

There was a light November snow covering the quidditch grounds as the crowd waited eagerly for the match to start. Susan couldn't remember ever seeing the stands quite so full. *And not everyone has arrived yet. But they expanded them anyway so that's not exactly surprising.* Even students that she knew weren't the biggest fans of the sport were more than happy to come along and support Hogwarts.

It really was quite an amazing thing. Where normally they would be separated quite distinctly down house lines, now they really were one team, one school so to speak. Hannah was sitting next to Neville two rows ahead of her while Daphne was speaking with Astoria a few seats down to her left.

She was surprised when she felt a hand on her shoulder as someone budged in just next to her. Looking at the new arrival, her eyes widened as she looked to her right to find Orina sitting there with a truly beatific smile, "Hello, Susan, right?" Just like the rest of the students, she'd gotten her first proper introduction to the stunning veela that week in History.

"Yep, that's me, Susan Bones." Her voice was higher than normal and she coughed to hide it. She didn't feel any particular effect from their allure, but that didn't change the fact that they were gorgeous. Or that she knew full well that these two young women were **with** Harry. *Repeatedly too, I'm sure.*

"Mind if we sit here?" Anya planted herself on her other side without waiting for a response. In a matter of seconds, Susan went from pleasantly minding her own business to being stuck in a veela sandwich. *Now that sounds like it could be quite a bit of fun.*

"No, you're more than welcome." Susan replied politely. For some reason, she felt the desire to pull on her braid, but that was only something she did when she was nervous and there certainly wasn't any reason to be nervous.

Orina looked at her like she could sense her thoughts, but just responded with a simple, "Thank you."

Both Orina and Anya wore crimson sweaters, and golden jackets with matching beanies in support of their Gryffindor lover. Susan swallowed and did her best to calm her frantic nerves, "So... how are you finding Hogwarts?"

"Brilliant!" Anya told her.

"The Three Broomsticks was nice enough place to stay. Abby is such lovely woman after all," Orina continued after her friend, "But there's something... magical about this castle."

"And there are certain other things that don't hurt either." Based on the naughty smirk, Susan had a relatively easy time guessing what she was referring to. Daphne spared her a look at that moment, and her Slytherin friend was absolutely no help at all, simply chuckling to herself at her predicament. Susan wasn't sure if she was happy about that or disappointed.

She felt a bit like the prey of the two women surrounding her, as though they'd actively sought her out. It was both titillating and intimidating, "Where exactly are you staying?"

"Oh, in one of the castle's many rooms." Discretion with that information was understandable in Susan's opinion. While most of the school and their guests were perfectly reasonable in their view of veela, there were still those who viewed them as nothing more than creatures. *Meant for one thing and one thing only. And who's to say what somebody would be willing to do because of that belief.*

“We would be happy to show you sometime if you would like. We only want our friends to know about our room, I’m sure you understand.” Orina pressed against her side, and Susan couldn’t help but note that she smelled fantastic, like sweet alyssum, her favorite flower, and a hint of vanilla. *What are the chances of that?*

“I... I’d really like that.” Her cheeks felt flush and it had nothing to do with the chilly gust of wind that cut through the pitch.

Both girls gave her a wolfish smile at that, and that feeling of being prey only grew. Anya’s hand moved to her denim covered thigh, “Perhaps after the match?” Susan felt electricity where she touched, and she couldn’t bring herself to do more than nod dumbly. It didn’t help that Anya clearly had no intention of moving her hand anytime soon.

“Is your aunt here by any chance?” Orina questioned.

“Oh...um, no. She wasn’t able to make it for this, unfortunately” She furrowed her brow in confusion, “Why?”

“We’d like to thank her.” At Susan’s continued look of confusion, she elaborated, “For Malfoy.” She was still very close to her, it was quite distracting. *Wonder if their always this comfortable with being so close to somebody, or if it’s only a special few?*

“Oh, right, of course. She wouldn’t expect you to thank her, that was her pleasure.” Anya gave her thigh a squeeze at that last word, that left her frazzled, “Sh... she despises Lucius Malfoy for a great many reasons. Greatest among them being the fact that he was responsible for the murder of my parents.”

