

The Great Hall was packed full with all of the extra students but it seemed to Harry the millennia old castle expanded of its own accord to accommodate them. The Beauxbatons students stood at attention where they'd joined the Ravenclaw students at their table. It was only when their Headmistress took her seat that they did too. The two headmistresses were seated on either side of Dumbledore.

Dumbledore stood and the whole hall quieted down, "Welcome! Welcome all of you! You've traveled long and far, and so... let's eat." At his last word, the tables were filled with food. It was quite extravagant for a Friday lunch but considering the circumstances it made sense.

Some of it looked like the usual fare, but then there were some dishes that he'd never seen on Hogwarts' tables before. *Probably for the sake of our guests. Something tells me that most of the students from Beauxbatons aren't used to heavy English fare.*

Of course, none of the foreign students had joined the Gryffindor table so it was largely lost on him and his housemates. He did see Hermione take a bit of fish stew near them as she explained to Ron that it was called bouillabaisse. Their friend dismissed the French dish out of hand.

Feeling daring, he decided to take some potato pancakes, covered in a berry of some sort. The berry was a bit tart, but it tasted good all the same.

Across from him, Ron was staring at someone across the room, and this time it wasn't the young French woman, instead he was fixated on one of the Durmstrang students sitting with the Slytherins, "That's... that's Victor Krum."

Harry turned to follow his gaze to a familiar face. He'd seen it all over the camp at the Quidditch World Cup. The Bulgarian Seeker was sat next to Draco, though from the look on his face, he wasn't well-pleased with that fact. The man in question was thin, dark-haired, and pallid with a large, hooked nose and thick eyebrows, "Huh, you're right."

"How're you not more excited?"

"He looks quite grumpy." Hermione interjected, glancing across the room at the older wizard disinterestedly.

Harry breathed out a laugh, but responded to Ron, "Maybe because I've spent every practice for the last month around Gwenog Jones and Daithi Moran... so, I've had my fill of famous quidditch players. And in the end, he's just another student." He knew that's how he would prefer to be viewed. *Even if I never seem to manage it.*

"Just another student' he says, unbelievable." But Ron's eyes never left the quidditch star, "Why did they have to sit with the snakes?" He bemoaned

Harry shrugged his shoulders disinterested, "I doubt they made a point of picking them. And besides, it's not like they're all bad." Given his activities only a short while earlier with one of their members, he felt like he was something of an authority on that fact.

"Speak for yourself, mate." Scowling, Ron returned to his food annoyed, fork digging into a piece of beef and scratching the plate.

Ginny snorted next to him at her brother's sulking, "Grow up, Ron. It's not as though you don't stare at Tracey's bum every chance you get during quidditch practices." Even Harry could feel the intensity of the glare that Parvati was throwing at Ron thanks to that declaration.

Suddenly, Ron didn't have time to sulk about who Krum was sitting with as he was far more concerned with doing damage control with his girlfriend. Harry hid his laughter as he looked at Ginny, "That was cold, Ginny."

"He deserves it... sometimes at least." Ginny winked at him, entirely unrepentant, "He needs to pull his head out of his arse and accept that there are some good Slytherins too. He seems to be one of the only people left who can't seem to wrap their heads around it."

"Well, I can't say I disagree with you there... but, I don't even know if he stares at Tracey's arse during practices."

"Oh, it happens. Well, the staring does anyway." Ginny said mischievously, "It's kinda hard not to when he's the keeper and watching the action of the game. I can't say for sure where his eyes are going when he's staring though."

"You're a menace." He told her, amused.

She shrugged her shoulders, "only occasionally. And only to my brothers... mostly anyway."

"Just a good reminder not to get on your bad side."

"You'd be hard pressed to manage that, Potter." Ginny nudged his shoulder before getting pulled into a conversation with Demelza.

