

“Coming, Harry?” Glancing over his shoulder, Harry saw Viktor standing there with a broom over his shoulder. Sigrid was just behind him looking far more eager than her cousin, but then he was rather stoic.

The hall was much quieter the Saturday after the Yule Ball. People from all three schools had left on Boxing Day to celebrate with their families with more of them departing over the course of the week. Harry considered taking a break to visit Sirius but decided against it.

One of those people had been Ron, before he even got back from the carriage that morning... Fleur was reluctant to let him leave, much to his enjoyment, so he hadn't had the opportunity to find out exactly what happened at the Ball. Parvati hadn't stuck around any longer than Ron so Padma hadn't gotten the full story from her sister either.

Something to worry about later. As things were, they were just finishing up dinner. Him and his girls. Daphne had spent Boxing Day with her family, as had Susan, but they came back the day after. The moment he decided that he was sticking around, they all, seemingly by some silent agreement, decided to do the same.

He'd been expecting the request from the famous seeker all day and so pulled his shrunken Firebolt from his pocket. He enlarged it with a little bit of wandless magic, Sirius's dramatics must have been rubbing off on him, and stood, “Whenever you are.”

“Wait... wait... wait, there's no way I'm missing this.” Ginny took one last bite of her food before popping up from the bench. He knew of all the girls she was the one who wouldn't miss it unless she was in the hospitable wing... petrified. *And even then, she'd still try to find a way down there.*

“Wasn't planning on leaving without you.” He assured her, “Anyone else coming along?” Anya seemed rather eager, too.

Orina just gave him a little wave, “I vatched Viktor fly all summer... I already know that you're better.” The Bulgarian man scoffed at that, but didn't seem bothered by her ribbing, “Besides, it's New Year's Eve, so I'll need to have something warm waiting for you when you're done.”

“Are you going to be wearing your quidditch trousers?” Padma asked as though that were somehow extremely important.

“Uhhmm... yes.”

“Alright, you twisted my arm... I'll come.”

“If Ori over there is baking then I'm going to be nearby... sorry.” Daphne wasn't really sorry in the slightest, and he wasn't surprised.

Susan hooked her arm around the Slytherin's shoulders, “No... no you're not. I'm gonna have to stay up here too, just to make sure you don't steal them all.” Daphne pouted at that much to her redheaded friend's amusement.

Fleur was looking up at the ceiling above them. The weather looked uninviting to say the least, particularly to someone who was accustomed to the beaches of Southern France. She gave them a

rather unimpressed look, “You’re mad... ze bozz of you. I’m going to stay up here where it’s warm.” The castle wasn’t exactly warm, it could get quite drafty in the winter, but their room certainly was.

“Seconded.” Sue looped her arm through Fleur’s.

Harry didn’t mind one way or the other, but they needed to shift because there was only so much sunlight left in the day. When they reached the entrance, he realized that intentionally or not, Viktor had picked his moment for their little session quite brilliantly. *Because you’d have to be insane to willingly go out in this, much less fly in it.*

“You know, on second thought, I’d rather not spend the next... however long as an icicle.” Padma shivered as the biting wind gusted against them at the doorway.

Anya pressed into her from one side while Ginny did the same on the other, “Don’t worry, we’ll keep you warm.”

“As will an abundance of warming charms,” Harry added.

“Yep, those too.” Ginny agreed with a laugh. That was enough to convince her and so they headed out into the bitter cold. The wind was whipping up drifts as they made their way down the snow-covered path to the pitch.

“You know, this is mild compared to what we’re used to.” Viktor told them as they drew nearer to the pitch. The Hogwarts contingent and Anya looked at him like he was a nutter.

But Sigrid just nodded her agreement, “Durmstrang is brutal this time of year, but we make do.”

“Never thought that I’d be thankful for Scottish winters...” Harry mumbled, and the cousins snorted out a laugh at that.

“You get used to it...” Sigrid assured him, “and it has its own beauty to it, too.”

“And it helps with quidditch training, too. Extreme conditions help prepare you for anything.”

“Until you end up having to play in a World Cup final in, oh, I don’t know, Brazil... in the middle of summer.” Ginny retorted.

Viktor chuckled at that, “Now **that** sounds miserable.” And it was also a very real possibility sometime further along in his career.

They reached the entrance to the pitch and hurried inside. The girls weren’t planning on flying themselves, at least as far as he knew, so they headed to the stands as Harry and Viktor headed down the tunnel together.