“It’s terrible that such man managed to elude justice for so long.” Orina commented, “And considering it was your aunt that finally saw it done, and considering what he meant to do to us, we’d like to thank her.”

Susan could understand that, “You missed her last weekend, unfortunately. She might be here for the first of the tasks next weekend. If not, she’ll be here at the next round of the dueling tournament.”

“Excellent,” Orina finally pulled away, and Susan wasn’t sure if she was happy about that fact or not. She was enjoying the closeness, but it wasn’t exactly helping with her ability to think.

“Mind you, in end, we’re quite happy with the way that things turned out.” Anya commented. She gave her thigh a firm squeeze and then she started trailing her fingers along the fabric.

“What do you mean?”

“Vell, if Malfoy and his friends never attacked us, we might never have met Harry. And neither of us would trade that for anything in the world.” There was such obvious and honest adoration in her voice. *Love, that’s what love sounds like.*

Susan couldn’t help but smile, “He’s rather fantastic, isn’t he?”

Anya gave her a conspiratorial wink, “You don’t know half of it...” There was an unspoken ‘yet’ at the end. It was a promise of things to come and Susan couldn’t help but be eager at the prospect.

Susan didn’t get a chance to dwell on that fact though, as Ludo Bagman’s voice rang loud and clear around the pitch, “Welcome to the first quidditch event of this monumental tournament! Today’s match

will feature the witches and wizards from the south of France... captained by Arnaud Belmont... Beauxbatons!" They came soaring out of the tunnel wearing light blue quidditch robes while their pads and equipment were a pristine white. The Beauxbatons contingent roared in support of their team.

"And our home favorites from the north of Scotland... captained by Harry Potter!...Hogwarts!" If the Beauxbatons students and their supporters had been loud, the Hogwarts side was absolutely deafening as they rose to their feet. The stands shook as the team made their way onto the pitch. Their robes were in the same sort of style as the dueling robes but made of slightly thicker material. They were black and lined with the color of the player's house.

Both teams did a loop around the pitch before the keepers split off toward the goal posts. There was an official waiting for the captains in the middle. The crowd watched with bated breath as they shook hands and headed toward their sides. The bludgers were released first and they went zipping around the pitch, not yet hitting anything. Quickly after that the snitch was released and immediately disappeared. *How they manage to find that ruddy thing in the first place, I'll never know.*

And then finally, the quaffle was tossed into the air. The teams shot through air, a chaser from each team diving toward the ball. It was Tracey that managed to gather it, "Hogwarts gets the quaffle and we're off!" The crowd cheered as she tossed it to her right. Seemingly from nowhere, Ginny soared in and nabbed it out of the air. A bludger shot past her ear as she dived underneath it. One of the Beuxbatons chasers tried to budge the quaffle from her hand but she held firm. For such a small girl, she had one hell of a grip.

Blaise batted a bludger toward the offending chaser and knocked the boy off his course. Ginny threw a pass back to her left, over the top of one of another of Beuxbatons chasers. It was on point and ended up in Tracey's hands behind the defense, "Davis fakes left and the keeper bites and she scores with the assist from Weasley! Just like that it's 10-0, Hogwarts!" The crowd was still on their feet and it gave Anya the perfect opportunity to reach behind Susan and give her bodacious bum a firm pinch.

The young redhead yelped quietly as she looked over at the silver-blond. The girl just looked at her with big, innocent eyes that didn't fool Susan for a second. There wasn't even a small part of her that disliked it though and so, she just gave Anya a coy smile. The look she received in turn made her pussy throb with need.

The game progressed much like that, the Beuxbatons team wasn't bad by any measure, but Tracey and Ginny had a shocking level of chemistry on the pitch. When one of them threw the quaffle, the other just seemed to be there. And then there was Harry.