"Excuse moi, are you done with ze bouillabaisse?" A decidedly French voice asked from behind him, it was almost melodic and it reminded him immediately of Orina and Anya. If that wasn't enough of an indication who was standing behind him, the way that Ron's eyes glazed made it obvious.

"Yeah, it was excellent..." His ginger friend replied, voice touched with awe. He was quickly snapped out of it with a yelp as his girlfriend stamped on his foot. *At the rate he's going, he's going to be lucky if he still has a girlfriend by the end of the day.*

Hermione rolled her eyes from his other side and said loud enough that everyone could hear, "You refused to try it, you git. When I said it's quite nice, you said you'd take my word for it." Ron's ears were red as his hair as he stared at his plate, doing his best to keep himself out of any further trouble... and embarrassment for that matter.

Turning in his seat, Harry came face to face with the beautiful young woman who waited there patiently. It was fair to say that she was just as captivating up close as she had been from a distance, "You're more than welcome to the rest. I think Hermione was the only one who had any."

She stared at him intently to a point that would have made him feel uncomfortable in the past. Seemingly paying no else else even a bit of notice, she asked "Did you not try 'eet?"

"No," He told her winningly, "I needed something with a bit more carbs than that. Quidditch and dueling to think about and all that. So, I went with one of the..." he didn't actually know where it was from.

“Swedish, it was Swedish, Harry.” Hermione supplied for him, sounding amused.

“Thank you... one of the Swedish dishes.” *Though it’s not just quidditch and dueling that I need the energy for, but no one else needs to know that.*

With every word out of his mouth, the French witch across from him seemed more intrigued by him. Grabbing the pot of, admittedly, delicious looking fish stew he offered it to the older woman, “Here you go. I’m Harry by the way, Harry Potter.”

Eyes widening ever so slightly, something occurred to her that seemed to make everything she was thinking click into place. He was surprised to find that she didn’t look to his forehead and the diminished scar that remained there.

Taking the pot from him, she offered a bright smile and introduced herself, “Fleur. It iz nice to meet you, ‘Arry. And zank you.” There was something incredibly alluring about the way that she said his name, and it had absolutely nothing to do with her actual allure.

With that she turned and walked back to the Ravenclaw table, Harry knew his weren’t the only eyes that glanced down to her bum as she walked away. *It is quite a sight.* Though, he was the one capable of turning away before it became obvious, and frankly rude, staring.

When he turned back to his plate, he heard Ginny snicker at his side, “Oh, sod off you.” He told her quietly and acutely aware that the attention of the table was still on him.

“What? I didn’t say anything.” She tried to act innocent, but he knew better. It didn’t help that she couldn’t hide the little grin on her face.

“No, but you were thinking it.”

“What? That you seem to attract veela with a shocking amount of ease. Guilty.” She told him as the attention finally seemed to move away from him.

Harry watched as Ron stabbed his fork down into his plate, staring daggers down at the poor piece of beef there. He mouthed to Ginny, “What’s his problem?”

“If I ever figure that out, I’ll let you know.” She whispered to avoid attracting her brother’s anger. *He’ll get over it eventually.*

It was only a few minutes later, as the food disappeared from the tables, that Ron’s brooding was no longer of much interest to him. An ornate, jeweled casket was carried into the room by two ministry officials. He didn’t recognize either of them, but three of the people that followed behind, he did. There was Ludo Bagman, who he’d met for the first time at the World Cup, and behind him was Bartemius Crouch.

He wasn’t surprised to see them considering they were part of the Department of Magical Games and Sports and the other International Magical Co-operation. Their workers had been on the school grounds for weeks to ensure everything was in order for the coming tournaments and events.

The person he wasn’t expecting to see was Amelia Bones. She was still Head of the DMLE, her support for Scrimgeour resulting in his successful election. Behind her followed two witches and two wizards wearing the robes of the Magical Law Enforcement Patrol.

