

Summary: When a spell goes wrong, Harry and Hermione find themselves mentally connected. The only problem is, they can't control what they do and do not hear. But it's not like either has anything to hide, right? Hogwarts starts at 15.

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Birthday Bash

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Harry's day started better than any birthday he's had before. He was first roused to wakefulness by two pairs of soft lips sucking on his cock. No sooner had he groaned in pleasure that a weight settled above him and he was greeted by the bare slit of Susan poised above his face. He devoured her cunt gladly, driving his tongue deep into her folds and suckling hard on her clit.

His red-haired girlfriend's moans matched his own as Hermione and Daphne increased their pace on their cock. Both girls alternated between themselves, one throating his cock deep and the other lapping at his balls before suddenly switching. They worked so in-sync that Harry had trouble differentiating between the two by touch alone.

All three were slowly opening their minds up to him as they progressed. He met their consciousnesses eagerly, lowering his own walls and reveling in the feeling of their beings surrounding him.

Harry came deep inside Daphne's throat a moment later, his orgasm setting off their own and the room was suddenly filled by four cries of ecstasy. He gasped for breath under Susan's cunt, the girl's juices flowing eagerly. Sensing his struggle, the nude Hufflepuff moved off him a moment later. He sucked in a breath, hissing as Daphne

sucked hard on his sensitive tip and tried her best to swallow every last drop of his seed.

“Enjoy your wakeup call?” Daphne smirked from below.

“It was bloody fantastic.” He breathed.

She gave him a wink and brought her lips back to his cock, placing sloppy kisses up and down his length. Susan giggled to his right and reached down to play with Daphne’s blonde locks.

“It’s moments like this I wish I had a cock for you to suck love. You look your best with a dick in your mouth.” Susan giggled.

Hermione hummed from beside Daphne, watching the blonde’s movements with a keen interest. “There is always that one spell we found...”

Susan seemed to think about it for a moment before shaking her head. “Some other time. Today is Harry’s day after all.” She finished with a sultry smile. The red-head leaned in to kiss him a moment last. It was a short kiss, but long enough for her to shove her tongue between his lips quickly before she pulled away.

“The rest will come later tonight. Daph’ you got him while Hermione and I shower?”

The blonde replied with a muffled “Mhm!” as she swallowed his cock once more.

“Great!” Susan trilled as she and Hermione got up and walked to the bathroom door.

“Don’t take too long, everyone’s probably already downstairs waiting!”

Daphne gave a thumbs up behind her. She pulled herself off his cock a moment later

with a soft gasp. The blonde sent him another wink as she climbed on top of him and trapped his cock between her damp folds.

“This is just a small taste of what we have planned for you tonight love.” She purred atop him. The next moment she was pushing his cock into her dripping entrance, moaning the entire way as he speared her depths.

Harry grabbed her hips tightly with a groan. Definitely the best birthday he’s had by far.

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The day progressed in a similar manner. He ate breakfast with Sirius and the Weasley’s who had showed up not long after he came down. The twins and Ron stole him away shortly afterwards for a pickup game of quidditch in the back garden (which Sirius had turned into an actual Quidditch pitch sometimes during the renovation). Ginny and Tonks joined them, though Tonks was not as good on a broom as she was her wand. In the end it had been great fun and Harry walked back inside with a wide smile on his face.

The rest of the day passed, with more people filtering in and out. Kingsley came by to wish him well and give Tonks an update on a case they were working together. Dumbledore popped in just as quickly too, handing Harry a small wrapped package before whisking away to who knows where.

Not many stayed for long and Harry didn’t begrudge them. With all the recent changes to the Ministry and the shadow of Voldemort’s return still looming high, most had plenty of other things to worry about than his birthday. Still he appreciated all those who did stop by to wish him well and even those who couldn’t but still managed to send a letter.

None of it could put a damper on his mood throughout the day. At least, not until much later.

Madame Bones entered to many scattered greetings from everyone, most too busy with their own conversations to notice her entrance. Tonks, though, was boisterous as always and she bounded over to her superior with a wide grin.

“Wotcher boss! How’d the nomination hearing go?” The auror asked cheerfully.