Getting coached by two of the best professional players in Britain had made him even better. He was looking for the snitch while also influencing the rest of the game. He interrupted Beuxbatons formations, snatched the quaffle out of the air on an errant pass, and ran his counterpart into the ground with a wonderfully executed Wronski Feint.

"Oooo... DuMont needs to shake that one off, that was a heck of an impact."

"He really is amazing flyer." Orina commented, clearly impressed with her lover's ability in the air.

"He's always looked so natural in the air," Susan said with a fond smile, "Even our first flying lesson he didn't have the slightest trouble and he'd never even been on a broom before. You should see him on his

Firebolt.” The game was played cleanly, even as the Beauxbatons players got ever more frustrated with their lack of results.

It was all exhilarating, but Susan found herself having a hard time concentrating entirely because of Anya. The crowd found their seats again, only jumping up again in the excitement of a goal. Anya took every one of those opportunities to pinch or grope her bum. *I’m probably going to have a bruise by the time the match is over.* And it wasn’t only that.

Every time they sat back down, Anya found the tender flesh of her thigh again. Where before it’d largely been subtle and light, now she was massaging her with purpose. Tantalizingly high up, close enough that she could probably feel the heat of her cover pussy. With the rest of the crowd quite clearly distracted, she had no shame in riling her up. And she did all of that while attentively watching the match and its progression.

“Weasley with a fantastic goal! She carved through the Beuxbatons defenders! Making the score 80-30.” Bagman sounded giddy, “I won’t be surprised to see that girl on pro team some day!”

Susan’s breath hitched as she felt a gentle, subtle squeeze of her sensitive breast. What surprised her more was that it didn’t come from Anya but Orina. *Great, now I’ve got both of them to deal with.* Her knickers were absolutely ruined already and now they were going to double team her. *I’ll be lucky if I don’t cum right here in the stands.*

In all the commotion, the only person that seemed to notice was Daphne. Her friend gave them furtive glances, a bit of longing in her own blue orbs. *Serves her right for finding this amusing earlier!* Susan loved her friend dearly, but she also loved teasing her. And it seemed that Anya and Orina had no problem doing it either.

Her ordeal lasted for the full two hours of the match. They seemed to know exactly how to excite her, to make her want just a bit more without actually giving it to her. It was maddening and brilliant.

A reprieve from their relentless ministrations came as Harry rushed over the top of them, “Potter’s seen the snitch! And he’s closing fast!” The wind whipped around them as he passed, and Anya actually had to grab her hat to stop it from flying off.

The Beauxbatons seeker followed in hot pursuit. But he was late to the party. Harry closed on the fluttering golden ball with ruthless efficiency. Every turn it made he followed and before his counterpart could even get within twenty meters, he wrapped his hand around the snitch!

“And it’s over! A brilliant pursuit by Potter! With a final score of 260-40, Hogwarts wins!” Bagman’s announcement was almost completely drowned out by the booming yells of the Hogwarts’ students, “We’ll be back here again tomorrow at the same time for the first match of the upperclassman.”

The teams shook hands in the middle before Hogwarts did a victory lap around the pitch. People started filtering out of the stadium as they landed and headed toward the locker room. Susan found herself sitting there between the two veela as they emptied

Blushing red as her hair, the feel of hot breath on her ear made her shiver, “Vell, there vill be parties after this, no?” There was no doubt about that.

Susan didn't trust herself to speak and could only nod, and Anya gave a tinkling laugh, "Perhaps you would like to join us... for little celebration of our own. You did say you'd like to visit our room?"

Eager, almost too eager, she bobbed her head. Her voice came out breathy, "That would be... bloody brilliant." Anya looked thrilled with that and took her hand. Leading her up to the castle, Susan felt excited butterflies jumping in her stomach. She knew that she was in for quite the night.

Harry was the last one to leave the stadium because he stuck behind to speak with Gwenog. He hadn't even made it to the locker room until twenty minutes after the rest of the team.

