

There was a nervous energy in their changing room because even inside they could hear the murmur of the crowd at the end of the tunnel. Harry paced absently, arms folded, fingers tapping against his own bicep as he went. He wore a specially tailored uniform for the event as did all the other boys. The collar, sleeves, and hem of the shirt were colored crimson against the black of the rest of the shirt. On his chest was the school coat of arms. The material was light and breathable, perfect for intense athletics. The trousers were black as well, and stretchy to allow for mobility.

There was a second year Hufflepuff who looked about ready to have a nervous breakdown. His breathing was heavy, and he was trying valiantly not to hyperventilate. He sat with his head in his hands on one of the benches. *He looks worse than I did before my first quidditch match.*

Walking closer to the younger student, he spoke softly so not to spook him, "Relax, you've been preparing for this. I know the crowd is a lot, but just tune them out and do your best. That's all anyone can ask of you."

The Hufflepuff looked at him with glassy eyes for a moment, but they cleared with resolve, and he gave Harry a firm nod, "Right."

Giving the boy a smile, he moved away and looked at the board on the wall one last time. *Don't know if that'll do him any good but hopefully it helps.* The board in question had their names assorted into groups of six for each year participating. The top two from each group would go on to the sixteen-person elimination stage of the event in the coming months. *Too bad I'm going to have to wait for Solen.*

Harry's attention left the names as he noticed Blaise's amused smirk at his little exchange with the Hufflepuff, "What?"

"You're a soft touch, Potter." Blaise chuckled, "Hard to believe considering what a menace you are when you get in the circle." His own uniform was lined with Slytherin emerald.

"I've been dealing with all the stares since I came back to the wizarding world, so it's pretty easy to sympathize," He explained, "And besides, it looked like he was about to vomit, and I'd rather not have to deal with the smell."

"Oh, don't try and pretend you had an ulterior motive." One of the seventh-years bounced on his feet and smacked himself in the face, as he walked between, trying to hype himself up for the coming event. They both looked at him like he was a bit mad, before Blaise continued, "You just like to help people. Ever think you should have been sorted into Hufflepuff?"

"Nothing wrong with loyalty, hard work, and fair play. But I think I'm a bit too prone to insanity to be one of them."

"And self-sacrificing acts of heroism," Neville added from Blaise's other side, "Or do we need to remind Blaise about... pretty much your entire time here at Hogwarts."

There was definitely some truth to what Blaise said though, "I'd be a pretty dull person if I only had the qualities of **one** house anyway. I'd wager each of you would have done perfectly fine in a couple of the other houses yourselves."

"Maybe," The dark-skinned boy snorted out a laugh, "But I definitely couldn't have been a Hufflepuff they're just too... much." He turned a teasing grin to Neville, "They make pretty damn good girlfriends though." The other boy blushed a bright red but didn't have a chance to respond.

The door to the room opened and Professor Flitwick came in, wearing simple black robes, "Gentlemen, if you would line up from second to seventh year and follow me. We'll join the ladies and head out to the stadium." They did it easily enough and followed the diminutive professor out into the tunnel. The ladies stood on the other side, headed by McGonagall, and he couldn't help but think the uniforms looked far better on them than they did any of the lads.

The material did nothing to hide any of their curves, and he couldn't help but appreciate four ladies in particular. Daphne, Sue, Susan and Ginny slightly further down all smiled when they noticed his attention on them. As all the gents took their spots next to the ladies, Susan leaned over and whispered to him, "Careful there, Harry. You looked like your eyes were about to pop right out of your head. Can't have you in the hospital wing when you should be wiping the floor with our guests."

Neville tried to hide a laugh behind a cough, but he didn't manage. Harry thumped him on the shoulder to shut him up, but he still shook in silent amusement, "Shut it, Longbottom." He leaned over to Susan and gave a meaningful look at both Sue and Daphne, too, "What can I say, you all look amazing. It won't surprise me if you all win at least one duel because of that alone."

"Well, I'm in your group." Daphne pointed out, with a teasing little smile, "So maybe it'll be against you."

"Oh, I doubt that." He spoke low, sure that no one else could hear as he leaned into her, "I've had practice in handling anything you could throw at me." Daphne blushed at the memory as he pulled away and gave her a roguish grin, "But good luck anyway. I'm sure it'll be a hell of a duel."

"Mr. Potter," Flitwick stood just to his left. Looking up at him, he was unable to hide his own faint amusement, "If you're about done."

"Of course, Professor."

With that Flitwick headed to the front of the line, "After me." As one, they all headed down the tunnel. The noise grew and grew as they drew nearer to the light at the end. The stadium was pristine, made of bright white stones that gleamed in the clear noon day sun. It was open but protected from the cold November chill with magic. The stands that surrounded each of the dozens of dueling circles were made of dark, ebony wood. They were filled with students from all three schools, decked out in their school apparel waving banners supporting their fellows.

