

## Harry Helps Daphne

### Chapter 1

Harry sat on the floor of the seventh-floor corridor, across from the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy, waiting for Daphne Greengrass to arrive. When Daphne had asked to speak with him earlier in the day he had been surprised. He had only shared a few words with her in class, and he couldn't think of any reason why she would want to talk to him. Once they were alone in an abandoned classroom, Daphne explained that she needed his help. Apparently, him being chosen as a Champion in the Triwizard Tournament had greatly upset Malfoy, and he spent the better part of an hour bitching about it in the common room. Daphne's best friend, Tracey Davis, got fed up with him, and the two ended up having an argument, with Tracey insulting Malfoy about his inability to get the best of Harry. Somehow, Daphne wasn't sure how, and Harry couldn't begin to imagine how it could happen either, the insults had turned to Tracey insinuating that Harry was better in bed than Malfoy. This really got the blonde prick upset, and he offered to prove that he was better than Harry by having Tracey or Daphne sleep with both him and Harry to determine who was better in bed. When both Tracey and Daphne refused, Malfoy threatened to use Daphne's sister, Astoria.

Daphne explained to him that her grandfather, Cygrus, had owed the Malfoy's an unspecified favor when he had borrowed money from them in order to get his wife, Marna, treatment for a blood curse that the women of the Greengrass family carried. However, rather than ask for the loan to be paid back, the Malfoy's asked Cygrus for a vow that the Greengrass family would owe them an unspecified favor in the future that they couldn't refuse. The worst part was, the cure that the Greengrass family had spent the money on didn't even work, and the women of the family effected with it were cursed to die exactly one year after giving birth. The curse, however, only effected one girl every generation. They still didn't know if the curse would affect Daphne or Astoria, as it wouldn't show up in medical scans until after they were fully matured. Markus, Daphne's father, was sure that the Malfoy's were waiting to see which daughter had the curse, so that they could force a marriage contract between them and Draco. This would give the Malfoy family access to the Greengrass family's business holdings once the wife passed.

Draco Malfoy, the slimy little bastard, knew about this, and had been holding it over Daphne and Astoria since they came to Hogwarts. Astoria, a second year Slytherin, had especially been targeted by Malfoy's threats, and was terrified that he would force her to do something awful. Daphne, however, had seen an opportunity to free her and her sister from his threats, at least while they were at Hogwarts. So, she made a deal with him. If she slept with Malfoy and Harry, and told him who was better, he would vow to leave her and Astoria alone and not use the vow they owed to his family until they were finished at Hogwarts. Malfoy, in his anger and desperation to prove he was better than Harry, reluctantly agreed. Malfoy made her sleep with him that night, as he said he didn't want her after she'd been "sullied by Potter."

Harry was a little suspicious when she first told him the story, wondering if this was some kind of joke or trick. People hadn't exactly been kind to him since his name came out of the damned goblet. As he talked to her though, he could see the stress she was going through, and her desperation at getting him to help was clear. She had even offered to do anything he wanted her to for one night, if he promised to help. It didn't hurt that she was arguably the most beautiful girl in the school, or that he had a bit of a crush on her. In the end, he agreed, and told her to meet him here, near the Room of Requirement.

Hearing footsteps echoing along the empty, silent halls, Harry got up from where he was sat against the wall, and tried to calm his nerves. As it was a Friday and dinner had just ended, everyone would be outside, or at various clubs. There really wasn't anyone else that it could be other than Daphne. Sure enough, a moment later, Daphne turned the corner and walked over to him.

Daphne was just an inch or so shorter than him with long, straight blonde hair. She had bright, light blue eyes and a very beautiful face, with an angular nose, and pronounced cheekbones. Her body was, in a word, perfect. Large breasts, a thin waist, wide hips, and long, toned legs. He thought that she could give even the Veela, Fleur Delacour, a run for her money. Harry wiped his sweaty palms on his robes and gave her a smile he hoped didn't look too nervous.

"Hey." He said.

“Potter.” She said giving him a nod, an almost emotionless look on her face, and glanced around the hall.

“So, where is this room you’re taking us to?” She asked.

“It’s right here. Just give me a second.”

Harry paced back and forth along a stretch of blank wall, thinking of a comfortable room with a bed. A moment later, a door appeared where there was once nothing but bare stone wall.

“Impressive, Potter.” Daphne said, as he reached out to open the door.

“It’s called the Room of Requirement.” He told her.

Opening the door, he led her into the room he had created. Inside, it looked like the Gryffindor dorm room, but with only one, large, four-poster bed. Where the other beds would have been, was a fireplace with a comfortable looking couch in front of it, and two squishy arm chairs on either side of the couch. Everything was in the Gryffindor colors of scarlet and gold.

“I’ve never heard of this room.” Daphne said as she closed the door behind her, and inspected the room.

“My friend, Dobby, he’s a house elf, showed it to me when I told him I needed a place to train for the Tournament. It can become pretty much anything you want it to.” He told her, hoping he wasn’t babbling too much.

“Really?” she asked, sounding genuinely interested.

“Yeah,” he said, glad to have something to distract him from the awkwardness of the moment. “Here, close your eyes and focus of what you want the room to look like.”

Daphne looked at him with a raised eyebrow for a moment, then slowly closed her eyes, and an expression of intense concentration passed over her face. Harry watched, fascinated, as the room around him began to change and morph before his eyes. Scarlet and gold faded to light blue and white. The wall behind the bed morphed from stone to clear, as it became a large bay window looking out onto a meadow. The chairs sank into the floor, the fireplace grew into a tall bookcase, and a long coffee table sprouted from the floor. Next to the bed, a white wicker chair and vanity with a large mirror twisted itself into shape. Finally, a fluffy, white shag carpet seemed to grow, like grass, from the cold stone floor.

Hearing a gasp behind him, Harry turned around to see Daphne staring at the room in wide eyed wonder. He couldn’t help but smile at her reaction. It was rare to see the normally calm and composed girl show so much emotion.

“Nice.” He said, “Is this your room?”

“Yes.” She answered absentmindedly.

Daphne walked over to the couch and ran her hand over it. To him, it looked like was testing to see if it was real. Harry watched her for a few moments as she walked around the room, examining it. Then, suddenly, she stopped and turned back to him.

“Right,” she said, “as incredible as this is, it’s not why I came here.”

Harry blinked at the sudden change and nodded at her.

“Right,” he said, his nervousness returning worse than before. “there’s a couple things I wanted to talk to you about first.”

“Oh?” She said with a raised brow, walking closer to him.

“Yeah, well, first, could you call me Harry?” He asked. “It’d be weird to be called Potter while we’re, um, you know...”

Harry ran his hand through his hair and mentally cursed himself for sounding so stupid. He was surprised though, when Daphne gave him a small, genuine, smile.

“I guess it would be a bit strange.” She agreed. “And the second thing?”

Harry took a deep breath and gathered his courage. He stepped up to Daphne and put his hands lightly on her waist, their bodies just a couple of inches apart. Daphne looked up at him and hesitantly put her hands on his shoulders, but didn’t push him away. He could feel her

hands shaking slightly, and he realized for the first time that she was probably just as nervous as he was. Surprisingly, this made him feel much more comfortable about the situation. He gave her a reassuring smile.

“I was wondering if you wanted to try and enjoy this, or if you just wanted to get it over with.” He said.

“I-” she started.

Daphne looked away and bit her lip nervously. Harry waited patiently for her, his thumbs gently rubbing back and forth on her waist. After a moment, she seemed to come to a decision and gathered herself.

“I would prefer to enjoy it.” She said, moving her hands up from his shoulders to wrap her arms around his neck, and pulling them closer together so that her breasts were pressed against his chest.

Harry smiled, and wrapped his arms around her waist. Slowly, he moved his face closer to hers, tilting his head slightly to the right, and gently brushed his lips against hers. He pulled back a fraction, feeling her warm breath wash over his face. One of her hands moved up to thread her fingers through the hair on the back of his head. He moved forward, kissing her again, this time much more firmly. Their lips slowly began to move against each other as their confidence grew. Eventually, they pulled apart to catch their breath. Harry couldn't help the slightly goofy smile on his face as he looked at Daphne. Her cheeks were a bit pink and she was breathing a little heavily, just like he was, as she smiled back at him.

Pulling back from her, He took off his glasses, put them in the pocket of his robes, and then removed them as well. Tossing them over the back of the couch, Daphne followed his lead,

taking off her robes as well, and exposing the white, button up shirt underneath. He couldn't help as his eyes were drawn to her chest, and how her shirt was stretched tightly across her large breasts. After she had finished laying her robes on the couch next to his, Harry gently grabbed her by the hips, and pulled her close to him again. Reaching up with his right hand, he ran his fingers from her temple down to her cheek in a gentle caress. Looking into her eyes, he could see nervousness warring with excitement. He gave her another smile, hoping that this one came out more reassuring than goofy. It seemed it had, as she smiled back for a moment, then bit her lip in a way that sent his pulse racing, as her arms wrapped around his neck again. They moved together at the same time, their lips meeting in a heated kiss.

Harry ran his fingers in a feather light touch up and down her spine, from the strap of her bra, to the waist of her skirt, causing Daphne to give a sexy little moan against his lips. Spurred on, he ran his tongue across her bottom lip. Her lips parted for him, allowing him to slide his tongue along hers in a sensuous caress. She seemed hesitant, or perhaps inexperienced, at first, but quickly got the hang of it, as her tongue danced smoothly against his. While his right hand continued to move up and down her spine, his left hand moved slowly, so as not to startle her, from her hip, around her back, and then down to gently rest on her bum. He left it there and held still for a moment while they continued to kiss, giving her a chance to object. When she didn't, he pressed his hand against her more firmly, and started to lightly massage her with it. Unfortunately, it was hard to feel much through the heavy wool skirt of her uniform, but it was still exciting to know what his hand was touching.

Harry was surprised when her hands left their place around his neck, and, without breaking the kiss, began loosening his tie. Sliding the tie off of him and throwing it to the side, her hands moved to his collar and started undoing the buttons of his shirt. Letting go of her for a moment, He untucked his shirt from his trousers, and helped her to quickly finish unbuttoning his shirt. With Daphne's help, his shirt quickly joined his tie on the floor, and their bodies were pressed together again, this time with Harry's bare chest pressed against her. Her hands, rather than wrap around his neck again, were running over the muscles of his back. While her hands explored his bare back, his were busy untucking her shirt from her skirt. Rather than start at the collar as she had, he started unbuttoning her shirt from the bottom, making his way slowly up. Reaching the last button, and thankful she wasn't wearing a tie, Harry pushed it off of her shoulders, forcing Daphne to stop touching him for a moment so he could get her shirt off. They took a small step apart as he slid the shirt off of her shoulders and on to the floor.

Harry looked down to see Daphne was wearing a lacy black bra that pushed her breasts up and together, creating an incredible amount of cleavage. Worried that he had been staring too long, he looked up at her face, only to find that she was busy staring at his chest and abs. He watched as one of her hands reached up and caressed his muscled abs, causing them to twitch lightly. Looking up to her face again, he saw that she was now looking at him, biting her lip in that way he found so enticing, only to look down at his bare torso again. Her other hand joined the first, starting at his abs, which again twitched under her touch, and she slid them up, her fingers sliding along the contours of his muscles. He watched as her hands moved slowly from his abs, up over his pecs, and to his neck. His eyes moved to her chest again for a moment, then back to her face as her fingers threaded through the back of his hair and their lips met again. His arms wrapped around her and pulled her against him tightly. The feel of bare skin on skin, and the fabric of her bra clad breasts pressing against his chest caused his erection to quickly rise and press against her thigh.

Running his hands up and down the bare skin of her back, his hand came to rest on the clasp of her bra. He toyed with it for a moment, silently telling her what he intended to do, and when she made no move to stop him, he undid the clasp. Pulling his body away from hers, without separating their lips, he pulled the bra off of her. One hand quickly reached up to cup her bare breast in his hand, while the other rested at the small of her back, pressing their pelvises together and grinding his erection against her. Daphne moaned into his mouth as his hand caressed her breast, and he gently brushed his thumb over her hardened nipple. He spent several moments enjoying the feel of her full, firm breast in his hand, giving it a firm squeeze, which earned him another moan. Reluctantly, he moved his hand from her chest, and down to her waist, where he undid the button on the side of her skirt, and slid down the zipper. Her skirt fell to the floor and pooled around her feet. Instead of having her step out of it, Harry wrapped arms around her, under her bum, and lifted her off the ground.

Daphne's legs quickly wrapped around his waist as he carried her across the room and over to the large four-poster bed. Setting her down so that she was seated on the bed, Harry finally broke the kiss and looked down at her. Without conscious thought, his eyes dropped to her chest. Her breasts were more incredible than her could have imagined. Large, but still unbelievably perky, they jutted from her chest in a way that seemed to defy gravity, with perfectly round, pale pink, puffy areolas, and visibly hard, slightly darker nipples. Forcing his eyes to travel down to her flat stomach, and thin waist, he saw that her lacy black panties, stretched over her wide hips, matched the bra she had worn. He looked up from her long, smooth, toned legs when he felt her hands beginning to undo his belt buckle. Looking up to her face, he saw that she again biting her lip as she focused on undoing his trousers, having already



finished with his belt. When she was finished undoing his fly, Harry helped pull down his trousers, quickly toeing off his shoes, and kicked them to the side. Standing up straight again, he saw a nervous look come over Daphne's face as her eyes looked at his large erection, tenting the leg of his boxers. Harry bent down, stroked her cheek, and gently kissed her on the lips.

"Lay back." he told her quietly.

Daphne scooted back so she was completely on the bed and laid back, with her head on the pillows. Harry crawled up on the bed and over the top of her. Supporting his weight on his hands and knees, he kissed her on the lips quickly, but passionately, before moving down to her neck. He trailed kisses down her neck, passed her collarbone, and paused at her breasts. Cupping her right breast, he dipped head down to press several kisses around the nipple of the left one, before finally taking it into his mouth and gently sucking on it. Daphne moaned and ran her fingers through his hair. With the hand that was cupping and massaging her right breast, he ran the back of his nail on his index finger over her hardened nipple, before switching his mouth over to the right one, while his hand cupped the left. As he took her other nipple into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it, he took the hardened nipple of her left breast and gave it sudden, firm pinch.

Daphne gasped and arched her back, her hands tightening in his hair, and pulled his head hard against her chest. As her body relaxed back on to the bed, she let out a sensuous moan that had him throbbing in his boxers. Regrettably, Harry left her breasts and continued down, trailing light kisses and gentle sucks down her toned stomach to the waist band of her panties. Grabbing the sides of her panties, he could already smell the musky scent of her arousal. Looking up at her, he placed a kiss on her mound over her panties, and started to tug them down her legs. She lifted her hips to help him, and he slid the lacy black material down her smooth, toned legs, throwing them to the floor when they were off.

Starting at her calves, Harry began kissing his way up the inside of her smooth legs, while his hands slid up the outside. Daphne's legs slowly parted for him as he worked his way up, until he reached her smooth, hairless mound, with taught, closed lips. With a leg over each of his shoulders, he laid on his stomach and began pressing kisses around her pussy as her hands

again threaded through his hair, gently massaging his scalp. Harry extended his tongue, and slowly ran it between her lips, starting at the bottom and moving all the way to the top, stopping just short of her clit. Her hands tightened in his hair as he stopped, lightly pulling him forward, but he pulled back and moved back down to the bottom of her lips. He extended his tongue and pushed it between her lips, this time pushing it in deeper, and again lick all the way back to the top, stopping just short of her clit. This time, he didn't ignore it, but placed a brief, gentle kiss over top of it. Daphne bucked her hips up, and pulled him forward lightly again, trying to prolong the contact.

*"Harry."*

Harry was planning to tease her a bit more, but her needy, sexy whine set him throbbing in his shorts. Sticking his tongue out again, he licked up to the top of her lips, and flicked it along the bottom of the hood covering her clit. She moaned again, wrapping her long legs around his head. Harry looked up to see her laying back with her eyes closed, one hand in his hair, and the other was groping one of her breasts roughly. Opening his mouth, he wrapped his lips over the top of her mound, and swirled his tongue around her clit. Suddenly, he pulled his mouth off of her, spread her lips with his fingers, and blew cool air over her warm, wet clit. Daphne whined, her back arching up off of the bed. Closing his mouth back over her pussy, his tongue lashed against her clit in a suddenly, moving quickly left, right, up and down, in an unpredictable pattern.

"Fuck!" Daphne yelled.

Her hips bucked against his face, her legs tightened around his head, and her hands gripped his hair. Harry could feel her juices spilling down his chin, as her breathing became fast and harsh. With one last, hard suck, she tipped over the edge.

"Oh FUCK! HARRY!" she screamed.

With her hands fisted tightly in his hair, pulling his face tightly, almost painfully, against her pussy, and her legs locked around his head, Daphne came hard. Harry stopped lashing her clit so hard, and went back to gently swirling his tongue around her clit as her body started to calm down. A few moments later, her body relaxed onto the bed, and her hands and legs released him from his enjoyable imprisonment. Giving her pussy one last kiss, which caused her to twitch, he moved from between her legs, stood up, and removed his boxers. Harry's rock-hard cock bounced as it was finally released, coming to rest standing straight out from his body. Looking down at Daphne, her arm was laid over her face, and she was breathing harshly, her breasts jiggling with the movement.

"Need a break?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Uh-huh" she mumbled.

Harry climbed back on to the bed and laid on his side next to her, his erection resting on her hip. He put his hand on her stomach, and began to caress his way up to her breasts, unable to resist their enticing movement. Gradually, her breathing started to even out, and she removed her arm from covering her face, her eyes still closed. He made a mental note to himself to find a way to thank Katie for teaching him how to please a girl with his tongue.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, I just need a minute." she said, turning her head and opening her eyes to look at him.

He smiled at her, raised his hand to caress her cheek, and then leaned down to give her a brief, passionate kiss. Pulling back, his hand drifted right back down to her breast, and began to massage it again.

“Having fun?” she asked with a smirk.

“Yup.” he answered with an unrepentant grin.

Daphne gave a tired giggle, her eyes trailing down his body. When her eyes reached his cock, she bit her lip in an expression Harry was coming to learn meant she was nervous. He thought she looked incredibly sexy when she did that. Her hand reached out, and she lightly ran her fingers along his shaft. His cock twitched at her touch, precum leaked out of the tip and smeared against her hip. Opening her hand, she wrapped her fingers lightly around the base of his cock and gently started to move her hand back and forth. Harry groaned as his aching cock finally got some attention.

“Do you want to go on top,” he asked, “so you can control the pace?”

“Do you think that would be better?” She asked.

“I think it would be easier for you.” He told her.

Daphne bit her lip, and continued to lightly stroke his cock as she thought about it. For several moment, they stayed as they were in a comfortable silence. Eventually, she spoke up.

“Okay, I think I’m ready.” she said.

Harry gave her breast one more squeeze, kissed her on the lips, and then moved so that he was laying on his back. Daphne sat up, and threw her leg over him, straddling his waist. She lifted herself up, grabbed his cock, and bit her lip as she started to line him up with her pussy. He grabbed her by the hips and held her still for a moment.

“Are you sure, Daphne?” he asked. “You know, you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

Harry hated himself for asking her, but he felt like he needed to give her a chance to change her mind if she wanted to. As much as he wanted to continue, he didn’t want her to regret doing this later. He needn’t have worried though, as she smiled at him.

“I’m sure.” she told him.

She leaned over him, her breasts pressing into his chest, and kissed him deeply for a long moment. Pulling back, she smiled at him again, and he smiled back, before she reached down to line him up again. Rubbing his head against her slit to get him wet, she placed him at her entrance and slowly sank down on to his cock. She pushed down hard and groaned when his head popped in.

“Merlin you’re big.” she admitted.

Harry moved his right hand from her hip, press the pad of his thumb just above her clit and started moving it around in circles. Daphne lifted herself up, then pushed back down on him, sliding down an inch further. Harry groaned at the feeling of the tight wet heat surrounding the

head of his cock. Up and down she moved, gradually taking more and more of him with each decent, while he continued to stimulate her clit. Finally, she managed to take all of him, her pelvis coming to rest against his. Harry closed his eyes to savor the incredible feeling of being fully encased in her incredibly tight pussy. Opening his eyes, he saw that she too had closed her eyes, although she seemed to be taking the time to adjust to having him inside of her. Her breasts bounced with each heavy breath that she took, and a light sheen of sweat covered her forehead. Harry sat up, careful not to move too quickly and jostle her. He gently wiped the sweat from her brow, caressed her cheek, and gave her a kiss. She opened her eyes to look at him as he pulled away.

