

### Chapter 3

Life was odd, Harry reflected as he sat at the Gryffindor table absently listening to Tonks and Daphne talking about his bedroom prowess while Hermione blushed enough to put a Weasley to shame. How the two girls with completely different personalities had become such fast friends, he had no idea. Not that he was complaining, of course. He considered it a good thing that his new mistress was getting along with his friend with benefits; and wasn't that a strange thought he never thought he'd have.

"Hey, do you think he could use Parseltongue while going down on us? I bet it makes his tongue move pretty fast," Tonks said thoughtfully.

Harry rolled his eyes and tuned out Daphne answer while Lavender and Parvati not so subtly leaned closer to listen in.

"What classes do we have today?" he asked Hermione.

Refusing to meet his eyes, Hermione nevertheless seemed grateful for the distraction as she dug through her bag for her timetable, despite the fact he was sure she had already memorized it.

"Flying lessons, followed by History of Magic, then double Charms." she told him

"Flying," Harry said with a smile as he perked up.

It had been over a year and a half since the last time he rode a broom, and he couldn't think of a better way to relieve some stress. He wondered if things would go the same way as last time and he would end up on the Quidditch team again. It would be great to get back together with his old teammates, he thought. Hopefully, this time, he could do that without Neville breaking his wrist.

In his excitement, time seemed to drag on, but the bell did eventually ring. Standing from the table, Tonks bid them farewell and gave Harry a quick hug as they parted ways. When they got out on the grounds between the pitch and the castle, Daphne kissed him on the cheek before joining Tracey and the rest of her housemates for class. Some glared at her, but they stayed quiet, including Malfoy. Daphne told him that, while Malfoy and his friends were angry, they were too scared after his resounding defeat at Harry's hands to do anything about it. Fortunately, most of her other housemates were staying out of it for the time being.

As Madam Hooch instructed them to stand next to their brooms, Harry glanced over at his classmates. With a more experienced eye than last time, Harry quickly spotted the bent bristles and worn shaft on Neville's broom. Even an experienced flyer would have trouble controlling a broom in that condition.

"Hold your hand over your broom and say up!" Madam Hooch called out.

Watching his classmates struggle to get their brooms to respond, Harry decided to just keep an eye on Neville. He was just a few feet to his left, so he could reach out and help him when he needed it.

"Up!" Harry said.

His broom obediently snapped into his hand and thrummed under his finger. Harry smiled at the familiar feeling. Even though the broom was old and worn, he'd gotten one of the better ones. Under his touch, it felt as eager to be in the air as he did.

"Mount your brooms!" Madam Hooch yelled. "When I blow my whistle, I want you to kick off the ground, hover for a moment, and then land. Ready?"

After a short pause, she blew her whistle, and everyone hovered just a few inches off the ground. Everyone except Neville. Seeing the broom rise uncontrollably, Harry flew closer and grabbed the broom with one hand.

“Easy, Neville,” he said. “Relax your grip and lean forward a bit.”

In his fear, Neville had the broom in a death grip and had slipped backwards at the handle rose, pushing it further upwards. Under Harry’s guidance, Neville began to drift back towards the ground. Shaking, Neville dropped the broom the moment his feet touched the ground.

“Excellent job, Mr. Potter,” Madam Hooch said as she approached. “Take ten points for Gryffindor.”

Bending over, she picked up the broom and examined it closely.

“I think this broom is on its last legs,” she said with a sigh. “If this keeps up, I won’t have enough brooms for everyone next year. Ms. Granger, would you mind sharing your broom with Mr. Longbottom for the rest of class?”

“Not at all, Professor,” Hermione said amenably.

As the professor walked away, Harry had the beginnings of a plan forming in his mind. Madam Hooch spent another half an hour going over the basics before she finally let them take to the air.

