

Summary: To help raise money for those affected by the war, Harry decides to work with Witch Weekly and rent himself out to any interested witch for a one night, date night experience. Yet the hero of the Wizarding World is in for a rude awakening as he'll soon realize that the witches of Magical Britain are lusting for far more than just an innocent dinner and conversation.

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Threesome With Tracey

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Penelope whimpered into the soft throw pillow below her. Her pussy clamped down with all its might around the cock currently spearing her womanhood. Her body had barely had enough time to recover from her last orgasm before this new one was coursing through her.

A sound akin to that of a sob left her lips. Even as her muscles ached slightly from yesterday's activities she still wanted more. Something that part of her was coming to regret as the animalistic man pounded into her from behind. He was insatiable, keeping her up into the early hours of the morning to fuck like their lives depended on it. She barely got four hours of sleep before he had woken her up with his mouth upon her clit!

'It was a pretty nice way to wake up.' The traitorous part of her mind whispered. It was the same part of her mind that got her into this mess. Penelope had quickly dubbed that part of her brain as her 'slutal lobe'.

It wasn't wrong though. Slowly being pulled from a rather amazing dream just to wake up and realize it wasn't a

dream, and the man she had a crush on really was mouth first between her legs, feasting on her cunt like it was his favorite treacle tart was rather pleasant. She had promptly let him know that by squealing loudly in climax. It wasn't long after that he had her in this current position, face and tits squashed into the mattress while her ass was raised high into the air as his hips hammered against it.

She had made sure to repay the favor before though! Blowjob weren't exactly her expertise but she felt as if she had done a good job. By the way Harry had gripped her hair tight and spilled inside her mouth, he had thought so too. Now here she was, bent over while he ravaged her pussy like there was no tomorrow.

A giggle escaped her lips as she realized Harry must really like her bent over as this was similar to the first position he took her in yesterday. Maybe she should wear her one set of pajama shorts that barely covered her ass next time she was over.

She gasped as his cock suddenly found her g-spot once more. The spongy tip slammed into the rough bundle of nerves like a beater's bat, more than enough to push her right back over the edge. Eyes rolled to the back of her head as her body shook in toe curling pleasure.

Okay so maybe the insane amounts of sex weren't that bad either.

Suddenly the sound of a doorbell rang through the house. At first, Harry was content to ignore it, favoring to continue his brutal fucking of her sore pussy. Unfortunately, whoever was on the other side of the door was very impatient as the obnoxious dinging of the doorbell was played over and over, as if someone were repeatedly pounding the button.

A irritated sigh left his lips as he pulled out of her. Penny groaned in disappointment at the loss of fullness but was far too tired to follow him down the stairs. She sighed and chose to instead close her eyes and doze off. Maybe whoever it was would just go away.

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Harry cursed as he tied the front of his bathrobe quickly. "Yeah, yeah. I'm coming!" He shouted as the obnoxious ding-dong kept on. Whoever it was better have a good damn reason for bothering him this early in the morning.

With more force than was probably necessary, Harry swung open the door with a glare.

"What do you-?!" His rant was stopped short as he spied who was on the other side of the door.

"Well good morning to you too!" Tracey beamed. "I'm not interrupting anything am I?"

By the shit-eating grin on her face, Harry assumed the girl knew very well just what she was interrupting. Without a word, the short haired brunette shoved past him and made her way down the hall. He followed dumbly just in time to see her throw her purse and jacket onto the arm of his living room sofa like she owned the place. The girl took a moment to look around the newly remodeled house, whistling appreciatively.

"You really gave this place a facelift hot stuff! Never saw it before in person myself, but from your descriptions alone I can tell you spared no expense in making this place livable." Tracey slowly walked around the room, eyeing the newly polished wooden trim and sparse decorations. She stopped

momentarily by a picture of him and the Weasley's but said nothing.

“So!” She said turning towards him quickly. “Are you just gonna stand there? Or are you gonna go grab your play date from upstairs and cook us some breakfast?”

Convincing Penny to come down and eat with another girl who randomly showed up to his home with was surprisingly easy. Waking her up was a whole different story but that's neither here nor there. It had been awkward at first. With the older Ravenclaw girl blushing wildly as she entered the kitchen only in a pair of knickers and one of his shirts. Tracey's knowing smirk did nothing to ease the intense redness of the girl's face.