“Take your time.” he told her.

“Mh-hmm.” she mumbled with a nod.

Harry laid back down, pulling her hand to guide her down with him. As she moved to lay down on top of him, the change in position caused her clit to rub against his pelvic bone, and drew a moan, this time of pleasure, from Daphne. Drawing her into a kiss, he slid the fingers of one hand lightly up and down her spine, while the other gripped the firm, round cheek of her bum. As they continued to kiss, she ground herself down on to him, and he occasionally flexed his cock inside of her. Once she was ready, Daphne pushed herself back up, put her hands on his chest to steady herself, and started to move.

Awkward and unsteady at first, she soon found a rhythm that worked for her, moving slowly up a couple of inches, then dropping back down quickly and grinding herself against him, before moving back up again. She was letting out long, low moans as she moved, her large, perky breasts bouncing hypnotically with every movement. Harry left one hand on her hip as the other reached up, groping her breast, and gently pinching her nipple on occasion. Daphne’s movement increased, now rising half way up his cock, before dropping back down on him.

“Fuck!” Harry cursed, as he began to thrust his hips up at her each time she dropped down on to him.

There was now a loud, wet smacking noise every time their hips met. Daphne’s low moans turned into short, sharp grunts, and she tightened even more around him. Her movements grew shorter, but faster, and she ground herself against him harder. Thrusting up into her harder, he reached up with both hands and grabbed her breasts roughly, though not painfully. He used them like handles to hold on to her as her movements became erratic, her body on the verge of coming undone as her pussy started to pulse around him. Pinching her nipples firmly seemed to be all she could take. Daphne’s back arched, he could feel her pussy spasm around his cock, and she stopped moving up and down in favor of pushing him as deep as possible while grinding her clit back and forth against him.

“HARRY!” she screamed, with her head thrown back.

Daphne let out cute, short little grunts as she came, her pussy and abs spasming as she shook on top of him, her breathing sharp and short. Finally, her body relaxed, and she collapsed bonelessly on top of him, still twitching and breathing heavily.

Harry hadn’t cum though, and he was desperate to finish. Wrapping his arms around her, he quickly rolled them both over, pushed himself up on his arms, and started to thrust into her quickly and harshly.

“Oh fuck!” Daphne yelled.

She lay on her back, eyes closed, nails digging into his back, as her entire body lurched with each hard thrust from Harry.

“I’m gonna cum.” He huffed out in warning.

“I’m on the potion.” She told him, opening her eyes.

Roughly grabbing handfuls of his hair, she pulled him down for a desperate kiss, forcing him to drop down onto his elbows, still thrusting wildly as he neared his end. Growling into her mouth, Harry buried his cock as deeply as he could inside of her as he came. With each pulse he pushed himself against her roughly, grunting with each shot. When he was finally finished with what was the biggest orgasm of his life, he pulled away from her, sucking in deep breaths of air, and collapsed to the side of her. Rolling over on to his back, Harry opened his arms in invitation. With a groan, Daphne rolled over to him, laid her head on his chest, and draped an arm and a leg over his body. As their sweaty bodies began to cool, he summoned the sheets from the end of the bed, and covered them up with it. Wrapping his arms around her, he placed a kiss on the top of her head and closed his eyes to rest.

“Harry?” Daphne called quietly.

“Hm?” He hummed in question, opening his eyes to see her looking up at him.

“Thank you.” She said, raising herself up to kiss him gently on the lips.

“Anytime.” He assured her, with a smile.



She settled herself back down on top of him, and Harry held her as they both drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter 2

Harry made his way through the halls of Hogwarts, back to the Room of Requirement. It had been a week since he had spent the night with Daphne there, and today, his curiosity had gotten the better of him. He really wanted to know what had happened between her and Malfoy, since the Hogwarts rumor mill hadn't heard anything about it.

On a whim, he had written a note asking her to meet him in the Room of Requirement, and slipped it into her hand as they left Potions just before dinner. As he paced back and forth to summon the door, he hoped she would come, not just to satisfy his curiosity, but also because he enjoyed the time they spent together. It wasn't just that he wanted a repeat of their last encounter, it was also that he wanted to know more about her. Daphne had always been aloof, an enigma even to her own housemates. He genuinely wanted to know more about her.

Entering the Room, he checked the time and realized he had half an hour until seven o'clock, the time he had told her to meet him. Taking out his wand, three wooden, human sized dummies slid out of the stone wall as if it was water. The dummies moved erratically, never in a predictable pattern, as he cast the spells he was learning for the Tournament at them. Quickly, Harry lost track of everything except the flow of spells from his wand.

"Herbivicious Incarcerous!"

A variation of the Incarcerous spell, this spell uses nearby plants and root to ensnare the target. Thin, long, blackish brown roots slithered from between the stones of the castle floor and wrapped around the last surviving dummy, trapping it in place.

“Perfringo!”

This curse was related to the blasting curse, Confringo, but, instead of causing the target to explode, Perfringo pierced the target, causing it to shatter. It was often used to get through magical armor and shields. It also worked well on wood, Harry discovered. A thin, purple jet of light flew towards the dummy with incredible speed. Striking it on the left side of its chest. The curse bored a small hole in the front, and then shattered the wood inside, causing dozens of splinters the size of matchsticks to fly from the fist sized hole in the back.

“Impressive.” He heard from behind him.

Spinning around, Harry smiled when he saw that it was Daphne.

“Hey.” He said.

Concentrating on the room for a moment, it shifted and changed around them, becoming a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room. Walking over to the couch, he sat down and patted the cushion next to him in invitation. Setting her bag down at the end of the couch, Daphne took a seat next to him, turned slightly to face him.

“Sorry about that,” he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to where the dummies were earlier. “Guess I lost track of time. How long were you here for?”

"It's fine." She said. "I was only watching for a couple of minutes. Are those spells you're learning for the Tournament?"

"Yeah." He said, nodding and reaching for a glass of water from the low coffee table in front of them.

"Have they told you what the First Task is yet?" She asked.

Harry shook his head, swallowing the water in his mouth and setting the glass back down.

"No. Apparently, they want to test our "bravery in facing the unknown" or something." He said, shaking his head.

Daphne let out a "Hmm" and they lapsed into silence for a moment.

"So, what did you want to see me for?" She asked.

"Oh, right." He said. "I was wondering how everything went with Malfoy."

Daphne nodded, "Well, I was going to take your advice and tell him he won. Thank you for that, by the way. But, Malfoy..."

*Daphne walked into the Slytherin common room, quite pleased with how the evening had gone. Her time with Harry had gone much better than she expected. It had been wonderful, if she was honest. Just as she got halfway across the room, she heard an unwelcome, but not unfamiliar, voice call out to her.*

*“Greengrass.” Malfoy called out, the usual superior smirk on his face. “How’d it go with Potter? Did he take you out for tea with the Mudbloods?”*

*There were snickers and laughter from the dozen or so students gathered around Malfoy, including the ever-present Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy Parkinson. She was willing to bet the presence of some many people was planned.*

*“I hope you showered before you came back here.” He said, deliberately talking loudly to garner attention. “Wouldn’t want you to contaminate the dorms with his stench.”*

*More sycophantic laughter came from those around him. Daphne suppressed a sigh of irritation and with an expressionless look on her face, walked closer to him.*

*“Let’s just get this over with. I have better things to do.” She said.*

*“I’m sure you do.” He made a show of sniffing the air, then wrinkled his face in disgust, “Like taking a shower. You reek of Blood traitor.”*

*“Yes, you already said that.” She said in a bored tone over the snickers.*

*"Just get on with it, Malfoy." A voice barked.*

*Looking over her shoulder, she saw that Tracey had made her way over to them. Daphne didn't show it, but she felt a little bit better having her best friend next to her.*

*"Alright." Malfoy said, reaching in to his robes and pulling out a small vial filled with a thick, pearlescent purple liquid. "But first, you need to take this."*

*"And what is that, exactly?" She asked, although she had a good idea.*

*"This," he said holding up the vial with a nasty smirk, "is Bogart's truth serum. Can't have you lying now, can we?"*

*Bogart's truth serum was one of the most popular truth potions on the market. It wasn't as strong as Veritaserum, which forced the user to speak the truth when asked a question, and lasted for thirty minutes. Bogart's truth serum only forced the user to tell the truth when they spoke, but didn't force them to say anything. It also only lasted for five minutes.*

*Daphne silently cursed him in her head. Just before she left Harry this morning, he told her the she could tell Malfoy whatever she wanted. She was grateful for that, and had planned to lie to him. It wasn't that she cared about hurting Malfoy's feeling, but it would make life for her in Slytherin easier if he thought he won. Now, though, that option was gone.*

*"Are you sure you don't want to do this somewhere more private?" She asked.*

*Doing this with less people around would cause less of a problem later. Humiliating him in front of so many classmates was sure to anger him. As much as she hated to admit it, Malfoy, and his father, were capable of her and her family a lot of problems if they wanted to.*

*"Don't worry, I'll go somewhere private with you later, but for now, here is fine." He said arrogantly.*

*"Fine." She said, giving him a cold glare. "Have it your way."*

*Reaching out, she snatched the potion from Malfoy's hand as he smirked at her. Checking it carefully to make sure it wasn't tampered with, she eyed it closely, and then sniffed it. Satisfied that it was fine, she took a small mouthful of the potion and sat down in a chair across from him.*

*"So, tell us, who's better at sex, me, or Potter?" He asked with a victorious look.*

*"Potter." She said.*

*Daphne enjoyed the look on his face, as it went from gob smacked, to a combination of angry and embarrassed, his cheeks going pink.*

*"What?" He yelled, outraged. "In what possible way could Potter be better than me?" He spat, angrily.*

*Daphne smirked, "Well, he's better looking than you, has a better body, his dick is bigger, and he actually managed to give me an orgasm, unlike you. More than one, in fact. And, I don't find his personality completely repugnant, like I do yours."*

*As she spoke, his face went steadily more red as he glared at her angrily. Immediately, she wished she hadn't said so much, but her anger had gotten the better of her for a moment. There were snickers and giggles coming from behind Malfoy, this time at his humiliation, rather than something he said. Malfoy shot to his feet, his hands clenched and shaking in impotent rage.*

*"When my father hears about this, you'll pay you stupid bitch." He shouted, storming out of the room.*

*Daphne tried not to show her nerves as she got up and turned to head up to her dorm without a word. Tracey right behind her.*

*"Of course, Tracy interrogated me about that night while I was still under the truth serum." She told him, shaking her head.*

*"Do you think Malfoy will try something?" He asked, concerned.*

*She sighed, "I know he will, I just don't know what."*

*"Well, if you need help, just let me know." He assured her. "And if it's an emergency, you can call for Dobby."*

She looked at him curiously.

“Who’s-”

*POP*

“Harry Potter, sir, be’s calling for Dobby?”

Looking in the direction of the new voice, they saw that Dobby the House Elf, wearing his colorful clothes and multitude of hats, had popped into the room, looking eagerly at Harry.

“Er, Dobby,” he said, surprised at his sudden appearance. “I wasn’t actually trying to call for you, but it’s good you’re here. Dobby, this is Daphne. We think Malfoy might try and hurt her. If she calls for you, can you go to her and help?”

Dobby stared at him with wide, bulging eyes.

“Bad former master be’s trying to hurt The Great Harry Potter, sir’s, miss?” Dobby whispered.

He looked up at Daphne, wondering what her reaction to being called his Miss. She didn’t seem offended by it. In fact, she was just watching them curiously with a small smile.



“Er, yeah. So, do you think you could help?” He asked.

“Or my sister, Astoria? Malfoy might try and use her to get back at me.” She said worriedly.

Dobby nodded frantically, his hats teetering precariously.

“Of course, Dobby be happy to help Harry Potter sir’s Miss.” He said, happily.

“Thanks, Dobby.” Harry said with a smile. “You’re the best.”

“You’s welcome, Harry Potter, sir.” He said happily, popping away.

“That’s a very strange House Elf you have.” Daphne said, smirking at him.

“Oh, well, he’s not really my House Elf. Dobby’s free, he’s more like a friend.” He told her.

“Didn’t he used to be the Malfoy family House Elf?” She asked curiously.

Harry smiled, remembering how he tricked Lucius Malfoy into releasing Dobby.

“Yeah, he did, but I freed him. It’s a bit of a long story.” He said, running a hand through his hair.

“I’ve got time.” She said, looking at him in expectation.

Harry shrugged and started telling her about tricking the elder Malfoy, which led to telling her about the entire Chamber of Secrets ordeal. It took quite a while, with Daphne asking quite a few questions, especially about the Chamber. Unfortunately, he had very few answers, as he hadn’t spent much time looking at the Chamber while he was there.

“Can you show me the Chamber of Secrets some time?” She asked hopefully.

Harry shrugged. “Sure. I’ll take you after the First Task.”

“Thank you.” She said gratefully.

They lapsed into comfortable, yet brief silence.

“So, is that all you needed to see me for?” Daphne asked with a knowing smirk.

“Well,” he said, scooting closer to her, “I was hoping you might want to stay the night again.”

“You might be able to talk me into it.” She said leaning forward.

Their lips met, and as he raised his hands to her waist, she put her hands on his chest. To his surprise, she pushed him back slightly. Sniffing the air, she wrinkled her nose cutely.

“You,” she said, poking a finger into his chest, “need a shower first.”

Harry chuckled, “Fair enough. I did get a bit sweaty earlier.”

Standing up, he was just about to ask the Room for a shower when he had an idea. Closing his eyes, he asked the room for a copy of the Prefects bath, something he had heard Angelina talk about in the common room. When he opened his eyes, there was a new door in front of him. He opened the door to find what looked more like a small pool rather than a bath. On the back side were dozens of taps he knew were for the different soaps. On the back wall there was a moving stained-glass image of a mermaid, smiling and waving at him.

“Looks like it’s big enough for both of us if you want to join me.” He called over his shoulder.

Stripping as he went, Harry walked to the enormous bath, leaving the door open behind him. Steam rose off the surface of the water as he stepped into the bath, quickly sinking up to his chest. He swam over to the taps and turned one on at random, a light blue soap fell into the water and began to foam. Looking back to the door, he was disappointed that Daphne hadn’t come in. With a sigh, he decided to hurry up and dipped his head below the surface. Quickly, he scrubbed his hair and face, and raised his head back up. He took a moment to wipe the soap from his face before opening his eyes. He smiled when he saw Daphne walking into the room with her robe wrapped tightly around her.

Walking around the edge of the large pool, Daphne stood behind him and unties the sash of her robe. Harry turned around just in time to watch her open her robe, revealing her nude body underneath. As she shrugged the robe off her shoulders, her large, perky breasts bounced slightly with the movement of her shoulders. Slipping into the water, she smiled playfully at him and ducked her head under the foamy water. When she didn't resurface immediately, Harry looked around for her, but couldn't see anything through the foam. After a few seconds, he something grab on to his legs. An instant later he jerked his hips back as something, thankfully lightly, hit his groin. Daphne's head rose out of the water in front of him, wiping the soap from her face and pushing back her wet, golden blonde hair. The water in this part of the bath came up to the bottom of her breasts while she was standing.

"Sorry." She said with a giggle. "That didn't quite go the way I wanted it to."

Sharing a laugh, he pulled her body against him, kissing her on the lips, tasting lightly of the soap from the tap. Sliding one of his hands up her slick body, he ran the back of the nail on his middle finger along the underside of her breast. Daphne moaned, and with the water supporting most of her weight, she wrapped her legs around his waist. Harry dropped his hands down to hold her by her firm, round ass, her hot pussy resting directly on his hard cock.

As they kissed, he could feel her reaching around behind his head for something. When she pulled back, there was a smirk on her lips and her wand was in her hand. Tapping the top of her head, a transparent bubble appeared around her head. Daphne ducked under the water and grabbed his rigid shaft, stroking his slippery shaft up and down. Harry wasn't sure what spell she was using, but as he watched her lower her head over him, he felt as his erection entered the bubble around her head and enter a pocket of warm, humid air. Although he could see much through the water, he could certainly feel it as she took the head of his cock into her mouth, sucking lightly and swirling her tongue around his swollen tip.

Harry leaned his head back and closed his eyes as she started bobbing her head up and down, taking him further and further into her mouth. Worried about popping her bubble, he didn't run his hands through her hair as he usually would, but instead, he reached under her and grabbed her floating breasts and caressed them gently. Daphne bobbed her head at a leisurely

pace, pleasuring him, but not driving him to climax. She spent a few minutes sucking his cock as if she truly enjoyed it, rather than doing it out of obligation. Eventually, she pulled off of him and raised her head out of the water, her bubble popping as she surfaced. Kissing him on the lips, Daphne sat in his lap again and ground herself down on his now throbbing erection.

Raising herself up, she lined his head up with her entrance, and then sank down on his wide shaft, moaning into his mouth as his girth stretched her tight walls. As she started bouncing slowly up and down in his lap, her tits bounced and rippled as they bobbed in and out of the water. Harry grabbed her ass and squeezes her full, round cheeks while pushing her to move faster on his cock. Breaking away from his lips, Daphne gasped and moaned loudly as his cock slid in and out of her hot, tight pussy. As she moved faster, waves formed on the surface of the water, splashing against their bodies and the walls of the pool

Feeling the need to move faster, Harry wrapped his arms around her and stood up. Walking her over to the shallow end of the tub, he sat her on the edge in the thigh deep water. Grabbing some towels that were stacked to the side, he spread them out to make a place for her to lay down. Daphne smiled at him and kissed him and thanks before she laid down on the towels with her ass on the edge. Harry sank his cock back into her, groaning in pleasure as her walls grasped him tightly. Leaning over her, he grabbed her shoulders and started sliding in and out of her at a much faster pace. Soon, he was slamming into her, jerking her body back and forth and making her big tits bounce wildly on her chest.

“Oh, Merlin.” Daphne moaned, arching her back.

Harry’s furious pace soon had her walls fluttering around his length, massaging his shaft as he thrust in and out of her. Daphne threw her head back with her mouth opened in a silent scream as she came, her walls spasming and grasping his cock even more tightly as he continued driving his rigid shaft into her. Her body trembled as she came down from her climax, eyes closed as she was lost in a sea of pleasure. Harry loved watching someone who was normally so controlled lose her mind in the pleasure he was giving her and he was determined to see it again.

Reaching between their bodies, Harry rubbed her throbbing clit furiously as he slammed his cock in and out of her still spasming cunt. Daphne squeaked at the sudden assault, writhing wildly as she was driven uncontrollably to a second, powerful climax. She grasped convulsively at the towels, desperately searching for something to hand onto in the throes of her orgasm. Her spasming, clutching walls drove him to his peak, making his cock pulse as he flooded her walls with his hot cum. Harry buried his length deep inside of her jerking his hips spasmodically as he came. When he was finally finished, he pulled out of her, watching for a moment as a small stream of white cum leaked out from between her lips.

Daphne laid on her back, panting heavily as she recovered from her violent climax. Gathering her into his arms, Harry carried her back into the warm, soothing water. Sitting down, he sat her down in his lap where she rested against his chest as he stroked her back gently.

### Chapter 3

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

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

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

“Lumos.”

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

“Hey.” She said.

“Hey.” He replied, trying to smile back at her, but it came out as more of a grimace.

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

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

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

Harry raised his eyebrow at her.

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

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

“Alright, deal.” He said.

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

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

Her tongue swirled around the tip of his cock, as she stroked him faster, trying to get him off quickly. A moan escaped his lips as she started to bob her head back and forth in quick, short movements. Sucking hard, her tongue circled the sensitive end of his head, where it flared out from the shaft. Harry hissed and his cock twitched as she worked him quickly. Looking down, he watched as her hair bounced from the rapid bobbing of her head, her hand flying up and down his spit slickened shaft. With her fast pace, it wasn’t long before his balls tightened as he felt his orgasm beginning to build.



“Daphne, I’m gonna cum.” He warned her.

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

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

“Bloody hell.” He said, entranced.

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

“You’d better go out there and win after that, Potter.”

An hour later, Harry was sitting in a tent by himself, waiting for the Hungarian Horntail to be brought into the arena. It had been absolutely horrible to sit and wait as the other Champions

took their turns, with only Bagman's commentary to tell him how they were doing. While he was certainly scared, he just wanted to get it over with. The waiting was almost worse than having to face a nesting dragon. Almost.

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

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

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

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

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

"Accio!" He yelled.

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

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

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

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

“C’mon.” He said quietly to himself. “Come and get me.”