The moment she blew the whistle, Harry took off like a shot and rocketed around the grounds. A beaming grin stretched across his face as the wind whipped by his face as he rolled, looped, and turned through the air. Malfoy tried to keep up with him at first, but Harry years of experience meant he quickly left him behind.

After flying by himself for a while, he decided to loop back and check on his friends. Daphne and Tracey were flying around in slow circles about fifty feet up, while Hermione and Neville stayed much closer to the ground. Both of them looked absolutely terrified to go higher than a few feet off the ground. After a moment’s deliberation, Harry decided to fly over to Daphne before going down to help Hermione and Neville.

Just as he neared the two girls, he caught sight of a black blur shooting towards him. Turning his head, he spotted Malfoy rocketing towards him with a malicious grin on his face. Yanking on his broom, Harry rolled up and over him just before they collided. As he righted himself with a smug smirk at spoiling Malfoy's plan to knock him off his broom, he watched in horror as Malfoy failed to slow down fast enough and plowed into Tracey. The thin, dark-skinned witch was thrown from her broom and plummeted towards the ground while Malfoy, who jerked to a sudden stop from the impact, flipped over the front of his broom and hung on by his fingertips.

Ignoring Malfoy as he clung fearfully to his broom, Harry rolled over and streaked after Tracey. She'd been close to the castle wall, and Harry zipped past the stone wall and windows at an alarming speed. Tracey flailed her arms and legs, staring at him with absolute terror in her eyes as she let out a long, high-pitched scream.

Pushing his magic into the wood beneath his hands like it was a wand, Harry pushed the old, worn broom well past what it should have been capable of. With that burst of speed, he caught up to Tracey and pulled her onto his broom. Tracey scrambled frantically, wrapping her arms and legs around him while burying her face in the crook of his neck. Pulling his broom upwards, Harry tried his best to slow their descent, something made more difficult when Tracey long, dark hair blocked his view of the ground. Pushing the broom forward and turning in slow circles, he flew in a corkscrew, trying to stay in the air as long as possible to lose as much speed as he could.

By the time they reached the ground, Harry touched down softly with Tracey still clinging to him. She trembled against him and seemed to have no inclination to let go of him even after her feet touched the ground.

"It's alright, you're safe," Harry said reassuringly while rubbing her back.

Around them, their classmates landed and swarmed around them. Daphne landed first and dropped her broom to sprint over to them.

"Tracey! Are you alright?" she asked worriedly.

Slowly, Tracey loosened her grip on Harry and nodded.

“I’m alright, my ribs kind of hurt though,” she said.

Just as Hermione and Neville ran up to them, a shaken looking Malfoy landed several feet away. With a furious look, Daphne stomped up to him. Harry watched her closely as Madam Hooch pulled Tracey away from him and started looking her over for injuries.

“You despicable little bastard!” Daphne yelled.

Malfoy straightened himself up and opened his mouth to say something, only to have it hang open soundlessly when Daphne kned him in the groin viciously. Malfoy’s eyes bugged out and a whimper finally left his mouth as he dropped to his knees. Every boy in the courtyard groaned and covered their groins in sympathy for the pain, though not his plight.

“Mr. Greengrass, that’s enough!” Madam Hooch yelled, walking over to them. “Five points for striking another student.”

Groaning, Malfoy climbed back to his feet, glaring at the Flying Instructor.

“Five points?” he asked incredulously, his voice an octave higher than usual.

“You should be much more worried about your own punishment, Mr. Malfoy” she said warningly. “I saw the whole thing. You deliberately tried to ram Mr. Potter and knocked Ms. Davis off her broom. You’re lucky Mr. Potter saved her, or I would have you expelled tonight!”

“My father-“

“Would have no say,” Madam Hooch growled. “I’m taking you to the Headmaster, he can decide your punishment. Class Dismissed! Ms. Greengrass, can you take Ms. Davis to the Infirmary and make sure she’s treated?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Daphne said.

