pronounced feature was her ass, she had wide hips and a large, round, jutting ass that he couldn't wait to have in his hands. Harry licked his suddenly dry lips, his cock twitching in anticipation.

"Wow, he's just a big as you said he was." Tracey said.

"I was under truth serum. What did you expect?" Daphne asked.

"I know, but..." Tracy told her, staring transfixed at his erection.

"Here." Daphne said, shuffling to the side slightly and pointing his cock towards her.

Tracey reached out and wrapped her long fingers around his hard shaft, jerking him slowly. He looked over at Daphne as Tracey continued to stroke his cock, her thumb rubbing the head. While he wanted the sleep with Tracey, he wasn't willing to risk what he had with Daphne to do it. Daphne was watching her friend with a smirk, one of her hands was rubbing the inside of her thigh over her shorts. Harry raised an eyebrow at the sight. It seemed like she wasn't just okay with it, but was actually enjoying it.

Harry sucked in a breath and looked back at Tracey when he felt her tongue give him a short lick. Leaning in, Tracey started running her tongue in circles around the head of his cock, her hand gripping his shaft a bit tighter as it moved up and down his length. Opening her lips, Tracey took the first couple inches of his cock in her mouth, swirling her tongue around the head and sucking lightly. Harry moaned and put a hand on top of her head, threading his fingers through her hair. Pulling back and sucking hard, his head left her mouth with a loud *pop*.

"Your turn." Tracey said with a smile, pointing his cock as Daphne.

Daphne grabbed his shaft and plunged her mouth halfway down his length, bobbing her head up and down his cock, her tongue massaging the underside. Harry groaned and put his other hand on top of her head.

"Show off." Tracey said in a teasing tone.

Daphne, somehow, managed to convey a smirk even with her lips stretched wide around his cock. Slowly, she pulled her head back, sucking hard and caressing him with her tongue until he popped out of her mouth. Wordlessly, she handed him over to Tracey, who took hold of him and sank her hot mouth as far down as she could. Her bright red lips stretched wide around his shaft as she managed all but the last two inches of his cock before she gagged and had to pull back. She tried again, but got no further than she did before, gagging around him and pulling off with a cough.

"Beat that." She said, handing him over to Daphne.

Daphne grabbed him and took him into her mouth, slowly moving down his shaft until she hit the back of her throat and gagged at the same place Tracey did. Pulling back a couple of inches, she wrapped arms around his waist and descended down his shaft again, pulling herself forward with her arms. Again, she gagged, but didn't back off. Daphne continued to try and force his cock down her throat, gagging loudly around him. Slowly, she moved down until her lips were pressed against the base of his cock, his cock buried in her convulsing throat.

"Holy shit." Harry exclaimed.

After holding herself down for a few seconds, Daphne pulled off of him quickly, coughing hard with tears in her eyes. Tracey took him from her hand and shoved her mouth down on to him, only to stop and gag at the same place she did before. Grabbing his hips, she tried to pull herself forward like Daphne had done. Her eyes watered as she choked and gagged on his shaft, pulling back to breathe, and then forcing herself down again.

"Looks like you could use a hand." Daphne said, grabbing a handful of her hair.

"Hunh." Tracey grunted around him.

Daphne shoved Tracey's head forward, forcing the last bit of his cock down her throat. Tracey gagged hard, her throat spasming around his head as her eyes clenched closed and her arms flailed. Daphne yanked her off of his cock, giving her a chance to breathe. Coughing and gasping for air, Tracey had saliva running down her chin and tears rolling down her cheeks. Getting her breath back, Daphne pushed her back down onto his cock, all the way to the base. Harry groaned at the sight of Daphne forcing her best friend to deep throat his cock, and the feel of her throat spasming around him. Rather than hold her down like before, she pulled Tracey back half way up his shaft, then pushed her back down again and again, fucking her face on his cock.

Tracey's nose bounced off his pelvis as Daphne moved her up and down his length, and a loud squelching sound filled the room as she gagged around him. Yanking her back off by the hair, Tracey gasped for breath, her face a mess of tears and spit. While she caught her breath, Daphne leaned over and took his cock, coated in her friend's saliva, into her mouth, sucking on the head and swirling her tongue over the head. Harry throbbed at the naughtiness of her

actions. She didn't keep him in her mouth for long, pulling Tracey back over and pushing her back on to his cock.

Tracey swallowed him again, choking around his shaft as Daphne forced her all the way down brutally. Holding her by the hair, she jerked Tracey's head up and down his length harshly, making her choke and gag hard around his cock. Harry felt his climax approaching quickly, aroused by the depravity on display.

"Cumming!" He warned.

Daphne let Tracey pull back up to the head where she sucked on it, running her tongue over his sensitive head. Leaning forward, Daphne wrapped her plump lips around the side of his shaft, sucking and kiss it, her tongue wrapping around his girth. The sight of two very beautiful girls with their lips wrapped around his stiff cock pushed him over the edge. He grunted as he reached his peak, pulsing against Daphne's mouth as he came in Tracey's. He thrust his hips back and forth, using Daphne's mouth and tongue to jerk himself off while he shot jets of hot cum into Tracey. Holding still as his pleasure waned, he enjoyed the feeling of the girls' mouths around him for a moment as he floated in bliss. With a sigh, he pulled back, his deflating cock falling out of Tracey's mouth.