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

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

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

“Stupefy!” Harry shouted.

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

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

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

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

Harry strained as the large boulder, the size of Hagrid hut, slowly rose into the air. Directing it with his wand, he slowly moved it over the dragon’s head, shaking from the effort, and dropped the spell. The boulder fell, crashing loudly onto the dragon’s head and body. It roared in pain, collapsing to the ground as more roots wrapped tightly around its body. Harry panted heavily, elation coursing through him for a moment, before it was ripped away. The dragon struggled back to its feet, turned its head, and shot a long jet of flame along the side of its body.

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

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

The three boulders trembled and Harry grunted in exertion as he struggled to lift them. With one final shake, they slowly left the ground. Harry grit his teeth as he raised them ten feet into

the air, sweat pouring down his face. His body shook from the strain. It felt like Hagrid was standing on his shoulders as they moved slowly through the air to float in front of him.

“DEPULSO!” He cried.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Releashio.” He said.

The root wrapped around the dragon loosened, releasing their hold on her. The dragon climbed back to her feet, shaking off and snapping the remaining roots. Harry backed away even

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thank you, Professor." He said thickly.

She patted his shoulder and left.

Madam Pomphrey told him to wait five more minutes before he could leave. While he was waiting, Hermione, surprisingly followed by Ron, came in to see him. Ron had awkwardly apologized, and Harry had forgiven him. While he wanted Ron back as a friend, it would be a

while before he trusted him completely again. It made him worry about how he would react to him spending time with Daphne, if he found out. He just hoped being friends with Ron again wouldn't take away from his time with her. He was growing to greatly enjoy his time with Daphne. While they hadn't talked about their relationship at all, it was clear that they both liked each other. He knew they would need to talk about it sooner or later, but for now, they were both happy with things as they were.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ron! You just ate.” Hermione said incredulously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good.” She said, kissing him again.

It wasn’t until almost one in the morning that he was able to sneak out of Gryffindor tower. It was the biggest party he had ever seen at Hogwarts. It was bittersweet for Harry. A lot of his housemates celebrating with him at the party had been the ones that called him a liar after his name came out of the Goblet. It was good to have them back on his side, but none of them, besides Ron, had apologized.

Moving quietly through the halls under his Invisibility cloak, he quickly made it to the seventh floor, and the Room of Requirement. The door appeared as he approached, letting him know

that Daphne was already there, and he quickly slipped inside. Closing the door, he threw off the cloak, and turned to find Daphne, and to his surprise, Tracey, sat waiting for him on the bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Show off.” Tracey said in a teasing tone.

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

“Beat that.” She said, handing him over to Daphne.

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

“Holy shit.” Harry exclaimed.

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

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



“Hunh.” Tracey grunted around him.

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

Tracey’s nose bounced off his pelvis as Daphne moved her up and down his length, and a loud squelching sound filled the room as she gagged around him. Yanking her back off by the hair, Tracey gasped for breath, her face a mess of tears and spit. While she caught her breath, Daphne leaned over and took his cock, coated in her friend’s saliva, into her mouth, sucking on the head and swirling her tongue over the head. Harry throbbed at the naughtiness of her actions. She didn’t keep him in her mouth for long, pulling Tracey back over and pushing her back on to his cock.

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

“Cumming!” He warned.

Daphne let Tracey pull back up to the head where she sucked on it, running her tongue over his sensitive head. Leaning forward, Daphne wrapped her plump lips around the side of his shaft, sucking and kiss it, her tongue wrapping around his girth. The sight of two very beautiful girls with their lips wrapped around his stiff cock pushed him over the edge. He grunted as he

reached his peak, pulsing against Daphne's mouth as he came in Tracey's. He thrust his hips back and forth, using Daphne's mouth and tongue to jerk himself off while he shot jets of hot cum into Tracey. Holding still as his pleasure waned, he enjoyed the feeling of the girls' mouths around him for a moment as he floated in bliss. With a sigh, he pulled back, his deflating cock falling out of Tracey's mouth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh fuck!" Daphne yelled, reaching her own climax.

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 4

“*Open.*” Harry hissed.

The ruby eyed snakes covered the circular door hissed as they moved, unlocking the inner door to the Chamber of Secrets, letting it swing open slowly and silently.

“Do you think you could teach me to speak Pareltongue?” Daphne asked from beside him as they waited for the door to finish opening.

“Sorry, but I don’t think so.” He told her with an apologetic smile. “I don’t even really know *how* to speak it. It sounds like English to me, but when I think about talking to a snake it just comes out as Parceltongue. I didn’t even know I was speaking a different language until that stupid dueling tournament in second year.”

"I always wondered why you decided to speak Parceltongue in front of most of the school with the whole Slytherin's Heir thing going on. To be honest, I thought you did it just because you another brain-dead Gryffindor." She said with a playful smirk.

Harry chuckled and gave her hand an affectionate squeeze.

Once the door was fully open, they walked into the main chamber, Harry's wand lighting the way. They walked across the small strip of floor, with pools of water on either side, their steps echoing loudly in the cavernous room. As they passed the pools, and the chamber widened out, the torches on the walls suddenly flared to life, filling the room with light. The room was large and circular, with a high ceiling. The shadows on the statue of Slytherin's face danced in the torchlight, giving the appearance that it was watching their every move. Daphne gasped and latched onto his arm tightly, staring ahead with wide eyes.

"*That's* the Basilisk you fought." She asked incredulously.

Across the floor near the statue was the enormous remains of Slytherin's beast. Nothing remained of its acid green skin, leaving only the bare skeleton behind. It looked even bigger than he remembered, easily sixty feet long, with the top of the ribs coming up to his chin. The fangs in its open mouth were curved and the length of his forearm. As shiver ran down his spine as he remembered his desperate fight to slay the terrible monster.

"Yeah." He said simply.

Walking deeper into the chamber, Daphne went over to the Basilisk and looked at it closely, a wonderous expression on her face.

"I can't believe you managed to kill this thing." She said in an awed voice.

Harry snorted. "Neither can I."

After Daphne had her fill of examining the remains of Slytherin's fabled beast, they began looking along the walls for any sign of a hidden door. Daphne was convinced that there must be more to the Chamber of Secrets than just a giant snake. As they looked, Harry decided it was time to ask her a question that had been on his mind for the last three days. He licked his dry lips and wiped his sweaty palms on his robes.

"Hey, Daphne?" He called.

"Yeah?" She asked, not taking her eyes from the wall in front of her as she ran her hands along the rough stone surface.

Harry took a moment to gather his courage before speaking again. "Would you, um, would you go to the Yule Ball with me?" He asked nervously.

Daphne stopped what she was doing and turned to look at him, a smirk on her lips. "Well, it's about time you asked." She said.

Harry blinked at her. "Er, so, it that a, yes?" He asked hopefully.

Daphne rolled her eyes, but she smiled affectionately at him. "Of course, it's a yes. Did you really think I would say no?"

Harry smiled widely at her, shrugging his shoulders and running a hand through his hair in embarrassment. "Well, I wasn't sure if you would want to do something so public. Will it cause you problems for you if we go together?" He asked in concern.

She sighed and gave him a sharp look. "I can take care of myself, Harry. I'm going to go with whoever I want, and if anyone has a problem with that, they can go fuck themselves, go it?" She told him sternly, poking him in the chest with her finger.

"Alright, alright." He said, holding his hands up in surrender. "I just wanted to make sure."

"Good." She said with a smirk.

Daphne grabbed his tie near the neck and pulled him down, kissing him aggressively for a moment before pulling back.

"Now, let's get back to work. The sooner we finish searching this place, the sooner we can go do something a bit more fun." She said suggestively.

A large grin was etched onto Harry's face as they spent the next twenty minutes searching, splitting up to cover ground more quickly. Starting at opposite ends, they worked their way around until they met in the middle, where the statue of Salazar Slytherin was.



“Harry, come look!” Daphne yelled excitedly.

Running over to the other side of the statue, Harry found Daphne looking at a section of wall just to the right of where the statue began, pointing at something hidden in the shadows. Raising his wand and looking closely, he could see a small serpent etched into the stone right next to her finger.

“Do you think it could be a door hidden here?” She asked quickly.

“Well, only one way to find out.” He told her. “Stand back, just in case.”

Daphne took a couple of steps back and to the side, her lit wand aimed at the wall, her eyes sparkling in anticipation. Seeing that she was a safe distance away, he took a deep breath and focused on the snake, trying to imagine it as a moving, living creature.

“*Open.*” He hissed.

The wall rumbled and dust plumed into the air as the stone wall began to move, swinging inward slowly to reveal a dark, narrow tunnel. Moving forward cautiously, Harry shined his wand light into the tunnel, but still couldn’t see the end. He flicked his wand and the light floated from the tip and into the tunnel, illuminating the rough stone walls and low ceiling. His pulse began to race just thinking about walking into that dark, dank tunnel with no end in sight. Although, he had to admit, he was very curious about what was in there. Hermione would kill him if she found out about this, he thought to himself with a sigh. He turned and looked back at Daphne.

“You coming, or do you want to wait here?” He asked.

“I’m coming.” She said determinedly. “Besides, you might need someone who thinks like a Slytherin. You can’t get through everything by charging into it head first like a Gryffindor.”

They smiled at each other and Harry turned to enter the tunnel, the light from his wand floating a few feet in front of them.

“You know, the Sorting Hat almost put me in Slytherin.” He told her, hoping to distract them both from their fears as they walked deeper into the tunnel, moving cautiously.

“Really?” She asked in genuine surprise. “What made it decide to put you in Gryffindor?”

“I asked it to.” He admitted. “The first time I met Malfoy in Diagon Alley, he insulted my mother, although he didn’t know who I was at the time. Then, when I met him at Hogwarts, he insulted the first friends I ever made, so, I really didn’t want to be in the same house as him.”

“Of course, he did, stupid prick. I wish we had gotten you instead of Malfoy.” She said.

Harry smiled back at her over his shoulder. “That wasn’t the only reason, to be honest. Hagrid told me Voldemort used to be a Slytherin, and I didn’t want to be connected to him either. Plus, my parents were both in Gryffindor, so I guess I, I don’t know, I felt closer to them, being in Gryffindor.”

Harry felt Daphne's hand grab his and give it a comforting squeeze. "I can understand that." She said.

Harry squeezed her hand back and smiled at her again, before turning back to focus on the tunnel in front of him. They continued to walk for another couple of minutes in silence until something appeared in the distance. As they got closer, he could make out a wooden door up ahead. On the door was a painted green snake, coiled up and staring at them with bright, shining rubies for eyes.

"There's a door up ahead." He told her.

Reaching the door, Harry waved his wand in front of it, muttering the incantations for the two detection spells he knew. They were only basic spells, but they would be enough to tell him if the door was cursed or if there were any traps. He found nothing. Cautiously, he reached out and turned the door knob. Surprisingly, it turned easily and the door swung inward, the hinges squeaking lightly. Looking inside, he could see a desk facing the door, a few books, papers, and an ink pot on its surface. Behind the desk sat a tall, full bookshelf, all perfectly preserved.

Wand at the ready, he stepped into the room and looked around. To the right, there was a large, four-poster bed, perfectly made and ready to be slept in. On the left, he saw two tables. The table on the right held a cauldron, cutting board, and several other potions making instruments. Behind it sat a shelf containing dozens of small drawers, presumably filled with various potions ingredients. The table on the left a variety of strange magical instruments like the ones in Dumbledore's office. Although, these remained silent, whereas the one in the headmaster's office whirred, clattered, and clicked as they let loose puffs of colored smoke. Daphne entered the room behind him, looking around as he had.

"Check for curses before you touch anything." He warned her.

Daphne nodded absentmindedly as she looked around the room in wonder. They drifted off in different directions, casting detection spells as they went. Neither of them found anything cursed, or any traps, although Daphne did find a poisoned dagger on one of the tables. After looking around for a few minutes, Harry took the empty bag off his back and set it on the floor.

“Grab anything that looks important and put it in here.” He told her.

“What? Can we do that? Doesn’t this belong to Hogwarts?” She asked in surprise.

“It’s fine.” He assured her with a smile. “Dumbledore told me to bring anything interesting to him. Technically, there’s a law that any room or building that has been considered ‘lost’ for more than five-hundred years is considered an archaeological discovery when it’s found again. So, even though this is part of Hogwarts, legally I own anything we find down here. But I’m giving everything to Hogwarts anyways, unless there’s something you want to keep.”

“You told Professor Dumbledore we were coming down here?” She asked.

“I had to. He warded the entrance after I found it in second year.” He answered.

They were quiet for the next few minutes as they began grabbing books and papers that looked interesting. The most interesting thing Harry found was a book sitting on the desk in front of the chair with a note that read, *For my heir*. Grabbing it, he carefully placed it in his bag, making a mental note to ask Dumbledore about it.

“Harry?” Daphne called out as she walked over with an arm full of books.

“Hmm?” He hummed in question, looking through the books on the bookshelf.

“Do you think I could keep this?” She asked pleadingly, holding up a black, leather-bound book with no outside markings. “It’s an Arithmancy book, hand written by Slytherin about how to create and alter spells.”

“Sure.” He said, smiling at the excited look on her face.

Daphne beamed at him, clutching the book tightly to her chest as she leaned in to kiss him briefly. After another few minutes of looking, they had gathered everything that seemed worth taking. Casting a feather-light charm on his bag, he slung it over his shoulder. Daphne carried her book with her, holding it protectively to her chest. Harry had to hold back a laugh at the Hermione-like way she was acting. Retracing their steps through the narrow tunnel, they were quickly back in the main chamber. As they reentered the chamber, a brief burst of Phoenix song greeted them. They looked up to see Fawkes leaving his perch on top of Slytherin’s head to fly down and land on Harry’s shoulder.

“Hey, Fawkes. I don’t suppose you’re here to give us a ride back, are you?” Harry asked, reaching up to stroke his bright red feathers.

Fawkes sang, and Harry felt his spirits soaring, reinvigorating him. Looking at Daphne, he saw her staring at the magnificent bird on his shoulder in wonder.

“Fawkes, this is Daphne. Daphne, this is Fawkes the Phoenix.” He said in introduction.

Fawkes chirped in greeting, and Daphne reached out slowly with one hand as if in a trance. Her fingers stroked his plumage gently, and Fawkes closed his eyes, leaning in to her hand. Harry smiled as he watched the look of child-like wonder on her face as she gently ran her fingers through his soft feathers. Stretching out his wings, Fawkes took to the air and hovered in front of them, wiggling his tail feathers. Wrapping his arm around Daphne's waist, he pulled her close to him and reached up to grab hold of Fawkes. Suddenly, flames erupted around them and they were forced to close their eyes from the bright light.

When he reopened them a moment later, Harry found himself standing in the Headmaster's office, facing Dumbledore's desk as he sat, looking up at their spectacular arrival as if it were an everyday occurrence. Harry wished all magical travel could be like that, it didn't even feel like they had moved at all.

"Ah, Harry, Ms. Greengrass." Dumbledore greeted them as he set down his quill. "I trust your expedition went well?"

Harry guided a stunned Daphne over to the chairs in front of the desk and helped her to sit before he took the other chair for himself, Fawkes landing on his shoulder once he was settled.

"It went fine, Professor. We even found a room that seemed to be Slytherin's private study. We grabbed anything that looked important or rare." He said, holding up his bag.

His bag lifted into the air and floated over to the desk, landing in front of Dumbledore. He opened it and looked inside, pulling out a couple of the books to examine them.

"Excellent." Dumbledore said, waving his wand and causing the rest of the books to fly out of the bag and stack neatly on his desk. "I trust you didn't run into any problem?"

“No, sir.” Harry answered. “It took a while to find, well, Daphne found it, but we didn’t run into any traps or curses.”

“Good.” He replied, pulling one of the books from the stack and examining it closely. “I expected as much, but one can never be too careful. Tell me, did it appear as if Tom had found that room as well?”

“No. It didn’t look like anyone else had been there.” He answered.

“Tom?” Daphne asked, speaking for the first time.

“Voldemort’s real name.” Harry told her. “His real name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, he was a student here about fifty years ago.”

“Indeed.” Dumbledore said. “We are most fortunate Tom never discovered the room you found today. Who knows what secrets of magic he may have learned down there. Some of the books here contain magics that even I have never heard of. What is that book there, Ms. Greengrass?”

Looking over, he saw Daphne was still clutching her Arithmancy book tightly to her chest. “It’s a book on Arithmancy, I told her she could keep it.” Harry answered for her.

“May I see it for a moment?” Dumbledore asked, holding his hand out for the book.

Daphne reluctantly handed the book over and Professor Dumbledore flipped through the pages slowly. After a long moment, he closed the book and waved his wand over it, then tapped his wand on a blank piece of parchment that was laying on the desk. The parchment grew and morphed into an exact copy of the book lying next to it. Grabbing the original, Dumbledore handed it back to Daphne with a smile, his eyes twinkling.

“Here you are, Ms. Greengrass. I’ve always believed that all good adventures should come with a souvenir.” He told her.

Harry scoffed. “Wish I could give some of mine back.” He said, rubbing his arm where the Basilisk fang had pierced him.

Dumbledore chuckled and picked up the book he had been examining, holding it out for Harry to take.

“Then, perhaps, you will enjoy this one a bit more.” He offered.

“What is it?” Harry asked, looking at the cover to see the note reading ‘*For my heir.*’

“It appears to be a sort of autobiography that Salazar Slytherin left for his heir, along with a few other pieces of knowledge and advice.” Dumbledore answered. “I think it would be fitting if you were the one to have it, though I’d appreciate it if you would let me know if you find anything interesting.”

“Of course, professor.” He replied, not really looking forward to reading about the Founder crazy enough to leave a Basilisk inside a school full of innocent children.



“If that is all, I’m sure you two have much more enjoyable things to do other than sit in this dusty old office. And, unfortunately, I still have a lot of paperwork to go over for the Tournament.” He said with a tired sigh.

Harry and Daphne took the dismissal for what it was and stood.

“Have a good day, Harry, Ms. Greengrass, and thank you for the books, I’m sure Madam Pince will be most delighted to receive them.” Dumbledore told them.

Bidding him farewell, they pair left the office and started making their way through the halls.

“Do you want to go to the Room tonight?” Harry asked once they were clear of the headmaster’s office.

“Sure, let me go put this book away and get a change of clothes, and I’ll meet you there.” Daphne said, kissing him on the cheek as they parted ways.

Daphne quickly made her way to the Slytherin common room, but was stopped before she could make it to the dorm room.

“Hey, Greengrass. How was your date with Potter?” Malfoy asked loudly from where he sat, lounging on a couch.

“What are you talking about, Malfoy?” She asked, not giving anything away until she could figure out exactly what he knew.

“Your friend, Davis, was just telling all of us about your little date with Potter. We were just curious about how it went.” He said with his usual smirk.

“That’s not what happened.” Tracey called out to her as she bounded down the stairs that led to the dorms.

Daphne looked at Tracey with a raised eyebrow as she rushed over to her, looking for an explanation.

“Sorry, Daphne.” She said quietly once she reached her, looking apologetic. “Astoria was looking for you. I told her you were meeting Harry, I didn’t know Pansy was hiding around the corner, listening in. Of course, the first think she did was run back to Malfoy and blab about it.”

Daphne sighed and pinched her nose in frustration.

“I’m really sorry.” Tracey said earnestly.

“It’s not your fault.” Daphne said. “It was bound to happen eventually.”

“So, what did you two do, Greengrass?” Malfoy called out loudly. “Did he take you for tea with the mudbloods?”

The students that had gathered around Malfoy as laughed cruelly. Daphne thought they looked like brainless idiots who only followed the loudest voice. She wondered how any of them had managed to make it into a house that was supposed to be for the cunning and ambitious.

“Or, did he show you whatever new beast that oaf has in his hut?” He asked to more laughter.

Daphne felt her anger boil over, tired of Malfoy’s constant insults and childish behavior.

“It went quite well, actually.” She said with a smirk, looking over at him.

Everyone grew quiet as they listened to her, Malfoy’s brow furrowing as he stared at her.

“He took me to the Chamber of Secrets.” She told him, watching in vindictive pleasure as his eyes narrowed angrily. “I saw the giant basilisk that he killed. We found Slytherins hidden office down there, and I even got to keep this book.”

Daphne held it up for him to see, his eyes following it closely.

“It’s a book on Arithmancy, hand written by Salazar Slytherin.” She said, watching as his cheeks went pink in jealousy. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have more important things to do than listen to whatever pathetic insults you’ve spent all morning coming up with.”