Then there were all the guests. People from across Britain and Europe had come to view the spectacle, proud parents roared when they saw their children enter. From two other entrances their foreign competitors made their way in. *I'd wager this is at least as big as the stadium for the World Cup, maybe even bigger.*

"Please, everyone, welcome our competitors." Dumbledore's voice boomed across the gathered crowd. The roar that went up in the stadium reverberated all the way to the Forbidden Forest and sent birds soaring up into the air.

Flitwick led them to the center, and they were lined up next to their competitors. The Beauxbaton's uniforms were similar to their school uniforms, their shirts the same powder blue but their trousers were black. Their house coat of arms, two wands, crossed, shooting three stars each, was on their chest.

Harry found his eyes drawn to the front of the Beauxbaton's line where Fleur stood proudly, her silver-blond hair was in an intricate braid and rested along her shoulder. As the thunderous applause petered down, Dumbledore spoke again, "Best of luck to all of you. To your dueling circles, competitors."

They'd all been informed of their dueling circle number, and the rules before they were led into the stadium. The organization of the whole event was honestly impressive, as they all split off there was no chaos, everyone just flowed through the stands as they made their way to the area for their years. Harry managed to catch Fleur's eye and give her a little wink, as he headed toward the fourth-year section.

The twelve circles set aside for their year were in the northwest corner of the stadium. The platform was raised and he climbed up to the dueling circle in a single step. There were stacked discs on each side of the circle that could be used for summoning and transfiguration. *They can't exactly expect fourth years to conjure everything after all.*

Going over to the official standing in the center of the ring, he shook the man's hand. He was tall with salt and pepper hair closely shaved at the temples. He had brown eyes and a goatee, and sun-kissed skin. The official accepted the handshake, "Best of luck, young man." He had a faint Spanish accent.

As he took his place on one side of the official, he felt something beautifully familiar wash over him warm and comforting. He looked to his right and saw them both sitting there. Orina and Anya each offered him a blinding smile and he couldn't stop the grin that appeared on his own face. Their cheeks were painted in Gryffindor crimson and gold, and they had a banner between them that read 'Go Harry!' Iliyana sat primly at their side, and then he was treated to the sight of his godfather.

Well he's always had a flair for the dramatic. He appeared to be wearing a lion pelt, with his head sticking out of its gaping maw. He was cheering louder than anybody else. *If he thought that would be embarrassing, he was definitely wrong. That's bloody brilliant.* Remus at his side just looked amused at his antics. Hermione was sitting with Padma a few rows down and he could see his friend roll her eyes and the rogue's antics.

Harry only had a few moments to wait before he was joined by his first opponent, it was a Belgian Beauxbatons boy with sandy blonde hair and sunken eyes. He was shorter and stocky. *If he was a muggle, I'd guess he was a rugby player.* The fact his nose was bent slightly as though it'd been broken one too many times lent itself to that thought..

There's was a bell that indicated everyone was ready as they stood facing each other on either side of the official, "Your bout will be to the best of five." They both nodded their understanding, "Wands, gentlemen." Harry's holly wand appeared in his hand from his holster as the Beauxbaton's student did the same, "Bow." There were no smiles as they did just that and headed to their sides of the ring, "Ready. Begin!" That same cry went up simultaneously across the entirety of the stadium.

The word had barely left the officials lips before the Beuxbaton's student was on the offensive. His fighting style matched his appearance. *Like a little battering ram.* The spells that came firing toward him were precise and powerful, but lacking in finesse. They were all Shield-Breakers and Stunners. *Well,*

might as well figure out what you're good at and do it well. Still, it was fruitless as Harry conjured a shimmering silver shield that weathered the first assault. It cracked at the start of the second, but he saw it coming and layered a second shield beneath it.

The young man was relentless in his assault, and only seemed to grow angry as each renewed attack failed. Harry was just waiting for a window, he knew that it would be a long day and that there was something to be said for clinical, efficient victories. *Can't wear myself down in the first fight only to lose later on because of it.* Granted, he'd developed exceptional stamina, but he didn't want to rest on his laurels either.

The boy became incensed as his attacks failed again and again, washing uselessly against his shields. He could see that his opponent was wavering and something told him that his defensive ability didn't match his offensive ability. As another Shield-Breaker sped toward him, Harry suddenly dropped the shield and fired off a rapid stunner that seemed almost instantaneous as it closed the gap between him.

Panting from exhaustion, the Belgian didn't have the agility to move out of the way and with just one offensive spell, Harry won the round. The red light impacted him in the chest, and he dropped like a doll with his strings cut. His head bounced heavily against the floor as he fell unconscious.

Their referee held one hand up and pointed his hand in Harry's direction, "Point." With that done he went and revived the downed Beauxbaton's participant. The boy pushed himself up, red in the face and scowled in Harry's direction. *Lad, I'm better than you. What good does it do to get angry about it.* There were some quiet words asked by the official to which his opponent nodded twice.

With that he gestured for him to go back to his spot. When the official was back in the middle, he looked at both young men, "Ready..." the Belgian shook his head and slapped himself in the cheek, trying to psych himself up, "Begin!"