"Don't swallow, yet." Daphne told Tracey.

Leaning in, Daphne whispered something into Tracey's ear. With a smile, Tracey nodded her head. Jaw dropping, Harry watched as Daphne leaned in and kissed Tracey on the lips. He was stunned and aroused, his cock jerking back to life as he watched them sharing an open-mouthed kiss, their tongues sliding together and swapping his cum. Even after they had swallow everything, they continued to make out, their tongues dancing and hands groping each other over their clothes. After a couple of minutes, they broke apart, giggling when they saw how hard their little show had made him.

"I think we're all a bit over dressed." Daphne said, standing up.

Helping Tracey to her feet, Daphne lifted Tracey's shirt over her head, exposing her black bra, and Tracey did the same to her. Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes as he watched the girls undress each other. Soon, all three of them were naked, and he took a moment to look closer at Tracey. Her breasts, while smaller than Daphne's, were still large enough to fill his hands, and very perky, with small, dark areolas and large, fat nipples. Eyes drifting down her thin waist, her hips flared out wide, and from the side he could see her perky, wide ass jutting out behind her. They turned towards him after a whispered conversation, Daphne approached him with swaying hips.

"Go have fun with Tracey first, I want to watch." She told him with a smirk.

Harry smiled at her and leaned down to kiss her tenderly, stroking her cheek with the back of his hand when he pulled back. Walking over to Tracey, he picked her up, kissing her passionately, and walked her over to the bed. Crawling on to the bed with her, he laid over top of her and placed one hand on her chest, his other supporting his weight. Running his hand over her soft, smooth skin, his thumb rubbed her long, fat, stiff nipple, making her moan against his lips. Taking the hard nub between his fingers, he rolled it gently for a moment, then squeezed it hard, her chest arching off the bed. He slid his hand down her body and between her legs, her soaking wet pussy covering his hand in her arousal.

Feeling the bed shift, he looked up as two of his fingers push into her hot, tight slit. Tracey gave a wanton moan as Daphne climbed on to the bed next to them and laid back against the pillows, playing with herself as she watched them. Pulling his fingers out of Tracey, he sat up on his knees and grabbed her hips, rolling her over onto her stomach. She pushed herself up on to all fours, her large, round ass sticking out towards him. He marveled at how big and firm her cheeks were, grabbing them in his hands and kneading them. Letting go with one hand, he grabbed his hard cock and placed it at her entrance, slowly sinking in to her until his hips met her wonderful ass.

Tracey moaned, head bowed and hands gripping the sheets tightly. Grabbing her hips, he looked over at Daphne as he started to thrust slowly. Daphne had her knees bent and legs spread wide, two fingers sliding in and out of her tight lips, the other hand groping her large breasts. Groaning, he pulled Tracey back against him, increasing his pace and pulling out further on each thrust. His hips slapped against her ass cheeks, making them shake and ripple as they collided.

“You love it, don’t you Tracey?” Daphne asked her friend. “You love Harry’s fat cock.”

“Yes.” Tracey hissed, slamming her hips back into him.

Harry raised a hand and brought it down with a loud *SLAP*, making her ass ripple even harder. Grabbing her hips again, he drove into her hard and fast, huffing in exertion. Tracey’s pussy tightened around him as she moaned, her head dropping down on to the bed. Leaning over her back, he put one hand on her shoulder and used the leverage to fuck her even harder, her hot pussy starting to flutter around his stiff cock.

“Cum. Cum all over his cock you little slut.” Daphne told her loudly, fingering herself furiously.

Tracey let out a high pitch grunt each time he slammed into her. Sitting up, Harry put his hands on her cheeks and spread them apart, exposing her pussy and crinkled asshole to his view. He watched as her lips grasped his cock tightly when he pulled back, his shaft glossy with her arousal. A low keening noise left Tracey’s throat, and he felt his release beginning to build quickly at the furious pace.

“Come on, cum already, you stupid whore!” Daphne yelled, nearly at her own peak.

At her words, Tracey’s screamed into the sheets and her pussy clamped down on his cock. Her legs shook wildly and she collapsed flat on to the bed. Harry followed her, his hips pounding into her as she lay prone on the bed, desperate to reach his climax. Clawing at the sheets, like she was trying to escape the overwhelming pleasure, Harry slammed into her a few more times. Just as he reached his peak, he pulled out of her and wrapped his hand around his cock, stroking madly.

“Oh fuck!” Daphne yelled, reaching her own climax.

A moment later, so did Harry, groaning as his cum shot across Tracey’s ass, the white streaks contrasting sharply with her dark skin. He painted several lines across her chocolate-colored skin, a few drops dribbling out to land in the crack of her ass and dripping down to her pussy.

Harry collapsed to the side and lay on his back, breathing heavily as he savored the haze of euphoria that enveloped him.

A few moments later, he opened his eyes when he felt movement next to him. Daphne had crawled over to him, pressing herself up against his side, and kissing him passionately.

“Rest for a little bit, then, it’s my turn.” She told him with a sexy smirk.

It was going to be a long night, he thought with a smile.