Turning on her heel, Daphne marched over to the stairs and went up to her dorm room, Tracey right behind her, snickering.

Almost an hour later, a freshly showered Daphne walked into the Room of Requirement. Harry looked up from where he sat on the bed, reading his Defense Against the Dark Arts text book, and smiled at her. Seeing her agitated look, however, quickly had him frowning.

“Everything okay?” He asked.

“Malfoy found out we were together earlier today.” She said, setting her bag down and sitting on the bed next to him. “So, of course, he had to make an ass of himself.”

“Ah.” Harry said wrapping an arm around her. “Do you want me to sic the twins on him?”

“Send someone else to do the dirty work? How Slytherin of you.” She said teasingly.

“Yes, and it’s all your fault.” He told her.

Daphne placed her hand on his chest and pushed until he was laying down. Swinging her legs over his stomach, she straddled his waist, leaning over him so that her face was inches from his.

“I like it when you get all devious.” She said in a husky voice, and then leaned down to kiss him on the lips, briefly.

“It’s not exactly the plan of a criminal mastermind, you know.” He said, smiling.

“Hmm.” She hummed in agreement. “Baby steps.”

Harry hadn’t noticed her wand in her hand until she waved it and their clothes leapt from both of their bodies, leaving them both naked.

“Someone’s in a hurry.” Harry joked, reaching up grab her dangling breasts.

“Just thought I’d speed things up.” She told him.

Leaning forward, Daphne kissed him had, her tongue slipping into his mouth as she ground her pussy down on his rapidly hardening cock. With his thumb and forefinger, Harry pinched her nipples, making her moan against his lips. Reaching between her legs, she grabbed his rigid shaft and place the swollen head of his cock at her entrance. Slowly, inch by inch, she slid her hot, wet pussy down his length. Letting go of her breasts, Harry grabbed her firm, round ass and pulled her down onto him, pushing his hips up to sink every last millimeter of his cock into her. Breaking away from his lips, Daphne sat up on his waist.

“I’ve been waiting all week for this.” She said, grinding her hips down onto him.

Pushing her hands against his chest, she bounced up and down on his cock. Moving slowly at first, she quickly started to pick up speed, moving half way up his shaft and then dropping back down on to him, spearing herself on his cock. Sitting up, Harry opened his mouth clamped it on

to the tip of her breast, sucking and flicking his tongue over the stiff nipple. Daphne moaned grabbed a handful of hair at the back of his head, pulling him hard into her breast as she continued to work her hips up and down. Letting go of her nipple, Harry moved his mouth all over her breasts, nipping and sucking at the soft, pale skin and leaving red love bites behind.

With a shove, Daphne pushed him onto his back. Her hips slapped loudly against his thighs as she rode him harder, and he felt a sharp pain as her nails dug into his chest. The bed creaked underneath them as she jumped up and down on his cock, her large breasts bouncing wildly with the movement. Daphne let out a high-pitched whine every time she bottomed out on his cock, her movements becoming jerky as her walls fluttered around his length.

“Fuck!” Daphne yelled.

Her body writhed wildly on top of his as she came. Collapsing forward onto his chest, she grunted and moaned as the pleasure overwhelmed her. Wrapping his arms around her, Harry held her tightly as she shivered and ground her hips down onto his throbbing cock. Finally, she stilled, resting her weight on him as she panted, trying to catch her breath. Harry ran his fingers up and down her back as she calmed, placing kisses on her neck and shoulders.

Lifting her hips up, Daphne pulled herself off of his cock and pushed up on her arms, looking down at Harry as she hovered over him.

“You know, I think I should do something special for you for giving me that book today.” She said with a smirk, leaning down to kiss him on the lips.

Sitting up straight, she turned around so that she was kneeling over his waist, facing away from him. Reaching around behind her, she grabbed his damp cock, stroking it lightly as she lined him up with her tight, puckered hole. Harry watched in amazement as she leaned forward and

pushed her ass back, her asshole stretching wide around the swollen head of his cock until it disappeared inside. Daphne hissed in discomfort and pulled off of him quicky. With her wand, she conjured some lube on his cock and spread it around with her hand.

Lining him up with her puckered hole again, she pushed back hard until the head of his cock forced its way inside of her. Harry groaned at the tight heat that surround the tip of his cock as Daphne began to rock her hips back and forth, watching her tight little asshole stretch around his girth as she forced more and more of his fat cock into her ass. Harry grabbed the cheeks of her ass and held them apart to get a better view, watching in stunned fascination as she managed to take the entire length of his cock.

With her ass resting on his thighs, Daphne paused as she panted heavily. Harry closed his eyes and enjoyed how incredibly tight and hot her ass felt around his cock, her walls hugging his length. Moaning, Daphne moved forward until only the head of his cock remained and then shoved backwards, her tight hole swallowing his entire cock again. As she continued to work her hips back and forth, Harry let go of one cheek and then brought it down with a loud *slap*.

“Imagine what the rest of the school would think if they saw the Princess of Slytherin fucking her own ass on the Gryffindor Golden Boy's cock.” Hary said, smacking her ass again.

Daphne moaned loudly as she threw her ass back harder and faster. Harry could feel his climax rapidly approaching as he grabbed her hips and helped her pick up the pace. The feel of her tight, hot walls, and watching her wrinkled hole stretch wide around his cock pushed him over the edge quickly.

“Shit!” Harry yelled.

His cock swelled and jerked as he reached his peak, jets of hot cum shooting into her asshole. Daphne gasped and shook as she had a small orgasm of her own at the feeling of Harry's cum filling her. He grabbed her by the hips and held her tightly against him, his hips spasming as he shot deep inside. After a few euphoric moments, his orgasm ended and collapsed onto his back, eyes closed as he savored the moment. As he laid there recovering, Daphne pulled herself off of his cock and crawled over to lay down next to him, her head resting in the crook of his shoulder.

"You know," Daphne said, breathing just as heavily as he was. "that felt a lot better than I thought it would."

## Chapter 5

Harry stood in front of the mirror in his dorm, nervously adjusting his dress robes and tie for the dozenth time. It was the night of the Yule Ball, and minutes away from the time he was supposed to meet Daphne in the Entrance Hall. As much as he would like to pretend the opinion of his fellow students didn't bother him, he knew himself well enough to admit that was a lie. While there had been rumors around the castle for weeks that they were secretly dating, this was the first time they would be going out together in public. The rumors had really picked up in recent days with the excitement and speculation of who was taking who to the Ball. Glancing to his right, he looked at Ron who was still trying to cut the lacey frills off of his hideous dress robes. With the problems he and his best mate had gone through not too long ago, Harry was particularly concerned about his reaction to his date. Letting out a sigh, he tried one last time to unsuccessfully get his hair to lie flat, grabbed his wand, and turned away from the mirror.

"I'm going down, Ron. Are you coming?" He asked.

"I'll be down in a few minutes." Ron replied, the tip of his tongue sticking out from between his lips as he used his wand to hack away at one of his cuffs.



“Alright, I'll see you there, then.” Harry said, only getting a distracted grunt in reply.

Harry went down the stairs to the common room that was buzzing with activity. Dozens of male students were sitting around, chatting and making last minute adjustments to their robes as they waited for their dates to come down. A gaggle of second year girls were huddled together in a corner, watching enviously as Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet, looking stunning in their flowing dresses and fancy hair styles, made their way down the stairs and over to their dates, Fred and George. Harry waved at them as he passed on his way out of the portrait of the Fat Lady, who was already three bottles of wine into the festivities with her friend Violet. In the halls, dozens of students were casually making their way to the Great Hall, some with dates, but most were alone, presumably meeting their dates downstairs like he was.

“Potter!” A familiar voice barked the moment he entered the Entrance Hall, making him jump.

Professor McGonagall's heels clacked loudly on the stone floor as she marched towards him, brushing past students making their way in the Great Hall. Her black robes were only slightly fancier than her normal teacher's robes, but she was wearing light makeup, simple gold earrings, with her hair done up in a perfectly styled bun. He momentarily wondered if she used a ruler to make sure it was perfectly even.

“Where is your date, Mr. Potter?” She demanded over the babble of the crowd of students passing by.

“She's meeting me here Professor.” He told her, looking around for a sign her.

“Very well. Come, you can wait for her over here with the other champions and their dates.” She said.

Without waiting for a reply, McGonagall turned on her heel and marched back through the crowd, Harry following behind, occasionally being buffeted by students rushing by. Approaching his fellow champions and their dates, his attention was first drawn to Fleur, who looked jaw droppingly gorgeous in her tight silver dress, clinging to her curvaceous figure. Her date, Roger Davies, a seventh year Hufflepuff, was staring at her open mouthed, an infatuated, dumbstruck expression on his face. Next to them were Cedric Diggory and Cho Chang, holding hands and lost in quiet conversation. Cedric looked up for a moment as McGonagall approached and spotted Harry, giving him a bright smile and a jaunty wave before turning back to his date. Harry waved back and turned to look at the last couple, Victor Krum and a very pretty girl that looked a lot like...

“Hermione!” Harry gasped, stunned by the transformation his best friend had gone through.

While he had always known Hermione was pretty, she looked absolutely beautiful with her tamed hair, light makeup, and lavender colored dress. She looked over to him at the sound of her name and smiled shyly at him, a light pink blush dusting her pale cheeks.

“Hi, Harry.” She said quietly.

“Why didn’t you tell me Victor was your date? With how secretive you were being, I was afraid you were going with someone like Malfoy.” He said, getting over his shock.

Hermione paled, her face adopting a look of horror. “Don’t ever joke about that.” She scolded him, giving a shiver of disgust that wasn’t entirely faked.

“Well, why didn’t you tell me?” He asked again.

“Because I didn’t want you to make fun of me.” She admitted.

“What? Why would I make fun of you?” Harry asked, surprised and slightly hurt that she would think he would be that cruel.

“I don’t know.” Hermione said, looking down at her hands contritely. “I was just, nervous, I guess.”

She bit her lip and looked up at him apologetically. Harry sighed, feeling like he sort of understood her. It still hurt though. No tell Ron, he could understand, but he liked to think he would have been supportive. Noticing Victor looking between them with a scowl on his face, he almost smirked when he realized they were making him jealous. As much as he would like to push the Bulgarian’s buttons a little bit, he didn’t want to do anything to ruin Hermione’s big night on her first ever date.

“Fine. I forgive you, but just this once.” He said playfully, then turned to Krum. “You better take good care of her Krum, she’s like a sister to me.”

That seemed to calm him down, or at least make him scowl less as he gave a curt nodded.

“Ja. I vill.” He said in broken English.

He definitely needed to ask Hermione how they ended up going to the Ball later. He certainly didn't seem like her type.

"So, where's your date?" Hermione asked curiously.

"She-"

"Right here." A familiar voice interrupted from behind him.

Spinning around, his jaw actually dropped a little bit as he took in the sight of his date. Daphne was wearing a tight black dress with silver accents, accentuating her wonderful curves. Her golden blonde hair was done up in fancy ringlets, framing her striking, angular face. Without a doubt, she was the most beautiful girl in the room. Strutting up to him with a smirk on her face, she put her perfectly manicured index finger under his chin and pushed up, closing his mouth with a click.

"I take it you approve, then?" she asked, her bright blue eyes sparkling in the torch light.

"You uh, you look...wow." He stammered, unable to form the words he wanted to say in his mind.

Daphne giggled and link her arm through his, standing next to him. Harry shook his head to clear his thoughts. Unlinking their arms, he wrapped his around her waist, pulling her close.

“You look amazing.” He whispered into her ear.

Daphne smiled at him and leaned in to kiss him, her glossy pink lips tasting like strawberry as he licked his lips when he pulled back.

“Champions! Gather ‘round.” McGonagall called out, waving them over to her near the closed doors to the Great Hall.

Lining them up in pairs, the four couples waited nervously for the Ball to start. Only a couple of minutes later, McGonagall opened the large double doors with a wave of her wand, and signaled them to enter, Harry and Daphne going last. With Daphne on his arm, Harry took a deep breath and walked into the Great Hall, doing his best to ignore the pointing and stares as they noticed his date. He did enjoy the angry scowl on Malfoy’s face as he walked past, unable to keep a smirk of his face. Standing in the center of the dance floor, Harry took one of Daphne’s hands in his, the other resting lightly on her hip as they waited for the music to start.

Three hours later, Harry and Daphne finally decided to take a break. Although his feet were sore, he had found that he enjoyed dancing a lot more than he thought he would. The beautiful blonde girl rubbing her body against his, probably had a lot to do with it. They were standing at the long table laid out with food and drink talking with Tracey, when they heard a commotion coming from a nearby table. Harry's stomach sank when he saw Ron and Hermione screaming at each other, drawing the attention of everyone within ear shot. He badly wanted to hex Ron for acting like a jealous git and trying to ruin Hermione’s night. It was pretty hypocritical of him to call her a traitor considering his action before the first task. Seeing her rush off in tears, he tried to make his way over to her, but by the time he got there, she had already disappeared up the stairs while Ron sulked off down the hall. A hand on his shoulder had him turning around to find Daphne had followed him over.

“Harry, is everything okay?” She asked in concern.

“I don’t know, they were gone by the time I got here.” He said, staring off to where he had seen Hermione disappear. “Do you think I should go after her?”

“She’s probably already in her dorm.” She told him, taking his hand in hers. “She’s probably too upset to talk now anyways. Give her some time to calm down, you can talk to her tomorrow.”

Harry sighed in frustration. Couldn’t he just enjoy one night without something going wrong, he wondered.

“Come on, let’s go for a walk.” She said, tugging on his arm.

Daphne led him out of the castle and into the courtyard, decorated with glowing fairies. Although it was usually freezing cold outside in Scotland, the air in the courtyard was quite warm. He guessed there must have been some type of temperature control charm in place. As they strolled through the courtyard, they caught glimpses of several various couples tucked away in the shadows, engaged with their partners. He even caught sight of a rather busty brunette he thought was a Ravenclaw seventh-year, with her dress open, showing her impressive breasts. Daphne squeezed his hand to get his attention, giving him a teasing smile. Harry smiled back, feeling a little embarrassed. He was just thinking of pulling her into a dark corner himself when he noticed Snape marching through the door, barking out orders and giving out detentions to the couples he spotted.

Fortunately, Snape was so busy trying to catch the scattering students, that he didn’t notice Harry and Daphne standing off to the side. Given the history between the two of them, Harry was certain that Snape would find some excuse to punish him should he be spotted, despite the fact that he wasn’t doing anything wrong. Grabbing Daphne by the hand, he pulled her to a

small side door that led to a disused teacher's living quarters. Closing the door behind them, the torches inside sputtered to life, illuminating the room in a dull, flickering light. The room they were in was the teacher's office, with two open doors. One led into a disused classroom, and the other led to a small bedroom. The office was bare, but at least it was clean.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd think you'd planned this just to get me alone." Daphne teased, running her hands over his chest while looking up at him, her eyes sparkling playfully.

"What makes you think this wasn't my master plan all along?" He asked, giving her a crooked smile.

"Oh, really?" She asked, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck. "Well, what do you plan to do now that you have me here?"

Harry rested his hands on her wide hips, slowly sliding them around towards her bum. Suddenly, he grabbed her ass firmly, lifting her into his arms and drawing a startled squeak from her lips. Walking her backwards, he pinned her back against the wall and set her back down on her feet, his face an inch from hers.

"Anything I want." He told her, his voice coming out deeper than normal.

Daphne's breath hitched. Leaning down, he kissed her aggressively, pressing the weight of his body against hers, trapping her in place. She moaned into his mouth, her fingers threading through his hair. Harry's hands traveled from her waist, up her stomach to the bottom of her breasts, cupping them through the thin fabric of her dress

*Bang!*

Harry jumped back as the door to the room they were in was slammed open, drawing his wand and leveling it at the two people standing in the door way in an instant. He sighed in relief and lowered his wand when he saw that it was Fleur Delacour and Roger Davies, looking quite surprised to see them in the room.

“Sorry, we deedn’t know you were ‘ere.” Fleur said, tossing her hair over her shoulder.

Harry snorted quietly when he noticed that Roger still had the dazed, lovestruck expression he had sported most of the night. Honestly, he couldn’t understand the reaction most guys had to her. Sure, she was incredibly hot, but he wasn’t going to make a fool of himself by gawping at her like he’d never seen a girl before. He figured most girls would consider drooling like a buffoon was a turn off.

“Come inside and close the door, Snape’s been prowling around out there.” Daphne told them, waving them inside.

“You don’t mind eef we stay?” Fleur asked, closing the door.

“I’m fine with it. There’s enough room for all of us.” Daphne said, looking over at Harry for his opinion.

Harry shrugged, not really caring if they stayed. He figured if they waited a few minutes for Snape to leave, they could sneak off to the Room of Requirement. Maybe, if he was lucky, he could see what Fleur looked like under her dress.



“Merci.” Fleur said, grabbing Roger by the hand and leading him like an obedient puppy deeper into the room.

Despite there being plenty of free space in the office, and two other unoccupied rooms connected to it, Fleur decided to position them just a few feet from them, pushing Roger against the wall and giving Daphne a challenging look. Daphne returned it with a smirk and grabbed two fistfuls of Harry’s robes, pushing him against the wall. He raised an eyebrow at his girlfriend, but only got a wink in return. Leaning into him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kiss him deeply, her tongue delving into his mouth. Next to them, he could hear the rustle of clothes and the smacking of lips, telling him that Fleur and Roger were doing the same thing. Harry wasn’t really into voyeurism, but given the way Daphne was squirming against him, she was, so he went with it. Grabbing her ass with one hand, he slid his other hand up her side and caressed the parts of her breast that wasn’t pressed against his chest.

Daphne moaned into his mouth and shifted so that she could rub her mound against his thigh. Bending his knee to give her a better angle, she ground down on him even harder, shivering in delight as she bucked her hips. Pulling back from his lips, Daphne gasped, closing her eyes to savor the pleasure of grind her clit against his muscled thigh. Grabbing her ass with both hands to help her grind against him, he looked over at Fleur and Roger the best he could without turning his head. Harry wrinkled his nose in disgust at witnessing Roger maul Fleur’s mouth with an uncoordinated, sloppy kiss that she didn’t seem to be enjoying at all. Her head was leaned back with her hands pushing against his chest, holding him back. It didn’t look like she was trying to escape. More like she was afraid he would try and devour her if she got too close.

Feeling Daphne shake in his arms, he looked back down to see her shaking in silent laughter while biting her lips. Looking back up at him, she smiled, and kissed him on the lips briefly but heatedly. When she pulled back, she dragged her hand down his chest and stomach as she dropped to her knees. The sound of her undoing his metal belt buckle sounded loud in the quiet room, drawing the attention of the other couple. Well, Fleur at least, Roger only seemed to notice when she pushed him away from her hard, and looked over, curious as to what made

her stop. Harry felt self-conscious about being exposed in front of two other people, but the prospect of getting a blowjob, and seeing how excited Daphne was, held him back from saying anything. Opening his pants, Daphne reached in and pulled out his mostly hard member, stroking him lightly. He glanced over at Fleur just in time to see her lick her lips hungrily while she watched his impressive cock harden further.

Once he was fully hard, Daphne looked over at her and raised an eyebrow challengingly, just as Fleur had earlier. With a competitive expression on her face, and a slight glare, Fleur dropped to her knees and started working at Roger's belt. Given the look on his face, Harry gave it fifty-fifty odds the older boy would faint before she got it out. His attention was drawn back to his girlfriend when she took the head of his cock between her lips, swirling her tongue around his sensitive crown. Harry hissed in pleasure, resting his hands on her head as she started bobbing up and down his length. Looking back at Fleur, he nearly laughed at the disappointed look on her face as she pulled Roger's todger out of his pants. Harry felt a swell of pride at out measuring the Head Boy. While he was probably average in size, he looked small compared to Harry's rather impressive appendage.

Daphne dragged his lips all the way up his shaft until her lips let out a small *pop* as she pulled off of the head. She looked over at Fleur, holding up his length with a triumphant look, making the Veela scowl. Reaching up, Fleur grabbed Roger with her thumb and first two fingers, holding his almost delicately. That, it seems, was too much for poor Roger. With a grunt he starting cumming, the first jet shooting past Fleur's face and over her shoulder. With a yelp of surprise, she let go of his jerking shaft and moved out of the way, watching in disgust as he decorated the threadbare carpet covering the floor. Daphne couldn't hold in her giggle this time, covering her mouth to suppress the sound.

"I've never cum that fast before, I—" Roger started to say.

