

Chapter 22

“Harry, you’d better show me this memory when you get everything fixed,” Daphne told him firmly as she handed him a vial containing her memory of their time together.

“I will,” Harry promised.

Ignoring the sight of Slytherin’s three biggest bullies swinging back and forth on the Clock Tower’s pendulum, he pulled her close and kissed her heatedly. Regretfully, they’d already repaired her dress so she could put it back on, but at least he could still feel her soft curves pressing against his firm muscles. Moaning into his mouth, Daphne threaded her fingers through his hair and slipped her tongue between his lips.

“Alright, you’ve had him long enough,” Katie said.

Grabbing Harry’s arm, she pulled him away.

“Fair enough,” Daphne sighed.

“Don’t worry,” Fleur said, sidling up to her with a smirk. “We still ‘ave each other when ‘Arry is busy, non?”

Giving her a sultry smirk, Daphne took her hand, and they followed after Harry.

“Where are we headed to now?” Hermione asked curiously.

Katie stopped suddenly with a grin.

“Suzette, could you do me a favor?”

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A few minutes later, after a long, cold walk through the snow to the Quidditch Pitch, Harry stripped out of his clothes and climbed into the shower like he'd been told. He wasn't entirely sure what Katie had planned or where she sent Suzette off to, but he had an idea.

A sigh escaped his lips as the hot water rained down on him. For a moment, he smirked, thinking that he should've invited Fleur to join him after her constant complaints about the cold.

"Hey, Harry?"

Turning around, he saw Katie peeking her head around the corner, biting her lip nervously.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Could we use your shower?" Katie asked. "The hot water's not working in the girl's locker room."

"Help yourself," Harry grinned.

Smiling, Katie stepped around the corner. She was completely naked, her perky breasts trembling with each step as she padded into the shower. Just as she turned on the water, two more figures stepped inside. Harry had been expecting the other girls to join but was surprised to see Angelina and Alicia instead.

Alicia was fairly small up top, but she had deliciously thick hips and thighs. Her crinkled brown nipples stood out prominently against her pale white skin as she caught him eyeing her and winked. Angelina, on the other hand, was the full package with large breasts, wide hips, a full, lustrous bum, and long, powerful legs. Her pout pink lips quirked up in a smirk, reminding Harry vividly of the times he'd seen them wrapped tightly around his shaft. As water rained down on

her smooth, chocolate-colored skin, he guiltily remembered that she and Alicia had gone to the Ball with the twins.

“Er, are you sure you should be here?” Harry asked. “I’m not sure Fred and George would appreciate me seeing their dates like this.”

“Oh, you don’t need to worry about them,” Angelina smirked. “They’ve already passed out from too much Firewhiskey.”

Harry blinked, wondering how that had happened, and then shrugged. It wasn’t like they would remember anything, even if they found out anyways. Just then, Fleur walked in, her breasts bouncing alluringly. Even Angelina, Alicia, and Katie stared at her perfect figure as she stepped under the spray of the showerhead. Before they could stare too much, Daphne walked in, followed one by one by the others.

“Harry, could you wash my back?” Katie asked.

Smiling, Harry took the washcloth she offered him and stepped behind her. He could feel her trembling slightly as he rested a hand on her bare shoulder and wiped her back gently. Whether it was from excitement, nervousness, or both, he couldn’t be sure.

Thanks to all the delectable skin on display, Harry’s excitement rapidly swelled. When Katie backed up slightly to wash off her chest, she gasped as his engorged tip brushed her bum.

“Looks like someone’s happy to see us,” Angelina smirked.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around Katie and pulled her back flush against his chest. She inhaled sharply as his long, throbbing length burrowed itself between her tight cheeks.

“You want me to wash your front too?” Harry asked, his lips ghosting across her ear.

“S-sure,” Katie stammered.

With a smile, Harry kissed behind her ear while dropping the washcloth to the floor. Reaching around her, he picked up the bottle of body soap she was using and squeezed a Galleon-sized dollop into his hand. Katie licked her lips, and her breathing came rapidly as he brought his hands to her stomach.