The second round went much the same as the first. It was almost reckless the way that he threw spell after spell at Harry. As his fatigue grew and grew with every subsequent bit of casting his aim became erratic. The lights went wide and struck hard against the protective barrier that kept the crowd safe from the battles within. *He's going to have nothing left for the rest of his fights. He'll be lucky if he pulls out a single round at this rate.*

Again, it took only one offensive spell from Harry to end the round. The referee seemed reluctant to even bother with the third round as he checked if they were both ready. The Belgian was lethargic at this point, like he was moving in water, and Harry decided to just put him out of his misery quickly this time, "Begin!"

It was the first time in the match that Harry fired the opening spell. It was lightning quick, a ball of blue energy that shot across the space between them in the blink of an eye. The fight seemed to go out of his opponent as his eyes widened in surprise, he tried to dodge out of the way but it caught him in the shoulder and sent him spinning violently backwards. He was thrown right out of the dueling circle and over the edge of the platform, his pained groans could be heard as they echoed over the edge.

The Hogwarts contingent of the crowd went mad with excitement. He could hear Sirius literally howling in pride. "Winner!" The referee pointed in his direction and headed over to his downed opponent to offer him some help. There was a medi-witch there as well who went to make sure he wasn't injured.

Satisfied with his victory, there was a bench over by the side of the ring where he went and waited. He was the first one to finish, though that had as much to do with his opponent as it did him, so he took the opportunity to watch the other fights as they played out. Daphne fought against a Durmstrang student two rings over. She was holding her own well enough.

Watching them, Harry tried to see any weakness in the Durmstrang's attack, he was left-handed and seemed to favor that side, always moving in that direction. It had Daphne off pace and it led to her making a misstep and finding herself falling victim to one of his Disarming Charms. *Just force him right Daphne, make sure he's the one off balance.*

His next opponent came over a few minutes later. The Beuxbatons girl was tall and skinny with jet black hair and pale skin. Her eyes were grey and she looked nervous as she fiddled with her wand. Unlike his last opponent, she offered him a small smile as they bowed to each other.

The second match was nothing like the first, the girl resorted almost entirely to Transfiguration, particularly Transfiguration that changed the landscape of the fight. She created obstacles at every turn and seemed to be trying to get him off his feet and so Harry had to adapt. The rounds were longer, much longer in fact, but in the end he beat her just the same as he had his first.

The day went on like that, the sun traveling across the sky slowly but steadily as the hours ticked by. Frankly, it was just exhilarating for Harry. The feel of his magic thrumming in his veins free to use however he chose was brilliant. *The stacking victories help too.*

Both of his Durmstrang opponents were males and the second of them was the left-handed one. He had a big beard that made him look far older than he was. He was good, the first person he faced who struck a good balance between the different branches of magic. But Harry had already decided on his approach when he watched him fight Daphne. Forcing him to move to his right, every spell was aimed toward his off hand, and it took him entirely by surprise. He was good but not the best at adapting on the fly and found himself wandless quickly.

It was in his final bout that he faced his Slytherin lover. Despite hours of tiring work, Daphne managed to look absolutely gorgeous. The only sign that she spent the last hours working her cute bum off was the glistening sheen of sweat on her brow as she climbed up to his ring. There was a woman who made her way over to the stands that could only be her mother, and it was only confirmed by Astoria's presence at her side.

As they stood at the center of the circle, he gave her a little wink, "Don't go easy on me."

She snorted out a laugh, "Have you met me?"

"Luckily, yes." He gave her a roguish smile. She rolled her eyes, but her blush gave her away even as the referee instructed them to bow. As they headed to their respective sides, they were both all business.

"Begin!" People cheered as they fired their first spells at each other. The lights collided in the middle and exploded in a shower of bright sparks. There was something to be said for knowing your opponent, and Daphne was still very much a Slytherin. So, while she'd certainly given it her all any time they practiced, it didn't mean that she was going to show all of her cards.

That became abundantly clear when the ground beneath his feet turned to quick sand. *That's not one that she's ever used.* It swallowed him, going to his knees in just a few seconds, as a barrage of spells splashed against his shield. *Acsendio.* The spell was aimed at his own legs, and it dragged him slowly out of the cloying ground. With a wave of his wand, he ended the spell as his feet popped free of the sand.

Using his distraction to her advantage, Daphne pushed toward him, he fired off a stunner to cut off her advance but she rolled underneath it and ended up behind the protection of his shield. Normally, he knew that the best way of beating the Slytherin was getting her into closer combat, she struggled with her aim, and she wasn't as agile as, say, Sue Li.

So, he certainly wasn't expecting her to willingly close the distance between them. She was close enough that he could smell her perfume as she ducked beneath another spell. She went to fire a stunner at him, but he was too quick. The ground beneath her feet rippled and threw her backward.