He was silenced by the dick shriveling glare Fleur gave him. Blushing a deep red, he shamefully tucked himself away and scurried over to the door, leaving in a hurry. Fleur scowled at the door, then looked down at the floor, wrinkling her nose in disgust at the mess. Huffing, she stood back up, dusting off her robe.

“You can stay if you want.” Daphne said, still stroking his length. “I don’t mind sharing.”

Harry and Fleur both looked down at her in surprise.

“Really?” Fleur asked.

Smiling, Daphne scooted over to the side to make room for her, then held his cock out to the side, offering it to her. With a smile that could only be described as naughty, she sauntered over, pausing in front of Harry and staring at him.

“You do not mind, ‘Arry?” She asked in a sultry voice.

The way she said his name made his cock twitch in Daphne’s hand.

“Not at all.” He answered, his voice cracking embarrassingly.

Fleur smirked at him and slowly fell to her knees, her eyes never leaving his until she was face to face with his swollen, angry head. Taking him from Daphne, she stroked his rigid length lightly, her thumb rubbing the large vein on the underside shaft.

“Impressionnant.” Fleur said, eyeing his cock lustfully.

Opening her mouth, she wrapped her pillowy red lips around his girth, her surprisingly hot tongue leaving a pleasant tingling sensation behind everywhere it touched for a brief few seconds. Harry groaned as she descended down his shaft, her lips tightly sealed. Her long, smooth tongue caressed his thin, sensitive skin. Stopping two-thirds of the way down his length, the head of his cock brushing against the back of her throat, she looked up at him as she paused. Agonizingly slowly, Fleur dragged her plump, soft lips back up his shaft, sucking hard enough to hollow her cheeks. As she pulled off of the head, she kissed it softly, then leaned back, passing him back to Daphne with a triumphant, challenging look.

Daphne took him in hand, a playful twinkle in her eyes. Taking the head of his cock in her mouth and letting go with her hand, he could see a ring of red lipstick marking the point where Fleur's lips had stopped. She bobbed up and down on his length, going lower and lower until her lips reached the ring of lipstick. Staring up at him, she backed up a couple of inches, grabbed his hips tightly and plunged her face forward, shoving his cock down her throat until her nose was pressed against his pelvis. Her eyes were screwed shut, saliva running down her chin as she gagged loudly around the thick pillar of flesh invading her throat. Harry gripped her hair tightly, savoring the feel of her tight throat spasming around his cock as a tear fell from her eye, streaking a black line of mascara down her cheek. A few seconds later, she pulled back, coughing and wiping the saliva from her chin.

Despite her disheveled look, she handed him back to Fleur smugly. Fleur took him in hand, a smirk on her lips as she opened her mouth and descended down his spit-soaked shaft. Looking up at him, she moved down, not even pausing as he hit the back of her throat, deep throating him casually as she swallowed his entire length. With his balls deep in her tight throat, she shook her head side to side slightly while working her throat. Groaning in pleasure, he could see the delicate skin of her long, pale neck bulge around his girth, while her tongue lapped at his balls. It was by far the most incredible blowjob and deep throat that he had ever received. She held him in her throat for a long time, far longer than he expected. However, even a Veela built for sex had to breathe. Eventually, she pulled off of him sucking hard as she dragged her lips up the length of his throbbing shaft.

“How the hell do you do that?” Daphne asked in awe.

“I am Veela.” Fleur answered simply, looking at her triumphantly.

Fleur tried to hand him back to Daphne, but she waved her off and motioned for her to continue with a smile on her face. Smiling in thanks, Fleur took his cock back into her mouth, bobbing up and down on him at a leisurely pace, clearly enjoying what she was doing as she looked up at him while he ran a hand through her hair. While she worked his cock with her incredible mouth, Daphne scooted closer to her and caressed up her back until she reached the zipper of her dress and slowly pulled it down. Fleur pulled off of him, getting a disappointed moan from Harry, and raised an eyebrow at Daphne.

“Boys aren’t the only ones who want to get their hands on you.” She said in answer to her look.

Giving her a lust filled smile, Fleur turned back to his cock, picking up where she left off. Meanwhile, Daphne finished unzipping her dress and pushed the straps off her shoulder, revealing her huge, perky breasts, pale white with light pink nipples. Despite their considerable size, her breasts defied gravity, jutting to stand proudly on her chest. Harry felt jealous of his girlfriend as she grabbed a hold of Fleur perfect breasts and caressed them softly, running her long, silver painted nails lightly over the smooth, unblemished mounds. Fleur moaned around his cock as she teased a nipple, flicking the hard pink nub with the back of her nail. Sticking one hand down the front of her dress, Daphne slid down her stomach until her hand was between her legs.

“Mh, no panties?” Daphne asked, her arm moving under Fleur’s dress.

Moving closer behind Fleur, she kissed and sucked at the skin of her neck while playing with one breast and moving her hand under her crumpled dress. Harry dearly wished it was out of the way so he could see what was happening.

“You love sucking my boyfriend’s big, fat cock, don’t you?” Daphne whispered into her ear.

Fleur moaned, nodding her head slightly as she continued to work her hot, wet mouth up and down his length.

“If you ask me nice enough, I might even let him take you into the bedroom over there and fuck you with that hard, thick cock.” She whispered temptingly.

Fleur bucked her hips, sliding her lips up and down his shaft faster and deeper, the tip of his crown nudging the entrance of her tight throat.

“Trust me, you’d love to feel his huge cock stretching your tight little pussy as he pounds you into the mattress like a Knockturn Alley whore.” Daphne hissed, drawing another wanton moan from her lips.

As she moaned, her lips and throat vibrated around his cock, driving him closer to orgasm with nearly overwhelming pleasure. Daphne’s soft caresses had turned to rough groping and pinching, while the hand under Fleur’s dress moved much more vigorously.

“If you're really nice, I might even let you borrow him once in a while. Or, maybe, I’ll just tell him to pull you into a broom cupboard and fuck you anytime he wants. I know you’d let him, wouldn’t you? The hottest girl in school, the Veela everyone wants, nothing but a slut, begging for my boyfriend's cock.”

Fleur screamed around his shaft as she came, bucking her hips frantically as her body trembled. Driving her head forward, she swallowed his entire cock, moaning wildly around his length. The vibrations, the sight of his girlfriend bringing another girl to orgasm, the feel of her hot, tight throat enveloping his shaft, all of it pushed him over the edge. Despite still being in the midst of her own climax, Fleur recognized it and pulled off of him with perfect timing. As soon as she pulled off of him, she grabbed the back of Daphne's head and pulled her forward. Turning her head all the way to the side, she pressed their lips together in a burning kiss while still stroking his cock with her free hand. In only a few strokes, Harry reached his climax, several jets of hot, white cum rocketing out of his pulsing tip to splash against their lips with uncanny accuracy. The girls continued to kiss heatedly as jet after jet of sticky, salty cum landed on their cheeks, chins, and lips.

It was several moments after he stopped that the girls finally broke their kiss, strings of cum and spit connecting their lips for a couple of inches before it broke. Looking at Daphne with a grin, Fleur leaned forward and ran her tongue over her cheek, licking up the cum coating her skin. Harry's cock had barely gone soft before it started to harden again as he watched the two blondes lick his seed off of each other. Once they had cleaned each other off, they kissed again, their tongues visibly dancing together between their lips. When they broke apart again, they both started giggling with wide smiles. Standing up, each of them grabbed one of his hands and led him to the bedroom. As she walked, Fleur's dress fell to the floor and she stepped out of it, leaving it pooled on the floor and her completely naked. Once they reached the bed, Daphne unzipped her dress and pushed it off of her shoulders, revealing that she too wasn't wearing anything underneath.

Daphne climbed onto the bed first, her wide, full ass swaying until she got to the middle of the bed, where she turned to lay on her back. Fleur climbed up after her, her perfect ass jutting out as she crawled forward, her wet, pink lips in full view as she bent down to kiss her way up Daphne's long legs, starting at the knee. She grabbed Fleur's long silvery hair, much lighter in color than her own golden blonde, and gathered it into a ponytail. Daphne let out a long, drawn-out moan when Fleur reached her drooling lips, her tongue and lips teasing around her most sensitive spots. Harry watched the beautiful moment for a minute or two, just enjoying the sight of two incredibly beautiful girls coming together passionately. Climbing up onto the bed, he knelt behind Fleur and ran his hands over her ass, possessively gripping and squeezing the soft, smooth flesh. Groping her for a few moments, and drawing a moan from her lips, he slid his hands up her incredibly smooth skin to her breasts, the dangling orbs spilling out of his large hands as he fondled them while kissing her neck.

Feeling the head of his cock rub against her sopping entrance, he sat back up on his knees. Grabbing the base of his shaft, he pushed his head up against her lips, spreading them open as he rubbed his wide head up and down between them. Fleur gave a desperate moan, bucking back and trying to get him inside.

“Beg for it. Beg me to let him fuck you.” Daphne demanded, using Fleur’s ponytail to make her look up at her.

“S’il vous plait. Please, let ‘im fuck me. I need eet.” Fleur moaned, a real note of desperation in her voice.

When Daphne nodded at him, Harry drove himself forward quickly, burying his thick cock to the hilt in her unbelievably hot, tight pussy. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before. Her walls were hotter and hugged him tighter than anyone else he had ever been with, and, like her mouth, there was a wonderful burning, tingling sensation everywhere she touched him. Fleur gasped, arching her back as she was filled and stretched, her walls quivering around him at the sudden intrusion. Pulling back out slowly, Harry fucked her with long purposeful strokes, trying to make it last as long as possible.

“You love it don’t you? You love my man’s cock filling up your slutty cunt.” Daphne growled.

“Oui.” Fleur panted, barely able to get the word out. “Arder. Please.”

Gripping her hips tightly, Harry increased his pace, pulling her back into him as he thrust forward. Daphne used the ponytail she was holding like a handle to pull Fleur’s face back to her slit, roughly rubbing it against her wet lips. Everyone stopped talking and the room was filled



with the sounds of sex, moans and gasps. Despite his intention to make this encounter last as long as possible, he couldn't control himself for long. The insane pleasure he felt from her inhuman pussy was driving him crazy. She was hotter, wetter, and tighter than he had ever felt before. His pace had started out reasonable, but soon, he was slamming into her, his thighs slapping loudly and violently against her upturned ass. It was a surprise when he heard Daphne reach her climax first, screaming to the heavens and arching her back as she drenched Fleur's face with her arousal. The moment it ended, she let go of Fleur's hair, finally leaving her free to express her pleasure vocally.

A stream of French left her lips. Although he couldn't understand what she was saying, her tone told him all he needed to know. She was loving every second as much as he was. It was both a surprise, and a relief, when she came not long after Daphne. Fleur too screamed, soaking his shaft as her walls spasmed around his thrusting cock. It nearly took him over the edge, but he was able to hold off until it ended. As she came down from her high, Fleur collapsed onto Daphne's lower stomach, her arms no longer able to hold her up. Harry leaned over her, his arms on either side of her head as he dominated her, slamming his throbbing cock into her quivering core with brutal force.

"Arry!" She screamed.

Just moments after her first climax, she had her second, this one even more powerful. Again, her walls tightened and fluttered around him, determined to milk him dry. This time, Harry couldn't hold back, dragged against his will to his peak. Burying his cock in her, he flooded her insides, coating her walls with a massive load of hot cum. Fleur let out a quivering coo, her walls clamping down on his length as his cum splashed against her insides. Even after he had finished, she still gripped him tightly, trying to pull every last drop from his shaft and holding him in place. It was almost a minute later that she finally relaxed, allowing his softening cock to slip out of her, a small dribble of white leaking out of her lips.

Harry rolled over onto his back, huffing as he tried to catch his breath. A few moments later, both girls crawled over to him, curling up on either side of his chest. Fleur leaned over him, her

breasts dragging over his chest as she kissed Daphne and then him on the lips surprisingly tenderly.

“We need to do zhis again.” She said, smiling happily.

“Definitely.” Daphne agreed. “I meant what I said, feel free to borrow Harry if you want to. Just don’t forget to invite me once in a while.”

“Mmh, gladly.” Fleur said, licking her lips.

## Chapter 6

A few days after the Yule Ball, Harry was sitting in the Great Hall chatting and laughing with Hermione as he waited for Daphne to arrive. The Professors were allowing the students to make an unscheduled trip into Hogsmeade today, and he was looking forward to spending time outside of the castle with his girlfriend. Glancing down the table, he saw Ron sitting with Seamus and Dean, occasionally looking over to glare at Hermione. He had been acting like a real ass this year, and he was getting worried that this might be the end of their friendship. The way he was treating Harry and Hermione for their choices in dates to the Ball was ridiculous and childish. Still, as angry as he was, he hoped Ron would be able to grow up and be a good friend again.

“So, how are things with Krum?” Harry asked, taking a bite out of a rasher of bacon.

“They’re fine, we decided to just stay friends.” She told him.

“Really? I thought you said you had a good time with him at the Ball.” He said, looking at her curiously.

“I did, but, well, we really don’t have that much in common.” She said, pausing for a moment. “He likes to watch me read. It’s actually pretty annoying.”

Harry blinked at her before chuckling quietly. Hermione tried to give him a reproachful look, but he saw the corners of her mouth twitch upwards. She resorted to kicking him lightly under the table.

“Shut up, Harry.” She told him, looking down to hide a smile.

“Harry.” A familiar voice called from behind him.

He smiled as he turned around, only for it to fall a moment later when he saw the look on Daphne’s face. She was doing her best to look emotionless, but he could see the devastated look in her eyes and the slight shaking in her hands.

“What’s wrong?” He asked worriedly.

“We need to talk.” She said simply.

Before he could try to get more out of her, she turned on her heel and marched out of the Great Hall. Harry exchanged a heavy look with Hermione as he stood up and jogged out of the Hall to catch up with her.

“Daphne, are you okay?” He asked when he caught up to her in the Entrance Hall.

“Not here.” She told him, grabbing the sleeve of his robe and pulling him down the hall.

They walked a short distance before she yanked open the door to the first broom cupboard they passed and pulled him inside, slamming the door shut behind him.

“Lucius Malfoy called in the debt to my father. He signed the Marriage Contract last night.” She told him in a dead, monotone voice.

Harry felt as if he had been punched in the gut. He felt the blood leave his face, sweat beaded on his forehead and his hand shook.

“What?” He asked in a quiet, choked voice.

“I’m sorry.” Daphne said, a tear falling down her cheek as she tried her best not to show any emotion on her face.

“Daphne-”

Before he could say anymore, she grabbed the front of his shirt and kissed him desperately, her hot tears staining his cheeks. As quickly as it started, she broke the kiss and hugged him tightly, her chin on his shoulder and her mouth right next to his ear.

“Thank you, for everything. I love you, Harry Potter.” She whispered in a trembling voice.

Suddenly, she pushed him back, knocking him off balance and darted out of the door, slamming it shut behind her. Harry got his feet under him and ran for the door, only to find it locked. He fumbled with his wand as he desperately tried to get it out and unlock the door. Throwing it open, he ran out into the hall and skidded to a stop, looking around frantically. There was no sign of her, she was gone.

He cursed, fighting back tears. After a moment of indecision, he ran back to the Great Hall, praying that Hermione could help him.

“I’m sorry, Harry, but I don’t know what we can do.” Hermione told him a few minutes later, after he explained everything.

Harry dropped his head into his hands, his shock and sadness giving way to anger and frustration.

“Don’t give up yet.” She told him, rubbing his back soothingly. “We’ll do some research in the library. Maybe Snuffles will have some ideas.”

“Snuffles.” Harry said, perking up as he remembered his plan to meet with his Godfather today.  
“You’re right. Come on, let’s go.”

“Harry, we’re not supposed to meet him for another three hours.” Hermione told him in exasperation.

“Then we’ll look for him until he shows up.” He said determinedly, standing from his seat.

Hermione sighed, but grabbed her bag and followed him as he marched quickly out of the castle. After a carriage ride that seemed to take far longer than normal, Harry hopped out before it even came to a stop and strode quickly through the village to the stile at the end of the road. Behind him, Hermione struggled to keep up with his long strides, leaving her panting by the time she caught up with him. Harry paced around the stile agitatedly, looking around and into the bushes, desperately looking for any sign of Sirius.

“Snuffles!” He called out in a harsh whisper.

“Harry, I know you’re upset, but you just have to be-”

*Bark!*

“Patient.” Hermione finished with a sigh.

“Snuffles!” Harry exclaimed, rushing to hug the enormous black dog around the neck. “We need to talk, *now*.”

Sirius cocked his head to the side and let out a short, questioning whine. Turning around, he darted off to a small foot trail between two bushes and turned back to look at Harry and Hermione. Following him down the trail, the two humans had a much harder time snaking their way through the old, overgrown trail than the four-legged felon, who easily slipped passed the bushes and branches in the way. Walking down the trail for a couple of minutes, they came to a rock covered hill that Sirius was easily able to scamper up, turning around to sit and bark as Harry helped Hermione up the hill. When they got half way up, he realized Sirius was leading them into a cave entrance that was little bigger than a crack in the stone.

Ducking down, Harry slipped into the cave and held out his hand to help Hermione in before turning around and lighting his wand. The first thing he noticed, was the large white and grey Hippogriff staring at him with narrowed eyes, causing Hermione to gasp in surprise next to him. Still holding her hand, he bowed to Buckbeak, tugging on her hand to get her to do the same. Thankfully, Buckbeak bowed back quickly and approached, sniffing both of them. Patting him on the neck, Harry looked around for Sirius, and found him standing a few steps back, looking thin and dirty, but his eyes were brighter and he was smiling.

“Sirius.” Harry whispered, rushing to hug his Godfather tightly. “Sirius, I need your help.”

“Easy there, Kiddo.” Sirius said, putting his hands on Harry’s shoulders and holding him at arm’s length. “What’s wrong?”

After spending several minutes explaining the entire situation to Sirius, he started pacing back and forth across the rocky floor of the cave, stroking his mustache as he thought.

“Um, Sirius, you’re not living here, are you?” Hermione asked cautiously.

“Huh? Oh, yes, I am. I want to be close in case Harry needs me. I really don’t like the idea of him being in this tournament.” He told her.

Harry felt a pang of guilt for being so concerned about his own life, that he didn’t take the time to think about Sirius. Looking closer at him, he realized he really did look tired and skinny.

“Sirius, how do you get food?” Harry asked.

“I scrounge what I can. Plus, there’s always plenty of rats for me to catch as Padfoot.” He said, a feral grin stretched across his face.

Harry and Hermione exchanged a worried look.

“We could bring you some food.” Hermione offered.

“No!” Sirius said forcefully. “Absolutely not. It’s too dangerous for you to be sneaking out of the castle right now, and it’ll draw too much attention.”

Harry sighed, disappointed he wouldn’t have an excuse to sneak out and see Sirius, but he could admit he was right. Sirius and Hermione both started pacing as they were lost in thought, oddly in sync. Harry walked over to Buckbeak and sat down, leaning against his side as he stroked his feathers.



"I got it!" Hermione and Sirius exclaimed at the same time a couple of minutes later.

Harry laughed at they stared at each other, dumbfounded.

"Ladies first." Sirius said, gesturing with his hand and giving her a smile.

"Harry, what about Dobby? Couldn't he bring Sirius some food?" Hermione asked excitedly.

"Er, I could ask." Harry said with a shrug. "Dobby!"

*POP*

Dobby appeared in the middle of the cave, a wide smile on his face.

"Yes, Harry Potter-AH!" Dobby screamed, staring in horror from Buckbeak to Sirius Black.

"It's okay, Dobby. Their friends. Sirius is innocent." Harry said, putting a calming hand on his tiny shoulder.

"Y-Yes Harry P-Potter, sir." He squeaked, his eyes, if possible, even wider than normal.

“Dobby.” Hermione called to him as she moved to kneel down in front of him, her tone soft and comforting. “Sirius is innocent, he was framed by Peter Pettigrew. Until we catch him, Sirius has to stay hidden. Do you think you could bring him food from the castle?”

“Yes, miss.” Dobby said, nodding eagerly before disappearing with a *pop*.

Seconds later, there was another *pop* and Dobby appeared in the cave, teetering as he carried a silver tray overflowing with all kinds of food. An apple fell off the top, rolling to land in front of Buckbeak who sniffed it and huffed. Sirius rushed forward with a hungry look on his face. Grabbing the tray, he sat down on the spot and ripped a roast chicken in half with his hands, throwing half to Buckbeak while he gorged himself on the other.

“Thank you, Dobby.” Hermione said gratefully.