The casket was placed in front of the head table, and it was only then that Dumbledore stood and walked to it. The lights in the hall seemed to dim and flicker as he approached the casket and opened it with a wave of his wand, reaching inside. What he pulled from within was a nondescript, wooden goblet with just the hint of silver runes carved into its rim.

Dumbledore spoke, voice carrying over the quiet whispers of the Hogwarts students and guests alike, "You all know of the tournaments that have brought us together. Here you have... the Goblet of Fire," he held it aloft, for all to see clearly, "It is the impartial adjudicator that will select the participants for the final event." There were murmurs in the hall as he placed it atop the casket, and it erupted in white-blue flames. For the briefest of seconds, they flickered red, but no one seemed to pay that any mind.

"Your name, year, and school must be clearly written on a piece of parchment and added to the flames to be considered for participation. There will be both a Protective Line and the Magical Patrol in place to ensure there is nothing... untoward done. Anyone younger than the participating years who attempts to subvert those protections won't enjoy the repercussions, I'm sure." He said the last far more cheerfully than the warning probably warranted.

"You have until Hallowe'en, this upcoming Monday, to enter your name." The Headmaster finished with a flourish, "Consider wisely and have a wonderful rest of your day." Waving his wand one more time, he walked away from the casket as a perfect, silver circle surrounded the casket. *Well, that must be the line he was talking about.*

With that assembled students all started chattering excitedly. Already there were Hogwarts' students pulling pieces of parchment from their bags and scribbling the necessary information down.

Harry watched as Ron across from him did just that and hopped off the bench, his earlier sulking entirely forgotten. Turning in his seat, Harry watched as students started throwing their names into the fire, "So... you gonna put your name in?" Ginny asked him, turning in her own seat and leaning back against the table.

"Probably..." he said slowly, still uncertain, "I already have quite a lot on, I'm not sure if it's worth adding to it."

"For what it's worth, I think you should." Ginny told him, rubbing absently at his forearm, "You're the best your year, and honestly most the years, have to offer. And you'd be a right sight better than my brother." They shared a laugh, watching as Ron arrived at the front of the line that had formed and tossed his name into the goblet.

"Do you think you'd get chosen?" Lavender asked him from further down the table, drawing both of their attention.

Harry could only shrug his shoulders, "I'd say I have as good a chance as anyone if I do decide to enter." He wouldn't be surprised, given his many adventures. He'd done things he doubted anyone else at any of the three schools could begin to compare to. *But I haven't the foggiest what the Goblet is judging people on. So, it might be about as useful as a chocolate teapot.*

None of the foreign students had risen to join their hosts, simply watching with curiosity as, one by one, students from every house started throwing their names into the flames. With each piece of parchment, the fires flickered red.

As Madame Maxime rose, so did the boys and girls from her academy. For a brief moment, the furor around the goblet stopped as everyone watched them leave, "Do none of them mean to enter?" Lavender asked the air.

"No," Harry chuckled a little at the foolish question, "I don't think they came all this way not to participate. I'd say they don't have any parchment on them. And they don't seem like they were going to beg it off students."

The Durmstrang students didn't leave and nor did their Headmistress, though many of them did get up from the Slytherin table and start trying to find other company around the room. Malfoy looked like someone kicked his puppy when Krum got up without even acknowledging him.

Lavender took that explanation without any complaint, her eyes scanning the foreign boys at the Slytherin table. She slid down the table and sat directly across from Parvati, "Do you see that one there, Parv? Now he's dishy." Her interest in the goblet faded quickly enough, and her priorities were back on the usual.

Harry shared a look with Ginny, and by silent agreement, they both rose and headed away from the Gryffindor table. The redhead went and joined Tracey and Emma, where they were currently sitting at the Ravenclaw table. For his part, Harry ended up by Madame Bones.

The older witch was hugging her niece, and pulled away to hug Daphne as well, "How've you been Daphne? And your sister? I hear things from your father at the Wizengamot, but never as much as I would like. Always too busy, that one."