Eventually though, Tracey eased her silent teasing and let loose her enthralling personality. In no time at all the two girls were chatting as if they'd been best friends for years. It was as if Penny had completely forgotten about her mussed hair and blatant collection of hickeys on her neck as she regaled the other girl with plans for her future business. Even Harry found an easy smile on his face from the brunette's sheer presence.

He sat a an omelette filled plate in front of each girl, before turning back to the stove to make his own. Just as he was cracking the first egg for his, the chatting suddenly stopped and a buzzing silence filled the room. Turning back warily, he was met with two awestruck faces as each girl stared down at their plate with looks of wonder.

“Uh... I take it it's good?” Harry inquired.

Tracey's gaze flashed up and affixed him with a glare. “You've been holding out on me Potter! You're taking me out

on another date and this time you're cooking!" The girl ordered.

"Yes ma'am?" He replied unsurely. Tracey however, accepted his response with a nod and went back to her food. Penny had completely ignored this exchange, content to eat her omelette with a blissful smile upon her face.

'Well if there's one good thing to come from the Dursley's, it's my cookings skills.' He thought in exasperation. A short while later he too was sitting at the table and digging in. After the plates were finally cleared he decided to finally get some answers.

"Not that I'm not glad you're here Trace, but- uh- why are you?" He stammered.

Tracey raised an eyebrow at his question. "Oh what? You get a new fuck-buddy and suddenly I'm not allowed to visit anymore?"

Penny's face became red once more while Harry sputtered out an explanation. Tracey's giggling stopped his desperate fumbling as she waved him off. "I'm just kidding! I'm here because we have plans today, remember?"

Harry wracked his brain, trying to remember what he could've planned with the witch. Suddenly he let out a groan and placed his hands over his face. "It's Sunday isn't it! I'm so sorry, I completely lost track of what day it was."

"Obviously!" Tracey snorted. "But I don't blame ya, if I had a hottie like Penelope in my bed I'd lose track of time too." The brunette sent a cheeky wink over to the older girl causing Penny to blush even harder.

Harry rolled his eyes at the Slytherin's crassness before turning to face the blushing girl.

"Sorry to cut our time short Penny, I did promise Tracey I'd take her to the ceremony with me. After you wash up do you want me to walk you to the apparition point or would you rather use my Floo?" He asked gently.

Penny made to answer but Tracey suddenly cut her off. "Bollocks to that! Why don't you come with us? Merlin knows I'll need all the help I can get to keep this one from running off!" She gestured sharply to Harry.

"Why would you have to do that? Wait you said ceremony! Is this like a formal event at the ministry?" Penny frowned.

"Eh kinda. Lover boy here finally allowed Minister Shacklebolt to award him the Order of Merlin! Ceremony is today and it's gonna be our job he doesn't get cold feet." She explained.

"I agreed to go didn't I?" Harry grumbled.

Tracey leveled him with a look of disbelief. "Yes and we both know you'd try to come up with an excuse if I wasn't here, so! Would you like to go with us Penny? I could use the extra set of hands wrangling this one!" She jerked her thumb in Harry's direction.

Penny bit her lip in thought. "Well I have wanted to really step back into the wizarding world... if it's okay with you both, I'd love to come."

"Of course it's okay with us." Harry smiled gently, one that was returned by a smile of Penny's own.

“Great!” Tracey exclaimed. “Well then while you clean this mess up, me and Penny will pop back over to my place so she can choose a dress. Ta!”

Without another word Tracey stood abruptly and dragged a bewildered Penny from the room. It was only when he could hear the front door closing that he realized the older brunette was still only wearing panties and a t-shirt. Harry shrugged as he stood to collect the plates.

Surely one of them would realize right?

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“It wasn’t that funny Tracey.” Penny grumbled as she dried off her wet hair. From the other room she could hear the guffawing Slytherin laugh even harder. Penny could only roll her eyes as she stepped fully from the shower and eyed her soaked clothes in the hamper.

While it had been a perfectly sunny the day before, it was still Britain and that means rainfall started only a few hours after dark, and didn’t stop till the early hours of the morning. A thick sheen of moisture had still coated everything when the two witches left Grimmauld Place. This accumulated into decent sized puddles that collected wherever the road’s drainage system was subpar. Unfortunately for Penny, it just so happened that one of those puddles had been right by Harry’s front door. Double unfortunate that they left just as a car was passing by.