The older woman waved the girl off. “Well enough, the Wizengamot approved three candidates from the nomination pool. Interim-Minister Scrimgeour was one, Pius Thicknesse another, and... me.”

Loud cheers erupted at her announcement. Harry clapped along just as happily as the others.

“Yes yes, it’s all very exciting, though I find it interesting since I did not put my name forth as a possible candidate.” With that she peered scornfully at Harry.

He shrugged back at the Bones matron guiltlessly. It had been Hermione’s idea to write a recommendation letter to the Wizengamot. With a good chunk of the so-called ‘dark’ faction removed for being death eaters during the raids last semester, the floor was virtually open for someone decent to take up the mantle of minister. To them, Amelia was the person for the job.

“I’m afraid the reason for my visit isn’t just to wish Mr. Potter a Happy Birthday unfortunately. Could I speak with you and your guardian alone Harry?” The joyful mood stilled at her words. Harry nodded with a frown and followed Sirius as he lead them to

the study.

“What happened Amy?” Sirius asked as soon as the door was closed. “You wouldn’t act so secretive unless something went down.”

Amelia sighed and nodded. Sitting down she pursed her lips in thought before beginning. “Last night there was an attack.”

“An attack?! Where?” Harry exclaimed. His panic rose at the implications. An attack could only mean one thing, Death Eaters and with that Voldemort as well.

Sirius placed a calming hand on his godson’s shoulder, stopping his panic short. Harry looked at him confused but Sirius simply shook his head and gave his shoulder a squeeze. Gesturing for him to sit, his godfather followed and turned back to the older woman across from them.

“I assume there’s a reason nothing about this ‘attack’ was in the Prophet?” He asked.

Amelia nodded. “You assume correctly. Last night there was a raid conducted on Azkaban. Witnesses reported over a dozen individuals in silver masks attacking the maximum-security ward. Six guards were killed, including the warden. To make matters worse... the attackers got away with a number of high-profile convicts. All were known marked Death Eaters.”

“Who?” Harry asked pleadingly. “Who escaped?”

She looked to Sirius first before sighing and addressing him. “A few were from the recent raids. Macnair, Penrose Parkinson’s brother and nephew, Jugson, and Rookwood. The rest were there from the first war. Amycus and Alecto Carrow were two, and the

others... were Bellatrix and Rodolphus Lestrage. Rabastan was hit in the neck with a cutting curse by one of the guards and is back in custody, however, the healers have little hope he'll survive."

"And Voldemort? Was he there?"

"Thankfully no. It seems your duel with him last month still has the dark lord in a weakened state. If he had been there, I have no doubt that this attack would have been a lot worse."

Both he and Sirius were silent at Amelia's revelation. Harry tried his best to digest her words but it was a hard thing to do. In a single night, nearly all of Voldemort's most dangerous allies had been freed. Sure he hadn't gotten them all, but Bellatrix Lestrage by herself was a huge problem, not to mention the others like Rookwood or the Carrow Twins.

"What happens now? Do we go after them?" Harry asked, his voice laced with an undertone of desperation.

"Let's leave that to the aurors pup. I don't think your ladies would like it if we let you go off guns blazing on a Death Eater hunt." Sirius advised.

"Your godfather is right Mr. Potter. We'll worry about those who escaped. Unfortunately, I'm not telling you this as a simple courtesy. With the escape of this many known dangerous criminals the safety of many witches and wizards are called into question, yours and Susan's included." Amelia explained.

Harry reeled back as if he'd been struck. His safety being jeopardized really didn't

concern him much. He'd been facing off against dangerous threats for the last four years so a handful of escaped murderers after him wasn't anything new, if anything it was just a rehash of his third year. It was Susan that worried him. The thought that her being hunted by these lunatics genuinely terrified him. To make matters worse, she was most likely targeted because of him. Sure her aunt was the head of DMLE and most likely would be the Minister for Magic, but her connection to him certainly didn't help matters.

Guilt settled raw and aching in his chest, right next to a fiery anger that grew with each second. It was a jarring reminder that Voldemort's war wasn't just with him, but the wizarding world as a whole. Despite this, he still felt raw fury burn within him. Fury that the bastard pulled more and more of those close to Harry into his schemes. He wouldn't allow it to happen anymore, especially not to Susan.