Caressing his soapy hands along her toned abs, Harry slowly moved them up. Just as his thumbs brushed the bottoms of her jutting breasts, he stopped and moved his hands around to her sides. He teased around her breasts several times without ever touching them, causing Katie to let out a shuddering breath each time.

“Do you have any idea how many times I’ve fantasized about something like this?” Harry asked in a whisper.

Finally, he slid his hands up to her chest, his fingers sinking into her soft globes. Katie tilted her head back, resting it on his shoulder as she moaned. Kissing and sucking at her exposed throat, his soapy slid over her glistening breasts. Her soft pink nipples, swollen with arousal, slipped from between his fingers when he tried to pinch them.

Shivering in excitement, Katie reached behind herself and palmed his erection. With her palm resting against his groin and her fingers resting along the length of his shaft, her fingertips just barely touched the flared ridge of his tip. Grinding into her hand with a hiss, Harry kissed the side of her neck.

“So beautiful,” he whispered. “You know, when I realized I had a chance to do the Ball over again, you were the first person I went with.”

“Really?” Katie asked.

“Mh hmm,” Harry hummed. “I’ve wanted to since the first time I saw your cute arse flying around the pitch in a set of Quidditch robes.”

Katie giggled and turned her head to look at him. Whatever she'd planned to say was lost when he kissed her passionately.

"Aw, you two are so cute together," Susan said.

"It's about time," Angelina snorted. "We've been trying to talk Katie into pulling him into a broom cupboard for years."

"It's good to see Harry with some confidence now," Alicia added. "I kind of wish he'd pull *me* into a broom cupboard now."

"That can be arranged," Suzette said, a smile in her tone.

Breaking his kiss with Katie, Harry looked over his shoulder and grinned at Suzette. As she winked, he glanced around and throbbed in excitement. Suzette stood behind Susan, kissing her neck and groping her massive, soap covered breasts. Just a couple of feet away, Hermione was Daphne and Fleur, their hands caressing every inch of her body while they took turns snogging her brains out.

Harry knew from experience they were all interested in other women, but he hadn't expected to see something like this. His only disappointment was that Alicia and Angelina weren't doing the same.

Turning his focus back to Katie, he put one hand on her hip and the other on her shoulder. Harry had barely applied any pressure before Katie bent at the waist eagerly. With a grin, he caressed her back all the way down to her muscular bum. Flexing his hips, he ground his rigid shaft against her taut folds. Moaning, Katie pressed her hands against the wall and pushed back onto him.

"Hand me that soap," Harry said.

Grabbing the bottle of body soap off the shelf, Katie held it out behind her. Harry smiled as he took it and popped the top open. With a turn and a squeeze, a waterfall of thick white soap flowed between her cheeks and over his length.

“Harry!” Katie gasped. “What are you doing?”

“Just making sure you’re clean,” Harry smirked.

Grabbing her hips, he sawed his length back and forth between her cheeks, completely coating his length in soap. When he grabbed the base of his shaft and used his swollen head to spread it around her folds, Katie groaned and rocked back, nearly sending him plunging into her depths.

Chuckling, Harry grabbed her hips firmly, holding her in place as he lined himself up with her entrance. Between the soap and her arousal, he slipped in with ease. Katie gasped, followed by a long, low moan as she stretched to accommodate his girth.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Angelina panted, groping her sizable breast. “You ever done that to me, Harry?”

“Yeah,” Harry panted, watching as he slowly sank into Katie’s clutching depths.

“I can show you,” Suzette told her.

There was a few seconds of silence before he heard Angelina gasp.

“Bloody hell!” she said. “I let you bugger me with that thing!”

“Once or twice,” Harry grinned.

“You slut,” Alicia laughed. “He takes you on one date, and you let him take your bum?”

“I guess I’m easier than I thought,” Angelina joked.