Giving Malfoy one last cold glare, she turned and walked back over to Harry and Tracey. Clutching her ribs gingerly, Tracey let Harry and Daphne guide her back to the castle. Seeing Hermione and Neville look at him unsurely, he waved them over. Looking relieved, they joined the group as they headed to the Hospital Wing.

Madam Pomfrey met them at the door and ushered Tracey to a bed before examining her with her wand.

“Three bruised ribs and a partial fracture of a fourth,” Pomfrey proclaimed. “Not to worry dear, I’ll have you fixed in a jiffy.”

While she pulled a privacy screen around the bed to treat Tracey, Daphne, Hermione, and Neville took seats on a nearby bed. Before Harry could join them, Professor McGonagall entered, followed closely by a confused Oliver Wood.

“Potter, this is Oliver Wood, captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team,” McGonagall introduced him before turning back to Oliver with an excited gleam in her eyes. “Wood, I believe I’ve found you a Seeker.”

And once again, Harry became the youngest Seeker in a century. Just as he finished making plans to meet Oliver on the pitch the following evening, Tracey stepped out from behind the screen with Madam Pomfrey, completely healed. She walked straight up to Harry and hugged him.

“Thank you,” Tracey said softly before pulling back. “You saved my life.”

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said with a smile.

“Speaking of which,” McGonagall interjected, “Mr. Potter, for selflessly risking severe injury to save a fellow student, I award you fifty points.”

“Thanks, professor.” Harry said a bit shyly.

Nodding, Professor McGonagall left with Oliver as they talked excitedly about their chances at winning the Quidditch cup. Harry and his group left soon after and headed to the Great Hall for lunch. As class had been cut short, they were a bit early for lunch. With the Hall empty, everyone sat down at the Gryffindor table, except Harry.

“I’ll be back in a little while,” Harry said. “I need to go talk to Dumbledore about something.”

“Harry, you shouldn’t bother the headmaster,” Hermione admonished him. “I’m sure he’ll see that Malfoy is punished appropriately.”

Harry doubted Malfoy would see the punishment he should. Dumbledore was far too lenient in his opinion. He understood why, but that didn’t mean he had to agree with it. Besides, he wasn’t worried about Malfoy. If he wanted to try something, Harry would be more than happy to take care of it himself.

“It’s not about that,” Harry said. “I’ll see you guys in a bit.”

Before Hermione could object again, Harry turned and left. Making his way to the second floor and stopped in front of the Gargoyle guarding the entrance to the headmaster’s office. Curiously, it leapt aside before he could give it the password. Shrugging it off for the moment, he rode the revolving stairs up and knocked on the door.

“Enter!” Dumbledore called out.

Harry walked in and closed the door behind him. Aside from Dumbledore, who was seated at his desk, and Fawkes on his perch, the office was empty. He wasn't sure whether to be relieved or disappointed that Malfoy had left. It was probably for the best as Snape would have been there as well, he decided.

"Ah, Harry," Dumbledore said, greeting him with a small smile. "I'm guessing you're here about Mr. Malfoy."

"Partly," Harry said, taking a seat across from him and taking a Ginger Snap from the bowl of sweets on the desk.

"Normally, I wouldn't tell a student about the punishment of another. However, given your involvement, and the fact the whole school will likely know by the end of the day, I'll tell you that he lost a significant number of points and will serve detention with Professor Snape for the next week." Dumbledore explained.

"We both know Snape will let him off light. You do realize he could have killed Tracey Davis, right?" Harry asked.

"That's Professor Snape and-"

"And that man is directly responsible for the death of my parents," Harry said firmly. "The only reason he switched sides is because my mother was killed, he would have been perfectly fine letting Voldemort kill me, my father, or some other family, like the Longbottoms. He may have earned your forgiveness professor, but he has not earned mine."

Dumbledore's bright blue eyes bored into his over the top of his half moon glasses for a long moment. Harry met his look evenly until the old man sighed and his shoulders hunched.