Just avoiding the spell that followed her, Daphne managed to roll to the side leaving behind only a spell burn where she'd been. Aiming his wand at the ground, the malleable material of the dueling circle ripple again, like seismic activity, and sent the blonde stumbling around. Thinking quickly, she summoned one of the disks from the side of the ring and used it to transfigure a solid platform beneath herself that held her above his spell. Steady again, she went back on the offensive.

Forced to stop the spell, he stepped out of the way and deflected the spell that came rocketing toward his head with the tip of his wand. It wasn't the most conventional way of defending, but it still worked in a pinch. *And looks pretty damn good too.*

Every breath from Daphne was clearly labored as she put her all into this fight. It was impressive to say the least and only made him that much more eager to win. *She'll curse me if I let her win. I know it.* She summoned more disks and used them as platforms to move toward him. That ended up being a big mistake.

He'd spent a great deal of time making sure that his aim was impeccable, so with two quick Reductors he disintegrated both the disk she just jumped from and the one she meant to land on as it came gliding over. It left her tumbling to the floor a mere meter away from him. As she struggled to her feet, he hit her with a quick stunner.

The official came to revive her, but he merely waved him off. The man nodded and pointed to his side of the ring, "Point."

With a wave of his wand, Daphne snapped awake. She turned her head to look at him and groaned when she realized what happened, "Damn it, Harry. I really thought that would work."

Offering her a hand up, he could only smile, "Well... it certainly caught me off guard."

Taking his hand, she pushed herself to her feet, "Well, I'm feckin' knackered now. So, the next two rounds shouldn't be that hard for you. I was just hoping to get a point honestly."

"You got close," he assured her.

"Oh, don't patronize me." If it weren't for the crowd, he imagined she'd stamp her foot.

The referee coughed to get their attention, "If you're ready?" He was looking at them impatiently. They both nodded their heads and moved back to their respective sides. The next two rounds were more conventional. Daphne wasn't lying when she said that she'd knackered herself. Between her earlier matches and the all-out effort she gave during their first round, she didn't have it in her to put up much of a fight.

That didn't mean she just rolled over to die, she still put up a better fight than the Belgian, but she wasn't nearly as close to a victory as their first round. In the end, he completed a clean sweep, 5-0 without any round losses. *I couldn't ask for a much better showing.*

There was a tally board that showed the results that hung high over their section of the stadium. He was happy to see that both he and Daphne would be heading into the elimination rounds. She'd gone 3-2 as had the left-handed Durmstrang lad, but she'd had fewer round losses and so won the tiebreaker.

They ended up being the first to finish and so cooled down at the side of the platform. Heading over to her, he wrapped her in his arms, "Well done."

Hugging him back weakly, she smiled tiredly, "Thanks. I honestly don't like my chances after this, but it'll be worth the experience."

"Honestly, it might not be quite as bad as you think. You won't have to fight twenty plus matches in the next round all one right after the other."

"True." They were interrupted then as they were joined by their families.

Sirius wrapped him in a big hug and whooped with joy. Harry squeezed the old dog back, it was hard enough that he was forced to let go. He made a show of cricking his back, "Jeez, you've gotten strong."

Remus was far more subdued as he approached, "Brilliantly done, Harry. Really."

"Damn right it was brilliant." Sirius clapped him on the shoulder, "You'd have given your mum and dad a run for their money... and you're only eighteen. Give it another few years and Albus will have a hard time with you." Harry ran a hand through his hair, chuffed but mildly uncomfortable with the praise.

"You always had a flair for the dramatic, Sirius." Daphne's mother stood there looking imperious. *So that's where Daphne got that look from.* She went and hugged her daughter, and gave her a kiss on the forehead, "You did wonderfully dear, I couldn't be prouder."

"Thank you." She said warmly, "Father?"

"Wishes he could have been here, but the shop simply couldn't do without both of us." Daphne nodded her head but he could see the slight flicker of disappointment in her eyes.

Her mother saw it to and cupped her cheek, "He promises to be here for the next round." Daphne nodded her head as the elder Greengrass glanced in his direction, "Now, won't you introduce me?"

"Oh, of course," Daphne beamed and pulled on his arm, "Mother this is, Harry. Harry this is Analise Greengrass."

"It's a pleasure to meet you." Harry told her honestly. The older woman had the same golden-blonde hair as her oldest daughter, but her eyes were a dark grey.

“Likewise,” She told him, as Astoria gave him a smirk from her mother’s side. *Why do I feel like she and I are going to be having a conversation some time soon.* “While your godfather is a bit of a blowhard, I have to agree with him. Your performance was fantastic.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome,” she reached for Daphne’s hand and pulled her away, “Now, head back and get changed so we can catch up before I have to leave.” Listening to her mum, Daphne gave his hand a squeeze and headed back to the changing rooms as Analise went and spoke with Sirius.

Padma and Hermione came over then, and both gave him a quick hug, though the way their noses scrunched up told him all he needed to know, “And you thought we were crazy for participating in the academic tournament.” Padma told him.