"I'm not surprised. If you want to know about what's going on with the Greengrasses, you need to run into my mother." Daphne smiled fondly at the thought of both her parents, and he would guess at being reacquainted with someone who'd been a part of her life as a child, "I've been wonderful, Amelia. Properly chuffed honestly, we're only two months into the term and it's already been the best since I've been here. Astoria... is well Astoria, she's always been a bit of a law unto herself."

All three women chuckled at that, "Well, Susan might've mentioned that it had a good deal to do with a certain blonde Slytherin getting brought down a peg or two." Amelia shook her head, disgusted, "It's sad that school children were forced to outright avoid one another because of potential retribution from his father."

"It was miserable," Daphne admitted, "but things have changed... for the better."

"And are you putting your name in the goblet?"

"Merlin, no!" The blonde shook her head emphatically, "I've enough on with the two tournaments I'm already participating in."

Susan noticed him then and grabbed his arm to pull him into the conversation, "Well hello there. Eavesdropping, were we?"

"Not intentionally," he told her, and offered the older witch his best smile, "It's good to see you again, Amelia. I didn't expect to see you."

“You as well, Mr. Potter. After the fiasco at the World Cup, Rufus wanted me to ensure this went off without a hitch.” She looked between the three teens, eyes discerning of the way both girls leaned into him just a bit, “And how about you? Are you planning on joining this tournament?”

“I’m considering it. But like Daphne, I’m quite busy already.”

“If you want to give Hogwarts the best chance of winning for our year, you’ll put your name.” Susan interjected, a hint of pride in her voice for him. He felt like he was being shown off to his girlfriend’s parents. *And I suppose that’s true to some extent.*

“Well, you have at least one vote of confidence.” Amelia looked at Daphne.

“Oh, Susan’s absolutely right.” The other girl added, smirking at Harry and the predicament he’d found himself in.

“Well, with that much support behind me, I suppose I’ll have to put my name in.” He wasn’t entirely convinced just yet, but whatever arguments he had against it were seeming less and less relevant with each vote of confidence from the people in his life. *And besides, dueling should only help in any tasks, and I doubt they’re going to make them the sort of thing that’s going to take up all of the time in between too.*

“Amelia!” Moody limped over to them, eye whizzing around in its socket, “I want to talk to you about the protection on the goblet?”

“Well, I was expecting that. If you’ll excuse me, duty calls.” She muttered to the three of them, “Hello Alastor, wonderful to see you as always. Of course, I’d be happy to discuss it with you.” The Defense Professor took a drink from his flask, and offered it to Amelia, “That best not be whiskey.” Her tone was teasing, but he clearly didn’t catch it.

“Whiskey! No! Constant Vigilance. I wouldn’t have my mind dulled by whiskey.” He handed the flask to Amelia, “Water, I wouldn’t have my enemies poisoning me when I least suspect it.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” She handed the flask back to him and they walked toward the Patrol officers standing at attention at the sides of the room.

“He’s a damn good teacher, tons of experience...” Daphne started, “but there’s a reason why they call him Mad.”

“You’re telling me.”

They were interrupted then by Tracey, who looked absolutely ecstatic, “Harry, we’re headed down to the quidditch pitch. Our new friend there,” she turned to point at a pretty, dark-haired girl that was talking to Ginny, Luna, and Emma, “is a quidditch head. Wants to get out and fly after spending so much time locked up in a ship. We figured, what better time to start working on those inter-school relations that the professors have been banging on about.”

“Go on, Harry.” Susan urged, “You might even find yourself flying against the best seeker in the world.”

He furrowed his brow in false confusion, “I can’t fly against myself, Susie.”

All three girls dropped their mouths at that outlandish statement. Daphne poked him in the ribs, causing him to yelp though he certainly played it up, "Arrogance doesn't look good on you."

"Oh, I know," he leaned into whisper, "I'd say I look much better in nothing at all." The blonde blushed and got a curious look from Tracey that promised a future conversation, "I'm just taking the piss. I'm pretty sure Krum could fly circles around me in his sleep. I was at the World Cup."