"No one will harm Susan, Madame Bones. I won't allow them the chance to." He said determinedly.

Amelia gave him a small smile and nodded. "I appreciate that Mr. Potter." She paused for a moment, seeming to search for the right words before continuing. "However- as head of the DMLE, your safety is just as important to me as Susan's is." She put a hand to stall any objections he had. "I have no doubt you can take care of yourself Harry, but you are also an important part of this fight. I wish it weren't true but you and Voldemort are bound by magic far more complex than any understand. That said, we also cannot take any chances."

"What do you suggest we do Amy?" Sirius asked with a frown. "You can't keep him

under lock and key all the time.”

“No we cannot, nor would I suggest it. But we can give you guards. You’re safe enough here thanks to the wards, but at Hogwarts you’re exposed, not to external threats but to internal.” She explained.

“I can’t go through my fifth year with aurors trailing me everywhere!” Harry protested.

Amelia shook her head. “You won’t. We’ll station aurors at the castle under the guise of extra security for the students. It won’t be a complete lie, but there will be at least one auror with specific instructions to keep an eye on you.”

Harry sighed and ran his hand through his hair in annoyance. “Can it at least be someone that’s somewhat inconspicuous?”

Amelia’s face morphed into a teasing grin. “But of course. I believe you’re already acquainted with Auror Tonks?”

Harry’s face turned beat red and he coughed into his hand. “Uhm- yeah. I mean she trains me and stuff so we- uh- get along pretty well.”

“Then she’ll be the perfect choice. Auror Tonks is most capable and I for one wouldn’t trust anyone else for this task.” Amelia chimed with the same look of mirth on her features.

The Bones matron stayed a little longer, explaining the finer points of the protection plan and Harry’s part in it with Sirius. Harry for his part, spent the entire time avoiding looking Amelia in the eye. Whether she knew about his situation with Tonks or seemingly guessed, he didn’t know. Either way he certainly didn’t like her mocking smile when she

brought the pink haired auror up.

After she left, the celebrations continued once more, albeit slightly more muted than before. After a while the guests began to filter out slowly until it was just Remus, Tonks and Fleur who remained.

Tonks left first, making a show of saying goodbye to everyone before sneakily pulling him into a hidden corner and smashing her lips against his own in a searing kiss. He released a groan into her mouth as she palmed his cock through his trousers. She pulled back, biting his bottom lip as she did so and gave him a saucy wink.

“Consider that a teaser for later. Now go have fun with the french flower lover boy.” Tonks smirked. With that she was gone, walking out the door with an exaggerated sway to her hips.

Harry breathed a small laugh in exasperation and turned to head back inside. Fleur smirked as he walked back into the sitting room, while Hermione, Daphne, and Susan gave him knowing looks. Sirius and Remus appeared none the wiser. They talked for a bit longer, enjoying each other’s company for a bit. Sirius even pulled a bottle of wine from his father’s old collection for them to sample.

In the end, it was Fleur who gave their game away. The french witch stood abruptly and bid everyone goodnight. Yet, instead of heading for the door, she ascended the stairs, presumably to his room.

“Where is she going?” Remus muttered.

“Hm good question. Say Hermione, how about we go check on Fleur? Make sure she

didn't get lost?" Daphne replied. Hermione nodded and stood along with the blonde, leaving with her without another word.

Remus seemed even more confused by that. The werewolf turned to Sirius for answers, but the ex-convict simply shook his head and chuckled.

"Ah who knows- say how bout you come help me find another bottle of wine Moony? Bet that nose of yours can sniff out all the best vintages!"

Sirius pulled the man up quickly before he could argue, the former professor looking all the more bewildered at his friend's actions.

"Well I suppose that's one way to do it..." Susan groused.

Harry chuckled and helped the red-head to her feet. "Guess Fleur got impatient." He laughed. "C'mon, best we don't keep them waiting."

Susan laughed along with him. She buried herself into his side as they ascended the stairs together. Harry made her squirm the entire way, his hands wandering freely to pinch and squeeze his favorite parts of her curvy body. Susan giggled each time, even pulling into an inflamed kiss once as they arrived at his door, though she pulled back just as he tried to deepen the kiss.