“It was bloody brilliant.” He told them. Most anyone else would be exhausted after so much magic, but he was ready for another round or three. Both girls just shook their head at the insanity of that.

Hermione clucked her tongue, “I’m just glad I didn’t go out for the team. I’m fine at spells but I don’t have the stamina or athleticism to fight for **literal** hours.”

“That’s what the training is for, Hermione.”

“Sounds miserable.” She told him with a tiny smirk of her own, he’d said the same to her more than once when they discussed the academic tournament. Hermione gave him one last pat on the shoulder, not risking getting covered in his sweat again, “Good job, though. Now go get a shower.”

It sounded like a good idea to him, but there were still two people he knew wanted to offer their congratulations. He could feel their eagerness through the allure that rolled against his skin. As the two girls left him, he turned toward Orina and Anya and just opened his arm to them. He really didn’t care who saw them as they embraced tightly. His two lovers didn’t have any reservations about his state, “You were incredible.” Orina told him breathily.

Anya nodded against his shoulder, “It was amazing to watch. You’re truly gifted. No wonder you were able to protect us.” Iliyana stood just behind them and commented in Bulgarian, “The Matriarch says you were impressive, that she looks forward to seeing you in next round.”

At that moment a weight jumped into him from the back and raven black hair that wasn’t his own filled his vision, “I won all my matches, Harry!” Sue Li was so proud of herself, she couldn’t contain her excitement. He reached back and ended up cupping her bum as she wrapped her legs around his waist. She was the only person he could imagine that would be just as energized after the long day as he was. While his stamina was partially thanks to his impressive magical ability, hers was just born of incredible conditioning.

“Ah, I remember you from Sprintvitches.” Anya said with dark eyes, she was looking at Sue Li like a treat. He could feel the Chinese girl’s cheek heat up where it was pressed against his own. Coming back to herself, she dropped her legs to the ground and stood at Harry’s side. Not wanting her to feel self-conscious for a moment, he wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

He could’ve sworn he heard a snort of laughter from Sirius, but he ignored it. *Let the mutt think whatever he likes. The truth is far better than whatever he’s probably imagining anyway.*

“Yes... hi there.” Sue gave them both a small wave.

“Congratulations, Sue.” Harry told her, proud of how she’d done, “You worked so hard.”

“I beat the Durmstrang Champion, 3-2. But he’s still the other person from my group going through to the elimination rounds.”

While it was warm in the stadium his sweat soaked shirt was starting to go cold and he shivered against the witch in the crook of his arm. All three girls gave him a look, “I think you should head to showers, too.” Orina told him with a chuckle.

Anya walked over to him and pressed a kiss to his cheek and glanced at Sue in a way he could only describe as predatory before she told him, “We’ll see you after, love. You know where to find us.” She gave Sue a sensual smile, “You’re welcome, too.” He swore he could feel Sue’s heart hammering in her chest at the offer. Iliyana watched it all play out from a distance with a discerning eye.

“You’re incorrigible,” Harry told her with a shake of his head. But honestly, he found it all endearing. *It’s good to know that I’m not the only one that finds these gorgeous girls so enticing.*

Anya gave him big, innocent doe eyes, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Sure you don’t.” He didn’t believe her for one second, no matter how good she was at that look. There was a cheer from somewhere else in the stadium as matches continued finishing up. There was the first and he’d reached a point where he was eager for a warm shower, just to get the stink of sweat off of him. He said a quick goodbye to Sirius and Remus before heading off.

Keeping his arm around the Ravenclaw beauty, they walked together toward their changing rooms. When they were alone in the tunnel, Sue finally spoke, “So... where are you going after this?”

“Oh, Orina and Anya have a room in the castle... after they were attacked at Hogsmeade.” It wasn’t something that was widely known, and Dumbledore had made it clear not to publicize the fact that he’d gotten out of the castle long after curfew, “I’ll head up there and have dinner with them.” He knew it was unlikely to be all that they were up to, but it certainly wasn’t a lie.

Sue nodded her head firmly, and considered what to say next, “And... would you mind if I joined you?” It seemed to take a great deal to get the words out and then she was chattering away nervously, “Or not, if you prefer. I’m sure that the offer was just her being polite. In fact, just for...”

“If that’s what you want, you’re more than welcome.” He knew that she had a tendency to get in her own head about these things and didn’t want her feeling anything other than wanted. When pushed, he knew that she could take control, Daphne and Susan had brought it out of her, but that didn’t stop her from falling into her own nerves at times.

“Oh...” She hadn’t expected such easy acceptance from him, “alright... I’ll meet you out here then?”

“Perfect.” Harry gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and watched her perky bum bounce as she hurried into the girl’s changing room. Simply elated from the day so far, he headed to get cleaned up himself.

It felt good getting clean. His hair was still wet as he stepped back out into the corridor. Sue was already waiting for him, her black locks hung wet down her back. *Looks like she was in a bit of a hurry.*

Four more competitors came striding down the tunnel then. Neville and Michael Corner both came in looking a bit defeated, and tired to the bone, "That girl is good."