In her still slightly confused state, the witch didn’t have time to block the splash of water from soaking her to the bone. Nor did she have the presence of mind to realize the shirt she borrowed from Harry was very white. White clothing plus water? Well needless to say all of Harry’s neighbors got a show that morning.

Tracey had found the entire thing hysterical. Even more so when Penny didn't think to simply dry herself off and instead panicked like a frightened hippogriff. The girl had practically tore Tracey's arm off trying to get her to the nearest apparition point.

Thankfully they made it to Tracey's house without any further incidents and Penny hadn't even asked before jumping straight into the girl's, admittedly elegant, shower.

Penny stepped into the girl's bedroom just in time to see the short haired witch laying out a variety of sleek cocktail dresses.

"Take your pick!" The girl said upon noticing her. "We can temporarily alter the size of course so it's really whichever one catches your fancy."

Penny studied the garments closely before picking a cute dark blue one that caught her eye. It had a floral threading leading up the side with two shoulder straps forming a deep V neckline. Perhaps a bit more daring than she would normally go for but she survived a war where dangerous maniacs tried to kill her simply because of her blood, a little risk now was nothing compared to that.

Tracey seemed to agree with her choice as she gave the former Ravenclaw a brilliant smile. They began to get ready soon after, the use of charms an amazing time saver when applying their makeup and one Penny sorely missed when she was in hiding. The brunette was a bit taken aback when it came time to done their dresses and Tracey barely batted an eye before removing all her clothes. The staring was just because of her shock of course, not because Tracey had a really nice bum or anything.

“Would you like a picture? I’m sure it’d last longer.” Tracey giggled when she caught Penny’s gaze.

Penny snapped her gaze away instantly with a blush. “Sorry!” She squeaked. The other girl just waved her off with a smile.

“Harry really likes my bum too. Though I bet he went crazy for your big tits last night, right?” She smirked.

Penny almost choked at the girl’s words as her eyes widened and she tried to form some kind of response. “He- I mean we- I-!”

“It’s alright love! Don’t panic, it’s fun to talk about it! Here how about this, during one of our first times having sex, Harry bent me over in that shower in there and fucked me so hard my ass sore for a week! It was also the time we discovered I could squirt but that’s not the point.”

Penny stared at the girl wide eyed. She struggled to find words in response to her tale, her mind too clouded with thoughts of the two of them fucking in the very shower she had just used. The arousal she felt from the thought would have to be investigated later.

A pair of snapping fingers in front of her face broke Penny from her musings. “Helloooo? Penny this is where you share something about you and Harry’s sexy time together.”

The brunette made to decline but something stopped her. Maybe her newly named ‘slutal lobe’ was acting up again? Whatever it was, Penny soon found herself spilling all kinds of juicy details. With each new description, Tracey’s smile got bigger and bigger. Slowly, Penny began to loosen up and actually enjoy gossiping with the younger girl.

“He really shagged you in public?! Bollocks, that’s one more thing I have to add to our next date to-do list!” Tracey laughed.

Penny found herself giggling right along with her. “Well he did tell me later that he threw up a few privacy wards before hand, but at the time I didn’t know that! To be honest it was quite... exciting!”

“If you’re into a little exhibition then maybe I should come watch the next time you two have a little fun?” The short-haired girl grinned. Penny laughed at first, thinking it was just another joke by the by the exuberant girl, but the red flush upon Tracey’s face stopped her dead. It was the first time since meeting her that Penny actually saw Tracey blush.

“Y-you’re not kidding are you?” Penny stammered.

Tracey actually seemed somewhat embarrassed as her eyes flicked away nervously. “O-of course I’m kidding! Ha!” The girl backtracked. “B-better get dressed. Harry will be expecting us soon.”

Penny frowned as the former Slytherin quickly turned around to finish pulling on her dress. A resolve fell over the brunette and she soon found herself walking towards her new friend. Tracey turned as she approached, flashing her a false smile. Penny sent a genuine one back and placed a hand upon the girl’s arm.

“I wouldn’t... be opposed to it. As long as Harry is okay with it of course. It would definitely be a new experience for all of us but who knows, it could be fun?” Penny gave her arm a reassuring squeeze.