He could hear it before the Fat Lady even opened the hole, "Hogwarts! Hogwarts! Hoggy Warty, Hogwarts!" They weren't singing the rest of the school song, just repeating the opening line.

Shaking his head, he knew that exuberant chaos awaited him within. The Fat Lady gave him a look of obvious displeasure, "Absolute mayhem in there, and I hear you're the one to blame."

"It was a team effort, I just happened to catch the snitch." She snorted disbelievingly and waited for him to give the password, "Balderdash." The portrait swung open, and the noise doubled. Ducking in, he was impressed by the state of the celebration considering he was only about a half an hour behind.

There was butterbeer, no doubt gotten by the Weasley twins. He couldn't help but notice that it wasn't just Gryffindors inside though. Daphne, Tracey and Blaise were all there as well. Blaise was chatting with the Weasley twins, something to do with beating if he were to guess. Daphne sat on the couch quietly sipping on her drink while Tracey and Ginny replayed the whole match in detail. Sigrid was there as well, just as enthusiastic despite not playing that day. *That's a girl that properly loves the game.*

"There he is! Feckin' best seeker in the school, right there!" Seamus slurred slightly, and he wouldn't be surprised if there was Firewhiskey around there somewhere too. The crowd turned to him and cheered his arrival but then went right back to the party.

A clap on his back nearly took the air out of him. Ron was at his side with a dopey grin on his face, "Bloody awesome, mate!" Whatever animosity had been brewing between them seemed to have left the lanky redhead, "What a match!" If he wasn't going to pick a fight, then Harry wouldn't either.

"You did great between the posts, and you did a damn good job game planning, too." Ron knew that aspect of the game better than him. He'd helped, and been quite the motivator, but he had other things that were taking up his time, so a good chunk of the actual gameplan had fallen to Ron.

Beaming at the compliment, Ron squeezed his shoulder, "I want you to know... I'm sorry."

Harry's eyebrows shot to his hairline in surprise. *Well, I wasn't expecting that.* At best, he expected Ron to just pass it by as though nothing happened and try and return to normal. Apparently, a bit of personal success allowed for some introspection, "Yeah... what for exactly?"

"The nonsense about the tournament..." He sounded surprisingly timid, "Parv tried telling me I was being daft, that there was no guarantee I would've gotten chosen for the tournament anyway." He shook his head, "I just didn't want to listen..."

"Really, you're stubborn? I never noticed." Harry couldn't help but chuckle at his expense.

“Hey... I’m trying to apologize here!” But he was smiling all the same, “I know how hard you’ve been working... I’ve been having a hard enough time keeping up with classwork and all I’ve got is quidditch. I honestly don’t know where you find the time.” *Not sleeping much help a fair bit.* “For what’s worth, I think you’re the best person that could’ve been chosen.”

“Right... well, apology accepted.”

But Ron wasn’t done, “And about Ginny... I know I don’t get any say in what she does just... don’t hurt her, yeah?”

“That won’t happen.” Harry told him, dead serious. If there was one thing he didn’t want to do, it was hurt any of the girls that he was involved with.

There was one more pat on his shoulder as Ron took a swig of his butterbeer, “Right... well that’s done. Get yourself a butterbeer and have some fun.” With that he left and headed over to Parvati and Lavender.

Thinking his friend had the right idea of it, he grabbed a bottle and headed over to the couch where Ginny and Sigrid were giggling about something. The redhead bounced to her feet and guided him into the seat, and sat herself down across him, giving a wiggle of her bum for good measure, “Hello there, handsome.”

“Hi,” he caught Daphne’s eye, and she gave him a little smile, “What have I missed?”

“Not much,” The blonde Slytherin informed him, “Just the three of them reminiscing about the game that finished oh... less than an hour ago.”

“Hey, that’s not all we’ve been discussing.” Tracey sounded affronted.