"Who?" Harry asked them as they passed him in the doorway.

"Solen LeClaire," Neville told him with a frown, "She's a menace, I tell you, mate. You're gonna have your hands full if you run into her."

"I hope I do. It should be fun." Neville looked at him like he was crazy.

"You know, sometimes I really do think you're mad."

"Maybe a bit. But being a bit mad makes everything more fun." Harry chuckled as he held the door open for them.

The other two coming down were third years. Luna looked dead on her feet but proud with her arm around Ginny who was holding her up. The redhead looked to be in far better shape. Surprisingly energetic still, in fact.

Sue headed over to them before he had a chance and she gave the younger Ravenclaw a hug, "How'd you do?"

"I won four," Luna informed the Chinese witch with a beaming smile, "made it to the next round."

"She was brilliant." Ginny gave the waifish girl's shoulder a firm squeeze.

"How bout you, Gin?" Harry asked as he came to stand with him.

"Same, four wins, made it to the next round." She gave him a wide grin, but winced slightly from a bruise forming on her thigh, "Much as I'd love to chat, I feel disgusting and need a long, hot shower."

"That sounds... bloody brilliant." Luna said tiredly. The day had clearly caught up with her. Giving him a wink, the little minx guided her friend into the showers leaving Harry and Sue alone in the tunnel.

"So... shall we?" He offered his arm to Sue. She took it in her own slender one and walked with him out of the stadium. The castle was oddly quiet as they made their way up the enchanted staircase. *Most people must still be down at the tournament.* The only time he'd ever seen it so empty was during the Christmas holiday.

The two walked in comfortable silence, but when he turned them onto the third floor corridor, he could sense her growing trepidation, "Relax... nothing's going to happen that you don't want. I promise. If all you want is to fill your belly and have dinner with them, that's what we're going to do, okay?"

He could feel her relief at his words, and she gave him a gentle smile, "I... thank you."

"It's always my pleasure, Sue." He gave her a winning smile and she ducked her head with a small blush. It was only a few short minutes before they arrived at the room across from the One-Eyed Witch Statue.

Knocking on the door, he only needed to wait seconds before the door opened. Anya beamed when she saw the two of them and gestured them inside. The room was largely different from the first time they'd slept there. It'd expanded seemingly of its own accord with a dining area separated from the bedroom and bathroom.

Both of his veela lovers wore a pair of form fitting jeans that did nothing to hide their wide hips, there was still paint on their cheeks, proud to represent for him. Orina wore a knitted sweater while Anya had a far more revealing, deep-v blouse, that showed off her impressive cleavage, "So glad you decided to join us." Anya beamed at the younger girl and grabbed her hand.

Orina looked amused at her best friend's antics as she guided them over to the table. Anya leaned into the Chinese witch and pressed her impressive chest against her arm, it didn't seem to bother her but her cheeks did tinge red at the contact, "You must be hungry after such long day. Come."

Harry looked at the inviting spread and could only ask, "Dobby?"

"Of course," Orina told him with a smile, "Come you should eat." They all sat down and Harry couldn't help but notice that Anya made sure to sit next to her newest fascination. *Orina wasn't much better when she met Ginny in all fairness.*

The assembled food was heavy on protein to rebuild and carbs to refuel after the day's events. Despite her slender frame, Sue had no problem filling her plate with a big, juicy steak. "So, Harry tells us you're a brilliant duelist?" Anya didn't seem nearly as interested in eating herself as she leaned in to Sue, "We should've moved and watched your matches today, too. Harry trouncing his opponents was fun but it did become rather predictable after certain point."

"I'm... not bad." Sue said humbly, before chewing on a chunk of meat. Bragging wasn't in her nature, even if she knew that she was exceptional. Both fourth years knew they were easily a match for any fifth year and would happily put themselves against any of the sixth years too. *And if our experience against Fleur is anything to go by, we could have a good go at the seventh years too.*

"All you English have incredible ability to struggle with compliments." Anya's hand was under the table rubbing along Sue's denim clad legs, "If Harry says you're brilliant. I believe him. He's not the sort to lie."

"No, he's not." Sue threw him a small smile and then squeaked slightly as Anya gave her thigh a squeeze.

Anya eyes were alight with obvious interest, happy to have her attention back, "Next round, there won't be so many people. We'll be able to watch you properly." Orina hid a smile behind her goblet as she took a drink of wine.

They kept making small talk, everything from their classes to Orina's and Anya's interests and all the while, the latter kept teasing her exotic guest. When the meal was done and their stomachs were happily satisfied, the blonde vixen went in for a kill, "I'm curious, did you like show we gave you... last time you came to Sprintvitches?"

Sue's lips parted, but she didn't answer. Instead, she was almost panting with need. He could see Anya's hand moving along the inside of the Ravenclaw's thigh, deliciously close to her core. While he'd meant it when he told her that nothing would happen in this room that she didn't want, Anya clearly intended to make sure that she **very much** wanted it.