Tracey for her part took this well. Her face morphed into one of gratitude as she reached up to squeeze Penny's hand back.

"C'mon then!" She suddenly exclaimed. "Can't keep lover boy waiting! 'Sides, his brain will probably need time to recover from the shock of seeing two gorgeous babes at his front door."

Penny laughed as the regular Tracey returned once more.

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Harry had indeed been stunned at the sight of them. His tongue tied itself up in knots while he had tried to remember how to properly speak to women. In the end he had found his manners and complimented them appropriately. Now he stood patiently waiting for a ministry employee to lead them to their seats.

Everything had been calm for the most part. Only a few people had approached Harry and even then it was only for a few words or a quick thank you. Reporters had tried to swarm the three of them at first but a quick intervention from the posted aurors had pushed the vultures back.

"Mister Potter if you'll please follow me this way. Ladies please allow Jeanette to lead you over to the guest section." An older gentleman said as he approached. Harry quickly said goodbye to the two as they were led away by a younger witch. He followed the older man, who he swore looked familiar, to the stage where the other award recipients sat. He smiled widely as he spotted a familiar bickering pair seated on the stage as well.

"You know, I don't think it's appropriate for war heroes to make a scene so publicly." He joked.

A head of bright red and another of bushy hair snapped towards him. Ron was the first to greet him with a wide grin on his face. "Mate! Bloody good to see you! How's being a call girl been treating you?"

"Ronald don't be crass!" Hermione chastised. "He's already told you it's for charity. He's not sleeping with anyone. I highly doubt jokes about prostitution are warranted considering all the money goes to a good cause!"

Ron rolled his eyes. "Yeah tell that to the two bird's giving him goo-goo eyes in the front row. Blimey maybe I should talk to that Margaret what's-her-name!"

Harry saw Hermione's face morph into a scowl. Obviously Ron still hadn't learned when to shut his mouth even after dating the bookworm for over a year now. Deciding to ease the tension, Harry clapped Ron on the back with a chuckle.

"Those two are just friends. You remember Penny right?" He said pointing at the older Ravenclaw. "Besides, it's not all beautiful young witches or would you like to hear about my date with an 86 year old kneazle-breeder?"

Ron grimaced at the thought. "Yeah on second thought, I'll let you have all the fun with that."

Before anymore talk could continue, the Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt, appeared on stage.

"Please if everyone could be seated! We're about to begin."

Quickly, everyone began to find their seats and settle in for the ceremony. Kingsley nodded as they did so, clearing his throat once more before he began.

“Thank you. As you all know, we are gathered here today to celebrate the achievements of many remarkable young witches and wizards. As well as to honor those who gave their lives valiantly in the war against the terrorist Tom Riddle and his cohorts. Their heroism and sacrifice shall always be remembered.”

The minister began to call upon names. Those who died in the war first to receive posthumous Order of Merlin Third Classes. The ministry was originally going to simply build a monument and call it a day, but Harry had demanded each individual who died actively fighting the Death Eaters or Voldemort be honored. Seeing how it was the only way to get him to accept his own award, the ministry readily agreed.

Ron had shakily risen to accept Fred’s own award on the Weasley family’s behalf. Harry’s heart hung heavy at the grim look on his friend’s face. Molly was supposed to be the one receiving the award, but the woman still had yet to leave the Burrow even after a year. It would be many years until she was anywhere close to being healed.

The Second Class awards were called next. He clapped excitedly when Neville nervously accepted his. He’d make sure to congratulate the boy personally after the ceremony ended.

Finally, it was their turn. An excited murmur spread through the crowd as Hermione stood and made her way up to the minister. He smiled as one of his first friends was honored for her bravery and genius. Hermione blushed at the attention, quickly retreating back to her seat as soon as Kingsley released her from a handshake. Ron went up once more and collected his own award this time as well. The red

head still held a sullen air about him but still made sure to smile brightly for the reporters.

His name was called next. The excited murder from earlier returned with a force as guests and reporters alike all watched excitedly. He stood and began to make his way towards the podium where Minister Shackbolt waited. Harry eyed the crowd as he walked, holding back a grimace as a few journalists desperately flung a questions his way. Something tingled in the back of his mind, a feeling that screamed 'constant vigilance!' but he didn't know what at. He shook the feeling off as he finally arrived next to Kingsley and grasped the man's hand tightly. They both turned to smile at the crowd, knowing well this was just as much a publicity stunt as it was a ceremony. A cacophony of camera flashes blinded him as each photographer scrambled to get the perfect picture of the war hero.