"Well, off with you, Potter. You're the only one who has a Firebolt to go grab." Tracey pushed him toward the door, "We'll meet you down at the pitch."

He weaved his way through the throng of people. As he neared the door, he bumped into the very subject of his last conversation, "Oh, sorry about that. Too many people not to run into somebody."

Krum walked a bit duck footed and had rounded shoulders up close. On the ground, he lacked the grace that he showed in the air, "It's... fine." His English was stilted but understandable. There was already a gaggle of girls not far away at the Hufflepuff table giggling and gawking at him.

"Brilliant flying over the summer, by the way." Harry complimented but didn't waste any more time. With that he left the perplexed Bulgarian man behind. His eyes followed Harry as he turned the corner and headed toward the stairs.

He made his way up to the Gryffindor Tower and retrieved his Firebolt without any interruption. Though, he did give a wave to Nearly-Headless Nick as he passed him. When he reached the quidditch pitch, he was surprised by just how many people were already down there, but then it was a longer trek up to Gryffindor tower than it was down to the Black Lake.

There were half a dozen students from Durmstrang just watching the people that were already up in the air, and twice that many Hogwarts students. He could see Ginny and Tracey and Emma fleeing from their new friend, who was in hot pursuit. They weren't playing quidditch, just flying... and playing tag from what he could tell.

The sun had come out fully from behind the clouds and the warmth of its light cut through most of the autumn chill. Straddling his broom, Harry shot up in the air to join them. There was an actual cheer from the Hogwarts students that were watching as he joined the girls. They stopped briefly and hovered over to him, "So, what are we doing?"

"Well, Harry I'm afraid..." Ginny tapped him on the shoulder and before the next words had even left her mouth, the other two girls bolted off in opposite directions, "you're it!" The redhead bolted off too, calling back to him, "And no tag backs."

Harry rocketed off after Emma, not because she was the weakest flyer of the bunch, but because she was definitely nearest. Every turn and evasion she made, he only got closer until a minute or so later, he was tapping her on the shoulder.

The game went on like that each of them dipping and diving through the cool fall air. They were joined by more and more people as the minutes and hours ticked by. The Beauxbatons students could see the commotion at the pitch from their carriage and decided to investigate and joined them too.

The sun was halfway below the horizon when Harry took a little break, hovering near one of the tall visitor's stands. Taking a gander around the crowd, he could see Fleur there with a younger girl, who

looked younger than the fifteen of a first year. She looked no more than ten and was clearly the French witch's younger sister given the striking resemblance. They talked quietly together, sitting slightly apart from the rest of the Beauxbatons students with the exception of one. There was a redhead on Fleur's other side that laughed at something she said.

Fleur must have felt his eyes on her as she looked right at him in the sky. She gave him a little wave, when her sister noticed him, she gave him a brilliant pearly white smile. The younger girl said something to her sister that made her giggle. The little moment was lost when Harry had to evade a charging Blaise, "Come on, Potter!"

"You're never gonna catch me, Zabini!" Harry was right, he didn't. But Emma took advantage of his distraction and managed to tag him while when he went to make one of his turns. *Gotta hand it to her, she is good.*

At the peak of their little game, there were forty people up in the air from first to seventh year and all three schools. There were three people 'it' at one time at that point, because otherwise there was too much "hovering around for it to be any real fun." Or at least that was what Tracey and her new friend insisted

And that said nothing about the clangor happening in the stands. Most of Hogwarts, and almost every one of their guests filled them. Harry was disappointed that Viktor never made his way into the skies, but he was watching the whole thing with the interest of a man who adored nothing more than flying.

Those numbers dwindled as the sun fell below the trees and bathed the pitch in darkness. When Harry finally landed on the ground the stands were mostly empty, but where before the schools had largely been apart from each other, those that remained were mixed groups of Beauxbatons, Durmstrang, and Hogwarts. As were those who'd already left.