“No, you’re right, of course.” Daphne turned back to him, and said entirely straight-faced, “They’ve also been arguing about who’s going to win your match against Durmstrang. Sigrid’s rather insistent that they’re going to come out on top.”

Tracey nudged her friend, “That’s what you get for being friends with a bunch of quidditch fanatics.” Daphne shook her head, but he could tell from the little turn at the corner of her lips that she really loved it.

Looking at the dark-haired girl, she didn’t back down from her claim one bit, “Oh we’re definitely going to win!”

“Your seeker’s that good, huh?” Harry challenged her, “Because I know you’re not saying you think you’re going to run up the score on Ginny and Tracey at chaser. Or are you saying that Ron’s a slouch in the goals?”

Both girls looked at their Danish friend, and she held her hands up placatingly, “That’s not what I’m saying at all. Nope not one bit.”

“Your seeker must be brilliant, then.” Daphne clearly enjoyed backing the girl into that corner as much as Harry, “Because if you think it’s going to be an even match between the posts, it’ll have to come down to the snitch. So, they’ll have to beat Harry.”

Sigrid lost some confidence at that but held her ground, "He's good, I'll give you that. But anybody can be beaten. Astrid is more than good enough with a bit of luck."

"Good as your cousin?"

She snorted out a laugh, "Viktor is world class. Professionals struggle against him. It would be unfair to compare her to him."

Tracey and Ginny shared a look before the Slytherin responded, "Right, well... you'll understand if we like our chances."

Sigrid didn't try to argue any further, "Viktor is very eager to fly against you after today. He thought you were good before, but was impressed to see you in an actual game."

"Maybe sometime after the First Task. I'm sure we both have a bit too much on our minds until after that." The girl nodded her understanding.

"So, no party down in the dungeons?" Harry asked Daphne.

Tracey and her both scoffed at the very idea, "Most of us were excited, but no one wanted to suffer Draco and his moaning. Easier just to come up here and borrow off you lot anyway."

"That's a nice of a saying mooch."

"We pay for it with our wonderful company, I'll have you know." Daphne stuck her nose up highly, but couldn't hold the face for long before she started giggling.

They sat there chatting and drinking, just having a good time like teenagers were meant to. It'd been nearly an hour when Harry had a sudden surge of pure pleasure pulse through his body. It felt deliberate... like Anya and Orina were trying to call him without worrying him.

Shifting in his lap, Ginny could feel his half hard cock through his trousers. While he was enjoying every second of the party, he was painfully curious what exactly was happening. Grabbing her by the slim waist, Ginny seemed to know what he intended right away, "Have fun." He was surprised that she didn't want to join him.

"Try not to ruin your knickers." He squeezed her bum as he placed her on her feet.

"Too late..." She told him with an impish smile, "And considering what you're going to do, there's absolutely no hope for them."

As he stepped around her, Sigrid asked, "Where are you going?"

"He's the captain! He still has more teammates to celebrate with, doesn't he?" Ginny's ability to come up with a lie so easily spoke to growing up in such a large family.

"Exactly." Harry just went along with it, "I can't leave out the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs." Sigrid and Tracey bought the explanation easily enough, but Daphne didn't look entirely convinced, even if she didn't voice it. There was a knowing glint in her eye, but then she'd seen some things that he hadn't.

With that he was off toward the portrait. He had to push past an overly amorous Fred and Alicia but got out easily enough. *Or is that George?* He didn't need to worry about prefects or teachers as there were still a few hours until curfew.

There was an excited giggle from one of the broom cupboards he passed as he made the trek down to the third floor. *Must've forgotten the Silencing Charm.* As he made it to the landing, there was another pulse of need that shot right to his groin. *Good thing I haven't run into anyone because the situation in my trousers wouldn't be any fun explaining.*

When he reached the door, it opened at his touch. That was another thing he thought was Dobby's doing. It was magically locked except for him, Anya and Orina. The door to the bedroom was slightly open. Moving to it, there was a needy moan that didn't sound like either of the two veela. And he did consider himself something of an authority on that. Pushing the door open, the sight in front of him had him ready to burst out of his trousers.