If it wasn't for his years of fighting in life or death situations, he would have never seen the spell coming.

The tingle from earlier saved him as it morphed into a scream of panic. Every nerve in his body cried out in a desperate plea for him to MOVE! He listened. His instincts had never failed him in the past after all.

Harry tackled Kingsley to the ground just as a familiar sickly green spell whizzed past his ear and slammed into the backdrop behind him. The crowd screamed in panic at the blatant use of the Killing Curse, many shaking with memories of the cursed spell flying through these halls not even a year ago. He was on his feet in an instant, wand drawn and face set in a stony glare as he searched for his attacker.

He didn't have to look far.

Standing in the middle of the room with his wand pointed straight at Harry stood the older man from earlier. The one that led him to his seat and who Harry had sworn looked familiar. Now standing before him with a crazed scowl and smoking wand, Harry recognized him. He was one of the many Death Eaters that had been at Malfoy Manor when they rescued Luna.

“For Lord Voldemort! DIE!” The man screamed.

Harry snapped into action quickly. He summoned an upturned chair to block the next killing curse. Without even a whispered word, he banished the splintered remnant's back at his foe. The would-be assassins dove out the way and fired another curse towards him. The bright yellow spell was deflected into the roof of the ministry atrium. Debris fell around him as Harry returned with his own spell that forced the Death Eater to scramble to his feet just as it crashed into the ground where he lay previously. The dark stone sizzle and melted away into a puddle of black tar. The lull in battle gave Harry just enough time to quickly stab his wand into the ground. A shimmering dome formed around them and Harry smirked as another spell whizzed by his ear and dispersed against the conjured shield. Now he wouldn't have to worry about protecting any bystanders.

Harry began to press his attack.

The man was skilled, there was no doubt about that, but he was no Voldemort. Chairs transfigured into stone golems, icy spikes that were blasted and sent back as boiling water, chains and razor sharp wire ripping through the air, all were sent towards the outmatched man. As he spun and dove from Harry's spells, his breath became more and more ragged. His own handful of curses began to fizzle out before

even reaching Harry. All the while Harry had yet to even break a sweat.

The fight ended rather anticlimactically. In the end, the raggedly breathing Death Eater became too exhausted to dodge. Burns and lacerations marred his flesh. Harry fired a simple stunner towards the man that he tried to block with a barely conjured shield. Said shield shattered as soon as the stunner made contact, and the red spell continued on its way till it slammed into the man's chest. The attacker flew back into a tumbling heap until he finally came to a stop flat on the ground unconscious.

Harry ended the shield spell around him and in an instant the area was swarmed by aurors.

"Are you okay Mr. Potter?" One young recruit asked as he approached. Harry nodded, his eyes roaming around the area for anymore assailants.

"You'll need to clear the area of all civilians. There may be more." He said with a hardened voice. The recruit nodded and scrambled off to do just that.

"I don't believe you have the authority to order my aurors around." A deep voice said from behind him.

Harry turned and gave the minister a small smile. "Suggestion, not an order."

Shacklebolt shook his head before calling out for another red robed wizard. "Take Mr. Potter to my office while we clear this place out. He'll need to submit a witness testimony later." The auror gave a nod and gestured for Harry to follow.

“Harry wait!” A feminine voice cried. Tracey and Penny were upon him without warning. Both girls looked panicked as they searched him for any injuries.

“Are you hurt?! Did you get hit at all?! Who was that-” Penny’s words were interrupted by the auror tasked with leading him away.

“I need to take yer boyfriend to a secure location so you two can either follow or stay here. I don’t have all bloody day.” The man growled in irritation.

Harry glared at the man but Tracey jumped in. “Then lead the way already.”

The auror glared at the short-haired girl but did as he was bid, leading them to the elevators with mumbled curses under his breath. They walked through the winding hallways of the ministry in silence. Penny was practically glued into Harry’s side as they traveled to their destination, Tracey not too far behind. Finally they made it to a large office that was sparsely decorated.

The auror quickly herded them all in before stepping out and closing the door behind him. Almost immediately a pair of hands began to smack Harry’s arm painfully.

“Of all the stupid bloody things to do- Don’t you ever Harry Potter- UGH!” Penny landed the last slap against the back of his head and Harry winced as his ears rung from the force of the smack.

She stepped back and glared at him. “That man was trying to kill you and you decided to play with him! Don’t think I don’t know when you’re not taking a fight seriously! That was so- so bloody-”

“Hot!” Tracey exclaimed. Penny snapped her gaze towards the girl with wide eyes.

“What?! No it wasn’t!” Penny gaped.

Tracey shook her head, eyes boring into Harry with a smoldering gaze. “Oh yes it fucking was. You trounced the fool and showed everyone why Harry Potter isn’t to be fucked with.”

Harry unconsciously backed up as the Slytherin witch began to stalk towards him. He stumbled slightly as the back of his legs hit Kingsley’s desk. Tracey walked forward until her face was just inches from his.

“I think our hero deserves a reward, don’t you think Penelope?~” Tracey purred. The brunette sank slowly to her knees in front of him and Harry’s cock lurched when he realized her intentions. The girl’s expert hands had his belt undone in moments. His hot member was freed not seconds later and Harry watched as Tracey wasted no time before swiftly swallowing his hardening cock.

A soft gasp drew his attention from the bobbing head of one girl to the flustered face of another. Surprisingly, Penny had no look of outrage or scandalization on her features, but instead one of awe and... was she biting her lip?

Harry had no time to contemplate this as Tracey chose that moment to ram his cock as far into her throat as it would go. He groaned out as her warm velvety mouth enveloped him completely. Her tongue writhed violently against the underside of his shaft as her hand came up to soft massage his dangling sack. Staring down, he watched the brunette pull back sharply and plunge back down. Burning green eyes stared back up at him as their owner dutifully worked him thick length. Harry stifled a moan as

she flicked her tongue against his sensitive tip. A hand threaded through her short hair and Tracey let out a muffled moan as he grasped it tightly.

He began to push her head further down his length, something the girl was more than content to let him do. She opened her mouth wide to allow him to go as deep as possible. Sharp wet sounds tore from her mouth as his cock began to hammer the back of her throat. Harry groaned out at the feeling, increasing his pace as he began to thrust his hips forward.

A muffled whimper from in front of him tore his eyes away from the sight below. His cock lurched in Tracey's mouth as he caught sight of Penny leaning against one of the leather guest chairs with her dress hiked up and hand plunging desperately into her folds.

Tracey grew curious at his stunned look and pulled off him to turn her own head. A wide smirk appeared on her face as she watched Penny whorishly finger her dripping pussy.

"I thought we agreed that I'd watch while you fucked him Penny?" Tracey laughed. "Come on and have a taste yourself." The brunette held Harry's cock aloft like an offering to the whimpering girl. Penny eyed the glistening shaft hungrily before she stumbled forward onto her knees. Just before the older girl could take him into her mouth, Tracey suddenly grasped her face and smashed their lips together. Penny squealed at the sudden kiss but made no move to break the exchange, instead she sighed happily and leaned into the lip lock. Tracey hummed in satisfaction as the other girl began to kiss her back, the short-haired girl's hands beginning to explore.

If Penny had any qualms against another girl ripping her dress down and roughly latching onto her breasts, then she didn't say. The former Ravenclaw in fact pulled Tracey closer and forced her tongue between the girl's lips. Harry's cock lurched at the intense girl-on-girl make out session in front of him. He, like all blokes would, stood enraptured at the sight.

Their kiss was finally broken when Penny threw her head back and moaned loudly. One of Tracey's hands had found their way southward and was now teasing the swollen ball of nerves between the girl's lower lips. Penny's eyes locked onto his in a hooded stare as she squirmed from the brunette witch's villainous fingers.

"I th-think we're f-forgetting someone." She gasped out.

Tracey turned to look at him with a hum. "I suppose we are. Can't have that can we?" The girl suddenly stood, pulling Penny up with her. She gestured at Harry to move aside and he did so without complaint. Penny had all of two seconds to look confused before she was suddenly pushed forward with a squeak.

The older girl landed on the desk with an 'Omph!', Tracey falling on top of her as well. Penny let out a muffled squeal as Tracey once captured her lips and began to teasingly play with the girl's hardened nipples.