“To be fair, it took about a dozen tries,” Harry said.

“Yeah, but hold long did it take to sleep with her?” Alicia asked.

“Three... I think,” Harry grunted, bottoming out in Katie.

“And how long did it take you to get Alicia in bed?” Angelina asked.

“Just once,” Harry smirked.

“Ha!” Angelina crowed. “Now, who’s the slut?”

“What made sleeping with me so easy?” Alicia asked.

“I didn’t bother to ask you,” Harry said, turning to grin at her. “I just pinned you to the wall.”

Alicia’s eyes widened as she swallowed and rubbed her thighs together.

“You’ve always been a size queen,” Angelina teased. “I bet you couldn’t wait to take his broom for a ride when you felt the size of it.”

“Oh, like you’re any better, little miss but slut,” Alicia fired back.

Snorting in amusement, Harry eased back a couple of inches before sliding back in. Katie moaned and trembled as she bucked back against him. While he continued thrusting, gradually moving faster, his hands caressed her back. White suds clung to her soft pink lips as they clung tightly to his shaft.

“Harry,” Katie moaned wantonly.

“Hey, Harry,” Angelina called. “You ever buggered Katie?”

“No,” Harry grunted.

“I bet she’d like it,” Angelina said, her voice growing closer.

Harry blinked as he watched her dark hand caress Katie’s pale globe.

“Ange?” Katie asked shakily as she looked over her shoulder.

Smiling reassuringly at her, Angelina tapped the top of Harry’s length with her finger. Running it up between Katie’s cheeks, she covered her finger in soap and ran her fingertip over her puckered entrance. Katie gasped, her walls tightening around his shaft.

“Just relax,” Angelina told her softly.

Harry watched, transfixed, as she swirled her middle finger around Katie’s rosebud before it sank in up to the first knuckle.

“Oh!” Katie gasped, her depths fluttering around him.

“Keep fucking her,” Angelina said.

Harry, who hadn't realized he'd stopped, began moving his hips. After wiggling her finger a bit, Angelina pulled it out and coated it in more soap before pushing back in. Slowly, she worked it deeper and deeper until her finger was buried up to the second knuckle. Pulling all the way out, she coated her index and middle finger in more soap before pressing both of them into Katie's bum.

"Oh, fuck," Katie groaned, her voice trembling.

"You like that?" Angelina asked, groping Katie's breast.

"Yes," Katie hissed.

Angelina pumped her fingers quickly while Harry hammered her from behind. Her tight, clenching depths fluttered wildly as she neared her climax.

"You want to try Harry's big cock?" Angelina asked.

Katie shook her head.

"Too big," she panted. "Don't stop. I'm so close."

Harry and Angelina sped up in unison, causing Katie to arch her back as her mouth opened in a silent scream. A moment later, that scream became very audible when she screamed, her body tensing and shuddering as she came explosively. Harry grunted when she tightened around him so much that he stopped moving out of fear of hurting her.

Angelina had no such problem as she frantically drove her fingers in and out of her bum, burying them all the way up to the top knuckle. Slipping a hand under Katie, Harry rubbed her clit. The sudden stimulation caused her breath to catch in her throat and cut her off mid scream.

“Too much!” Katie gasped, jerking away from them.

Panting and shaking, she leaned against the wall and slid down to the floor, her body twitching uncontrollably. As Harry caught his breath, he heard loud moans coming from behind him. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw Suzette fingering Susan, and Fleur had her face buried between Hermione’s legs while Daphne snogged her senseless. Before he could get too engrossed in watching, Harry’s attention was caught by the feeling of a hand wrapping around his throbbing length.

Looking down, he watched as Angelina’s hand glided lightly up and down his slick shaft.

“You know,” Angelina said, eyeing his member hungrily. “We never did thank you properly for helping us win the cup last year.”

“You just want an excuse to suck his cock,” Alicia said, suddenly standing just over his shoulder.

“So?” Angelina smirked. “You gonna help or not?”