"It's easy to forget that you're far older than you look," he said with a shake of his head. "Very well, I shall let the matter drop. Back to Mr. Malfoy, what he did was certainly wrong, but no one was seriously hurt, and I have no proof that it wasn't an accident, as he has claimed, even



though we both know otherwise. Draco is the product of his upbringing, and it is my hope that Severus, as someone he respects, will be able to guide him into making better choices.”

Harry sighed and leaned back in his chair. While he strongly disagreed, Dumbledore was too set in his ways to change his mind easily. Harry was confident he could deal with things better by himself later, so he let it go, for now.

“Fine,” Harry said. “Anyways, I had two other things I wanted to talk to you about.”

“By all means,” Dumbledore said.

“The first is Sirius Black, he’s innocent,” Harry said, causing the old man’s bushy eyebrows to shoot up to his hairline.

While he’d told Dumbledore about most of his life, he’d hadn’t gotten to everything yet. For the next fifteen minutes, he explained how the Marauder’s became Animagi, with the exception of Remus, how Peter was the Secret Keeper and betrayed his parents, then framed Sirius. Dumbledore aged before his eyes as he learned they’d sentenced an innocent man to prison for over a decade.

“Assuming all of that is true, and I believe it is, it will be exceedingly difficult to prove his innocence,” Dumbledore said.

“What if I could give you Peter Pettigrew?” Harry asked with a grin.

“You know where he is?” Dumbledore asked.

“He’s hiding as Ronald Weasley’s rat, Scabbers,” Harry told him.

“That would work,” Dumbledore agreed, looking up as he stroked his beard. “Give me a few days to talk to some people at the Ministry before we capture him. We’ll need the right people in place to make sure Cornelius doesn’t do anything foolish.”

While he didn’t like it, Harry agreed with a nod.

“What was the other thing you wanted to talk about?” he asked.

“Oh, right. I need permission to leave the school for about half an hour. You know, save me the trouble of sneaking out.” Harry said with a grin, causing Dumbledore to raise an eyebrow once again.

It took a few minutes of convincing, but the headmaster agreed to let him go if he took an escort. Harry didn’t like it, but he had to admit it would look bad if he was found out of the castle by himself with the headmaster’s permission. Fortunately, Hagrid was the only one free to go with him. Harry smiled when he watched the Half Giant try and squeeze himself into the Floo.

Half an hour later, Harry returned to the Great Hall with just enough time to eat. Harry was intentionally vague when his friends asked him what took so long. Just before lunch ended, an Owl with a long, thin package landed in front of Harry. There was no disguising what it was, so Harry unwrapped it to find a Nimbus two thousand inside. Looking up at the head table, he grinned at McGonagall who gave just a hint of a smile before looking away.

“Harry, first years aren’t allowed to have brooms,” Hermione said.

He needed to work on getting her to loosen up, Harry decided. He’d forgotten how bossy she could be at this age. It made him miss the Hermione of his time more and more, and he wanted to have that relationship back.

“There’s an exception if he’s on the Quidditch team, Hermione,” Neville said in his defense.

“You can’t expect him to play on those school brooms. You saw how bad they were.”

Harry grinned as, at that moment, thirty owls carrying similar packages to the one Harry had received flew into the Great Hall and aimed for the Head Table. Madam Hooch looked stunned as they dropped their packages one by one in front of her. Finally, the last one landed on the table, this one with a scroll attached. Like all good flying addicts, she opened the package first and gasped when she found a brand new Cleansweep Seven. While not as good as his Nimbus, they were still good for Quidditch, yet stable enough for a beginner to learn on.

Madam Hooch picked up the scroll as the mutters and whispering broke out throughout the Hall. Her eyes widening, she looked up at him completely speechless. Raising his goblet, Harry winked at her, and only his close friends noticed the gesture.

“Harry, you did that?” Hermione asked quietly.