Since she was having such a hard time answering, Anya prompted, "Vell... did you?"

A single word escaped the slender girl as she stared at the veela toying with her, her eyes were big and looking at Anya like she was the most gorgeous woman thing in the world, "Yes..."

"I could smell it... you know. You were so fucking wet, it was decadent perfume." Anya wasn't hiding her intentions any more, she moved out of her own seat and sat herself on Sue's thigh, "Just like I can smell it now." Sue opened her legs wider, inviting her to touch wherever she pleased.

"It's delicious," Orina added as her own hand went to Harry's thigh.

"So tell us... what would you like us to do about it?" Anya's hand stilled on the front of Sue's jeans right over her sex. Sue mumbled something incoherent, pale skin flaming red at the teasing she was suffering, "Sorry... I didn't quite hear that."

Sue's breath hitched as Anya pressed her palm flat and incessantly against her core, "I... I want... you to make me cum."

"Just me?" Sue shook her head, "who else?"

"All three of you... and Harry... Harry most of all." Her dark eyes looked almost black with desire as they found him as Orina's dainty fingers ran along his length.

Anya's allure absolutely exploded at that admission, and it caused Sue to groan low in her throat. She'd been keeping it under control, ensuring that everything that happened was exactly what Sue wanted and uninfluenced by any magic, "That's what I thought." Grabbing her by the hand, Anya led her toward the bedroom.

Harry watched them go and didn't stir until Orina grabbed his hand and guided him to follow. They were met by the sight of Anya stripping the slender Chinese girl. She worked quickly, eager to get her naked. Her pale body was blemish free and gorgeous. Her legs were long and slender and led to slim hips and a firm, athletic bum. Her dripping pussy was covered by a thin, lacey pair of silver knickers. The swell of her tits, particularly big for her frame, were contained in a matching bra.

Anya's talented digits slid beneath the elastic band of her knicker and pulled a sinful moan from Sue's lips. Her drooling quim squelched as those fingers sunk deep, "Hmm... you're so tight. And your abs are... incredible." Sue didn't speak, only panted needily as her face went red with need. Anya didn't mind one bit, she seemed to revel in pulling more and more desperate sounds from the horny girl. She pushed the younger girl back until she fell across the bed. Her knee came up to grind against Sue's panty clad sex, and the girl mewled needily at the delicious friction.

Orina seemed just as turned on by the scene as Harry as she pulled him toward the bed, "Come, let's have some fun of our own while Anya gets her ready."

Their clothes melted away in just a second, consumed in a fire with no heat. He didn't know how they actually did that, but just knew they'd reappear when they were done. Orina bent perky bum over the bed, sure to keep the other two women in her sight. Looking back at him, she pulled her bubbly bumcheeks apart and wiggled her hips invitingly. Not one to ignore such a blatant, enticing display of beauty, he stepped behind her and ran his leaking knob through her slick sex.

Her pussy was perfectly tight, as always and hugged every vein of his cock as he started pounding into the veela with a practiced rhythm. They both watched as Anya absolutely ravished the younger woman,

Her own clothes disappeared in a snap of flames as she pushed Sue further up the bed. Hooking one leg over one of Sue's, she slid the other under Sue's and pressed their sexes together, "Bloody hell..." Harry

said almost reverently as he watched the two of them together. It wasn't a position he'd ever seen before. *I wonder if that's what Anya and Orina get up to when I'm not here.*

At the sound of his voice, Sue looked over at him. There was nothing but pure desire reflected in the dark depths. Slipping the straps of her bra down her shoulder, her hard, long nipples were exposed to the cool air. Her areolas were dark pink and pebbled and her pointy nipples were begging for attention. A wanton moan escaped her as Anya did just that. She pinched the nub and twisted just a bit, enough to ride that fine edge between pleasure and pain.

And then her hips started rotating in the most sinful way imaginable as she grinded their sexes together. Their inner thighs were stained with their combined arousal as they rutted. Harry found his eyes drawn to Sue's beautiful abs as they flexed with every little movement. He felt Orina cover his cock in her cream as she shook through her own orgasm at the carnal sights.

"Do you like watching them?" Harry asked as he leaned over her back. His cock slipped out of her slick tunnel and he thwacked it down on one firm bum cheek. It left a stain of her juices on her smooth skin.

"Fuck... yes." She rubbed her bum up and down along his shaft, trying to slip him back in, "Please, love. I feel so empty without you... put it back!"

Instead of fulfilling her desperate plea, he dropped his fingers to her sex and hammered them in and out furiously. Her slippery essence squirted around his digits as he drove her to a mind-numbing orgasm, she gave a guttural scream as she shuddered through her peak.

Her body went limp, and her face ended up lying on Sue's thigh. It was only then that Harry filled her again with his cum-covered cock. Her head popped right back up when his slick finger popped past the ring of her impossibly tight bum. Orina keened low in her throat as her fingers dug into the soft skin of Anya's thigh. Her grippy passage held him in place as she shook in ways that were inhumanly decadent. It proved too much, and he emptied his first load into the beautiful veela.