She dropped to her knees as Alicia snorted and knelt down next to her. Harry swallowed thickly as Katie squeezed between the two of them, all three smiling up at him as Angelina stroked his length. Rinsing the soap off of his skin, she gave him a couple more strokes before taking him between her thick, pouty lips.

“Fuck,” Harry hissed, his hips flexing involuntarily.

With a smirk in her eyes, Angelina bobbed on him a couple of times before taking him as deep as she could. Her lips stopped just a couple of inches from his base with a loud gag. She held him there for a few seconds, her deep brown eyes watering as she stared into his, before pulling back with a cough and passing him to Katie.

Giggling as he throbbed in her hand, she stroked him a couple of times and then wrapped her lips around his tip. Harry groaned, his hand caressing the top of her head affectionately. While Angelina focused on deepthroating him, Katie preferred to focus on the head, sucking and swirling her tongue around his swollen, sensitive glans.

Allowing him to slip from her lips, she kissed the tip before smiling and passing him to Alicia. Stroking him quickly, she held him vertically, then ducked her head and took his balls into her mouth.

“Bloody hell,” Harry panted.

It wasn't the greatest feeling in the world, but somehow, it felt dirtier than if she had taken his cock into her mouth. When Alicia passed him back to Katie, Angelina leaned over and wrapped her lips around one side of his exposed shaft while Alicia did the same on the other. Seeing their lips and tongues around him, occasionally touching as their beautiful faces stared up at him, quickly pushed Harry to the brink.

“I'm cumming,” Harry warned.

Katie took him out of her mouth and stroked him rapidly. On either side of her, Angelina and Alicia pressed their cheeks against hers and stared at his engorged tip expectantly. With a grunt, Harry tipped over the edge. His shaft throbbed powerfully, jumping out of Katie's grip as a long streak of thick, white cum left a diagonal stripe from her chin to her hairline. She squealed and laughed along with Alicia while Angelina grabbed his length and jerked him furiously.

The remainder of his climax spewed around wildly from her frantic movements. Streaks and globs landed all over their faces and bodies as they giggled and smiled. As his peak came to an end, Angelina gripped him tightly, squeezing the last of his climax out onto her hand.

“Was that as good as your fantasies?” she asked, smirking as she sucked her hand clean.

“Better,” Harry grinned as she licked her lips. “Much better.”

The Chasers giggled and shared a look.

“I know what he really wants to see,” Alicia said. “Should we give it to him?”

Katie turned to her and giggled before licking a long, thick streak from her cheek. Keeping her tongue extended, she wiggled her eyebrows. Angelina and Alicia grinned before leaning in, all three of their tongues meeting in the middle.

“Holy shit,” Harry said, his mouth hanging open as he watched kiss, swapping his cum.

His tired member jerked excitedly as Suzette giggled and wrapped her arms around him from behind.

“Don’t tire yourself out,” she whispered. “You still ‘ave four more dates to take care of.”

“I might need a Pepper-Up after this,” Harry grinned.

“You don’t need a potion,” Fleur scoffed.

Walking around in front of him, she cupped his cheeks and flooded him with her Allure. Harry’s eyes widened, and his erection grew so hard so fast it slapped audibly against her thigh.

“You ‘ave me,” Fleur smirked.

Chuckling, Harry pulled her close and kissed her tenderly.

“Not yet,” Suzette said. “It’s Susan’s turn next.”

Groaning in disappointment, Fleur backed up with a pout.

“What do you have planned now?” Harry asked.

Suzette just smirked.

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After cleaning up, getting dressed, and going back to the Ball, Harry and the girls sat at a table, talking and laughing. With his arms wrapped around Susan’s waist, her massive breasts resting on his forearms, he looked around the room.

He smirked at the constant glances directed his way from curious or jealous students. Not one of them knew that under Susan’s pretty pink robe, he was buried to the hilt in her sweltering depths. Obviously, he couldn’t do anything too overt without gathering unwanted attention, but Harry was more than happy with the slow rolling and grinding of their hips.