Viktor was already in some proper gear, but Harry needed to make a stop down at the locker room. *I did promise someone quidditch trousers after all.* It was a quick change to make, and when he came back out Viktor was waiting for him with the ball case in tow. He looked oddly contemplative as they walked toward the pitch and stopped him as they reached the tunnel exit.

“You know, I’ve been meaning to thank you.” The older man finally revealed.

He could only quirk an eyebrow at that, because for the life of him, he couldn't imagine what he'd done that Viktor would want to thank him for. At his quizzical look, Viktor elaborated, "For World Cup, saving Anya and Orina. I can't say that I know them vell, but they are still part of team."

"Oh... right!" The thought had never even occurred to him, "It was the right thing to do, and I wouldn't have been able to live with myself if I just left them there."

"Vorked out vell in the end, ja?"

It did, more than anyone save Dumbledore and Sirius actually knew. He understood there were some people who just thought that it landed him two gorgeous veela, but it was so much more than that. Though at the same time, that wasn't why he did it, "It did... but honestly, if I went back knowing everything that happened after just... wouldn't, I'd still save them."

Viktor looked at him for a long moment, before giving a stiff nod, "Makes sense now."

"What's that?"

"Herm... Hermyown," Viktor shook his head at his own inability.

"Hermione." Harry tried not to chuckle, because he really was trying, but it was still a fifty-fifty chance he'd actually get her name right.

"Ja, she speaks highly of you. I can see why." Harry wasn't really sure how to respond to that, but luckily, he didn't need to because Viktor stepped out onto the pitch. The wind had lessened at least a bit, but the biting cold was no less prominent. His lungs burned on that first breath, but he was able to hide his cough behind a laugh when he looked over at the stands and saw the girls.

You'd think that we were about to play in the World Cup for all the effort they put in. He could only assume that they'd conjured them, but there was every possibility that they'd made them in advance. But they were holding signs and banners cheering them on. Though, Padma's wasn't exactly cheering them on, more just a command. *Let's See **That Bum, Harry!*** And Ginny's cheeks were painted in Gryffindor colors. Understandably, Sigrid was the only one supporting her cousin.

Setting down the case, Viktor retrieved the snitch from inside. The wings came to life and started fluttering as he held it back, "Ready?"

Mounting his Firebolt, he just gave him a smile, "Let's do it." He let go and the little golden ball zoomed off away from them.

What followed was enlightening to say the least. It was one thing to see Viktor play from a distance, but to see it up close and personal was something else. He really was a natural on a broom, and just like Harry, it was obvious he really loved being in the air.

That didn't stop Harry from giving it his all, and he'd wager that he didn't do half bad. He could at least say that he would've fared better than Lynch against Viktor's Wronski Feint. *I didn't plow headfirst into the ground.*

They bluffed each other three times before they found the snitch flitting around against the grey sky. The chase was shockingly brutal to Harry. He'd gotten physical plenty of times in a chase, but Viktor had a

knack for positioning his broom and bodying him out of position. Still, he kept right with him until the very end.

Even knowing he was going against someone truly gifted, it didn't lessen his competitive nature. So, he was still disappointed when he saw Viktor's hand close around the golden snitch. *Damn... next time.* They landed side by side on the pitch, to the cheers of the ladies in the stands.

Viktor clapped him on the shoulder, "Very good... you have great control of broom. If you ever decide to play on professional level, you'll need to get used to physicality." He squeezed his arm, "You have plenty of mass. Smaller people than you make great seekers, but you just need to know how to use it."

Taking all the advice in stride, he nodded, "I'll keep that in mind."

Viktor nodded, and then gestured with the snitch, "Again?" Harry couldn't help but smile back. The second time was less successful than the first if anything, though not because Viktor was trying any harder, simply because Harry was trying to implement his advice for the first time. Then on the third, it happened.

He found the snitch first flitting around near the base of the stands. Darting across to it, he had Viktor on the back foot. And he didn't let him bully his way into position. He kept him on his left and forced the snitch away to his right. It was still a close fought thing, but in the end, he managed to get to the snitch first. *One out of three isn't too bad considering the level of competition.*

When they landed, Viktor seemed impressed... though mildly irritated. *You don't get as good as Viktor if you're ever satisfied with losing.* Still, he was complimentary, "You learn quickly, too. That's first time in years someone beat me to snitch."

They were interrupted rather unceremoniously as Ginny and Sigrid came down to the pitch on their own brooms. While he hadn't known for sure when they arrived, he wasn't even remotely surprised to see that they'd brought theirs along as well. He knew that Ginny was happy to take every opportunity to try out her new broom in the last week.

"Alright lads, watching was fun and all, but let's see if either of you are any good with the quaffle. Bit of two on two?" IF there was one thing Ginny had in spades, it was confidence.

"They wouldn't have stand a chance!" Sigrid added, clearly trying to irritate Viktor Harry shared a look with him and there was no doubt that he took his cousin's challenge very seriously.

"You're on, ladies." It was already getting dark as they started, and it only got darker as they went. A bit of magic kept the pitch perfectly well lit to keep on going though.

Even as he was having a great time, there was one thing he made sure to do. Flying over to their last two spectators, he landed in the stands next to them as he left Viktor to fend for himself for just a moment. Hopping off his broom, he offered it to Anya, "You always say you love to fly... so get your bum up there!"

Looking from him to the broom, she bit her bottom lip before taking it from his hands and firing off to join the action. Harry's face was wind-burned and red from the cold, but he could barely feel it. And snuggling up to Padma helped warm him up, she gave him a peck on the cheek, "Having fun?"

“Loads.” He replied absolutely beaming. They watched as Anya made a rather impressive pass to Viktor, “You gonna want to take a turn next, Pads?”

“Oh no, definitely not.” She shook her head emphatically, “I’m just here for moral support.”

“And for the show.” He wiggled his eyebrows.

With a little giggle, she reached down to his bum and gave it a pinch, “And the show, yes.”

The teams meant nothing in short order because Ginny flew over next and offered her broom to Harry, so he was with Sigrid. Any attempts to keep score were entirely pointless from then on, as they just rotated in and out.

Eventually, even magic wasn’t enough to ignore the bitter cold. The last goal was scored by Ginny on a pass from Anya as Harry and Sigrid tried to defend. As they made their way down to the ground, they were all cold, wind-burnt, and breathless. *Absolutely worth it though.*

A stiff wind blew through the pitch that left them shivering. Even Sigrid and Viktor seemed to feel that one. Ginny was the one who voiced what they were all thinking, “All right, I’m ready to get warm! Let’s get out of here!”

Before they parted ways, Harry made sure to say to Viktor, “I’m going to want a rematch before the end of the year.”

“Ja, the result will be the same though.” Harry could only roll his eyes but couldn’t fault his self-confidence. *He’s earned it more than most.*

“Castle... warmth... now!” Padma insisted as she came down from the stands. “I’m not even sure my warming charms are working anymore.” Harry grabbed her and put her on the broom in front of him, while Ginny did the same with Anya. They flew back to the castle gate while Sigrid and Viktor went back to the ship.

When they landed at the entrance, they hopped off and hurried into the castle, “Not a bad way to spend New Year’s Eve.” Ginny beamed as they brushed off some snow in the entrance hall.

“Not bad at all, but Rina promised something warm when we got back, so let’s go.” Anya led the way up the stairs toward the room.

They reached it quickly and when they opened the door, it was surprisingly quiet inside. He expected the other girls to be waiting for them, but they were nowhere to be seen. The door to the bedroom was open and no one was in there either. *Odd...* There was a part of him that wanted to be concerned, but then there was nothing about their entwinement to indicate something was wrong. Plus, Anya, Ginny and Padma weren’t the least bit concerned either.

However, the promised treats from Orina were waiting for them on the counter as well as some hot cocoa. Because she was brilliant and knew how much he loved it there was a treacle tart there for him, as well as some cookies, and a dessert he genuinely didn’t recognize. But from her eagerness, Padma clearly did. The girls all went and grabbed it without a second thought, and he went and followed suit. They all sat at the table, warming their icy hands on the cups of hot chocolate.

“Cor, does that hit the spot.” Ginny hummed as she drank down some of the cocoa before taking a bite of her cookie.

“Is there anything that woman can’t bake?” Padma asked as she moaned around a bite of her treat.

“No, I’m pretty sure that she’s a savant when it comes to baking.” He gestured with his fork toward Padma’s plate, “What is that anyway?”

“Baked Alaska, and a class one at that!”

“I can tell you, there was more than one person at our conclave who was disappointed Orina in particular didn’t come back after World Cup... she was best baker there, too.”

“Any idea where she is? Or any of the other girls either for that matter?”

“Couldn’t say.” Ginny responded nonchalantly as she brushed the crumbs from her hands. For some reason, he didn’t think that was true. That might’ve had something to do with the furtive glance from Padma though. But Ginny really had a professional poker face so there was no way of knowing, “I’m sure they’ll be back soon whatever they’re doing.”

“Fair play. Chances are with that lot they might’ve gotten into some trouble.”

“You’re not with them, Harry.” Anya teased, “I’m sure they’ll be fine.” Padma and Ginny couldn’t hope to hold their giggle at that.

With a wink he wiped his face, stood, and headed for the bathroom. He wasn’t in there particularly long, but it was a good couple minutes, and when he came back out, he was completely alone. No more Anya, Padma or Ginny at the table though their plates were still sitting there. He could only chuckle, “Alright, come on now. Stop having me on!” There was no noise, no hint of movement, and it seemed he really was alone.

But then, he was a wizard with a group of perfectly capable witches, so just because he couldn’t see them, or hear them, didn’t mean that they weren’t there. Naturally, the first thing that came to mind was to pull out his wand.

“Fine, fine, I guess we’ll just have to do it this way then.” Silently, he cast a Revealing Charm, there were eight distinct presences in the bedroom... all on the bed apparently. *Just what are you ladies up to.*

Stepping into the bedroom, it was still silent, and nothing changed, but there was one thing that gave them away. There were clear indentations on the sizable bed. He could only grin, “Alright then, come on... I know you’re there.” But still, nothing. They were waiting for him to make the next move and he didn’t intend to disappoint. So, he waved his wand with a silent *Finite*, and what he saw defied his wildest expectations. Despite all the incredible things he’d experienced in the past few months, it took physical effort not to let his jaw drop.

All eight of his girls were arranged on the bed in the sexiest lingerie he’d seen in his entire life. Despite their many trysts, he’d never had all the girls in a situation like **this** together. *Something tells me this is what Daphne meant when they couldn’t go shopping with me if they wanted to surprise me.* They were all staring at him with obvious lust, and he didn’t think there was a straight man alive who wouldn’t grow hard at the sight.

“Finally figured it out?” Orina asked. She was wearing electric blue, to match her gorgeous eyes. With white knee-high socks that looked incredibly enticing on her legs. Everywhere he looked was another incredible sight. Red lace on Ginny, bright yellow and black stockings for Susan, white silk on Fleur, black satin on Sue, Padma was in silver, Anya was in blue sheer lace, and Daphne, almost predictably, was in emerald-green complete with stockings.

“Uh...” he swallowed and tried to find his tongue. He could feel the gentle caress of the allure from all three of his veela lovers, but that wasn’t what was causing his speechlessness. They all just looked so damn incredible, “Yes... took me long enough.” Any amount of time that meant he’d been denied this view was far too long in his opinion.

“Are you just going to stand there or are you going to come and join us?” It was Daphne that asked the question, though it was something they were all **very** eager to correct. It was funny, even though they’d been together, aided by magic, there’d never been a moment where he pictured them all there together. *But here we are, and Merlin, is it better than I ever could have imagined.*

He walked over to the bed, until he was standing right at the edge of it and the second he arrived there were soft hands upon him. They were everywhere, unclasping his belt, his trousers, pulling his shirt over his head. It was all a heady blur before he found himself in nothing but his pants with eight gorgeous, scantily clad women looking at him with naked, consuming lust in their eyes.

Sue kissed along his turgid, covered length with Fleur right next to her with her cheek against his hip. It sent a bolt of intense pleasure down his spine that made him shudder, though every vestige of the bitter cold from outside had left him now.

Susan was kissing against his right shoulder, Daphne against his left. Padma along his abs. There were fingers running along the inside of his thigh. There was a part of him that thought it must be because they were all together, the entwinement feeding in on itself, but every touch felt like it was just... more.

“It’s amazing, no?” He heard Anya in his ear, her beautiful bosom pressed against his back. He could feel her diamond hard nipples through the sheer material of her brasier. He looked into her eyes, the answer obvious in his gaze before she took hold of his jaw and pulled him into a kiss.

Orina was on his other side, her hand running along his bum hooking beneath the waistband of his pants and pushing them down, “It isn’t what I expected when we entwined ourselves to you... but I wouldn’t trade it for anything.”

He pulled away from Anya to turn toward Orina. He gasped as he felt soft lips wrap around his swollen cockhead. And it took impossible effort to form words as he felt another pair of lips on his smooth bollocks, but somehow, he managed, “Still... still, not sure how I got so lucky.”

“If anyone deserves it, it’s you.” Ginny hugged him from behind, her small, pert breasts far different from Anya’s but no less enticing soft against his lower back. It was said with such utter sincerity and devotion, that even in the hedonistic bounty in which they were participating, he felt such genuine affection.

Though, even at that moment, there was something else that caught his attention. Fleur’s hollowed cheeks were absolutely obscene as she worked her magic. His hand found her platinum blonde tresses, and he pulled her deeper onto his length. The French girl just stared up at him with adoration as her lips kissed the base of his cock with an obvious bulge in her gullet.

Holding him in her throat, she swallowed around him. Somehow, he managed to hold back his peak, even as Padma gave a particularly hard suck to his right bollock for good measure. Fleur took his resilience as a challenge and started bobbing her head on him, stabbing her throat with his spongy head. But there were other girls who wanted their own turn, and weren't willing to wait any longer.

With dark eyes, Sue took control of his member and suckled lovingly on his dome. Every girl had their own technique, some of them a bit more impressive than not, but no less enjoyable, but somehow he managed to weather their impassioned fellatio without ever reaching his peak. There was no doubt in his mind that titanic feat had something to do with their entwinement, because gods knew there was more than one instance when he would've filled one of their pretty little mouths with cum.

"Bloody fucking hell, I can't take it anymore!" Their focus was entirely on him, but that could only last so long when they were all being driven to a state of impossible lust and Daphne was the first to break. He honestly wasn't sure when it happened, but he ended up on the bed his rigid length standing up proud and spit soaked from his groin.

His Slytherin lover guided him toward her slick slit and took him in one steady movement. They both gasped at the euphoric sensation before she started bouncing herself on him. There were tongues and kisses and touches shared between them even as the other girls added their own.

There was no sensitive bit of skin left untouched as they all reveled in each other. Daphne came undone when Susan kissed along her pert bum all the way to her tightest hole. More than anyone, Susan knew how much Daphne loved that particular sensation and it left her twitching and creaming around his cock. He spanked her flexing bum before he helped her off his cock. He didn't get any reprieve though.

He took Susan bent over the bed, Padma pressed against the wall, Sue with an impressive display of flexibility as she did the splits with her legs across the length of the mattress, Ginny sitting back against him her back covered in sweat, Fleur with her feet against each of his ears, Anya squatting above his hips, and finally Orina spooning against him, her back pressed against his chest.

And yet, none of them begged for him to come tried... to coax that thick load from his cock. Instead, they went until they were sated and then left him for the next girl. And by some incredible providence, he rode the knife's edge all night. Never cumming but ready to finish should the desire take them.

As it drew close, impossibly close, to the New Year, he found himself standing at the edge of the bed again. Every one of the beautiful women he was lucky enough to call his had little love bites on their soft skin. Their previously immaculate lingerie was displaced around the room... in most cases anyway. The stretchy straps of Susans's bra were down by her obliques, while the sheer lace of Ginny cups had been torn away.

As the clock ticked toward midnight, all eight girls were kissing and sucking against his length, pressed together entwined on the bed. Sue sucked on his purple tip, Fleur licked against his frenulum, Anya and Susan kissed along the upper length of his shaft while Ginny and Orina did the same further down, and Daphne and Padma each had one of his bollocks filling their pretty mouths.

There wasn't a man alive who could resist such a ludicrously lewd sight. Harry's fists clenched so tight he was sure his nails would break skin as he stuttered out a warning, "Oh fuck..."

They all knew what it meant, and with impossible coordination, at least if it weren't for magic, they coaxed the cum out his body. Hours' worth of edging left his eyes rolling to the back of his head as his entire body quaked.

The cum that erupted from his cock, and that really was the only way to describe it, was pure white, thick, and insanely abundant. His girls, his wonderful girls, all crowded around in what was one of the most insanely sexy displays he'd ever seen. There wasn't one beautiful face untouched, as they giggled giddily together.

It was Fleur that took him between her lips to suck the last of his spunk from his cock. But, even as she did it, there was a bell toll across Hogwarts. Every one of them kissed against some part of his manhood, their version of a New Year's kiss. As the din of it petered out, they looked up to him and smiled before telling him as one, "Happy New Year!"

"Fuck me," They snickered, and he figured that was fair considering they'd just done that quite thoroughly. *Happy New Year indeed!*