“Those old brooms were going to get someone seriously hurt, and it will make Quidditch more about talent than what broom your family can afford,” Harry said with a shrug. “My parents left me a ton of money, I figured I should share the wealth a bit.”

Hermione nodded, looking much less put out with him now.

The new brooms, and speculation on who bought them, was the talk of the school for the rest of the day. Every team, with the exception of the Slytherins, was excited about having a more level playing field. Hermione, meanwhile, looked at him differently. Like he was a puzzle to be solved. He wasn't sure what was bothering her, but he knew she would talk to him about it when she was ready. For now, he just pretended he didn't notice anything and treated her as he normally would.

At the end of a tortuously long Charms class, where Harry was forced to go over spells he'd mastered years ago, Daphne slipped him a note asking him to meet her in the Room of Requirement after dinner. That significantly brightened his mood.

During dinner, Harry sat next to Hermione and Neville, struggling not to laugh at the ridiculous ideas Ron and Seamus came up with for who sent the school new brooms. Ron thought a

professional Quidditch team, most likely the Cannons, had heard about Harry's daring dive and sent them, while Seamus argued they came straight from the broom company so students would be more likely to buy them in the future.

"Why don't you tell them?" Hermione asked in a whisper as she leaned close.

Harry shrugged in response. He didn't really care if people knew or not. It was more just that he didn't want to tell them himself, because it felt too much like bragging. The truth would come out eventually, he was sure. Things like that didn't stay secret for long at Hogwarts.

"Do you want to go to the library and study after dinner?" she asked in a normal voice, addressing both him and Neville.

"Oh, um, sure," Neville agreed nervously. "I don't want to hold you back though."

"You won't," Hermione assured him kindly. "You've been doing a lot better in class since you got your new wand, haven't you?"

"Erm, yeah, it's helped a lot," he admitted. "Gran wasn't too happy. She wanted me to use my dad's wand, but Professor McGonagall convinced her it would only hold me back. I'm a bit shocked she agreed really, Gran never changes her mind. Thanks for that, Harry. Professor McGonagall said you were the one that talked to her."

"Anytime, mate," Harry said with a smile as Hermione's head spun to look at him in surprise, her bushy hair whipping around her face. "I know what's it's like to be compared to your parents. No matter what your gran says, you don't need to be exactly like them, just do your best to make them proud."

Neville nodded and looked down at his plate, picking at his food. Harry saw Hermione looking at him curious, and he knew what she was about to ask. Grabbing her arm to get her attention, Harry shook his head subtly. Thankfully, she got the message and let the matter drop, for now.

“Are you coming to the library with us, Harry?” she asked instead.

“Sorry, no. I’m meeting up with Daphne tonight,” he told her.

He smiled as she blushed and looked away. After the conversation between Daphne and Tonks at breakfast, her mind went straight to the gutter. She was probably right, Harry thought.

“You really should study more, Harry. You don’t want to fall behind,” Hermione said disapprovingly.

“I’ll be fine, Hermione,” he told her with a smile. “How about we study tomorrow night?”

“Okay,” she agreed, looking mollified.

After he finished eating, Harry excused himself and moved over to the Hufflepuff table. He sat down next to Tonks and talked with her and her friends, along with Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot who were across from them. Tonks, being in her OWL year, was already loaded down with homework, but made him promise to spend time with her during the weekend. Something he easily agreed to.

Once dinner ended, he said goodbye to his friends and looked around for Daphne. When he didn’t see her, he made his way up to the seventh floor. Tonks gave him a wink as he left, likely knowing where he was going, and who he was meeting. It still surprised him she and Daphne was so cool about the whole thing. He didn’t remember girls being like that the first time around. Then again, he’d had bigger things than girls on his mind at the time.

When he reached the Room of Requirement, the door appeared as he approached, telling him that Daphne was already there. That was prove true when he walked him to find her waiting for him, along with someone else. The room was configured with a couch in front of a fireplace, and a large bed off to the side, all in Slytherin colors.