Susan’s cheeks were stained pink as the other girls at the table gave her knowing looks every time she wiggled in his lap. Smiling, Harry kissed the side of her neck, his hand blatantly cupping her breast as he flexed his hips. Biting her lip, the redhead moaned and trembled.

“Hey, Susan,” Hannah said brightly.

Susan went bright red as she and Harry watched her dormmates walk over to their table.

“Do you mind if we join you for a bit?” Megan asked.

“Sure, have a seat,” Hermione grinned, her eyes sparkling as they flickered over to Susan and Harry.

“So, how’d you end up with so many dates, Harry?” Sophie asked.

“Er, it’s a bit of a long story,” Harry said.

“You know, there’s a whole bunch of rumors going around,” Hannah said.

“Like what?” Fleur asked, her lips quirking.

“Like you’ve all been having your way with him in a broom cupboard for the last hour,” Megan giggled.

“Oh, non,” Fleur giggled. “Zhat would be far too small to fit all of us.”

The Hufflepuffs laughed girlishly while Harry smirked and bounced Susan in his lap, drawing a quiet gasp from her lips.

“Susan, I need to use the loo. Come with me?” Hannah asked.

“I - uh - I,” Susan stammered.

“She can’t,” Harry said.

Hannah tilted her head to the side and looked at him oddly.

“Why not?” Megan asked, her brow furrowed.

Giving Susan a squeeze, Harry grabbed the hem of her dress and slowly slid it up her thigh.

“What are you –” Hannah gasped when Harry continued lifting Susan’s dress to reveal her mound, his length clearly buried between her dripping folds.

“Oh, Merlin,” Megan gasped, her eyes wide.

Smirking, Harry lowered Susan’s dress before anyone else could catch a glimpse. Susan’s neck and chest blushed bright red as she avoided her housemate’s eyes. Despite that, she eagerly rolled her hips, heedless to everyone watching her.

“Susan likes an audience,” Suzette smirked.

“What if you get caught!?” Sophie hissed, though Harry could see the excitement in her eyes.

“Zhat’s what makes it so fun, non?” Fleur asked with a wink.

Suddenly, there was a flash followed by a tremendous bang across the hall. As Harry looked through the crowd of students, he caught Angelina’s gaze as she winked.

“I guess they thought you could use a distraction,” Hermione giggled. “I bet they stole those fireworks from Fred and George.”

A loud cheer rang out as more fireworks burst in the air, the multi-colored sparks forming the shapes of magical creatures that chased each other above the students’ heads. While The band continued to play, the students cheered and danced, and the teachers scrambled, looking for someone to blame; Harry stood up and bent Susan over the table.

Susan gasped loudly as he gave her the first real thrust after fifteen minutes of being inside of her. By the second, she let out a long, wanton moan that was covered by the roar of a red, sparkling Dragon overhead.

Fleur giggled and leaned over to kiss Susan on the cheek.

“Just zthink, anyone could look over an see you taking ‘Arry big cock like a ‘ore,” she said.

Susan whimpered, her depths fluttering wildly.

“I think she likes that idea,” Harry grunted, thrusting hard. “Susie might act shy, but she loves the thought of being shown off.”

Hannah, Megan, and Sophie watched with open mouths and wide eyes as Harry pounded into the busty redhead furiously. Grabbing a handful of her hair, he pulled her head back roughly and nibbled at her neck.

“I bet you’d love it if I ripped this dress off of you and let everyone in this watch me fuck you,” Harry growled.

“Oh, fuck!” Susan gasped sharply but quietly. “Harry!”

A moment later, she bit her lip hard as she stiffened and shuddered. Harry grunted when she tightened around him, spilling himself in her depths.

“I can’t believe you just did that!” Hannah gasped.

