

Chapter 5

A hundred feet above the Quidditch pitch and cheering crowd, Harry felt the Ravenclaw Seeker, Michael Page, shadowing him closely. With the new brooms Harry had donated to the school, the game was moving much faster and was more competitive than he remembered. Of course, last time they had played Slytherin in their first game, but Snape had managed to have it rescheduled for later in the year, stating his team needed more time to get used to their new brooms.

It was a terrible excuse, but as usual, Dumbledore let him get away with it. Now, they wouldn't play Slytherin until the last game of the year.

Deciding to test Page's ability, Harry suddenly rolled over and pulled into a steep dive.

"And Potter's seen the snitch with Page hot on his tale!" Lee Jordan shouted to the roar of the crowd.

Plummeting towards the snow-covered ground, Harry smiled at the thrill of pushing himself and his broom to the limit once again. Gripping the handle of his broom tightly, he yanked upwards with all his strength while using his legs to push the tail of the broom down.

Harry leveled off just a foot above the ground and took off like a shot. Looking back, he saw Page's blue eyes widen and his long, sandy hair whip around his face as he struggled frantically to pull up. He didn't quite make it, the tail of his broom bumping the ground and his feet dragging through the snow. Wobbling slightly, Page regained his balance and steadily climbed back up into the air.

"A brilliant Wronski Feint by the Gryffindor Seeker!" Lee yelled.

Narrowing his eyes, Page took off towards Harry to shadow him again. Harry just smiled as he rose high above the action and circled the pitch. He could have done a much better Wronski Feint, but he didn't actually want hurt Page, just shake him up a little.

As the game progressed, it became obvious that the teams were fairly even, and that it would be up to the Seeker to determine who won. In an effort to help the chasers and give them a bit of a lead, Harry started using some interference tactics.

After Roger Davies blocked a shot from Angelina, he reeled his arm back to pass the Quaffle to Burrow. Just as the ball left his hand, Harry wheeled around and shot past Burrow, passing by so closely that their cloaks brushed against each other. Out of instinct, Burrow ducked and missed the Quaffle. It sailed over his head and straight into the hands of Katie Bell. Davies didn't have the time to get back into position, leaving the far-left hoop wide open for Katie to score.

"What a brilliant bit of teamwork between Potter and Bell to pick up an easy goal," Lee announced.

Davies argued furiously, but Madam Hooch told him that so long as Harry didn't touch the Chasers or the Quaffle, it was completely legal.

After that, the Gryffindor Chasers, or in Lee's words, "the Flying Foxes", took advantage of Davies' anger to score three more goals. In retaliation, he told his beaters to focus on Harry.

That proved to be a mistake. Even while searching for the Snitch, Harry had no trouble avoiding the Bludgers and made scoring even easier for the Gryffindor Chasers. Harry even dove through the Ravenclaw Chaser formations with the Bludgers hot on his heels, further disrupting their offense.

Over the course of an hour, Gryffindor managed to take a one-hundred-point lead. Davies screamed at his team, furiously trying to get them back on track, but they just couldn't get any momentum. Encouraged by their mounting lead, and inspired by Harry's impressive flying, the rest of the Gryffindor team became an unstoppable machine as they played better than they ever had before.

When Gryffindor was up one-hundred-twenty points, the Snitch finally made an appearance. Harry spotted it first, hovering near the Hufflepuff stands, well camouflaged against the backdrop of yellow and black house colors. On the opposite side of the pitch, Harry glanced over at Page to see if he'd noticed it, only to see the rival seeker doing the same to him.

A heartbeat later, both Seekers shot off towards the Snitch. They flew right through the mass of Chasers and Bludgers in the center of the pitch. Harry flattened himself against his broom, bucking, diving, and twisting out of the way of flying bodies and growling iron balls. He came out unscathed on the other side with a good ten-foot lead on Page.

Page pushed his Cleansweep Seven as hard as he could, but Harry's lead was too great and his broom was too fast. Seeing a red and gold blur rocketing toward them, the crowd of Hufflepuffs in front of him scrambled to get out of the way.

"He's going to crash!" Lee shouted.

Taking one hand off the broom, Harry's fingers curled around the cool metal of the Snitch. Pulling back on the handle, he slid to a stop. In the stands, Tonks tried to back up and tripped over the bench. She ended up on the floor with her legs splayed in the air as Harry came to a stop just inches from where her head had been.

With a cheeky grin, Harry looked at Tonks and held up his fist with the Snitch's wings fluttering wildly to escape.