Harry stumbled slightly as someone jumped on his back and filled his vision with flame red hair, "All it takes is some games and a bit of flying to bring people together." Ginny said wistfully.

"It was a good idea." Harry agreed.

"True... not my idea though." She pulled on him slightly to turn his head to the dark-haired girl from earlier as she walked next to Tracey, "Harry meet Sigrid, Sigrid meet Harry. Sigrid is from Sweden. Same year as me." Considering they'd all been at it the longest, they were sweaty and tired, but you wouldn't know it from the smiles on their faces.

"Hello."

"Hi," Sigrid replied with a crooked smile, "You're very good on a broom." The girl was as short as Ginny, with grey-blue eyes, and hair coal black as his own.

"Thanks." They all pulled up short when Viktor stood in their way. Much to his surprise, Sigrid gave the older man a hug.

"You've gotten better while I was playing for the Bulgarian team, *bratovced.*" Viktor told her with a smile.

"I spent long enough flying. I'd be disappointed if I hadn't gotten any better." All three could only stare at the interaction. Harry fought a chuckle as he thought about what Hermione had said earlier. *He doesn't look nearly as grumpy now, in all fairness.*

Noticing the looks they were getting, Sigrid explained, "Viktor and I are cousins. On my mother's side."

"And my father's." Viktor supplied.

"Oh," Tracey said rather loudly, "well that's awesome." She hooked her arm with Sigrid's and dragged her along toward the castle, "So have you been to any of the Vultures games? I hear your cousin is going to be playing for them."

Viktor shook his head, but had a fond smile on his face before he looked at the remaining pair, "You're both good flyers. I look forward to seeing you in an actual game." Harry couldn't help but notice his accent was thicker than either Orina or Anya's.

"Thanks." They both replied simply, not sure what else to say to the most naturally talented flyer they'd ever seen on a broom.

"I heard you are best seeker at Hogwarts." Krum was looking at Harry, "Obnoxious blonde boy claimed it wasn't true, but others told me he was lying... has grudge against you."

"I'm not half bad, but it certainly doesn't take much to be better than Draco." Ginny snickered against his back at that, and he reached back to pinch her bum and make her behave.

"I would like to see for myself." Viktor nodded, making up his mind. "We will have to fly together then. With fewer people though... and snitch to catch." Harry could have pointed out that he'd get plenty of chances to for himself in the upcoming tournament, but thought it was better to keep his mouth shut. With that, the famous seeker turned and headed alone up toward the castle.

"Well, that'll be interesting." Ginny wrapped her legs around Harry's waist, making herself more comfortable on his back.

"Am I supposed to carry you all the way up to the castle?"

"I'm tired..." she told him with a cute pout in her voice, "And I promise to repay the favor."

"Oh, little Ginny Weasley is going to carry me **on her back** up to the castle, huh?" He didn't believe that for one second. She was stronger than she looked, but that didn't mean she could carry him uphill that far.

"Alright, maybe not in kind. But I promise to repay it somehow." She leaned into to whisper in his ear, "I can already think of plenty of fun ways of doing it."

"Well, if you insist." The grumble from his stomach was enough to spur him into motion and toward food. When they arrived, the Great Hall was filled again with students from all three schools, but now they were spread out across every house table. Fleur and her younger sister were talking with Luna and Sue Li at the Ravenclaw table and he almost went to join them but, was stopped by a hand on each shoulder just after he let Ginny down.

Fred spoke from his left, "Harry, our dear friend. I think you should come and spend some time with your old teammates."

"We've missed you." George continued, "Angelina's been the worst, but that's understandable. You were her favorite little firstie once... and she's never quite let that go."

"You don't have to twist my leg, lads. And you certainly don't need to guilt me." He'd half expected to get the same conversation from them that he'd gotten from Ron, but they knew better than to interfere in Ginny's affairs. So, he spent dinner talking with some old friend he hadn't seen much during this unique year after an afternoon spent making a couple of new ones.

By the time he reached the common room, it was already near curfew. And half the house was still up talking about the eventful day. It was near midnight when his head found its pillow, and he was bone tired and ready for a good night's sleep. Though, he'd grown accustomed to that meaning six reinvigorating hours at most.

Since the destruction of the Horcrux in his head, his dreams had been normal. That wasn't to say that they were uneventful, or boring, but they no longer included vivid images of what the diminished Dark Lord was doing hidden away.

The one that came to him as he dreamed that night was just as vivid as the old ones that he'd suffered but decidedly more pleasant.

He was naked as the day he was born, and the silk against his knees felt real. The soft skin beneath his fingers was firm and yielding to his grip. He was looking down at a beautiful, curvaceous woman with silver-blond hair. That was nothing new to him, he'd found himself in this very position in the waking world more than once. But the eyes that looked up at him weren't either Orina or Anya's, no they were Fleur's.

Her toned body shook and jiggled with every spear of his shaft into her body. Her pussy was tight and slick, and felt like heaven. Little whimpers escaped her lips with every thrust, "Oui... oui... 'Arry... mon amour... 'arder... I can take... everything you can give me. I can take it." Her slender fingers gripped at the sheets, pulling them hard as her legs quaked.

There was hot breath against his ear, "Another one, Harry? You just can't seem to get enough, can you?" Hands caressed his chest and his bum and one went to his bollocks and caressed the sensitive, swinging sack.

"I..."

"She is so beautiful." He did not know who was speaking to him, Anya or Orina, as their voices seemed to meld into one,, "Look at her losing her mind on your big, fat cock. Do we look that good when it's us?"

"Oh yes," The other insisted squeezing hard at the base of his shaft as he neared his peak, "No, not yet. Not nearly yet."

"Please... please... I need it!" Fleur begged, eyes wide dark and wide with liquid lust. But then, before his eyes, the woman beneath him changed. The sight was no less lovely as he was greeted with the dark eyes and slender body of Sue Li.

The gorgeous Chinese witch was biting her lip, trying to stifle the pleasure that he was giving her. She was looking back over her shoulder at him as he took her from behind, "What magnificent bum." He could make them out now to some extent, as Orina's hand clapped down against the pale flesh of the girl's bouncing bottom.

"And those legs, so long and graceful." Anya added, "If she wasn't such fine duelist, she should have been dancer." Sue's face was turning red as she did her best not to let him hear those noises he so desperately loved.

It was a losing battle though, as she screamed at the top of her lungs, "Fuck! Yes! Use my little pussy!"

"Oh, there she goes." Anya giggled. "Look at how she's pulsing around you. She wants every drop, doesn't she?"

Harry through his head back, ready to cum but again it disappeared. When he tilted his head again, Sue was nowhere to be seen, but now the silk of the sheets was at his back and he was looking at Daphne. Squatting over his cock with her pussy stretched lewdly around his sizeable girth, she bounced up and down with every bit of force she could muster.

"You fucking... like that... don't you! I'm going... to take... every drop from you cock!" There was a wanton, desperate look in her eyes that he'd never seen before and it made him want to take her even harder. His hands went to her hips, but she slapped them away.

"No, it's my turn... to take you!"

Orina and Anya were at her side, groping her tits and kissing at her neck. Daphne threw her head back and dug her nails into his chest hard enough that he thought they might draw blood. Orina tweaked one of her nipples and smiled down at Harry, "Are we sure this one doesn't have any Veela in her?"

"She does have look of one." Anya agreed, pulling the beautiful younger blonde into a kiss.

Daphne gasped and stared down at him, breaking the kiss. She could take no more and started begging, "Please... please... Harry... I need it... I'll be good, just give it to me."