"Patience, love. There'll be more of that to come soon~" She whispered with a purr. With that, she pushed open the door and pulled him inside.

They were met by a relatively normal sight. Daphne sat on the bed with Fleur laying propped up on her elbow across from her. Both blondes were chatting idly in french surprisingly, and Harry mentally kicked himself for forgetting Daphne's affinity for

languages.

Hermione walked out of the bathroom a moment later. The bookworm smiled warmly at them. She walked forward, placing a chaste kiss on Susan's lips as she passed before pulling Harry into a much firmer and lengthier snog.

Harry pulled her in closer. Wrapping his arms around her lithe body, he deepened the kiss. Hermione whimpered as he sucked on her bottom lip and the brunette fisted his shirt aggressively. Harry let his hands wander, squeezing Hermione's pert ass before sliding between their bodies and cupping her covered mound.

"Jealous Susie or just horny?" Daphne's voice chimed from the bed.

Hermione broke the kiss with a gasp. A heavy blush covered her face as she turned to look at the other inhabitants of the room.

Susan was watching them with glazed over eyes. Her chest fluttered with quick, heavy breaths and she wiggled impatiently from foot to foot. Daphne and Fleur on the other hand, both watched with amusement. Though at some point, Fleur had sidled up next to the Slytherin and was currently petting the girl's inner thigh.

"Sois gentil, my leetle snake." Fleur giggled. "We both know Susan likes to watch non?" She turned towards the three of them and cocked her head to the side with a smirk. "Well? Are you going to stand zere or come join us?"

They all clambered onto the bed in a rush. Fleur and Daphne laughed before descending with them in a tangle of limbs. There was no rhyme or reason to their movements. Hands wandered, groping flesh and tearing at clothes. Harry felt a pair of

lips on his neck as he ripped open Fleur's bra. He buried his face into the Veela's large bust, taking one of her perfect nipples into his mouth. The lips left his neck and soon enough he saw Susan attack Fleur's other breast out of the corner of his eye.

The french witch let out a throaty moan and she threaded her hands through both their hair. She ended up falling back with them both on top of her, nipping and kissing her sizable tits with a sense of worship. Fleur pulled him up to smash their lips together in a sloppy kiss. She panted against his lips in arousal while Susan moved to take his place on her left breast.

Fleur pushed him back from the kiss a moment later, her eyes hooded with lust and a hungry grin on her face. "You are wearing far too many clothes I zink."

Hands descended upon him a moment later. Daphne and Hermione both pulled at his shirt from behind. Lips and hands roamed his body the second the garment was removed. Daphne sank her teeth into his back while Hermione ran her nails down his abs. All the while, Fleur watched from below, eyes filled with excitement and mouth leaking with soft whimpers from Susan's tongue on her tits.

Daphne turned his head forcefully towards her. Harry didn't argue when she began to snog the life from him. She was the last to do so and no doubt had been itching for it this entire time. While he fought against the blonde's tongue, Harry felt someone messing with his pants. He raised his hips to help whoever it was, inadvertently falling back into Daphne even more. She giggled against his lips and deepened their kiss. Their tongues warred between them and just as he was about to gain control, his cock hit the cool open air and was enveloped by a hot wet mouth a moment later.

He groaned heavily into Daphne's mouth. The mouth had wasted no time before sucking his length rapidly. His cock head instantly hit the back of their throat and a sharp 'GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK' sounded through the room. With a slurp the mouth pulled off him, pausing briefly at his tip to swirl their tongue around his sensitive glans. The sensation forced a hiss from his mouth and as he pulled away from Daphne's lips, he looked down to stare deep into Fleur's crystal blue eyes.

Fleur smirked up at him from where she was busy tonguing the tip of his member. The french witch had shifted and was now laying on her side halfway across his lap. Her legs were spread wide where Susan's face was currently buried into her hairless cunt. Hermione lay opposite to Fleur holding a firm grip on the base of his shaft. She held it steady for the Veela's bobbing head, occasionally leaning in herself to run a small lick on the side of his cock or lap at his balls.

After a few more sucks, Fleur finally pulled off with a loud slurp and a gasp. "Mon dieu! 'Ermione you need to take zis magnificent cock from me before I lose control!" She clamped her legs around Susan's face. "Susan is making my pussy tremble!"