Smiling, Harry gave Susan a pat on the bum before slipping out of her and tucking himself away. Letting her dress fall back down around her leg, he sat down and pulled her back into his lap. Susan curled up against his chest and hummed contentedly as she nuzzled her face into the crook of his neck.

“So, how’s your night going?” Harry asked his Hufflepuff classmates.

“Not as well as Susan’s,” Megan snorted.

“Quite the spectacle, eh?”

Katie stiffened as Cormac McLaggen stepped up behind her and rested his hand on the back of her chair.

“Did you need something, Cormac?” Katie asked.

Taking that as a good sign, he grinned and held out his hand.

“I thought you might like to dance,” McLaggen said, his eyes fixed on her chest.

“If you haven’t noticed, I came with Harry,” Katie told him.

“Yeah, along with a few other girls,” McLaggen said dismissively. “He doesn’t exactly seem to be paying you too much attention.”

“Zhat’s why we ‘ave each other, non?” Fleur asked.

McLaggen’s eyes glazed over as he gazed at the stunning blonde before shaking his head.

“Sorry, what?” he asked.

Rolling her eyes, Fleur leaned over and kissed Katie passionately. The brunette squeaked in surprise, then moaned as she kissed her back. McLaggen stared at them lecherously before licking his lips. As they pulled apart, he ran a hand through his hair and gave them a smarmy grin.

“You still taste like ‘Arry from zhe shower,” Fleur giggled.

McLaggen’s smile fell instantly.

“Sorry, I forgot to brush my teeth after he came in my mouth,” Katie said.

“Mmh, I like it,” Fleur murmured.

Ignoring McLaggen, they kissed heatedly. As the other girls snickered at him, his face turned red with anger before he turned and stomped away.

“Is it weird I enjoyed that?” Harry asked.

“He deserves it,” Hermione said, folding her arms over her chest. “He’s almost as bad as Malfoy.

“Why don’t we take this back to the carriage?” Suzette asked.

“What about Hermione?” Susan asked. “Didn’t she want to do something with Harry?”

“Oh, that’s alright,” Hermione said with a blush.

“No, it’s not,” Harry said, reaching out to take her hand. “What did you have in mind, Hermione?”

“Um, well...”

“Oh, God! Harry!” Hermione screamed.

Harry grinned as he pinned her naked body to the wall of the common room and buried himself in her steaming depths repeatedly. Angelina had sent all of the underage students up to their dorms the moment they arrived, leaving the common room empty except for Harry and his girls.

Of course, it wouldn't stay like that for long. He knew from experience that some of the students would start turning in early any minute.

And that was exactly what Hermione wanted.

As he stared into her deep brown eyes, he could see every thought that passed through her mind. She was sick of being thought of as a bookworm and a teacher's pet. Hermione wanted to be seen as a woman, as desirable. Perhaps even more importantly, she wanted to be seen as Harry's. She wanted everyone to know that even with girls like Fleur and Susan, and Katie on his arm, he still wanted her.

He just wished that she would see herself as the beautiful and brilliant witch that he did.

Staring into her eyes, Harry pushed those thoughts into her mind. Every time he'd thought of how pretty she looked, every time he'd wanted to kiss her but stopped out of fear, he showed her.

Gasping, Hermione bucked her hips and raked her nails across his naked back.

“Fuck me,” she panted. “Fuck me harder.”

Pressing his forehead against hers, Harry did just that. With the wall supporting some of her weight, he took one hand off of her ass and groped one of her bouncing breasts. Moaning, Hermione arched her back and rolled her hips desperately.

“Bloody hell,”

Hermione looked over his shoulder and trembled at the sound of the familiar Irish accent.

“Don’t just stand there. Come in and close the door,” Katie told Seamus.

“Hermione!” Ron yelled. “What are you doing!?”

“What does it look like?” Hermione asked before moaning lewdly.

“Damn, Hermione. I never knew you were so fit,” Seamus said.

“I did,” Harry told her softly while Ron argued with Seamus in the background.

Smiling, Hermione threaded her fingers through his hair and kissed him passionately.