"Oh, now she's just as desperate as rest of them." Anya clapped amused. Harry felt his balls tighten to his shaft and he thought for sure that he was going to empty himself into Daphne, but with a touch he found the need disappeared... as did Daphne.

Again, he found himself with his knees pressed against soft silk sheets, he could feel lips tickling his bollocks as he plowed into Susan's curvy bum from behind him. Looking down, he could see Ginny's flaming red hair, beneath his knees.

"One at a time, or two at once. It makes no difference." Orina laid beside the two girls as they slurped and sucked on one another's dripping sexes. She ghosted her fingers along the faint lines of Susan's back and Harry felt the redhead shiver at the touch.

"What makes no difference?" Harry asked, confused.

"You'll find out love..." Anya promised, "just wait."

“Harry... I’ll beg until my voice goes hoarse if I have to... just please fuck my pussy... I’ve been waiting years...” Ginny pleaded with him from between Susan’s thighs.

“So loyal... don’t you think loyalty should be rewarded.” Harry nodded and made his way around and filled Ginny’s waiting slit. Every girl was unique, different in their own way, but no less fantastic to have wrapped so exquisitely around the swollen, sensitive flesh of his cock.

His move did not come without protest from Susan, “No, put it... **BACK!**” Whatever else she was going to say was lost in a moan as Ginny latched onto the other girl’s clit and sucked hard enough to make her eyes roll.

“This one is such naughty little minx.” Anya said almost proudly of the younger girl.

Susan didn’t protest anymore after that, instead, kissing and licking every bit of Ginny’s cream she could get off Harry’s length as he filled her warm, welcoming hole over and over and over again. Pleasure chased pleasure and he was getting close to cumming again. He expected it this time when the scene before him changed.

What he wasn’t expecting was to be standing with hardwood floor beneath him and Padma pinned between him and a bookshelf. Her legs were wrapped around him as he hammered away at her. Her hips were soft and fleshy beneath his fingers, and she was panting needily with every thrust. Her mouth opened into a wide ‘O’ as she reached her peak like a firecracker, “Yes! Fucking yes! So good!”

“What is it they say about the quiet ones?” Anya giggled as she stood at his side, again.

Orina snorted out a laugh, “I don’t think that is always true... but it certainly is for her.”

“Come on Harry! You can put it wherever you like... I don’t care. I just want it!” Padma demanded of him and he was of a mind to give it to her. Pulling her hips against his as tightly as he could manage, he closed his eyes and finally felt the blessed release he’d been chasing from the moment the dream started.

His eyes snapped open when instead of Padma’s welcoming sheath, he felt six soft hands, some dainty others slender and long, caressing and coaxing the cum from his bollocks. He was met with the sight of six gorgeous, eager faces waiting impatiently for him to give them what they wanted. Orina and Anya spoke as one, as they kissed at his neck, “Cum for them, my love. They’ve earned it.”

The load that shot from his cock-slit was incredible. Even when bolstered by his lovers’ allures he hadn’t achieved anything like it. *The beauty of a dream, I suppose.* It was enough for all of them, their eyes rolling to the back of their heads in rapture at the mere taste. The prodigious load left him feeling lightheaded and teetering on the edge of consciousness. *What happens when you black out in a dream?*

He found the answer to that question as he snapped awake, breathing heavily. *What in Merlin’s name was that all about then?*

That thought was quickly wiped from his mind though as he felt a weight against his thigh. Throwing his covers off, he was met with the sight of flaming red hair. Ginny laid against his thigh, suckling on the tip of his cock lovingly. Releasing him with a pop, she smiled up at him, “Hi, that must have been one hell of a dream!”

“It was...” Harry said a little groggily, “Not that it’s not lovely, but what are you doing here?”

“Well... I said that I’d pay you back for the ride,” she gave him that mischievous little smile of hers, “and considering I couldn’t sleep... I figured, what better time than the present?”

Harry dropped his head back against his pillow. *Naughty minx indeed.*