Reaching between herself and Sue, Anya toyed with the younger girl's slippery, sensitive clit and it all just became too much for her. With a light squeak she came undone, and Anya only kept humping smoothly against her, "There you go, gorgeous girl. Cum for me. Just like Harry did for Orina." She gave a wicked smile, "Just think, it's your turn next." Sue bit down hard on her lip as her eyes rolled toward the back of her head at that declaration.

When Sue's body finally stopped twitching in ecstasy, Anya disentangled herself and bounced to her side, running a hand through her dark tresses. Sue tried to stop her from playing with her sensitive slit, but she wasn't having any of it. With two fingers, she splayed open her tight lips, and presented her pale pink sex to Harry.

Still rock hard, he throbbed against Orina's ass, Anya sent him a lascivious little smirk, "I think you have another hole to fill, handsome." Entranced, he let go of the womanly hips in front of him and moved around to Sue. He rested his cock on her firm tummy, and it looked obscene against her thin waist. He grabbed a hold of her and for the first time noticed that he could nearly encircle her entire waist with his two hands, she yelped lightly as he pulled her to the edge.

Silently, Sue gave her his approval as he lined his spongy dome up with her beautiful little hole. Slick from fucking and filling Orina already, he slipped his cockhead into her entrance, "Fuck..." Her tunnel

clutched to his girth immediately. Her lips stretched lewdly around his cock and he could see a slight bump on her pubic mound thanks to his large crown.

Anya ran a hand through Orina's hair as both watched them with dark, lustful blue eyes. Voice husky with desire, his first lover half begged, and half commanded, "Ravage her. Make her yours."

Harry didn't immediately listen though. Instead, he looked down at the svelte girl beneath him, "Is that what you want, Sue? Do you want me to ravage your... tight... pristine... little pussy?" He flexed his cock with each word, and he felt her toes curl against his hip as she tried to pull him in.

Sue nodded her head vigorously, but he wanted to hear her say it, "No, tell me. Tell me what you want me to do to you." When they were alone, when he'd brought her all the pleasure he could muster, he'd heard her beg him more than once. And he wanted to hear it now. He wanted his lovers to hear it.

Softly she told him, "I want... I want you to fill me, to stretch me, to shape me around your big, fat cock."

He heard Anya gasp at the words and he couldn't deny that hearing the usually reserved girl's filthy request had him unable to refuse. His hips steadily moved forward, and even breaking her barrier didn't elicit a sound from her. She was so tight and warm around his cock, almost vice like. Her abs flexed with every inch that sunk into her. Moving one of his hands, he traced the lines of her abs and pressed where he knew his cock was burrowed inside of her.

Finally, he ended up balls deep in her and Sue stared down at where pussy was stretched lewdly around his shaft, "Oh my gods..." she whispered almost reverently.

Anya chuckled as she moved so that her head was on Sue's taut tummy, "Now, he's going to ravage you."

Circling her waist in his grip again, he started wrenching her back and forth along his jutting length. Her pillowy tits bounced on her chest with every clap of their flesh. She was light and lithe and he could move her around effortlessly.

Sue reveled in every blow he delivered to her body, her mouth lolled open and she let out the cutest little squeaks with every plunge of his cock. But he wanted more. He wanted her to completely unravel. He wanted her out of her mind from the pleasure. So, as he felt her tighten like a vice around his cock, trying to keep him in place and milk his cock, he persevered.

Lifting her hips from the bed, he stood to full height, and left only her shoulders pressed to the bed. *Clap. Clap. Clap.* His thrusts were thunderous, and if it weren't for Anya and Orina, he imagined Sue would have trouble walking when they were done. Sue clutched at anything and everything, eyes blissed out in pure pleasure.

Her face and upper chest were red as he fucked her from one peak to the next. It took all of his experience to keep from succumbing to her relentlessly massaging tunnel, but he managed. And in the end, it was worth it. The raven-haired girl's voice rose slowly but surely, and she went from little squeaks to full blown screams and then he got what he really wanted. She begged.

"Please... please... Harry! I want your cum! I **need** your cu! Please give it to me! I want to feel it in my womb!" There were tears in the corner of her eyes as the pleasure just overwhelmed her, "It's too good... please! Please! Give me your cum!"

He looked at Anya and saw that she was absolutely giddy at her wanton plea, "You heard her, handsome. I think she's earned it."

Burying herself deep in her clutching sheath, his dick pulsed and throbbed, unleashing inside of her beautiful body. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she whispered to herself more than him, "So warm... so fucking warm..." When she was properly seeded, he let go of her hips and she popped off his cock. One last strand of his cum flicked from the top of his cock and landed on her abs.

Leaning down, he kissed Sue tenderly on the lips. Smiling against her, he told her, "That was definitely the best celebration I've ever had."