"Harry Potter has the Snitch! Gryffindor wins!" Lee shouted to the standard mixture of cheers and boos from the crowd.

Stuffing the Snitch in his pocket, Harry extended his hand to Tonks. Grinning, she took it, climbed back to her feet, and hugged him tightly.

"Great job, Harry," she yelled over the roar of the crowd.

When she pulled back, he gave her a wink and turned to fly back down to the pitch and his waiting teammates. Fred and George clapped him on the back as his feet touched the ground.

“That was incredible, Harry! We’ll win the cup this year for sure!” Wood shouted excitedly.

Meanwhile, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie smothered him in hugs as the rest of the house flooded the field to congratulate them. Hermione smiled brightly as she ran up to hug him while Ron, Neville, Seamus, and Dean clapped him on the back. Even Daphne and Tracey stopped to talk with him despite the glares they received from their fellow housemates and most of the Gryffindors.

“Hey, Harry!” Tonks called out as she and Hestia Jones, her best friend and a fifth year Ravenclaw, followed.

“Hey Tonks, sorry about the scare,” he said, better able to talk now that the cheering had stopped.

“Don’t mention it,” she said, waving off his apology. “Listen, I know you guys are going to have a party in your common room, but what do you think about having a party in that room you found so everyone can join?”

Harry was glad they were off to the side where no one could hear them. The last thing he wanted was for the Room of Requirement to become general knowledge. Maybe it was selfish, but he liked having someplace private to go to when he needed it.

“What do you mean by everyone?” Harry asked.

“I don’t mean the whole school,” Tonks said with a roll of her eyes. “I mean all of our friends from different houses. It really sucks there isn’t a place we can all go to hang out.”

"I don't mind if we use it for tonight, but I'd really like to keep that room secret," Harry said. "How 'bout I make a door next to all the common rooms after dinner and they can use those to get there. That way they don't know exactly where it is."

"You can do that?" Tonks asked in surprise. "That'd be perfect. Meet you there at six?"

"Sounds good, can you tell Susan?" Harry asked.

"Sure, I'll see you then," Tonks said, then leaned forward to kiss him quickly.

With a smirk at his blush, Tonks winked and walked back up to the castle with Hestia.

Harry quickly spread word of the party to the rest of his teammates and friends. Hermione, of course, thought it was a terrible idea, but Harry pointed out that so long as they were back before curfew, they weren't technically doing anything wrong.

This was true, until Fred and George snuck into Hogsmeade and came back to Gryffindor Tower with several cases of Butterbeer and a few bottles of Firewhiskey.

"Where'd you get the money for all of this?" Ron asked in awe as his brothers began handing out drinks for a ten Knuts a piece.

"Our seeker here won us a ton of Galleons by catching the Snitch," Fred said grinning.

"Here yeh go, mate. On the house," George said, handing Harry a Butterbeer.

"What about me?" Ron asked.

"Sure," said Fred.

“Ten Knuts,” George said, holding out one hand palm up with a bottle in the other.

“I’m your brother!” Ron yelled incredulously.

“You’re right,” Fred said.

The twins shared a look for a couple of seconds, then turned back to Ron as one.

“Twelve Knuts,” they said in unison.

Harry took a sip of his Butterbeer to hide his smile as Ron glared at his brothers. The twins teased him for a bit longer before selling him a couple of Butterbeers for two Knuts a piece.

The party in Gryffindor went on for a good three hours until dinner. Of course, Harry was the center of attention because of his performance, but unlike the first time around, he didn’t mind so much. It felt good to be praised for something he had actually done. He also found himself getting much closer to his female teammates, as well as some of the classmates he had taken the time to get to know, like Fay Dunbar, Sally-Anne Perks, and Sally Smith.

Gradually, Harry was becoming more and more grateful for this second chance. At first, he’d been solely focused on stopping Voldemort and saving lives, but now that he was getting to know his classmates better, he was realizing just how much he’d missed the first time around.

Though his popularity was growing quickly, he still made sure to include Ron and Hermione in everything. Their friendship had meant quite literally everything to him over the years, and he wasn’t going to lose that now.

At one point, Fred and George got into one of the bottles of Firewhiskey. They must have drunk a good amount, because they were freely passing it around to Lee, Wood, Ron, and a couple of others before Angelina had the presence of mind to stop them: Having several Gryffindors

show up to dinner drunk probably wasn't a good idea. Harry was offered some, but he declined. Years of fighting for his life and working as an Auror had ingrained in him the need to stay clear-headed at all times. He didn't mind drinking a little, but if he started now, he'd end up having far too much by the end of the night.