As they snogged, Tracey's other hand made a quick 'come here' gesture. Harry did as he was bid and walked forward until he was suddenly between the two girl's legs. Two sets of round full cheeks stared back at him. One displayed a glistening wet pussy while the other still had its own hidden by a pair of purple knickers. Harry reached up and gave

Tracey's purple clad ass a generous squeeze before diving down and doing the same to Penny's.

A twin set of giggles echoed out from his ministrations and Tracey looked back with a wide grin. "Well? Don't make Penny wait all day lover!"

Harry shook his head in amusement before playfully swatting Tracey's pert ass once more. Stepping forward, he lined his still hard cock with Penny's moist entrance. Tight pussy walls gave way as he pressed forward, a grunt escaping his mouth at the sheer heat and tightness of the girl. Penny mewled lightly as her cunt was speared once more. The cock invading her depths already causing her muscles to spasm and her head start spinning. Any further noises from the brunette were cut off as Tracey descended upon her lips once more.

She almost screamed into Tracey's mouth as Harry suddenly began to thrust forward with hard deep strokes. Her hands tangled in the former Slytherin's short hair as her inner walls were repeatedly pummeled by their lover's thick cock. Tracey seemed to enjoy the hair pulling as the girl let loose her own moans into Penny's mouth, or perhaps the girl simply was turned on by the jostling feeling of Penny getting fucked underneath her. Who knows?

Regardless, Penny was forced to break the burning kiss as she threw her head back and wailed with pleasure. Her legs shook with great intensity as the walls of her pussy clamped down around Harry's cock. Tracey added to the girl's peak of pleasure by sucking harshly on the sensitive skin of her neck as she came, leaving dark hickeys right next to the ones Harry had left this morning. Finally, Penny groaned out as she steadily came down from her orgasm, a blissful numb

feeling overtaking where intense pleasure was before as Harry pulled out of her.

From above her Tracey giggled. “Never would’ve pegged you for a screamer Penelope! Maybe you should-FUCK ME!”

Penny looked at the girl confused before suddenly realizing what was happening. Tracey was being jostled forward by some unseen force, the girl’s smaller tits squashing against Penny’s delightfully with every push. By the fleshy slaps from behind them and the small grunts coming from the short-haired witch, Harry had found a new target.

Tracey squealed and clenched her eyes tight as she came not moments later. Penny didn’t hold back the giggle she felt bubble up. Tracey teases her for being a screamer yet here she was, cumming from just a few thrusts of his cock!

“D-do you like that?” Penny said with a blush. Dirty talk was not exactly her forte, but she was trying. “Do you l-like when he f-fucks you with his big cock?”

“Hnggg~” Tracey responded eloquently. The petite girl was slumped bonelessly against Penny as Harry used her body liberally. Her soft gasps tickled Penny’s ear and she could feel the girl tense every now and again when one particularly hard thrust would wrack her with pleasure. Soft squelching sounds emanated from between their legs and Penny blushed when she realized it was the noise of the other girl’s pussy being stretched wide.

‘Did that happen to me too?’ She thought embarrassed.

She was broken from her musings when Harry suddenly groaned above them. Tracey tensed once more with a strangled gasp and Penny realized they were both coming.

The younger girl panted hard into her ear as Harry filled her womb with his cum. Penny gasped when she felt a small bit of it drip down and splash onto her own wet slit.

Finally, Harry let out one last huff as he pulled freely out of Tracey's cunt. Above her, the girl hummed contently and nuzzled deeper into her neck. She couldn't fight the small bloom of affection in her chest and found herself smiling at the short-haired brunette. It was a comforting feeling and Penny wanted to stay just as they were for the rest of the day. Unfortunately, it couldn't happen as surely someone would be along soon to fetch them. She only hoped they would have enough time to dress before the minister arrived.

Her hopes were dashed as she suddenly felt Harry's cock push into her folds once more. She let out a moan as she mentally prepared herself for the embarrassment of being found having sex in the magical world leader's office.

The thought shouldn't turn her on as much as it did.

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Author's Note

The threesome as promised! This one changed a lot from what I originally intended but I think the end result is just as great. There will be more Harry/Tracey/Penny next chapter and the introduction of a surprise character...

Thanks for reading!