"Of course." Hermione chirped simply.

The brunette threw her legs over his waist a moment later. Her back was to him as she lifted herself up and lined his cock up with her entrance. She dropped down without a moment of hesitation, spearing her depths and ramming his length deep inside her. Hermione mewled in delight from the feeling and began to bounce her hips immediately.

"I'll never get used to seeing her take your cock like a pro." Daphne murmured in awe.

Harry grunted in agreement, gripping Hermione's rippling asscheeks tight as the

brunette slammed herself down over and over again. With even bounce, Harry was given an amazing view of her pussy lips stretched to their limit around his girth. They gripped him like a vice and it seemed almost impossible for her to move at all. But she did move, wild and fast, pounding her cunt on his cock with reckless abandon. He could feel her pussy flutter around him and it wasn't long before she was screaming in pleasure.

"Merlin, I'll never get used to watching her cum either." Daphne panted in his ear. The blonde was moving the very next second, crawling down the bed until she was face to face with their joined sexes.

She batted his hands away from the girl's ass, gripping the brunette's full cheeks herself a moment later. As Hermione spasmed in climax on top of him, Daphne spread the girl's ass cheeks apart and drove her tongue forward. Hermione gasped in surprise. Her pussy clenched even harder around his as her brain finally registered the pleasure from Daphne's tongue rimming her asshole.

"Gah- Fuck! Oh fuck me don't stop!" Hermione cried. The bookworm leaned forward and gripped Harry's shins for support, giving Daphne even more access to her puckered hole.

Daphne bashed her tongue against Hermione's backdoor ruthlessly for a few moments before pulling back. The blonde quickly replaced her tongue with a single finger. She rubbed the rim of the bookworm's asshole with the tip of her finger. Hermione shivered at the sensation and unconsciously rocked backwards on Harry's cock. This caused Daphne to smirk widely. Without warning, she pitched her finger forward and pierced the

petite girl's asshole.

Hermione whimpered approvingly and pushed her ass back even more. The movement drove Daphne's finger even deeper, causing Hermione to squeak in pleasure. THough it wasn't that noise that caught Daphne's attention.

From beside them on the bed, Fleur moaned in wanton pleasure. The Veela's legs were bent behind her head and her mouth was open in a slutty grin. The source of her pleasure came from below as Susan rammed her hips forward with a blazing speed. The redhead was pounding Fleur's pussy with a thick strapon around her waist. Susan's face was screamed up in her own look of intense pleasure as the toy bashed against her clit with every thrust.

"Now that's an idea." Daphne smirked.

Before he could understand what she was doing, Daphne was straddling his abdomen and whispering a spell under her breath. There was a flash and suddenly a strap-on of her own appeared around the blonde's waist. Harry's cock twitched inside Hermione's quivering pussy in excitement.

"HNG! Oh Merlin FUCK YES!" Hermione wailed.

Daphne had hilted the toy inside the brunette's asshole. With a slap to her ass, the blonde began to drive the toy into her girlfriend's tight backdoor with sharp thrusts. The position didn't allow a lot of movement on Harry's part, but fuck was it hot.

Daphne was essentially brutally buggering their girlfriend on top of him while he abused her stretched pussy. Hermione's body pitched forward with every thrust from the

Slytherin, causing her cunt to grind on his cock.

Harry's moans were drowned out by Hermione's cries of climax. It seemed as if they were pounding one out of her every second and Harry's groin soon became soaked in her juices. Her squeals only drove Daphne's hips faster. Mighty claps of flesh on flesh joined with the girl's screams and soon enough Hermione stiffened with an ear-shattering scream.

Her body was driven far over her edge, drowning her in a world of pleasure. Her pussy gushed harder than ever before and Hermione began to spasm violently. She shot off Harry's cock and pushed Daphne away in her violent thrashing. No sounds left her mouth now, except for the barely audible grunts of overstimulation.

Harry made to check on her but Daphne had other ideas. The blonde ripped the toy off and pulled him up with a growl. She bent over in front of him and gave her ass a hard slap.

"Inside. Me. Now!" She ordered.

Casting one last glance towards Hermione's twitching form, Harry grabbed Daphne's hips and pushed himself inside.