The room was bathed in dim candlelight. The three women on the bed all had an oily glisten about them, but it didn't stain the bed beneath them. Orina and Anya lay on either side of a flushed, desperately horny Susan Bones. One was wearing a crimson red set of lacey lingerie, complete with stockings, while the other wore gold. They really went all out on supporting him that day. *How in the bloody hell has **this** become my life?*

Naked as the day she was born, the redhead's legs were spread wide with her knees pointed toward the top of the bed and pinned by each of the veela. Her puffy pussy was the same pale pink as her nipple. A cute littleinnie with a small tuft of neatly trimmed copper hair above her dripping slit. He could see a small wet spot where her curvy bum was pressed into the mattress. *Slick. Squelch. Slick. Squelch.* It was an obscene sound that reached his ears like sweet music as one finger from each of the impossibly sexy veela plunged into Susan's tight tunnel.

Susan's blue eyes were closed as she gave the cutest little moans of pleasure. Anya looked at him with those captivating sapphire eyes and crooked a finger for him to come closer, "We've been waiting for you."

The noise made Susan open her eyes and she bit her bottom lip as she watched him approach. Harry licked his own lips as he watched her arch her back in orgasm, with a weak moan she shuddered out, "Oh..."

"I can see that." Harry told them as he reached the foot of the bed. He was just an arm's length away from the sinfully beautiful sight. Those incredible, gravity defying tits shook in the most delicious way. They truly were magnificent. Of all the girls, the only one who compared on sheer size was Anya next to her.

Orina's finger popped from Susan's spasming hole and she pivoted so that her face was right by his crotch. She was sure to keep the redhead's leg pinned in the process even as she continued shuddering through her peak. "You were fantastic today, love." Her fingers went to the snap of his trousers and undid them with a practiced ease. It was a blessed relief as she pushed them down and freed his raging erection.

“Th... thanks.” She pulled his cock out of his pants into the air and immediately filled her mouth with his veiny member.

Moaning at the taste of him, she bobbed her head up and down a few times to coat him in her spit before popping back off, “We thought it would be fun to celebrate.” *That’s the same thing they thought about Sue... it’s hard to argue with them.*

“Susan was all for it.” Anya giggled as she continued to torment the younger girl. Her slippery digits flicked across Susan’s insanely sensitive clit. Her peak tumbled from one into the next as she reached up to tweak her own nipple. He knew from experience that those sensitive buds could drive the girl absolutely wild. On cue, Susan tried to buck her hips but couldn’t because of the weight of the veela. Her pussy spasmed and a rivulet of thick cream ran from her slit down to her twitching asshole.

“I see that, too.” His eyes were fixated on the poor Hufflepuff as she tried to come to grips with the sheer pleasure of it all, “But we...”

“She knows.” Orina cut him off as she gave his knob a firm squeeze, “We made sure to tell her before she ever made it to our bed.” Only Orina and Anya knew of Dumbledore and Iliyana’s discoveries as of yet. *Well, I guess that’s not true anymore.* He’d made it clear that no one else would join them unless they knew exactly what they were getting themselves into.

“Fuck yes... I know.” Susan finally spoke, her voice was deep and husky. Her eyes were boring into the back of Orina’s head as she wanted nothing more than to get at his cock, “I know all about how your magic is connected to mine... how it’s pulling me in and being pulled in turn...”

With a flash of Orina’s magic, he found himself completely naked and the veela pulled him by the cock onto the bed. She dropped his heavy shaft right on top of Susan’s leaking sex before moving back to her side.

The busty young woman whimpered as she did her best to roll her hips against his cock, “And how do you feel about that?” He could guess, given the situation, but he wanted to hear it from her.

“How do you think?” She panted out. It was taking a great deal of his willpower not to slot his knob into her slit and just fill her up to the brim.