Eventually, they made their way down to the Great Hall for dinner. Among those invited to the party in the Room of Requirement, the excitement rose as they waited anxiously for the meal to end. Harry could only hope that things didn't get too out of hand.

Harry left dinner early to go set up the room. Not really sure what to ask for, he just asked the room for a place to hang out with his friends. When he opened the door, he found a large common room like space with multiple couches, chairs, and cushions. There was even a small dance floor and a long table covered in different snacks and pitchers of water, pumpkin juice, and punch.

Smiling at the wonders of magic, he closed his eyes and asked for the room to create entrances near all four common rooms. When he opened his eyes, there were four new, wooden doors that hadn't been there before. He didn't even have time to wonder if they worked before Tonks came skipping in with a bright smile on her face.

"This is brilliant, Harry," she exclaimed as she spun around in circles to take in the room, then stumbled and nearly fell on her face. "Ooh, this is going to be so much fun!"

Harry grinned and chuckled at her exuberance. He was so glad he'd gone out of his way to befriend her earlier than last time. It really had broken his heart when she'd been killed during the Battle of Hogwarts. She deserved so much better than an early grave and the horrible treatment she'd put up with while seeing Remus. He'd make sure that, this time, Tonks would live a long, happy life.

"How long 'til everyone else gets here?" she asked, breaking him out of his thoughts.

"I'm not sure," Harry said with a shrug. "Shouldn't be too long."

“Well,” Tonks drew out the word as she sauntered towards him with a smile, “I’m sure we can find something to do before they get here.”

Smiling, Harry grabbed her hips and yanked her towards him, causing her to let out a surprised squawk followed by a giggle. Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck as their lips came together.

Tonks moaned into his mouth and Harry allowed his hands to slide down over her delicious backside. Absorbed in each other, they quickly lost track of time and neither of them noticed when one of the doors was pushed open.

“You know, when you invited me, I didn’t think you meant this kind of party,” Daphne said to their right, causing them to break apart in surprise. “Not that I’m complaining.”

“Not my fault you took so long to get here,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Like I said, I’m not complaining,” Daphne said with a small smile. “Just don’t expect to keep him all to yourself tonight.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Tonks said with a salacious grin. “I’m *very* good at sharing.”

Daphne smirked as the two gazed at each other. Harry didn’t know how much of what Tonks was saying was just to tease, but the thought alone had him growing excited. Still smirking, Daphne walked up to him and pulled his head down for a searing kiss. Unfortunately, it didn’t last nearly as long as his kiss with Tonks.

Pulling back, she licked her lips with a smoky look and turned to Tonks. Both girls stared at each other heatedly, their bodies slowly drifting closer.

Then one of the doors banged open and the moment was gone. Boisterous as ever, the Weasley twins barged into the room with crates of Butterbeer floating behind them. The rest of the Quidditch team (plus Ron and Hermione) followed a moment later.

The twins started to set up their own little booth to sell Butterbeer while students from other houses began trickling in. There was Tracey Davis from Slytherin, Susan Bones from Hufflepuff, and Hestia Jones and Penelope Clearwater from Ravenclaw. Harry was glad there weren't that many people, but he expected a few more to trickle in out of sheer curiosity.

The atmosphere was relaxed, and with such a mix of people, everyone surprisingly got along great. The only problem that occurred was no one except the Gryffindors had known to bring money for Butterbeer. Seeing the disappointed faces, Harry bought the whole lot from the twins and told everyone to help themselves. In celebration of their profits, the twins broke out the Firewhiskey.

In time, Katie managed to 'find' a wireless, though Harry knew the room had provided it. After that, the party really hit full swing as Harry found himself in high demand on the dance floor with all of the girls. Fred and George danced for a bit but never took it too seriously, Wood turned down any offers, stating he didn't want to risk an injury, and Ron outright refused.

Harry was quite happy to have so many beautiful girls all to himself. He even managed to get Hermione to dance a couple of songs with him, something she seemed quite pleased about. While the dancing was actually quite fun, the conversation around him was rather embarrassing.

"So, you and Daphne are both his mistresses?" Katie asked.

"Yes," Susan said happily.

"How does that work?" Angelina asked. "I mean, don't you two get jealous or anything?"

“No. Daphne and I are fine sharing,” Susan said. “We both know he’s going to have at least one wife later, probably two.”

“But why would you do that when you could have someone all to yourself?” Penny asked. “I mean, Harry seems like a great guy, but why share someone at all when you don’t have to?”

“You’re Muggleborn, aren’t you?” Daphne asked.

“Yes, I am,” Penny said defiantly as her posture stiffened.

“I didn’t mean it that way,” Daphne told her. “I’m not one of those Blood Purist idiots. There’s just things you didn’t grow up learning about magical society.”

“Oh,” Penny said, relaxing. “Like what?”

“Well, for me, because my father is the last of his line and he only has daughters, being a mistress is the only way for our line to continue,” Daphne explained. “Basically, to my father, I’m only worth what the highest bidder will pay. That’s why he sold me to the Malfoys.”

“That’s horrible,” Hermione said in disgust.

“That’s life,” Daphne corrected her with a shrug. “You have no idea how pleased I am Harry won my contract. Malfoy would have used me as a human sex toy until he got bored of me. Then, he would likely have confined me to a small house to live out the rest of my life, alone. Or just had me killed.”

“No!” Penny said, horrified.

“Yup,” Daphne confirmed. “I’ll share Harry with anyone I have to if it means I don’t end up like that.”

“My situation isn’t as bad,” Susan chimed in. “I want to be a mistress to continue the Bones name, and I always wanted a big family with lots of kids to take care of. Paying Harry back for the life debt I owe him is just a bonus.”

“So, are you a mistress, too?” Penny asked, turning to Tonks.

“Nope, I’m just in it for the sex,” she said, grinning widely at the dropped jaws and flushed cheeks. “At least for now. I’ve had horrible luck with boyfriends, but I know Harry will treat me right. We’ll see what happens.”

“Well, I’m glad you three found what you wanted. I just don’t know if I could share my boyfriend with someone else,” Angelina said with shake of her head.

“It helps when you like witches as much as wizards,” Daphne shrugged.

While the other girls snickered and blushed, Hermione looked confused.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

Smirking, Daphne turned to Tonks and raised an eyebrow. Tonks smiled back at her and the two came together in a slow, sensual kiss.

“Oh my,” Hermione whispered.

“That’s... kind of hot actually,” Angelina said to which Katie and Alicia nodded absently.

Daphne and Tonks pulled back, both of them a little breathless.

"It still doesn't really seem fair, does it," Penny said, her cheeks pink.

"What do you mean?" Tonks asked.

"Well, Harry gets to be with the three of you, and he can date anyone he wants on top of that, but what if you want to be with another guy?" Penny asked.

"I don't want another guy," Susan said firmly and hugged Harry's arm to her ample chest.

He smiled down at the cute pout on her face, grateful to pretend he wasn't hearing the embarrassing conversation taking place.

"How is it unfair when we all knew what we were getting into?" Daphne asked. "It might seem unfair to you, but for me, this is better than I could've ever hoped for. Besides, unlike nearly *any* other wizard, Harry will let us go if we want to leave."

"I think I get it," Angelina said. "I'm happy for you. Just don't wear out our Seeker too much, I really want to win that cup."

"Oh, don't worry," Tonks said with a salacious grin. "Harry got *plenty* of stamina."

Harry dropped his face into his hands while the rest of the girls giggled. Taking Susan by the hand, he pulled her out onto the dance floor just to get away from the embarrassing conversation. Of course, since the other guys were still too busy drinking to pay attention to the girls, Harry found himself giving all of them another round of dances.

Tonks was either the best or worst dance partner somebody could ask for, Harry thought – depending on your point of view. She jumped in between songs, rubbing herself against him in what was closer to dry humping than actual dancing. As soon as she had him good and aroused, she spun away and pushed him towards someone else. He was pretty sure every girl at the

party had felt his erection brushing against them at least once. Fortunately, none of them mentioned it, though he caught deep blushes from Hermione and Penny.

By the time he finally got a break, he discovered the twins, Ron, and Wood had all passed out drunk on a pile of cushions. Ron's snores could still be heard over the music, and Fred was spooned up against George's back, inspiring Angelina to run back to Gryffindor Tower to get her camera just to take a picture of it. Harry and the girls had barely touched the Firewhiskey, but they all had a little buzz going on from so much Butterbeer.

Smiling, Tonks reached over and took the bottle of Firewhiskey that George had cradled to his chest like a teddy bear. He grumbled when she pried it from his grip, but never woke up.

"Anybody want a drink?" Tonks asked.

Harry and most of the girls accepted the offer, and even Penny was easily talked into taking a shot. Hermione didn't give in so easily.

"I really don't think I should," she said.

"Aw come on. Don't be such a baby," Tonks chided her.

Even though she meant it teasingly, Harry could see the comment upset Hermione a little.

"It's fine if she doesn't want to," Harry said before turning to Hermione. "But is one drink really that big of a deal?"

Hermione bit her lip as she looked from Harry to the glass of amber liquid in Tonks' hand, and then to the encouraging faces all staring at her.

"Oh, fine," she grumbled.

A small cheer went up as she took the glass.

“Cheers,” Tonks said in a toast.

Everyone downed their shots, before belching out flames. Penny and Susan coughed for a bit afterwards, but Hermine was the worst by far. Her face went beet red and tears leaked from her eyes as she coughed hard. Harry reached over and gave her a pat on the back until she got herself under control.

“Urgh, why do people drink this?” she asked before breaking into another small coughing fit.

“You’ll see,” Tonks said knowingly as everyone chuckled.

Sure enough, about a minute later everyone began to feel a lot more relaxed as the alcohol and magic took effect. As they sat around talking and trading stories, Tonks even managed to talk Hermione into taking a second shot.

Surprisingly, she held her liquor better than Penny, who looked quite giddy after a few drinks. An hour later, she had gone to lie down on one of the couches when she started to feel nauseous. Angelina pulled a blanket over her and set a bucket on the floor near her head in case she got sick.

Harry cut himself off after two shots, and sat sipping his Butterbeer and snacking on crisps as he talked and joked with the girls. He had never been one to drink heavily. A life full of danger along with years of being an Auror had engrained in him the need to stay clear headed whenever possible.

When it neared curfew, and everyone started getting ready to head back to their common rooms, Tonks, Susan, and Daphne walked off to their own corner and had a quick discussion. When they came back, Tonks gave him an alluring smile and a meaningful look.

“You coming, Harry?” Hermione asked as she got ready to leave.

“In a few minutes, I need to talk to Tonks about something,” he replied.

She frowned at him, but thankfully didn’t make a fuss. Maybe she was finally starting to lighten up a bit, Harry thought. It took a few minutes for her and the Chaser trio to rouse the passed-out wizards and coax them into stumbling back to the common room. He made sure to have the room create a door close to Gryffindor Tower in order to minimize the chances of them getting caught.

Once his housemates were gone, Susan and Daphne took turns giving him passionate kisses goodnight before leaving him alone with Tonks.

She pounced on him the moment the door was closed, her arms and legs wrapping around him tightly as she crushed their lips together. He could taste the Firewhiskey on her tongue as he carried her over to the pile of cushions and lay down on top of her. They tore at each other’s clothes in a frenzy, hands and lips seeking out each new piece of exposed skin. It wasn’t long until Harry had his throbbing erection poised at her entrance.

Tonks groaned and raked her nails lightly down his back as he entered her grasping depths. Her heels, digging into his ass, drove him into her hard and fast. Each thrust sent her large breasts jiggling on her chest. Gripping one in his hand, Harry groped the soft, perky mound, her back arching as he pinched and rolled her swollen nipple.

Just ten feet away, neither of them noticed the busty blonde staring at them with wide eyes as she peaked out from under a blanket. Penny’s breath quickened as she watched Harry’s long, thick cock slide effortlessly in and out of Tonks’ tight folds. As a prefect, she had caught numerous couples going at it in broom cupboards and abandoned classrooms, but nothing she’d seen compared to what was taking place in front of her at that moment.

None of the witches she'd caught had made sounds like Tonks was making now, and none of the boys had looked as impressive as Harry. It wasn't just his size, but also the way he moved, the way he focused on the young woman writhing under him instead of his own selfish pleasure. She was starting to understand why three girls were so willing to share the same guy.

Penny felt herself grow wet as her breathing grew fast and shallow. Without conscious thought her thighs rubbed together as Tonks arched her back and let out a low, guttural moan. She bit her lip to hold back a moan as her nipples hardened and pressed against the inside of her bra. Slowly, she slipped her hand under her jeans and between her legs to her dripping core. Only the fear of being caught kept her from desperately fingering herself in time with his thrusts. Instead, she had to settle for sandwiching her clit between two fingers and rubbing back and forth slowly.

As she bit her lip to hold back another moan, Tonks gasped, her body going rigid and her eyes wide. With a long, loud moan, her whole body trembled in climax, even as Harry continued his long, powerful thrusts. Penny's body gave a shudder of its own when she caught sight of Harry's blazing green eyes. There were no words to describe the look within that emerald gaze, but she knew she wanted it directed at her.

With a whimper, Tonks put her hands on Harry's chest and pushed him back. When he slipped out of her, she gave him a salacious grin and in a slow, erotic move, rolled over onto her stomach and tucked her knees up, thrusting her ass into the air. With a grin of his own, Harry raised his hand and gave her round, upturned ass a swift spank. Tonks arched her back and let out a whorish moan, her eyes rapidly changing color as they burned with need. Harry leaned down to give her abused cheek a few tender kisses before playfully nipping at the skin and causing her to squeal and giggle.

"Harry, please," Tonks begged in a breathy tone.

Giving her wiggling ass one last playful swat, Harry lined himself up with her entrance and drove back in. Tonks' eyes practically rolled into the back of her head as she was filled and stretched by his long, hard cock.

Penny sank two fingers into her flooded depths with a quiet whimper, a pool of heat growing deep in her belly. Suddenly, Tonks looked to the side and their eyes met. Penny froze in place, her breath caught in her throat as her heart raced in her chest. Despite being caught, she couldn't help the thrill that ran through her as she mashed her palm against her clit needily.

With their eyes still locked, Tonks gave a pornographic moan and licked her lips as Harry hammered into her from behind. Penny couldn't move, could barely breathe out of fear. She didn't know what to do now that she'd been caught, but she couldn't deny the electrifying excitement that coursed through every cell of her body. She'd never been more wet or more exhilarated than she was at that moment.

Dropping down onto her elbows, Tonks crooked her finger and beckoned her over. Penny sucked in a sharp breath and looked up at Harry, but he was too absorbed in his thrusts and hadn't noticed her. Looking back at Tonks, seeing the wanton look in her eyes and watching the way her body lurched and her large breasts swayed, Penny suddenly had a brand-new feeling to deal with. The feeling of being physically attracted to another witch.

Earlier, when she seen Tonks and Daphne kiss, she disregarded her blush and racing pulse as embarrassment. She couldn't do that this time. There was no denying the swell of heat in her core as she looked at Tonks' pleased face.

Before she even realized what she was doing, Penny sat up and threw the blanket off of her. The movement finally gained Harry's attention, causing him to pause his thrusts in surprise. Tonks grinned widely and sat up on her knees, leaning her back against Harry's chest while beckoning Penny over again. Harry gazed at Tonks for a moment before giving her a fond smile and kissing her neck in a way that could only be described as loving. When he turned back to look at Penny, his smile shifted slightly to be kind and welcoming.

That, more than anything, gave Penny the courage to stand and slowly make her way over to the couple. With shaking legs, she knelt down in front of Tonks. Suddenly she froze, feeling entirely unsure of herself. Tonks reached up to stroke her cheek, their faces slowly drifting closer. Penny's breath trembled and she licked her suddenly dry lips. Even though she knew it was coming, the kiss still took her by surprise. She felt as if she'd woken from a dream, only to find that the dream was reality.

Those thoughts were quickly driven from her mind as she leaned into the kiss, the feel of Tonks' soft lips and searching tongue commanding all of her attention. Her body reacted without thought, returning the kiss with equal fervor and leaning into the feel of her full, voluptuous curves.

Penny had no idea how long they'd stayed like that before separating slowly. Gasping for breath, she stared wide eyed into Tonks' heated gaze for a long moment, until she felt a tug on her jumper.

"Take this off," Tonks whispered in a quiet, husky voice.

Swallowing thickly, Penny followed the instruction without thought, crossing her arms to grab the hem of her jumper and pulling it over her head. She felt small, soft hands on her flat stomach before it was even completely off. As she tossed the garment to the floor, her voluptuous breasts, a full cup size larger than Tonks', were being gently cupped and groped.

Penny closed her eyes and moaned at a touch that wasn't her own. It took a moment for her mind to understand that one hand was small and soft, the other large and rough. She sucked in a sharp breath at the thought of both of them touching her at once. Opening her eyes, she was met with a grinning Tonks and a gentle, heated gaze from Harry. An unbidden whimper left her lips and her hips bucked, her overheated core desperate for attention.

Suddenly, Tonks was kissing her again and pulling off the rest of her clothes, Penny twisted and shifted in place to help her pull off her jeans and panties, the soaked gusset sticking to her mound. Harry's hands reached behind her back and removed her bra, her last remaining article of clothing, and then their hands were on her.

Penny's thoughts went hazy from the feelings rushing through her, making it difficult to tell who was touching where. Pleasurable caresses and squeezes came from four places at once, all while their lips and tongues attacked her neck and mouth, pulling sounds from her throat that she didn't know she could make. At some point, Harry moved behind her, his rigid length pressing against her ass and thighs. It felt like a bar of steel wrapped in hot silk sliding across her skin, tantalizingly close to where her body craved it to be.

Wrapping her arms around Penny, Tonks pulled her back until she was sprawled on top of the stunning Hufflepuff, their lips attached the whole way down. Large, calloused hands ran over her rear, gripping and spreading her cheeks. Penny moaned and shivered as she was completely exposed to Harry's gaze, a drop of hot arousal dripping down the inside of her thigh and slowly cooling. Then, she felt a hot, thick battering ram, poised at her drooling entrance.

"Penny?" Harry asked questioningly.

Unable to bring herself to voice her desires, Penny simply pushed her hips back, gasping into Tonks' mouth when the tip of his bulbous head forced her taut lips partially open. Tonks gave a low, rumbling chuckle in the back of her throat before pulling their lips apart.

"She wants it *bad*," she told Harry while stroking her cheek with surprising tenderness.

Penny opened her mouth, but her voice got caught in her throat as she blushed furiously while looking down at Tonks' amused and lustful gaze. Her breathing stuttered as she felt Harry's hand grip her hips, pausing for just a breath before slowly and gently feeding his cock into her. Penny felt herself being widened and stretched around his girth as inch after inch of hot, hard flesh sank into her depths.

Part way in, he hit a spot that knocked the air out of her lungs and caused her to arch her back sharply. Tonks lunged up with a predatory grin on her face, her lips wrapping around one of her sensitive, engorged nipples and sucking hard. Penny let out a long, high-pitched whine as Harry pushed deeper, stretching and filling parts of her depths that had never been touched before. She was just starting to wonder if it would ever end when his hips finally touched her bottom.

Even as her body trembled from the new feelings coursing through her, she was filled with the thrill of accomplishment at taking all of him. Penny panted and reveled in the feelings overwhelming her senses as Harry paused and gave her time to adjust. Meanwhile, Tonks continued groping her breasts, running her nails lightly along the underside, and using her teeth to gently tug at her swollen nipple.

A shudder ran through Penny as she suddenly bit down firmly, the shock of mild pain shooting straight down to her core, causing her hips to roll and her folds to clench. Harry took that as a sign to move, slowly pulling his hips back and dragging his thick length along her grasping walls. A gasp left her lips when he hit that magic spot inside of her once again, sending a nearly painful spike of pleasure up her spine.

Harry paused in his withdrawal and Penny froze. She didn't need to look back to see what he was thinking, it was written all over the smug smirk on Tonks' face. Penny whimpered, which turned into a moan when Harry pushed back in and then pulled back out slowly, hitting that same spot again and again. She swore she could feel the flare of his head and every vein in his shaft as he ran along that spot repeatedly.

"Oh God," Penny practically sobbed.

Tonks chuckled as Harry mercilessly pleased her, giving her no respite as he increased the speed and force of his thrusts. Penny clenched her eyes shut and buried her face in the crook of Tonks' neck with a whine. Holding her tightly, Tonks caressed her back and kissed her neck while Harry hammered into the same overwhelmingly sensitive spot again and again. Her body lurched from the force of his thrusts, her toes curling and breath uneven from the torturous pleasure.

The coil of heat in her core that had started when she first opened her eyes on the couch only grew hotter and tighter with each passing second. Her body could only take so much, and finally she felt it on the verge of unwinding. Her partners seemed to sense it too. Harry hammered into her with short, rapid strokes, and Tonks whispered into her ear.

"Cum for him," she panted in a low, sultry tone. "Cum all over that big cock."

As if her body had been waiting for permission, Penny felt her entire body lock up and shake violently as she teetered on the edge. With one final thrust, she hit her release with a muffled scream into Tonks' shoulder. Her walls contracted around the sawing log trapped in her depths tighter than she thought possible. Harry grunted and slowed nearly to a stop as her pussy gripped him tightly. Penny could feel a river of arousal gushing out of her each time her core

spasmed, drenching Harry and the floor under them. That was the last rational thought she had before her eyes rolled up into her head and stars burst in her vision.

Penny had no idea how long she floated weightlessly in a sea of ecstasy before the sound of her own breathing brought her back to reality. The first thing she noticed was that she was still being rocked back and forth, trapped between Harry and Tonks. Except, Harry wasn't thrusting into her now. His chest was pressed against her back, pinning her to the soft body underneath her as he plowed into Tonks frantically.

Pushing herself up on her elbows, Penny looked down at the clouded, pleasure filled look in the Hufflepuff's eyes, wondering if her expression had looked like that. Catching one of her wildly jiggling breasts, Penny marveled at just how firm they were compared to her own as she leaned down and their lips met.

"I'm close," Harry grunted.

Tonks ripped her lips away from Penny's and looked over her shoulder at Harry.

"Pull out," Tonks panted.

Groaning in clear frustration, Harry did as she asked. Tonks smirked at Penny and rolled her over onto her back before taking the same position next to her. Looking back up at Harry, she beckoned him over with a finger and a sultry smile. Waddling over to kneel over them with one knee between each of their legs, he gripped his wet, angry red cock and stroked it furiously.

Penny was fascinated by the sight, having never watched a man pleasure himself before. She was so enthralled that she didn't think about the end result until Harry groaned loudly and a long, white rope of cum leapt from his tip. It splattered on Tonks' breasts, making a line all the way up to her neck. Penny looked back at him just in time to see the second shot aimed at her. It arched through the air, almost as if it was in slow motion, and her eyes tracked it all the way to the valley between her breasts.

She gasped, not just from the naughtiness of the act, but in surprise at just how hot it felt on her sweat-soaked skin. Harry shot several more times, alternating between the two of them with each throbbing pulse of his swollen cock. He collapsed tiredly when he finished, panting to catch his breath.

Penny looked down at the criss crossed lines and small pools of pearly white liquid covering her chest and stomach. Suddenly, Tonks leaned over and licked up part of one of the lines that had hit her nipple. Penny sucked in a breath as Tonks showed her cum coated tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing. Scooping a bit off one of her own breasts, Tonks offered the finger to her. Curiously and tentatively, Penny sucked the finger into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the slightly salty, slimy substance.

Grinning, Tonks suddenly climbed on top her and started licking up as much as she could off of Penny's body. Moving up to her face, she kissed her, pushing more of Harry's cum into her mouth. The taste and texture weren't anything she enjoyed, but the dirtiness of the act had her core twisting excitedly. When they broke the kiss and she saw Harry's smoldering gaze on her, that heat inside of her began pooling again.

Rolling Tonks over onto her back, Penny licked up a thick line of cum from between her firm breasts and drove her tongue into her mouth. While they continued cleaning each other, Harry settled behind them, his newly hardened cock pressing between their folds. Penny and Tonks smiled at each other and ground their mounds together around his rigid length. It looked like she was about to find out just how much stamina Harry really had.

"Where were you last night?" Hermione hissed as Harry took a seat next to her at the Gryffindor table the next morning.

"With Tonks," Harry whispered back.

Hermione blushed but maintained her glare.

"What if you'd been caught?" she asked.

“Then I would have gotten in trouble,” Harry said, his carefree answer only angering his friend further. “Some things are worth breaking the rules for, Hermione.”

“You can’t just ignore the rules to go and have... sex,” Hermione hissed, the last word barely audible.

“I didn’t,” Harry said, then continued as she opened her mouth to argue with him. “I broke the rules to spend the night with someone I care very deeply for. If that means losing a few points and serving a detention, then so be it. Besides, I remember you breaking a few rules yourself last night.”

Hermione flushed and turned away from him with an angry look. Harry sighed, knowing she was probably going to ignore him for most of the day. Still, he wasn’t going to give up on her. The friend he knew and loved was in there somewhere, she just needed time to grow. Hermione had always been stubborn, and he knew to be patient and use logic to get to her.

Maybe it was time to start looking into the Philosopher’s Stone, he thought. Their adventures had always brought them closer together.

Looking around the hall, he spotted Tonks and Penny entering the Great Hall as they smiled and laughed. Spotting him, they headed straight for the Gryffindor table. He was really grateful that Penny didn’t regret what they had done the night before. Part of him had worried she would blame it on the alcohol.

Well, Hermione might be mad at him, but things were still going better than last time. Now, all he had to do was make sure he didn’t screw everything up. Easier said than done, Harry thought.