Sharing a look with her, she shrugged before sitting down across from Sirius. Sighing, Harry did the same, waiting anxiously for him to finish eating. After several minutes of watching his Godfather stuff himself with a truly incredible amount of food, Sirius sat back and patted his stomach, a contented look on his gaunt face.

“Sirius?” Harry asked, unable to hold his tongue any longer.

“Hm? Oh, right. I think I might know a way you can help your little girlfriend.” He said with a lopsided smile.

“How?” Harry asked excitedly.

“Right, listen up. Here’s what you do…”

Several hours later, Harry and Hermione made their way back to the castle and sat down at the Gryffindor table, waiting, impatiently in Harry’s case, for their opportunity. Fortunately, he didn’t have to wait long for Malfoy, followed closely by Crabbe and Goyle, to walk up to them, swaggering with a smug smirk on his face.

“Potter!” Malfoy called out loudly, drawing the attention of every student within earshot for the inevitable confrontation.

“What do you want, Malfoy?” He asked, fighting the desire to stand up and curse him until he was nothing but a pile of goo on the floor.

“Heard you lost your girlfriend.” He said smugly as Crabbe and Goyle laughed cruelly.

“Really? That’s not the way I’d put it.” Harry replied in a cool tone, clenching his fists tightly under the table.

“Just admit it, Potter.” Malfoy sneered. “The better man won.”

“Better man?” Harry asked derisively. “Malfoy, the only way you could get a girl was by getting daddy to force her into a contract with you.”

Malfoy scowled at him as the students around them whispered furiously to one another. Just as he opened his mouth to retort, Harry jumped in before he could.

“Just like the only way you could get on the Quidditch team was to buy your way on. And just like the only way you could win a duel against me was by running to Filch after challenging me. You’ve never beaten me at anything.” Harry said with a smirk.

Malfoy glared at him venomously, his cheeks pink as many of the Gryffindors around them laughed, particularly Ron.

“I can beat you anytime, anywhere, Potter.” He growled angrily.

“Prove it.” Harry told him.

He knew he had Malfoy as soon as he started looking around at the large number of students listening to their conversation. There was no way he could walk away from this without looking weak, something his pride would never allow.

“Fine. Meet me in the East courtyard at midnight.” Malfoy said with a glare.

“What, so you can run off to Filch like last time?” Harry asked scathingly.

“And what do you suggest, Potter? Dueling isn’t allowed in school.” He sneered.

“Honor duels are.” Harry said.

There was more loud whispering from the students watching them. It had been quite a long time since Hogwarts had seen an honor duel. Malfoy scoffed and crossed his arms over his chest.

“I have no reason to challenge you to an honor duel, Potter. *I’m* not the one that had my girlfriend stolen.” He said with a smirk, Crabbe and Goyle laughing behind him.

“Really? Huh, I thought you’d be more upset that I kissed your betrothed this morning. Well, I suppose it’d be more accurate to say she kissed me, but I didn’t exactly put up a fight.” Harry said, smiling as he watched the pale boy’s face redden in anger.

Around them, the Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs that were listening had a mixed reaction of gasps and laughter. Harry knew there was no way Malfoy could walk away after that sort of humiliation. He’d thought Sirius was crazy with this plan, but it was shocking how easily it was working.

“Fine! Potter, I challenge you to an honor duel.” Malfoy yelled with his fists clenched in fury at his sides.

“I accept, which means I get to set the terms.” Harry said with a smirk. “If I win, I get the marriage contract with Daphne-”

Malfoy interrupted him with a loud scoff.

“Please, you don’t have anything worth what that contract cost.” He said derisively.

“Actually, I do.” Harry said smugly. “My Firebolt.”

There were more gasps and chattering around them, and a greedy gleam entered Malfoy’s eyes. Harry knew he had him then. Not only was it a Firebolt, it was Harry Potter’s Firebolt. He could practically see Malfoy imagining winning the Quidditch cup while riding his rivals’ broom to victory. His eyes glittered maliciously and a nasty, slimy smirk stretched across his face.

“You’re on, Potter.” He said excitedly.

Harry stood up, stepped over the bench seat, and marched up to the Head table.

“Where are you going, Potter? Potter!” Malfoy yelled.

Harry ignored him and continued walking up to the Head table to stand right in front of the Professor Flitwick.

“Professor, do you have a moment?” He asked, his hands trembling with nerves and anticipation.

“Of course, Mr. Potter. What can I do for you?” The tiny professor squeaked.

“Malfoy just challenged me to an honor duel, and I accepted. I was hoping you would officiate for us.” Harry said.

“Do you really think that’s necessary, Harry?” Professor Dumbledore asked from a couple of seats down.

“Absolutely.” He said without hesitation, staring into the Headmaster’s twinkling blue eyes, willing him to understand.

Relief flooded him a few seconds later when Dumbledore sighed and nodded. Turning back to Flitwick, he looked at him pleadingly.

“I would be honored to, Mr. Potter.”

Harry sighed, his shoulders sagging in relief, this was going to work.

“Thank you, Professor.” He said gratefully.

“You’re quite welcome. When and where will the duel be taking place?” He asked, bouncing in his seat excitedly.

“I was hoping we could do it right after dinner in the Great Hall, if that’s okay?” Harry asked.

“I don’t see a problem with it.” Flitwick said, looking to Dumbledore to see if he had any objection.

Dumbledore nodded, “Very well.”

“Excellent! Then I shall see you and Mr. Malfoy after dinner. Please make sure to have whatever it is your dueling over before then.” Flitwick said.

“Yes, sir. Thank you.” Harry said, turning and heading back to his table.

After giving a disgruntled looking Malfoy the news, Harry rushed upstairs to get his broom. It was a long, torturous wait for dinner to end for Harry. Several of his friends and even some students he hardly knew came over to wish him luck. At the Slytherin table, several students, including the Quidditch team, were celebrating as if Malfoy had already won. He looked around for Daphne, but he didn’t see her. Her best friend Tracy and sister Astoria were missing as well. Mercifully, dinner finally came to an end.

Professor Flitwick moved three of the house tables out of the way and used the Ravenclaw table as a dueling stage. All around it, students from all houses, and all schools were gathered to watch. To his side, Hermione was rattling off last minute advice as fast as she could. Harry tuned her out, focusing on his own plan. He wasn’t just going to beat Malfoy for this, he was going to humiliate him. Fleur came up to him, hugging and kissing him on the cheek to wish him luck. Just as Flitwick finished setting up the stage, Astoria and Tracey came in, dragging Daphne



between them. She looked at him questioningly, and Harry did his best to smile at her. Given her suddenly worried look, it didn't come off as reassuring as he thought.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy, if you could both come here, we'll go over the rules." Flitwick called out. "Now then, as this is an honor duel, by law, we will be using the standard International Confederation of Dueling rules. All spells that are legal can be used, and the duel will continue until one of you is knock out of bounds, is rendered unable to continue, or submits to their opponent. Any questions?"

"No, sir." Harry said, while Malfoy shook his head.

"Alright gentlemen, give me what you're putting up for the duel and take your places." Flitwick instructed.

Harry handed over his broom, while Malfoy reluctantly handed over the contract. Both climbed onto the stage and stood facing each other. Harry stared at him with a determined, calm look, while Malfoy held himself in an arrogant pose, a sneer on his lips.

"Bow." Flitwick said.

The two teens barely tipped forward at the waist. Harry tightened his grip on his wand and tensed his muscles, ready to move the moment the signal was given. The Hall was silent, waiting in eager anticipation as Flitwick held his wand aloft. Suddenly, Malfoy lunged forward, his wand twirling.

"Stupefy!" He shouted.

Harry stood perfectly still, his eyes locked with Malfoy's as the sparkling red spell whizzed past his head, ruffling his hair as it missed by millimeters.

"Halt!" Flitwick shouted. "Mr. Malfoy, you need to wait for my signal. This is your first and only warning. If it happens again, I will have no choice but to disqualify you. Is that understood?"

Malfoy huffed and glared at Flitwick for a moment before locking eyes with Harry once again. Raising his wand aloft again, pausing for a moment to glance at Harry and Malfoy to make sure they were ready. Three heart beats later, red sparks shot out of his wand.

"Stupefy!" Malfoy shouted.

Another sparkling red spell flashed past Harry head, this time even further away. He ignored it, instead marching forward with a quick, determine stride. Malfoy walked forward too, a couple more spells leaping from the tip of his wand.

"Expelliarmus! Stupefy!" Malfoy yelled.

The first spell went wide, but Harry was forced to defend himself from the second. Raising his wand, he slapped it aside with negligent flick, continuing to march forward. Malfoy sent out three more spells, each of which Harry easily defended against, still not saying a word. As he drew closer, Malfoy's eyes took on a nervous look, taking half a step back.

"Bombarda!" He shouted, his voice trembling.

Wordlessly, Harry threw up a transparent, blue shimmering shield. There was a loud thud followed by a rumble as the spell exploded against his shield, obscuring his view with smoke and a flash of flames. With a swipe of his wand, he blew away the smoke, giving him a clear view of Malfoy's frightened face. By now, he was only feet away from reaching him.

Malfoy leveled his wand, taking another half step back as his hand began to tremble. Harry faked a sharp movement to the right, causing Malfoy to swing his wand in that direction and making his spell go wide. Rushing forward with three quick steps, he grabbed Malfoy's wand hand in his free hand, aiming it away just as another Stunning spell shot from the tip. Clenching his fist tightly around his wand, Harry's right hand shot forward, colliding painfully with his jaw.

Malfoy fell backwards and landed on his back with a loud *thud*, his eyes wide with shock and unfocused from the pain. Before he could move, Harry stepped on his hand, still clutching his wand, stopping him from moving his hand or even releasing his wand. Malfoy grunted in pain as Harry put most of his body weight onto his hand, looking up at him with terror filled eyes as Harry aimed his wand right between his eyes.

"No, please, please." Malfoy whimpered quietly.

The tip of Harry's wand glowed a menacing red, spitting and sputtering with angry red sparks.

"I yield! I yield!" Malfoy cried, closing his eyes and throwing up his free hand to protect himself.

"The duel is over! Your winner, Harry Potter." Flitwick announced.

Harry lowered his wand, giving Malfoy a disgusted look. Just as Harry collected his broom and the contract from Professor Flitwick, who shook his hand excitedly in congratulations, Daphne crashed into him, his long blonde hair whipping his face.

“You did it!” She cheered.

Harry dropped his broom and pushed her back just far enough to kiss her hard on the lips. Around them, there was loud cheering for the students who had been watching.

“He cheated!” Harry heard Malfoy yell.

Breaking the kiss, Harry and Daphne turned to look at him.

“Do you have proof, Mr. Malfoy.” Flitwick asked.

“He hit me! You can’t use Muggle dueling, it’s against the rules.” Malfoy yelled, sounding like a spoiled child.

“You are partially correct. It’s against the rules to *win* by means of a physical strike from a witch or wizard.” Flitwick said, causing Malfoy to look at him smugly. “However, Mr. Potter’s strike was not what ended the duel, it was your surrender that ended it. What Mr. Potter did was completely legal according to the rules.”

Malfoy screamed in anger and stomped away, shoving his way through the laughing and jeering crowd. Harry smiled in relief and opened the scroll in his hand. He didn't trust Malfoy to not try and give him a fake contract. Reading through it, it looked real enough, but one thing seemed wrong.

"Why does it have my name on it?" He asked Daphne.

She looked down at the contract in his hands and read through it, a relieved smile stretching her lips.

"The magic of the contract has recognized you as having won the duel." She told him.

Harry smiled back at her, pulling her in for another brief kiss before they were interrupted by people coming to congratulate them. It took several minutes for the two of them to slip away and make their way towards the seventh floor.

"So, what do you want to do with this?" Harry asked, handing her the contract.

Daphne took it from him and turned it in her hands with a thoughtful look on her face. Suddenly, she stopped and walked over to one of the torches on the walls. Holding the scroll of parchment up to it, she set it on fire, watching with a satisfied grin as it burned to ash. Harry smiled and took her hand as she dropped it, letting what little remained flutter to the floor where she stomped on it, grinding it with the ball of her foot. Tugging on her hand, Harry led her down the hall and up the stairs to the seventh floor where they entered the Room of Requirement. The moment they entered, Daphne wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him hard.

“Thank you.” She whispered against his lips when they broke apart.

“I wasn’t going to let that little prick take you away from me that easily.” Harry said with a cheeky smile.

“I’m going to have to think of something *really* special to thank you for this. But, for tonight, I want you all to myself.” She said, sliding her hand up into his hair and pulling him in for another kiss.

A short while later, she pulled back, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

“Take me to bed.” She said in a quiet, seductive voice.

Harry wrapped his arms around her tightly and lifted her up, carrying her over to the large bed behind him. The moment he set her down, while they were still kissing, she began rapidly pulling off both of their clothes until both of them were naked, their clothes strewn across the floor around the bed. Daphne crawled on top of him, kissing her way down his chest until she reached his rigid length. Wrapping her lips around the head, she bobbed up and down on his length, gradually going lower each time. Gathering her hair into a ponytail at the back of her head to hold it out of the way so he could watch her. Harry let out a groan as she took him deeply into her mouth and into the tight, gripping confines of her throat. Thanks to the amount of practice she had lately, Daphne hardly gagged or coughed as she took him to the hilt.

Her movements were long and slow, starting at the head and moving down, swallowing the entire length of his swollen cock before pulling back up to start again. After a short while, she took him to the base and held there while maintaining eye contact with a hooded, lust-filled gaze. When she finally pulled up, she pulled all the way off of him and tucked her knees under her as she wrapped her large, soft breasts around his slick shaft, squeezing them around him

tightly. The warm, smooth skin of her breasts slid up and down his spit covered length as she sucked on the head, her tongue swirling around him. Harry hissed as her tongue flicked over his tip, quickly being driven to his peak by what she was doing.

Just as he thought that, she released him and crawled up his body, kissing along the way with a playful smile on her lips. Harry growled at her right before she kissed him on the lips and pressed her hot, wet slit against the top of his erection.

“I’m not letting you cum anywhere but inside me tonight.” She whispered against his lips.

Daphne raised herself up and angle his cock up, aiming it at her entrance. Both of them moaned in unison as she lowered herself onto him, his cock sliding easily into her smooth, wet pussy. Taking him to the hilt, she settled on top of him, pressing her hands to his chest for support. As she began bouncing on him, Harry slid his hands up her stomach to grab her breasts, cupping and massaging them, his thumbs running over her hard, swollen nipples. Daphne got into a smooth steady rhythm, her wide, round ass bouncing off of his thighs as she descended. Sliding one of his hands down to her hip, Harry pulled her down and bucked up into her in his desperate desire the orgasm he had been denied earlier. It didn’t take him long to get there, his rigid cock swelling and pulsing as he filled her with numerous jets of hot cum.

Daphne ground herself down on him, swirling her hips while deliberately tightening her walls on his throbbing shaft. When he was done, his body sagging, she leaned forward and kissed him languidly. In minutes, Harry was hard again, rolling them both over so that he was on top. She moaned into his mouth as he began thrusting into her, a squelching noise coming from between their bodies. Harry hooked his arms under her, grabbing her by the shoulders and using that as leverage to slam into her hard and fast. Daphne threw her head back, a long low moan escaping her open mouth. Sucking hard on her neck, he was determined to leave his mark on her, as if claiming her for anyone to see.

Daphne's body trembled as she neared her climax, her arms and legs tightening around him as he drilled into her. Her walls spasmed around him, massaging his length as she came. Her voice trembling as she gasped and moaned. Harry slammed into her even harder, chasing his second orgasm of the night. As she came down from her climax, Daphne stroked the back of his head while dirty things into his ear, begging for him to go faster and harder, and for him to fill her even more. Thrusting frantically, Harry hit his peak, painting her walls a second time and filling her to the point of overflowing. She moaned contentedly, stroking his back lightly with her long nails.

When his orgasm was over, Harry rolled onto his back, pulling Daphne against his chest and holding her tightly, protectively.

"Harry?" She asked.

"Hm?"

"What girls are you interested in?" She asked with a mischievous look.

## Chapter 7

The morning after the duel, as Harry and Daphne were finishing their breakfast while talking to Hermione, Professor Moody stomped up behind them.

"Potter!" he barked, clapping Harry roughly on the shoulder. "My office in five minutes."

Pushing off of his shoulder, he ambled out of the Hall, his wooden leg echoing on the hard stone with each step.



"I wonder what he wants." Hermione said curiously.

"I guess I'll find out." Harry said before turning to give Daphne a kiss. "I'll meet you in the Room of Requirement when I'm done."

"Can you show me the room?" Hermione asked Daphne. "It sounds fascinating."

"Sure." Daphne said with a shrug.

Knowing the exams worth of questions his girlfriend was in for once Hermione saw the room, he smiled and bid them goodbye as he left the Hall. It only took him a couple of minutes to make it to the Defense classroom, where he found Moody sitting at his desk. The moment Harry entered, Moody pointed his wand at the door, causing it to close.

"What in the hell were you thinking, Potter?" Moody growled as he stood and marched over to stand in front of him.

"Er, what-"

"The duel." he interrupted. "Your girlfriend's fate is on the line, and you decide to play games?"

Harry flushed and looked down at his feet as Moody leaned on his staff and glared at him with his good eye.

"How many times have I told you? If you're going to fight, then you need to fight to win!" he barked loudly.

"Yes, sir." Harry said, feeling properly chastised.

“I’m wasting my time teaching you if you’re going to pull shite like that.” Moody said angrily.

Harry’s head snapped up.

“No, sir. It won’t happen again.” he assured him.

“It better not.” Moody growled, leaning forward to get right in his face. “I don’t give a flying fuck if you pulled my fat arse out of that trunk. I’m not going to take stupid risks, got it?”

“Yes, sir.” Harry said.

“Good.” he said as he leaned back. “Time for a refresher course, get your wand out.”

Harry pulled out his wand as Moody waved his, sending the desks to stack themselves against the wall. Moody turned and walked away a few steps before whirling around with shocking grace and sending a sizzling purple spell at him. Harry produced a shield quickly but stumbled back a step as the spell slammed harshly into it.

“Don’t hold back!” Moody yelled as he fired another spell. “Hit ‘em fast, hit ‘em hard, and move on to the next one. Constant Vigilance!”

Harry winced as yet another spell crashed against his shimmering blue shield. Unlike Malfoy’s easily deflected spells, Moody’s hit with the force of a Beater’s bat, knocking him back and reverberating up his arm. Moody was looking to make a point, and Harry knew he was in for a rough time.

Sure enough, Moody battered him around the classroom for nearly four hours. By the time he finally relented, Harry could barely lift his arm, his face and shirt were soaked in sweat, and his lungs burned. Despite all of that, he felt a sense of pride that he was still on his feet, and even Moody looked a bit worn out.

“Good, you’ve gotten better, but don’t let it go to your head.” Moody told him. “We’ll start training again when school starts back up. In the meantime, I expect you to practice on your own.”

Harry nodded, too busy catching his breath to talk.

“Get some rest, Potter. And keep that ego of yours in check.” Moody growled.

After hours of being reprimanded for the same things, Harry just rolled his eyes as he left. While he could admit Moody had a point, and the way he had dueled Malfoy was stupidly risky, he was going a bit overboard. Limping his way down the hall, he headed to the seventh floor to meet Daphne.

“Arry.” Fleur called out as he passed the sixth floor.

Stopping he turned to find the stunning blonde jogging over to him with a smile on her face, her breasts bouncing and drawing the attention of every wizard around. It was incredible how much more friendly she was with him since their encounter at the Yule Ball. When she reached him, her smile turned into a concerned frown as she took in his disheveled and weary appearance.

“Are you alright?” she asked.

“I’m fine.” he told her. “Moody’s been teaching me some dueling.”

Fleur wrinkled her nose cutely.

“Zhat man geevs me zhe creeps.” she said.

Harry smiled and nodded, completely understanding how she could feel that way.

“Do you ‘ave a few minutes?” she asked. “I ‘ave somezing important to tell you.”

“Sure, I was just on my way to meet Daphne.” he said. “Why don’t you come with me?”

When she nodded, Harry continued his slow, painful trudge up to the seventh floor. When he got to the Room of Requirement, he found the door missing. Fleur watched him curiously as he paced back and forth in front of the bare stretch of wall three times. Her eyebrows raised when a door faded into view out of solid stone.

“What ees zhis?” she asked.

“I’ll explain inside.” he said as he opened the door.

The room looked like a private library as he walked in to find Daphne and Hermione sitting on a couch, looking over a pile of parchment as they talked. They both looked up as he entered with Fleur and closed the door behind him.