"Yesssss~" Daphne hissed "Now fuck me *HARD!*"

He slammed into her without question. If her cunt had been wet before, it was positively drenched now. His cock slid in and out of the girl's velvety quim without issue. Heavy pants left her lips as he molded her cunt to his cock. To an outsider, the force of which his hips hammered into her would seem excessive. Maybe even painful. But Harry knew

otherwise. While the other girls liked it rough here and there, Daphne was on another level. He'd never hurt her truly, but a simple round of doggy wasn't enough to make her happy. Harry had to dig deep and pound her fat ass with all he had. By the time he was done, the Slytherin's ass would be red and bruised from the force.

Daphne proved his musings correct a moment later. She stiffened with a deep moan. Her pussy trembled around him and Harry grasped her ass tightly from the sheer pleasure of her tight cunt. It was too much and a second later he was spilling inside her with a strangled moan.

"Fuck!" He gasped once the last drop was deposited in her folds.

"Y-you said it b-babe." Daphne panted from below.

He pulled out of her with some difficulty, her pussy still iron tight from her climax. White cum began to leak from her used hole as soon as his cock was free.

"Magnifique!" Fleur said as she crawled over. Susan lay near comatose from their earlier spot on the bed. The strap-on was gone and now two vibrating dildos were hilted inside of her pussy and asshole. Susan's cheeks were covered in a thick sheen of creamy girl-cum from where Fleur had ridden the girl's face previously.

Fleur studied the heavy flow of cum dripping from Daphne's cunt with wonder. She leaned forward and gave the blonde witch's cunt a long lick, collecting a generous amount of his cum in the process.

"You taste even better wiz 'Arry's cum inside you my leetle snake." Fleur giggled.

She turned and wrapped her lips around his cock next. She gave his length a long suck.

Harry hadn't even begun to deflate before she took him within her mouth, but somehow his cock seemed even harder than it was before. She pushed her mouth further down his cock without issue, once more taking him deep within her throat. With a wink, she closed her eyes and began to slam her face back and forth on his cock. She never pulled back more than a few inches, but it was enough to continuously ram his straining erection in and out of her tight throat. Harry cursed under his breath, the wonderful sensations driving intense pleasure up his spine.

Just as another climax began to build in the base of his cock, the french witch retreated, pulling off his length with a sharp gasp of breath.

"Non, you must cum inside me! I need it!" She begged.

Harry growled in irritation and pushed the witch backwards. She landed on her back, watching as he yanked her legs open forcefully. A second later he was inside her. Her depths were just as silky and hot as before and he knew he wouldn't last long. That was okay though. Judging by how absolutely drenched her cunt was, neither would she.

He moved his hips at a blazing pace, slamming into her snatch violently. Her cries bounced off the walls, joining in with the loud wet slaps of his cock ruining her pussy. Manicured nails cut long scratches into his back. Fleur's legs wrapped around him tightly, pulling Harry even deeper inside. He groaned into her ear as her inner walls tightened around him even more.

They came together in a mess of hurried thrusts and loud grunts. Harry's hips kept moving even after began to pulse with climax. Fleur could only whimper as her orgasm mixed with his, her juices mixing with his white hot cum inside her. It was only when

they were both spent that they finally stilled with Harry still buried deep inside the Veela's cunt.

"Mmm- 'Appy Birthday mon amour." Fleur whispered into his ear.

"I should say." He groaned. Sitting up, he kissed the blonde a deep kiss. Fleur hummed in enjoyment and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer.

They broke apart a moment later. Harry rolled off her with a sigh. Daphne pressed against herself against his side instantly, with Hermione and soon enough Fleur joining in soon after.

"Where-?"

His question was answered as Susan suddenly appeared between his legs with a pout.

"No fair! You still need to cum in me too!" She whined. The red head sank down and engulfed his deflating cock with her hot mouth. Harry was hard again seconds later and she was climbing on his lap with a wide smile. He couldn't complain though. As her tight pussy sank down onto him, Harry couldn't help but think that this was most definitely the best birthday ever.

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Author's Note

Hope this was worth the wait! Next up- a bit more fun with Tonks and maybe even some plot....

Thanks for reading!