“We need to stop them. They’ve been cursed!” Ron yelled.

“They’re not cursed,” Katie said.

“Hey, nice tits, Granger!” yelled a sixth year.

“Holy shit! Hermione!” Lavender gasped.

Hermione moaned and shuddered, her eyes closing as she gripped Harry's shoulders tightly.

"Every guy in this room wishes they were me right now," Harry panted softly.

Hermione opened her eyes and stared at him with a hooded, lustful gaze.

"They can't have me," she replied just as softly.

Grinning, Harry kissed her passionately as he carried her away from the wall. Walking to the center of the room, he sat down on a couch Suzette had positioned for him. Once they were settled, he lifted her off of him and then turned her around so she was facing the room.

For the first time, Harry took a look at the crowd. It was a lot larger than he'd expected. Well over twenty witches and wizards ranging from fourth year all the way to seventh were now gathered around to watch. Thankfully, Katie and Suzette were watching them closely, their wands out just in case anyone tried anything stupid. From the reddening of Ron's ears, he thought that was likely.

"Bloody hell, Hermione," Parvati gasped. "How do you fit that inside of you?"

"Carefully," Hermione said.

Biting her lip, she lined him back up with her entrance and sank down on his length with a moan.

"How does it feel?" Lavender asked eagerly.

"So good," Hermione moaned, leaning her back against Harry's chest.

Kissing her shoulder, Harry reached around and cupped her breasts as she started to bounce up and down.

"I knew she was a slut!" someone yelled. "It's always the quiet ones."

"Shut it, Richards!" Ron yelled furiously before he whirled on Harry and Hermione, his finger pointed accusingly. "And you! You just have to have everything, don't you!? You already had four dates, but you had to take Hermione, too! And now this!?"

"Shut up, Ron!" Hermione yelled even as she increased her pace. "If you're just going to complain, then go to bed. Fuck!"

Squeezing her breasts tightly, Harry pulled her against his chest and thrust upwards powerfully. Hermione's mouth fell open, and her hands gripped his while his hips clapped loudly against her bum.

"But why him?" Ron whined. "Why not me?"

"Because he's got a big cock," Lavender said, licking her lips as she stared at the point they were connected.

"Because she loves 'im," Suzette smiled.

"And that doesn't bother you?" Lavender asked.

"Non, it's beautiful," Fleur said.

Walking over, she stopped in front of Hermione and stroked her cheek. Bending down, she kissed her on the lips. The crowd gasped loudly as Hermione returned it eagerly, her hands coming up to grope Fleur's breasts through her silver dress.

Suddenly, Daphne grabbed Susan by the hand and pulled her over to the couch. Sitting down next to Harry, she hiked up her dress and revealed her bare, glistening folds to the room.

“On your knees,” she ordered Susan.

Blushing brightly, the redhead quickly dropped to her knees. As she leaned forward and licked tentatively, Daphne caressed her hair and moaned.

“Mmh, that’s good,” she hummed. “Please your mistress.”

“Mistress?” Katie asked teasingly.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Daphne said between moans. “Susan and I will have to be mistresses if we want to continue our family lines.”

“Uh huh,” Katie smirked skeptically. “And it has nothing to do with the fact that you like ordering poor little Susie around.”

“She likes it,” Daphne shrugged before looking down at the redhead between her legs. “At least, I think so.”

Pulling back slightly, Susan blushed as she licked her lips.

“Yes, mistress,” she mumbled shyly.

Daphne smiled surprisingly tenderly, considering her reputation, and ran her fingers through Susan’s hair.

“Good girl,” Daphne said.

Meanwhile, Fleur dropped to her knees and took Hermione’s clit between her lips. As she moaned loudly, Harry smiled and kissed her neck.

“Look at you, Hermione,” he said. “Sandwiched between two Champions.”

“Oh, God, Fleur,” she gasped. “Harry, fuck me, please.”