“What happened, Harry? Are you alright?” Hermione asked.

“I’m fine.” he told her. “Moody wasn’t happy with the way I dueled Malfoy yesterday.”

Harry sat down on the couch between Daphne and Hermione with a sigh. He felt bad about not telling them the truth, but Moody had sworn him, quite literally, to silence. He just had to hope they would forgive him later when the truth came out. Daphne ran a hand through his hair while looking at him in concern. Fleur looked around for a seat and her eyes widened as a chair seemed to grow out of the ground behind her.

“Magnifique.” she breathed.

“Hermione, you don’t know how to make a bruise balm, do you?” Daphne asked.

Before she could answer, the room shifted. One of the bookcases along the wall dropped down to waist height and morphed into a potions table, complete with cauldron, ladle, and ingredients.

“This room is amazing.” Hermione said as she stood up.

“Wait.” Fleur call out. “I ‘ave somezhing better.”

Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a palm sized jar and walked over to hand it to Daphne.

“Eet’s Veela cream.” she said.

“Perfect. Thank you.” Daphne said with a smile. “Take your shirt off, Harry.”

Groaning, Harry grabbed his jumper and pulled it over his head, revealing the large, purple bruises that littered his chest, ribs, and back. Hermione gasped and covered her mouth while Fleur and Daphne gazed at him sympathetically.

“Would you two give me a hand?” Daphne asked while slipping behind Harry, her legs spread wide around his body. “I’ll get his back if you can do his sides.”

Fleur nodded and sat down next to him. She and Daphne scooped out some Veela cream and rubbed it on their hands before applying it to his bruises. Harry hissed when the cold cream touched his skin, but soon it warmed up and he sighed in relief as it soothed his soreness.

“Hermione?” Daphne asked.

Hermione stood looking down at him, her cheeks slightly flushed as she gazed at his shirtless, muscled chest. When Daphne called out her name, she gave a startled jump.

“Oh, um, right.” she said.

Sitting down on his other side, she scooped out some cream and rubbed it between her hands before tentatively rubbing it on Harry’s ribs.

Closing his eyes, Harry enjoyed the feel of three beautiful girls running their soft hands over him.

“I could get used to this.” he murmured.

Daphne and Fleur giggled, while Hermione gave a small smile, her cheeks still a light pink.

“So, what have you two been doing in here all day?” he asked curiously.

“We were researching the room. There’s been rumors about it for centuries, but no one’s ever written down the exact location.” Hermione said. “I think we might be the first people besides Rowena Ravenclaw to understand how the room works.”

“Mmh.” Harry groaned.

Fleur was massaging his abs and her hand hovering right around his belt line. Thinking of her reminded him what she said in the hall.

“You said you needed to tell me something, Fleur.” he said.

“Hmm? Oh, oui.” she said. “My ‘eadmistress told me about zhe egg. We need to listen to eet underwater.”

“Do you know what it says?” Daphne asked.

“Non, I ‘aven’t listened to eet, yet. I zhought we could do eet togezher.” Fleur said.

“Why?” Hermione asked suspiciously, her eyes narrowed.

“I realized ‘Arry was telling zhe truth. I do not weesh to see ‘im get ‘urt.” she admitted.

“So, we need a tub.” Daphne said.

As she said it, the room shifted again. The bookshelves along the wall disappeared into the walls and the floor in front of them began to sink. Dozens of copper pipes sprouted from the floor and turned themselves on, dumping gallons of hot, steaming water into the round, chest deep hole in the floor. With so many faucets running at once, it only took a couple of minutes to fill the pool.

“Um, Daphne, Harry doesn’t even have his egg.” Hermione pointed out as she stared in awe at the massive bath.

“I brought mine.” Fleur said as she pulled the huge, gold egg out of her small pocket.

“Well, let’s see what it says.” Daphne said excitedly.

She pushed on Harry’s back to make him stand while Fleur stood up next to him. Without any sign of hesitation, Fleur stripped out of her clothes. Hermione gasped, her cheeks flushing a bright red as Fleur unsnapped her bra and stepped out of her panties. As Fleur walked into the pool, Daphne followed her lead and stripped out of her clothes before helping Harry with his

pants. The sound of his belt being unbuckled seemed to snap Hermione out of her shocked daze.

"I-I should go." she stuttered, tearing her eyes away from Harry.

"Hermione, wait." Daphne said as she dropped Harry's pants to the floor. "We might need your help."

"But..." she said, struggling to form words.

"Oh, come on, Hermione. Surely, we can be mature about this." Daphne chastised her. "Just go in your underwear if you don't want to get naked. It's not any different than those bikinis Muggles wear."

"I-I suppose." Hermione said, her pride coming to the fore and preventing her from doing something that would be seen as immature.

Daphne smiled at her just as she pushed Harry's boxers to the floor. Hermione's eyes widened as she took in Harry's nakedness, unable to look away. He felt himself twitch from the excitement of his best friend staring at him. Before he could enjoy it too much, Daphne took his hands and led him into the pool where Fleur was waiting from them, the bottom of her incredible breasts bobbing in and out of the water as she fiddled with the faucets curiously.

"Coming, Hermione?" Daphne asked over her shoulder as she stepped into the hot water.

Hermione swallowed nervously as she grabbed the bottom of her jumper and pulled it up over her head, followed by the t-shirt underneath. Her round breasts, looking like the perfect size to fit in his hands, were held tightly in a plain white bra that looked one size too small. Fumbling with the button on her pants, she eventually got it open and pushed her jeans down, revealing her matching white panties, long, toned legs, and a fantastically perky bum.



Crossing her arms over her breasts, her blush running down her neck, she quickly stepped into the pool and sank down, using the water to cover herself.

“Ready?” Fleur asked, holding up the golden egg.

Everyone nodded and took a deep breath to dip under the water. Twisting the catch at the top, the sides of the egg fell like the petals of a flower opening. As soon as the egg was open, a strange bubble glowed on the inside and the sound of singing filled their ears.

*Come seek us where our voices sound,  
We cannot sing above the ground,  
And while you're searching ponder this;  
We've taken what you'll sorely miss,  
An hour long you'll have to look,  
And to recover what we took,  
But past an hour, the prospect's black,  
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.*

When the song began to repeat, everyone raised their head out of the water. As Hermione stood with a thoughtful look on her face, Harry noticed that her bra had become transparent. He could easily make out her pink nipples pressing against the fabric as it clung to her body. Lost in thought, Hermione didn't notice how little her underwear was now covering her.

“What do you think it means?” Harry asked.

“Come and seek us where our voices sound, we cannot sing above the ground.” Hermione recited. “That must mean the Merpeople in the Lake.”

“We've taken what you'll sorely miss. So, they're going to have to retrieve something.” Daphne continued the thought.

“Didn't it say something about an hour long?” Harry asked.

“Oui.” Fleur nodded. “We weel ‘ave to find somezhing at zhe bottom of zhe lake and bring eet to zhe surface.”

“But how do you hold your breath underwater for an hour?” Hermione asked worriedly. “I don’t know any spells that can do that.”

“I’ll show you.” Fleur said. “Seet.”

Harry sat down on the bench behind him, the water coming up to the bottom of his chest. Daphne sat on one side of him, while Hermione sat on the other. When they looked up at Fleur, she smiled, tapped the top of her head with her wand and a clear, round bubble appeared over her head. She ducked down under the water, and they could see the bubble ripple, but it stayed in place.

“A Bubblehead Charm.” Daphne said in recognition. “You could definitely stay underwater for an hour with that, but they’ll still be slow.”

“Maybe we could find a charm to make them move faster, like a modified Ascension Charm.” Hermione offered thoughtfully.

“What about using Human Transfiguration to give them webbed hands and feet?” Daphne asked.

“It’s possible, but Human Transfiguration is really difficult.” Hermione said. “Muggles have something called swim fins that attach to your feet. I could have my parents send us a pair to try.”

As Harry listened to Daphne and Hermione continue bouncing ideas off of each other, he felt hands sliding up his thighs. Looking down into the water, he could make out Fleur’s silvery blonde hair beneath the surface just before he felt his length being enveloped by her hot mouth. It was an odd, yet pleasurable sensation to feel part of his shaft surrounded by warm

water while the rest was in her mouth. He could feel the exact point where his cock entered the bubble surrounding her head.

Harry bit the inside of his cheek to hold back a moan as Fleur's tongue writhed around his cock, trying not alert Hermione to what she was doing. That was made extremely difficult as he not only felt her fantastic mouth, but also the incredible warm, tingling sensation her saliva left behind on his skin.

Fleur bobbed her head up and down as he reached peak hardness, slowly taking his length deeper each time her lips descended down his shaft. Her tongue wriggled along the underside of his length while her lips hugged his cock tightly as she sucked. To Harry, it felt as if she was worshiping his cock and, given what he knew about her, she probably was. If there was one thing he had learned about Fleur over the last week, it was that the girl absolutely loved sex. Not a day had gone by since their first time together that she hadn't pulled him, or Daphne, or both of them aside for a shag.

"Harry. Harry!" Hermione yelled.

Harry jerked out of his pleasure induced haze, shaking his head slightly to try and clear his thoughts. Not an easy task when Fleur was doing her best to shove the entirety of his cock down her tight throat.

"Sorry, what was that?" he asked.

Hermione huffed in annoyance and glared at him.

"I asked if you wanted to try and learn Human Transfiguration or Charms?" she asked.

"Oh, er, I'm better at Charms. Why don't we work on that first. If there's still time, we can try learning Transfigurations after that." he said.

“That’s what I was going to suggest.” she said with a nod. “What are you- Fleur? What is she doing?”

Hermione furrowed her brow as she looked down at the water, trying to find Fleur. Any hope he had that Hermione might not notice she had moved disappeared when her eyes landed on the head of silver hair in his lap and widened considerably.

“Oh my god! Is she...?” Hermione question trailed off as it became obvious what Fleur was doing.

Her head snapped up to stare at Daphne with a startled, anxious look. The blonde smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

“She does that.” Daphne said.

Hermione worked her mouth open and closed several times while staring at her incredulously. Just then, Fleur managed to take his cock to the hilt, drawing a groan from Harry as her throat hummed around him

“I-I *really* should go.” Hermione said, a hint of panic in her voice.

She stood halfway to her feet before Harry grabbed her arm and pulled her back down.

“Stay?” he asked.

Thanks to the closeness of their relationship, Hermione could tell by the look on his face everything he was asking in that one simple question. Both of them knew he wanted her to do a lot more than just stay. Hermione bit her lips as she stared at him, a dozen different emotions flickering in her deep brown eyes.

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea, Harry.” she said hesitantly.

Keeping his gaze locked with hers, unknowingly telling her everything he wanted with his expressive green eyes, Harry reached out under the water and wrapped his arm around her waist. Pulling her closer so that their hips were pressed together, he slowly leaned forward. Hermione’s eyes flickered down to his lips as her chest heaved with nervous anticipation. Her eyes drifted closed, and her warm, minty breath caressed his face as he brushed his lips softly against hers.

Feeling her lips pucker under his, he kissed her firmly. Harry moaned into her mouth, not just from fulfilling his long-held fantasy of kissing his closest friend, but also from the feeling of Fleur devouring his length. The sound of his moan brought Hermione to life. Her arms wrapped around his neck and her fingers threaded through his hair as she returned the kiss passionately. Running his tongue across her bottom lip, hers parted, allowing his tongue to delve inside and caress the inside of her mouth.

His hand, resting on her flat stomach, trailed up and over her ribs to cup her breast. Hermione moaned into his mouth, losing herself in passion as her hands tightened in his hair and she pushed her chest into his touch. Her breast perfectly fit his hand, her swollen nipple straining against the fabric of her bra and pushing into his palm.

Suddenly, Hermione let go of his hair and pushed back on his shoulders, her cheeks flushed, and lips slightly swollen as she looked at him.

“Just promise me this won’t get in the way of our friendship.” she said, painting lightly.

“Hermione, trust me, after everything we’ve been through together, nothing ever going to do that.” Harry said as he reached up to stroke her cheek tenderly.

With a beautiful smile, she leaned forward and touched her forehead to his before tilting her head and pressing her lips to his. Harry’s cock throbbed in Fleur’s mouth under the water as she steadily drove him closer and closer to the edge. She moved her head slowly but took his entire

length with each bob. Wrapping her lips tightly around his base, she sucked hard as she pulled back, and her tongue snaked pleurably around his shaft.

Holding Hermione close, his hand slid up her smooth back. When he hit the strap of her bra, his fingers nimbly popped the clasp open. Hermione let go of his head long enough to let it slip off her arms where it floated on the surface of the water before running her hands up his chest to the back of his head.

Panting heavily as he groped at Hermione's perky tits, Harry bucked his hips as he neared his end. Even underwater, Fleur could tell he was close. Raising her mouth, she stroked him rapidly while focusing on the head. She sucked hard and swirled her tongue around his engorged tip as it pulsed in time with his heartbeat. The incredible sensations from her mouth quickly drove him to his peak. Harry groaned into Hermione's mouth and held her tightly against him as his balls tightened as he flooded Fleur's sucking mouth. With her lips sealed around his head, several jets of cum rocketed from his tip to splash against her tongue.

Realizing what was happening, Hermione broke their kiss and stared down at the back of Fleur's head under the water as his climax began to wane. Fleur pulled her lips off of his cock as Harry sagged in his seat. A second later, Fleur raised her head above the water, the bubble around her head vanishing with a small *pop*.

With a small, smug smile on her lips, she opened her mouth to show them the pool of white cum. After swirling it around with her tongue a few times, a small amount leaking out to dribble down her chin, she closed her mouth. With an audible gulp, Fleur swallowed, her throat bobbing under the skin. She licked her lips salaciously and gave them a proud smile.

"You missed a spot." Daphne said with a teasing smile.

Pouting, Fleur licked her lips again, searching for the cum she missed. Still smiling, Daphne swam forward and put her hands on Fleur's wide hips. Sticking out her tongue, she licked from the bottom of her chin up to her pouty lips, gathering the cum she missed. With a sultry look, she kissed Fleur, their tongues dancing between their lips as they shared his seed. Harry's cock twitched at the sight, rapidly re-hardening despite his recent orgasm. As they broke apart, both girls smiled at each other.

“Come on.” Daphne said. “Let’s give these two some time alone while I take care of you.”

While Daphne pulled Fleur back over to the bench, Harry grabbed Hermione by the hips and lifted her onto his lap. Engrossed in watching the two blondes, she squealed in surprise, causing Harry to laugh.

“Prat.” Hermione said, lightly slapping his chest.

As the moment of levity passed, the reality of what they were about to do set in.

“You have no idea how much I’ve wanted to do this.” Harry told her.

“I didn’t even know you felt that way about me.” Hermione said. “How long have you...?”

“Fantasized about you?” he finished, causing her to bite her lip and nod shyly. “Since second year. I realized it after you were petrified by the Basilisk.”

“Really?” she asked, surprised.

“Unlike Ron, I realized you were a girl a long time ago.” he said with a smile.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” she asked.

“The same reason as you. I didn’t know if you liked me that way, and I didn’t want to ruin our friendship if you didn’t.” he told her. “When did you start fancying me?”

“After the Troll.” she admitted. “What made you change your mind?”

“Daphne.” he said with an affectionate smile. “She made me realize that this would only ruin our friendship if we let it, and I know neither of us want that.”

“And you’re sure she doesn’t mind?” Hermione asked as she looked over at the girl in question.

Daphne was straddling Fleur’s lap on her knees as they kissed heatedly and caressed each other’s bodies. Harry smiled as he watched the two stunning blondes, while Hermione bit her lip and eyed them curiously.

“I’m sure.” he said with certainty. “Daphne like girls just as much as I do. Besides, do you remember how Sirius said he made me his heir?”

Hermione nodded as she continued to watch Fleur and Daphne, causing Harry to smile and wonder if it was out of interest or simple curiosity.

“Well, it means that if I want to keep both houses alive, I need to have two wives.” he said.

Hermione snapped her head around to look at him with narrowed eyes and opened her mouth. Before she could say anything, Harry held up his hand to stop her.

“I know what you’re going to say, and it’s not what you think. I don’t *have* to marry two women, it’s just an option.” he said, calming her anger before she went on a rant. “Personally, I don’t really care about the House of Black, and I know Sirius doesn’t either, but Daphne does. Potter and Black are two of the original houses that built magical Britain, and she doesn’t want to see either disappear. So, we agreed to look for a second wife.”

“And you want *me*?” Hermione asked with wide eyes, her voice reaching a higher pitch at the end.

Harry smiled at her and rubbed his hands up and down her back.



“I don’t know who I want, Hermione. All I do know is I’d regret it for the rest of my life if I didn’t at least tell you how I feel.” he said before stroking her cheek and looking at her intently. “I want you.”

Hermione bit her lip and met his gaze as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I want you too, Harry.” she whispered.

With a brilliant grin, Harry grabbed her by the ass and pulled her close as he kissed her heatedly. Hermione smiled against his lips as she kissed him back, her fingers returning to his hair. Quickly, their kiss went from playful to heated and Harry moved one hand up to her chest to grip her breast. She moaned into his mouth while he hardened underneath her. As his erection pressed against her panty covered mound, Hermione surprised him by grinding herself down onto him, drawing a groan from his lips.

Next to them, they heard movement as someone climbed out of the water. Breaking their kiss, both of them looked over. Fleur climbed out of the pool to sit on the edge with her feet dipping into the water and her legs spread. As they watched, Daphne kissed her way up Fleur’s thigh to her glistening pink lips. Fleur moaned as Daphne’s tongue licked her slit and reached down to run a hand through her golden blonde hair.

Curious, Harry turned back to look at Hermione. She was staring at them intently as she watched, her lips slightly parted as she panted lightly with flushed cheeks. Under the water, he could feel her hot mound grind back and forth in small, unconscious movements.

“Beautiful, aren’t they?” he asked quietly.

Hermione jerked her head back to look at him before blushing heavily and looking down shyly. Chuckling, Harry pulled her down to grind her on his shaft as he leaned forward to kiss her neck. Moaning, she tilted her head to the side to give him better access to her delicate neck. As he kissed and sucked at her pale skin, he wondered if she was watching Fleur and Daphne over his shoulder. Twitching at the thought, he grabbed the waistband of her panties under the water and pulled them down her legs.

Hermione shifted to the side to pull them off completely before climbing back onto his lap. Both of them groaned simultaneously as his length pressed against her hot slit. She rolled her hips, grinding along his shaft as he grabbed her ass and pulled her against him. Lifting her up, he flexed his cock until it stood straight up and then lowered her back down so that his swollen head was wedged between her lips. Gripping his shoulder, Hermione tightened the muscles of her legs and herself still as his cock lay poised at her entrance.

"I've never done this before." she admitted while biting her lip.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to." he told her.

"I want to, I'm just nervous." she said with a small smile.

Harry smiled back at her reassuringly and stroked her back.

"Take your time, Mione. Go as slow as you want." he said soothingly.

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and took a deep breath. Closing her eyes, she slowly lowered herself down on his rigid length. A whimper left her lips as two inches of his cock sank into her core and stretched her walls. Harry groaned from the incredible heat and tightness that surrounded him as Hermione slowly raised herself up an inch before moving back down slightly further. He could feel his girth spreading her open, her walls molding around him to hug his cock perfectly. Hearing her whine, he looked up at her face to see her grimacing slightly.

"Are you okay?" he asked in concern.

"I'm okay." she said. "It just stings a bit."

Harry didn't like the sound of that. He really wanted to make sure she enjoyed herself. Moving one hand around to her front, he began rubbing circles just above her clit with his thumb.

Hermione ran her nails lightly along the back of his neck pleurably as she moaned and leaned forward to rest her forehead against his.

“That feels good.” she said softly.

Smiling, Harry kissed her on the lips. Hearing another, louder moan, it took his mind a second to realize it didn't come from Hermione. Turning their heads, both of them looked over to find Fleur writhing and gasping as she ground her drooling pussy against Daphne's face.

“Mon dieu!” she gasped.

Hermione, who had managed to take over half his length, suddenly started riding him a bit more aggressively. Harry looked back at her and smiled as he watched her lick her lips while gazing at the two girls. Her beautiful brown eyes were darkened with lust, her lips slightly parted as she panted lightly. This time, Harry decided against interrupting her voyeuristic tendencies and, instead, pressed his thumb more firmly against her hooded clit.

Hermione left out a low moan and descended further down his length, her hips rising and falling faster. After moving up and down on his throbbing cock just a few more times, Hermione bottomed out with a moan and rested in his lap with his length buried to the hilt in her previously untouched depths.

“Oh god, that feels so good.” she breathed.

Closing her eyes, Hermione rolled her hips and gasped. Harry leaned forward and claimed her lips in a deep, tongue filled kiss. As she started bouncing up and down on his cock, they heard a squeal from Fleur. They looked over just in time to see her shudder through a climax, her large tits trembling and rippling with the movement of her body. Hermione bit her lip as she watched, her hips continuing to move as she raised up a couple of inches on his length before dropping down and rolling her hips. Her firm, perky tits bounced and trembled as they bobbed in and out of the water.

Gasping, Fleur pushed Daphne away from her pussy and moaned contentedly while rubbing herself. Standing up, Daphne looked over at Harry and leaned to give him a kiss before doing the same to Fleur. In a few moments, they had switched places and Daphne moaned softly as Fleur licked her clit. Looking at Hermione, she smiled at her and gave her a wink.

Blushing, Hermione turned back to Harry and kissed him to hide her embarrassment. Smiling against her lips, he caressed her body, exploring every inch of her delicious figure. Letting out a moan, she rode him faster, grinding down on his more firmly to rub her clit on his groin.

Even with his recent climax, Harry knew he wouldn't last much longer. Her incredible tightness and the fact that he was her first, combined with finally being with a girl he had fantasized about for years, was quickly driving him to his peak. Hermione too seemed to be getting close as her hips jerked and her breathing trembled.

"Oh god, Harry." she moaned.

"That's it Mione, cum for me." he said.

Burying her face in the crook of his neck, her body trembled as her movements lost their coordination. Grabbing her ass tightly, Harry took control and lifted her up before slamming her down onto him while driving his hips up. Hermione let out cute, short, high-pitched grunts each time his cock invaded her depths. Stiffening against him, he felt the moment she reached her peak when her tight core spasmed around his thrusting cock. Her breath caught and her body shook before she let out a loud squeal a moment later.

Harry grunted and continued driving her down onto his length as he chased his own release. The surface of the water rippled, waves crashing against the sides around them while he hammered his hips up. Hermione squealed again, her back arching as he pounded her through her climax relentlessly.

As her stiffened nipple scraped over his chest, Harry finally tipped over the edge. Slamming her down on his cock on last time, he held her there while driving his hips up in time with the pulses of his cock. Hermione moaned and bit his shoulder as he released inside of her, his hot seed

filling her depths. They held each other closely while they rode out their climaxes, their bond only strengthened by the incredibly intimate moment.

Next to them, they could hear Daphne reaching a peak of her own, but they were too absorbed in the moment with each other to look. As the pleasure waned, Hermione pulled back to kiss him on the lips. Unlike the heat, passionate kisses they had shared before, this one was tender and loving, as if they were pouring all of their pent-up feelings into this one act. It was a while before they eventually separated. As they smiled at each other, they were brought out of their own little world as someone swam up next to them.

Looking over, they found Fleur looking at them with a grin.

“Ave fun?” she asked.

With an irrepressible smile on her swollen pink lips, Hermione nodded.

“Do you mind eef I ‘ave my turn wiz ‘Arry?” she asked.

Surprisingly, Hermione giggled.

“He’s all yours, I’m spent.” she said.

Raising herself up, she grimaced slightly as his softened length fell out of her.

“Merci.” Fleur said with a bright smile.

Leaning forward, she kissed Hermione on the lips, causing the brunette’s eyes to widen in shock. Fleur pulled away and moved over to Harry, oblivious to the stunned look on Hermione’s face. A Fleur took her spot, Hermione touched her lips.

“Hermione.” Daphne called out, waving her over.

Moving over to her, she made to sit on the bench, only to inhale sharply when Daphne wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her back against her chest, so they were both facing Harry and Fleur. Daphne hugged her from behind until Hermione relaxed against her, her back pillowed by her large breasts.

“So, how was it?” Daphne asked, a hint of excitement in her voice.

“It was great.” Hermione confessed, biting her lip as she smiled. “I loved it, but I’m going to be sore tomorrow. I never thought he’d be that big.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it and it will feel even better.” Daphne said.

“Better?” Hermione asked.

She had already experienced pleasure beyond anything she had imagined possible. How could it possibly get better, she asked herself. Behind her, Daphne giggled as her hands began to caress her stomach. As they both grew silent, their attention turned to Harry and Fleur. Right now, they were kissing heatedly while Harry groped her perfect breasts and she worked on getting him hard under the water. Looking at the French girl, she couldn’t help but compare herself to her and find herself coming up short. Physically, Fleur was perfect.

“It doesn’t bother you, seeing them together?” Hermione asked, biting her lip.

“No, I think it’s hot.” Daphne said. “Look at him. Our Harry is so manly he has a *Veela begging* for him. I love watching him turn powerful witches into drooling sluts. Plus, I get to sleep with her. You can too, Fleur’s tongue is unbelievable.”

“I’ve never, been, with a girl before.” Hermione admitted.

“Really?” Daphne asked, and she could hear the smile in her voice.

Hermione inhaled sharply as she felt Daphne’s hand move down to her sore mound. She jumped when Daphne first touched her slit. Gradually, she relaxed as she grew comfortable with Daphne’s gentle touch. A moan left her lips when she lightly rubbed her clit.

“See, not so bad, is it?” Daphne asked as she leaned down to kiss her neck.

Hermione hummed in agreement and relaxed back against her. Part of her mind noted the feeling of her hard nipples pressing into her back. Looking up, she watched as Fleur lifted herself up to climb on top of Harry the same way she had. Fleur gave him a sultry look as she took his entire length in one go, her back arching as she tilted her head back and moaned lewdly. Biting her lip, she had to admit Daphne was right, it did look hot.

“He cares about you a lot, you know.” Daphne said.

“Huh?” Hermione asked, her lust and pleasure addled mind working slowly.

“Harry. You have no idea how jealous I used to be of you.” she said.

“Of me?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Meeting Harry, you can tell instantly that there’s something special about him, but it’s hard to get close without coming off as a fangirl. You managed to do it in the first month of school.” Daphne said. “Even if I didn’t like witches, I’d still share him with whoever I had to if it meant being with him.”

Hermione wasn’t stupid, even with the pleasure coursing through her, she could still read between the lines. Again, she had to agree, Harry was definitely special. But sharing him was a big decision. She opened her mouth to speak, but Daphne pressed down on her clit, forcing her

to let out a gasp followed by a low groan instead. She looked forward to see Fleur riding Harry aggressively, slamming herself down on his lap and causing her breasts to bounce vigorously.

Hermione bit her lip and shuddered. The sight of the most desirable girl in Hogwarts jumping up and down on her best friend's cock really was incredibly hot. She remembered the haughty girl walking around like everything in the school wasn't good enough for her, and now here she was, desperate for the wizard she had called a 'little boy'. Seeing the deservedly smug look on Harry's face, she imagined he was thinking along the same lines. Hermione moaned as Daphne spread her fingers and moved them down, rubbing along the sides of her clit while caressing her swollen lips.

"Look at that slut, she loves his big cock." Daphne whispered huskily into her ear.

Letting go of her breast, Daphne grabbed her chin and turned her head to the side. An instant later, she was pulled into a searing kiss. After a moment's hesitation, Hermione kissed her back, their tongues dancing. It struck her how different it was from kissing Harry. Daphne's lips were bigger and softer, tasting of cherries from her lip gloss. As surprisingly enjoyable as it was, Hermione was forced to break the kiss so she could gasp when Daphne gently slipped two fingers into her core and rubbed her clit with the palm of her hand.

"Look at them." Daphne whispered.

Not even realizing she had closed her eyes, Hermione opened them again. Harry and Fleur had moved. Standing in the middle of the pool, he stood behind her as he hammered into her from behind. With her back slightly bent, Harry had one hand on her shoulder while the other roughly groped one of Fleur's large hanging breasts. The other bounced freely, swaying and jiggling with each powerful thrust of his hips. The look of absolute ecstasy on her face as she babbled in French said everything about how she felt. What Hermione found the most arousing, however, was Harry staring at her, his green eyes darkened with lust.

Hermione gasped as a ball of heat and pleasure grew in her core. Harry had a stunningly beautiful witch *pleading* for him to take her faster and harder, and yet he stared at her, the bushy-haired bookworm of Gryffindor. Unexpectedly, her mind wondered what it would be like



to see Fleur's pleasure filled face while it was buried between her legs, her perfect nose bumping into her clit as Harry pounded her from behind.

The thought brought a moan to her lips as Daphne moved her hand faster, fingers sinking deeper. Staring at Harry's face, she could see him getting close to his end, his hips slapping furiously against Fleur's round behind. Looking down at Fleur, her walls fluttered in arousal at the look on her face. Fleur was in the midst of a thunderous climax, her eyes unfocused as she drowned in a sea of pleasure. Harry was ruining the poor witch, and she absolutely loved it.

Hermione's eyes moved back to Harry, their gazes locking just moments before he peaked with a grunt. She watched his hips snap forward, burying his length into Fleur as he seeded her.

"Oh god!" Hermione gasped.

Her climax hit her hard out of nowhere as she thought about Harry filling another girl, marking her as his. Her body quivered while heat and euphoria flooded her every vein. Reaching behind her, she grabbed the back of Daphne's head and crashed their lips together in a burning kiss as she whimpered and jerked. As her climax finally waned moments later, she broke the kiss and collapsed bonelessly against the busty girl behind her as she panted heavily.

"That was beautiful." Daphne whispered, kissing her cheek.

Smiling even as her cheeks flushed slightly, she looked up and saw Harry holding up Fleur as her legs gave out under her. Smiling, he picked her up bridal style and carried her over to the bench next to Hermione and Daphne. Fleur curled up in lap and rested her head on his chest, utterly exhausted. Hermione felt an odd swell of pride for her best friend.

"You okay there Frenchy?" Daphne asked teasingly.

"Mhh." Fleur moaned.

Harry, Daphne, and Hermione all chuckled at her before falling into a comfortable silence as they basked in their afterglows and cuddled. It was several minutes until anyone spoke up.

“You still have anything left for me, love?” Daphne asked.

“I think I have one more in me.” Harry said with a smile.

With a playful pout and a groan, Fleur climbed to her feet and stretched. Hermione couldn't resist staring at her perfect, tear drop shaped breasts as she raised her arms above her head. Behind her, Daphne gave her a kiss on the cheek as she moved her legs out from around her and waded through the water over to Harry. Stopping at Fleur, she whispered into her ear. Whatever it was, it had the Veela smirking before they shared a kiss.

“Let's go to the bed.” Daphne said. “I'm starting to wrinkle.”

Hermione was just about to ask what bed, when one grew out of the floor. It was massive, large enough to hold five people side by side, with fluffy, dark green bedding.

Daphne and Harry were the first out of the pool, followed a moment later by Fleur and Hermione. Drying off quickly, Daphne grabbed Harry by the hand and pulled him on to the bed. As Hermione finished drying off, Fleur held out her hand in invitation.

“Come wiz me.” she said.

Looking at the blonde curiously, she took her hand and allowed herself to be led over to the bed. While she crawled onto the soft mattress, Daphne had Harry on his back as she sucked him to hardness. Fleur put her hands on her hips and rolled her over onto her back inches away from Harry. Hermione felt unexpectedly shy as Fleur pushed her legs apart and kissed her way up her thighs. Despite having been naked in front of everyone for quite a while now, this was the first time they would be able to see her most private parts. Biting her lip, she chanced at glance at Harry to find him staring down at her crotch in arousal. A thrill of excitement went through her at having his gaze on her.

As Fleur began kissing along her lower lips, Hermione let out a surprised gasp from the incredible warm, tingling sensation she felt everywhere Fleur licked. Next to her, Daphne crawled up Harry and kissed him on the lips. When they separated, she bent down to whisper in his ear. Hermione's curiosity at what she was saying peaked when she saw the smirk stretch across Harry's face. Suddenly, Harry sat up and lifted Daphne as she let out a laughing squeal. Rolling them over, he tossed her down on her back next to Hermione. Daphne rolled over onto her stomach and Harry smacked her lightly on the ass as she climbed to her hands and knees.

Hermione let out a moan as Fleur's tongue licked up her slit and flicked it over her clit. The sound garnered Daphne's attention and she looked over at her with a smile. Harry kneeled behind her, his erection standing up rigidly in front of him. This was the first time she got a look at him fully erect, and his size made her wonder how he had ever fit inside her. No wonder she was so sore, she thought.

Harry lined himself up with Daphne's pink entrance and sank into her with ease. Daphne bit her lip and moaned while arching her back. Harry gripped her cheeks and spread them apart, staring down at his cock as it sawed in and out of her tight pink depths. Despite her earlier intimidation at his size, Hermione couldn't wait to see what it would look like to see him moving inside of her.

Strangely, after just a few thrusts, Harry pulled out. When he tried to push back in, it looked like he was having a bit of trouble, but Daphne's wanton moan told her she was enjoying whatever it was he was doing. It took her brain a few seconds to realize what was happening, and when it clicked, her eyes widened dramatically.

Pushing herself up on her elbows, Hermione stared in disbelief as Harry slowly sank his large cock into Daphne's crinkled back door. Slowly and gently, he sawed back and forth, easing inch after inch of his shaft into her stretched out bum. Looking down at Daphne, her mouth was open, and her eyes closed, as she gasped. It certainly *looked* like she was enjoying it, Hermione thought. Anal sex was something she had never really thought about, and definitely nothing she imagined enjoying. However, if it was as enjoyable as Daphne made it seem, maybe it was worth giving a try some time. Hissing in pleasure, Hermione's attention was brought back to the stunning blonde lapping at her clit.

Harry grinned as he buried his cock in Daphne ass, savoring the feeling of her incredible tight heat. If she wanted to give Hermione a show, he was all for it. Giving her a moment to adjust, he looked over at Hermione. She was propped up on her elbows, biting her lip cutely and moaning as Fleur slid her tongue up and down between her taut lips. Merlin, she's beautiful, he thought. Seeing her so wanton and hearing her lewd moans had him twitching inside Daphne. Figuring she was ready, he pulled halfway out before driving back in.

"Oh fuck, yes!" Daphne exclaimed.

He wasn't entirely sure if it was real, or if she was exaggerating for Hermione, but it really didn't matter. Harry knew she loved anal, and he was determined to give Daphne the bugging of a lifetime. Seeing that Hermione's attention had been drawn by the shout, he gripped Daphne's hips tightly and plowed his cock into her bum. Gradually, he built up his pace, going faster and faster with every thrust. Feeling the lubrication from her arousal drying up, a devilish idea popped into his head as he pulled out.

"Hey, Fleur, I need some lube." he said.

As if she could read his mind, Fleur smirked. Pulling away from Hermione, she crawled over to him sensuously, her thick ass swaying behind her. Sitting up, Hermione stared with an open mouth as Fleur spit on his cock before taking it into her mouth. Harry groaned at the feeling of her tongue swirling around him, coating his length in her saliva. Reaching down, he gripped her hair and thrust into her mouth several times, his fat head bumping into the entrance of her throat and causing her to make loud, wet gagging sounds.

Pulling out of her mouth, his shaft slathered in her saliva, Fleur worked her cheeks and let a long line of drool fall from her lips onto his cock. Smiling down at her lustful, hooded gaze, he grabbed her chin and pulled her up as he bent down to kiss her briefly, but passionately. Pulling back, he turned back to Daphne and pressed the swollen head of his cock against her gaping hole. A gasp followed by a long, deep moan left her lips when his cock drove back into her. Not only was she getting pleasure from his cock, but now she had the added feeling of a warm, tingling sensation from Fleur spit. He swore it magically made both of them more sensitive.

As he worked back up to a steady pace, he spread her cheeks and watched as his cock speared in and out of her tight hole. He was so engrossed with staring at his girlfriend's fantastic ass, he didn't notice what was happening next to him until something bumped his shoulder. Looking over, he found Hermione on her knees next to him while Fleur laid beneath her. Hermione bit her lip and moaned as she looked from him to the point where his cock disappeared into Daphne's crinkled hole. Smiling at her, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

Turning back to Daphne, he grabbed her wide hips and pulled back until only the head remained trapped in her tight ring. Harry paused for a moment before he slammed back in until his hips clapped against her ass. With a pleased yelp, her arms gave out and she dropped down to elbows. From that thrust onwards, he set a brutal pace, hammering into her ass as fast as he could. Next to him, Hermione let out a gasp while Daphne moaned and clawed at the sheet.

Harry panted from exertion, the force of his thrusts jerking her forward on the bed, only for him to pull her back by the hips. With such a ruthless pounding, it wasn't a surprise when Daphne came. What was a surprise was how hard her climax was. Daphne howled as her body went rigid, her ass clamping down on his cock. Despite her walls desperate attempt to hold him in place, Harry strained his muscles and kept moving. A moment later, Daphne's legs shook uncontrollably, and jets of arousal arced out of her spasming pussy.

"Oh my god." Hermione gasped.

Groaning, Harry was forcefully driven to his peak by her tight passage squeezing and massaging his length. Burying himself into her to the hilt, his cock swelled and pulsed as he filled her back door with what little cum he had left. Before he was finished, Daphne collapsed flat on her stomach, causing Harry to fall out of her. The last three spurts from his swollen cock landed on cheeks, leaving a small puddle decorating her skin.

Breathing heavily, he looked over at Hermione. Her lips were parted while she panted, eyes locked on Daphne's spent form as she ground her face onto Fleur's face. Sitting down on his butt, he watched for next couple of minutes as Fleur drove her to a spectacular climax. A smile stretched his lips while he watched her quiver and moan out her pleasure, her wonderful tits trembling enticingly. When she was done, Hermione collapsed to the side, panting heavily.

Eventually, after having a little time to recuperate Harry ended up on his back in the middle of the bed. Hermione crawled up to one side of him, while Daphne took the other. Fleur looked at him with a pout for a moment before smirking and laying down on top of him, her head pillowed on his chest. Chuckling, Harry enjoyed the feeling of being quite literally drowned in beautiful women as they all rested.

After a short nap, everyone got up and dressed as the time neared curfew. It was so close, in fact, that Harry didn't have time to walk Daphne back to the Slytherin dorm. Bidding her and Fleur goodnight at the staircase, he walked side by side with Hermione as they headed for Gryffindor tower. Halfway down the hall, he took her hand in his, linking their fingers. When she turned to him, they both smiled at each other.

"So, what do you think?" he asked.

"I... didn't think I would enjoy that as much as I did." she admitted.

"Does that mean we can give this a shot?" he asked, indicating their linked hands.

"I think we can. Just so long as you promise not to let this ruin our friendship if things don't work out." she said, biting her lip.

"I promise." he said, squeezing her hand. "Do you want to tell people, or keep it secret?"

"I-I don't know." Hermione said. "What do you think?"

"I'd like to tell people. I want everyone to know I'm dating the beautiful, brilliant Hermione Granger." he said with a smile.

Hermione looked at him with a pleased smile as she kissed him on the cheek. Unfortunately, the smile quickly turned into an uncertain look.

"Aren't you worried about what people will think?" she asked.

"No." he said with certainty. "I stopped caring what people think when they all turned their backs on me without even asking for my side of the story. Besides, as long as we get to repeat what we did today, they can think whatever they want."

Hermione fell silent for a moment before looking back up at him with a thoughtful look.

"You've changed. The old Harry would never have done any of what you've done today." she said.

"Is that a bad thing?" Harry asked.

"No, it's a good thing." Hermione said with a smile. "I just wish I could have helped."

"You did." he told her.

"Not as much as Daphne." she muttered.

Harry pulled her to a stop and wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her close.

"You listen to me, Hermione Granger." Harry said sternly "I would be dead ten times over if it wasn't for you. You're just as responsible for making me who I am as Daphne is. She just helps me in a different way. No better, no worse, just different. You're just as important to me as she is. Don't *ever* feel like you have to compare yourself to her. I love you, Hermione, and whether we're dating or not, I will *always* love you."

Hermione stared up at him with unshed tears swimming in her eyes and then leapt forward, threw her arms around his neck.

“Thank you.” she said thickly. “I love you too, Harry.”

Harry smiled as he held her close for a minute. When she pulled back, he cupped her cheek, wiping away a small tear before kissing her tenderly. Taking her hand, they started walking again. As they reached the portrait to Gryffindor Tower, he let go of her hand. Just as he was about to give the password to the Fat Lady, Hermione took his hand again and gripped it tightly. Looking over at her, he raised his eyebrow questioningly. She nodded at him nervously, but determinedly. Grinning brightly, he bent down to give her a kiss before turning to give the portrait the password.

“Harmony.”