“Hey Daphne, Tracey,” he greeted them.

Daphne smiled and waved him over, while Tracey looked nervous.

“Alright, Tracey?” he asked while taking a seat on the couch between her and Daphne.

“I’m fine,” she replied with a forced smile. “Thanks again for saving me. I thought for sure I was dead.”

“Don’t mention it,” he said with a smile. “It was partially my fault anyways. Malfoy was aiming for me.”

“I can’t believe he only lost fifty points and got a week’s detention,” Daphne said angrily.

“I’ll talk to the Weasley twins, see if they can come up with a more appropriate punishment,” Harry said with a grin.

“The little shit should be expelled,” she replied angrily, then sighed, “but I suppose it will have to do.”

“Can’t we just kill him?” Tracey asked with a pout.

Harry and Daphne chuckled at her pleading look.

“Unfortunately, no,” Daphne said. “Anyways, there are other things I’d spend my night doing than complain about Malfoy.”

Raising an eyebrow at the blonde, he darted his eyes over to Tracey in askance. Daphne smirked.

“Tracey wanted to give you a proper thank you for saving her,” Daphne explained.

“Daphne!” Tracey exclaimed embarrassedly.

“Really?” Harry asked, looking over at the dark-skinned witch with long black hair and a curvy figure.

When she didn’t reply and refused to meet his eye, Harry smiled mischievously before scooping her up and seated her across his lap. Tracey gasp and looked up at him just in time for his lips to meet her. Moaning in surprise, she froze for a couple of seconds before relaxing and returning the kiss. When they broke apart several seconds later, Tracey panted breathlessly, her eyes glazed over. It wasn’t until Daphne laughed at the look on her friends face that she snapped out of it.

“I told you he was good,” Daphne said smugly before turning to Harry. “Take care of Tracey first, I’ll come join you later.”

With that said, she kissed him heatedly and moved over to a chair facing the bed. Tracey looked at him nervously as he stood up and carried her bridal style over to the bed.

“You know you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to,” Harry told her.

“No, I want to, it’s just, uh, I’ve never...” Tracey said, trailing off embarrassedly.

“Just relax,” he told her with a smile as he set her down on the bed and undid her green and silver tie.

With her tie undone, he used it to pull her in for a kiss before sliding it off her neck and tossing it to the floor. Tracey moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his shoulders while Harry started popping open the buttons of her crisp, white shirt. When he opened her shirt, he

rested his hands on her bare waist. While he wanted to see what she looked like under her robes, he was more concerned with getting her to relax, and their kiss seemed to be helping her do that. Sliding his hands across her warm, smooth skin, he traced the edge of her silky bra with his thumbs. With trembling hands, Tracey slid her hands down to his collar and pulled off his tie before working on the buttons of his shirt. Her fumbling fingers taking longer to accomplish what he had done in seconds.

When his shirt was open and her hands ran over his chest, Harry finally pulled back. Both of them panted lightly as he stared into her eyes for a moment before allowing his gaze to drift down over her body. The first thing he spotted was her dark purple bra, and the moderate sized breasts hidden underneath. The bra looked a size too small, causing the tops of her chocolate-colored breasts to bulge out over the fabric enticingly. Lower down, her waist narrowed noticeably before flaring back out at the hips. After taking a long moment to take in the arousing sight of her half naked torso, he looked back up to her face, only to find her staring hungrily at his toned chest and abs.

Smiling, Harry shrugged off his shirt. Placing his hands on her hips, he stepped between her legs and pressed his erection against her mound, the motion causing her heavy skirt to ride further up her thick, smooth thighs. Tracey looked up at him with nervous anticipation as his hands glided up her back to the clasp of her bra. There was a noticeable hitch in her breath as he popped it open with practiced ease. Her breathing trembled when he hooked the shoulder straps and pulled them down her arms and tossed the garment aside, his eyes still locked on hers.

Instinctively, her hands moved to cover her chest, but Harry caught her wrists and gently moved them to his hips. Grabbing her hips, he pulled her forward, grinding his straining erection against her mound. Tracey gasped before closing her eyes and letting out a soft moan. With her distracted, he finally looked down at her chest. Full, perky breasts with wide areolas and dark nipples, hardened with arousal met his gaze.

Slowly, Harry slid his hands up her sides and gently cupped her breasts, the soft, warm globes more than filling his hands. He looked back up to meet her nervous eyes just as his thumb brushed over her stiff nipple, causing her to bite her lip and inhale sharply through her nose.

“You’re gorgeous,” Harry told her softly.



Tracey's shoulders visibly relaxed as she smiled shyly, but happily. Returning the smile, Harry leaned forward and kissed her again while his hand continued to caress her breasts. Squeezing her nipple a bit more firmly, he drew another moan from her lips while his other hand moved down to her skirt. Popping open the button, he pulled down the zipper.

Breaking the kiss, Harry took half a step back and tugged on her skirt. Though she still looked nervous, Tracey lifted her hips so he could pull it down her legs. As he drank in the sight of her mostly naked body, he took the time to pull off her shoes and socks.

Bending down, Harry kissed the inside of her knee and slowly kissed his way up her full thigh. Panting excitedly, Tracey parted her legs without thought as he moved towards her matching, dark purple panties. Pushing her legs open just a bit more, he kissed around the edge of her panties, the scent of her arousal filling his nostrils with each breath. After teasing her by kissing around both sides, Harry finally placed a firm kiss directly over her clit. Tracey gasped and bucked her hips, her hands gripping the bedding tightly.

Slipping his fingers under the waistband of her panties, Harry tugged them down until she lifted her hips obligingly. Quickly, he pulled them off her legs and tossed them to the floor. He only got a brief glimpse of her incredible, full rear before it was hidden underneath her again. Unlike Daphne, Tracey's mound wasn't bare. She had a small strip of dark, curly hair just above her slit. Meeting her wide-eyed stare, Harry smiled before kissing his way back up her full, toned thigh.

Again, he spent a little while teasing her before he finally kissed her bare folds. Moaning, Tracey leaned back on her arms while Harry ran his tongue up and down between her damp lips. Trailing his tongue up to her clit, he had just wrapped his lips around the hooded nub and given it a light suck before Tracey came suddenly. Collapsing backwards onto the bed, she moaned and gasped as Harry continued to pleasure her through her climax. It wasn't until she pushed his head away that he finally stopped.

He smirked as he watched her breasts jiggle as she panted heavily. While she recovered, he took off his pants and freed his raging erections. Behind him, he heard Daphne giggle as his cock bounced free and jutted out in front of him. Looking over, he found her naked in the chair she was sitting in, her legs splayed open as she slouched back and fingered herself. Harry's cock throbbed at the sight.

Turing back to Tracey, Harry stepped between her bent legs and laid his shaft down on top of her wet slit. At the feeling, the dark-skinned witch looked up and went wide eyed at the sight of his impressive cock resting on top of her tight lips. Dragging his swollen head through her folds, and drawing a moan from her lips, Harry ran it up and down, soaking it in her arousal, before placing himself at her entrance.

Looking up at her face, he waited for her to nod nervously before pushing in slowly.

“Oh fuck!” Tracey gasped.

Slowly and patiently, Harry eased into her grasping depths. Tracey closed her eyes, letting out a series of gasps and moans as he gradually sank into her. When he was buried to the hilt, he gave her the time she needed to adjust to being filled for the first time. When he felt her relax around him, Harry pulled back and gave a gentle thrust. Tracey moaned in response, showing no signs of pain, or even discomfort.

Smiling, Harry began moving, gradually increasing his pace and depth with each thrust. Leaning over her slightly, he reached up and cupped one of her bouncing breasts. A minute later, he felt the mattress dip as Daphne crawled up onto the bed next to her moaning friend. Harry stared at her round bum appreciatively before she laid down on her side next to Tracey.

“I told you it was worth giving him a chance,” Daphne told her with a smirk, her hand reaching out to cup Tracey’s free breast before looking up at Harry. “Tracey’s only ever been interested in witches until she met you.”

Smirking up at him, Daphne leaned over and kissed Tracey on the lips. Harry’s eyes widened and his cock throbbed excitedly. Breaking the kiss, Daphne gave him a sultry look as she trailed her pale hand over Tracey’s dark skin. Spreading her middle and index fingers out in a V shape, she rubbed the outside of Tracey’s stretched lips and bumping into her clit.

“As your mistress, I need your permission to keep sleeping with Tracey. Since you’ve been so good to me, I figured I might as well share,” Daphne said with a smirk. “Tracey finally agreed after you saved her today.”

“You didn’t have to bribe me,” Harry said, rolling his eyes with a smile. “Not that I’m complaining, of course. You have my permission to have sex with anyone you want.”

Beaming at him, Daphne sat up, straddled Tracey’s stomach on her knees, and kissed Harry heatedly. He groped both of her breasts and smiled at her as she pulled back. Winking at him, she spun around and laid on top of Tracey with her ass jutting out towards him invitingly.

“How’s it feel Tracy?” Daphne asked.

“You were right,” Tracey gasped. “It feels so fucking good.”

Tracey broke off into a moan that was quickly silenced when Daphne captured her lips. The sight made Harry unconsciously thrust into Tracey harder, jerking her back and forth slightly under Daphne. Giving Daphne’s swaying ass a playful swat, Harry jerked his head to the side, motioning her off of Tracey. With a raised eyebrow, she rolled off to the side.

Pulling out of Tracey’s gripping depths, his glistening cock popped free of her tight lips. Grabbing her wide hips, she rolled her over onto her stomach. Daphne and Tonks had great asses, but Tracey’s was divine. Gripping her luscious cheeks, he sank back into her depths and plowed into her even harder by using his grip on her incredible ass for leverage. Tracey clawed at the bedding and moaned wantonly; her eyes clamped shut as her walls fluttered around him.

Daphne laughed while kneeling next to him so she could watch his thick cock ravage her friend’s delicate pink insides.

“She does have a great arse, doesn’t she?” Daphne asked.

“Definitely,” Harry panted.

Raising his hand, he gave one of her bubbly cheeks a light smack. Tracey moaned whorishly and bucked back against him. Grinning, Harry spread her cheeks apart and ran his thumb of her crinkled hole. With a loud gasp, Tracey tightened around his thrusting length and bucked back against him even harder.

“Someone liked that,” Daphne teased her, running her hand over her friend’s back.

Running his thumb along her slit to dampen it in her arousal, Harry moved it back up and pressed it against her back entrance. Rubbing in circles drove Tracey wild, causing her to slam back against him and her walls to flutter around his cock. Feeling her tightness driving him towards his peak, Harry pushed the tip of his thumb into her. With a shriek, Tracey came thunderously, her walls squeezing him so tightly he could barely more.

“Whoa,” Daphne said as she watched Tracey splatter his abdomen with gushes of her arousal.

With just a few more thrusts, Harry tipped over the edge and flood Tracey’s depths. Collapsing onto her back, he jerked his hips with each pulse of his cock as he filled her to the point of leaking. As they both lay panting on the mattress, he kissed and sucked the side of her neck, intent on leaving a mark.

When he finally pulled out of her, Daphne immediately grabbed his deflating length and took it into her mouth. It would be another hour before she was done with him.

Half and hour after that, the girls headed back to the Slytherin dorms for the night, satisfied smiles on their faces. Harry relaxed in the bed with a smile on his face for a bit longer before finally heading back to Gryffindor Tower.