“I want to hear you say it, Susan. I want you to tell me exactly what you fucking think about it.”

Susan’s breathing came hot and heavy, he hadn’t forgotten how much a bit of cursing turned her on, “I think it’s amazing... that the bloke I fancy... is connected to me... by magic...”

“And what do you want me to do about it?” He grabbed the base of his cock and prodded at her entrance, careful not to pop in.

“Oh... I want... I want you to make love to me.” Susan told him softly, ever so softly. Both of his veela lovers beamed up at him as they rested their cheeks against each of the redhead’s shoulders.

Harry didn’t need to be told twice. The heat of her sex was welcoming, just inviting him to plunge in. Her lips hugged him exquisitely as he pushed the first few inches into her and broke her barrier. She squealed low in her throat, and Harry leaned down to capture that pain with a kiss. There was a flare of the allure and whatever pain she felt dissipated into pleasure.

Her tunnel was incredibly wet and he could only wonder at just how long she'd been kept on edge before reaching her peak again and again in anticipation of his arrival. It made filling her up easy even as her buttery, grippy walls hugged to every vein of his cock as she stretched around his girth.

When his hips knocked against hers, she stared up at him with wide-eyed wonderment. Anya's massive bust pressed into her side, as she whispered lasciviously, "Amazing, isn't it?" She could only nod as her fingers pressed against her belly.

Orina was kissing against her shoulder as she said, "Did you ever think that anything could feel so good? That something could touch you so deeply?"

Susan bit her bottom lip hard and shook her head, and whimpered wantonly, "More... I want more."

Harry sawed his hips slowly, methodically in and out of his newest lover. Every plunge pulled a sensual, deep moan from her as she reveled in that blissful act. Orina trailed her fingers ever so lightly along her pale skin down to where they were joined at the same time as Anya leaned down and captured one of Susan's pale, pink nipples between her teeth. Seemingly as one they, pinched and nipped at those most sensitive parts of her, "Oh... yes!"

"That's right, Susie." Harry cupped her other tit in one of his rough hands, "Cum on my fucking cock. I want to see you lose your damn mind from the pleasure."

Only intensified to by his lewd suggestions, the orgasm that hit her was powerful. Her pale flesh flushed as she opened her mouth in a silent scream of absolute ecstasy. With her legs pinned even there was nowhere for her to run, she could only lie there and quake through every pulse of electric pleasure. Her creamy essences covered his cock as he kept plowing into her sheath. As hard as she tried to coax the cum from his cock, he refused to fall over that edge.

Finally, the two veela moved and let her have use of her legs again. Surprising him, she hooked them around his back and showed a shocking amount of strength as she turned them so that she was on top. Her cobalt blue eyes were surprisingly alert, but they glazed over as he flexed himself inside of her, "I want... Your. Cum." Both Anya and Orina looked impressed as she started bouncing her meaty bum up and down against him.

It was incredibly hot watching the redhead take command, beating her hips down against him with all the strength she had left. Watching her was a feast for the eyes, jiggling in all the right places as she worked so hard to get what she wanted.

The other two girls laid down with their head between his legs. The cum in his balls roiled as they each took one of his heavy orbs into their mouth. He swelled inside of her and there was a look of utter triumph in Susan's eyes as she started grinding for everything, she was worth, "Yes... fucking cum, Harry. Fill me up!" It was a primal desire, one that he knew now was driven by magic.

Forcing her hips down, he grunted as his cock almost vibrated and he started shooting his cum up into her greedy tunnel. Susan shuddered through an orgasm of her own, eye glazing over in rapture, "Uhhmm... so warm." What strength remained to her fell away and she draped herself across against his chest. Her pillowy tits squished against him.

His orgasm filled her past the limit and he could feel a line of his seed dripping down his shaft to his balls. It never had the chance to hit the bed though, as his two veela dutifully caught it on their soft tongues. They kept kissing and licking at him, all but demanding more. *No rest for the wicked I suppose.*