“Give it to her, Harry!” Angelina yelled. “Plow that sexy bookworm.”

Snorting, Harry grabbed Hermione’s hips. He thrust up into her roughly while Fleur continued lapping at her clit. Hermione gasped, her mouth hanging open as she arched her back and rested the back of her head on his shoulder. Her perfect, perky breasts bounced wildly as he held her still and hammered his length into her depths. The boy, and even some of the girls, cheered loudly.

With the double assault, it was only moments before Hermione screamed out in climax.

“I’m cumming! I’m cumming!” she shouted, drenching Fleur’s chin.

Harry grunted and continued pounding into her, rapidly approaching his own release. When Fleur pulled away a few seconds later, smirking while wiping her mouth, he fucked her even harder.

“Har-r-ry” Hermione nearly sobbed from the pleasure wracking her body.

With a growl, Harry slammed her down one last time before he erupted in her depths. He felt more than heard her gasp as the crowd of Gryffindors cheered and clapped.

“I hope she’s on the potion,” one of the boys yelled to laughter.

Hermione ignored them as she leaned back against Harry and trembled.

“I love you, Harry,” she panted, grabbing his wrists and wrapping his arms around her. “I love you so much.”

“I love you, too,” Harry said, holding her tightly.

“Alright, clear off you lot. Show’s over,” Angelina yelled.

There was a bit of grumbling, but no one argued with her. While the crowd dispersed and the students went to their dorms, Harry and Hermione caught their breath.

“Okay, now we can go to the carriage,” Hermione said tiredly.

Fleur’s eyes lit up as she looked at Harry.

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Two hours later, Fleur was once again riding Harry. The floor of the Beauxbatons’ common room was covered in pillows, and a pile of exhausted witches lay curled up around them. Most had fallen asleep, but Suzette was still awake. She was curled up with Elise, who was passed out as a trickle of cum leaked from her lips.

The Veela Allure was a godsend, Harry thought.

He’d had more sex tonight than he thought possible. But just when he thought he couldn’t possibly go on, Fleur’s Allure aroused and energized him.

“Oui,” Fleur moaned, rolling her hips.

Harry groaned, staring up at the silver haired goddess as his hands cupped her perfect breasts. Digging her nails into his chest, Fleur unguled her hips as she rode him. The incredible feeling caused him to buck up into her and draw a gasp from her lips.

Moments later, they came together spectacularly before Fleur collapsed onto his chest. Holding her gently, he caressed her back as they caught their breath. After a few seconds, Suzette laughed quietly. When Harry looked at her questioningly, she nodded to Fleur. Lifting his head, he looked at her face and blinked when he realized she was asleep.

“You exhausted a Veela,” Suzette chuckled.

“She exhausted me, too,” Harry said, dropping his head onto the pillows.

“She ‘ad ‘elp,” she replied, looking around at the naked women around them.

Harry just hummed tiredly. Reaching out, he took her hand and tugged her gently. Smiling, Suzette slipped away from Elise and curled up against his side.

“Thank you,” he said sincerely. “This was... incredible.”

“You’re welcome,” Suzette smiled, kissing him softly. “But you still don’t see it, do you?”

“See what?” Harry asked curiously.

“The effect you ‘ave on them,” she said. “They love you just as much as you love them, even though, for them, it’s only been a day. The memories ‘elp, but it’s the way you look at them - the way you touch them – that’s what really gets through. It’s – It’s wonderful to see and feel all

of your thoughts. I've never experienced anything like this before. It's... amazing. I never want it to end."

"Neither do I," Harry smiled, kissing the top of her head. "If I had to choose one of you, I don't know what I'd do."

"You won't 'ave to," Suzette smiled. "Once they see the memories we saved, they'll come back."

"I hope so," Harry said.

He was too tired to worry about it any further. Yawning, he lifted Fleur up just enough to slip out of her. She grumbled in her sleep before hugging herself to his chest. Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head. Pulling Suzette close, he kissed her lovingly before closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep.