

**(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)**

**Poll Winner**

**Themes: Ritual Sex, Threesome, Breeding**

**Summary: In an AU where Hogwarts is a University and everyone is an adult, when Harry gets his name pulled from the Goblet, he knew that he had to prepare for whatever the fuck Voldemort had planned for this year. So when he finds a tantric sex ritual that will empower him and those he performs it with, he decides to go for broke. His first witches are Hermione and a repentant Ronnie.**

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They all wait as long as possible before disrobing. Making sure the ritual circle is completely correct is important though, to be fair. Two hours of painstakingly carving it into the floor of the Shrieking Shack and then going over it all with a fine-toothed comb and three different sets of eyes.

But eventually they're forced to acknowledge the facts... they're ready to begin. And that means they all need to be naked, because you can't exactly perform a proper tantric sex ritual while wearing clothes, now can you?

... It's not like Harry doesn't have eyes, to be clear. He's long seen the beauty in his first real friends. The two women he'd befriended upon arriving at Hogwarts, University of Witchcraft and Wizardry at the tender age of eighteen, were both lookers in their own right.

Sure, perhaps Ronnie Weasley wasn't conventionally attractive, but she had that tomboyish charm to her that came from growing up with only older brothers. Her younger sister Ginny was a bit more girly as a consequence of being the second girl from the current Weasley Brood, while Ronnie had ultimately borne the brunt of masculine hand-me-downs and interests.

As a result, Ronnie was a lover of both Quidditch and Wizarding Chess, and an athletic red head to boot with a slender but lithe body covered in toned muscles.

And then there was Hermione Granger. She'd arrived at the Magical University all those years ago with wild bushy hair and buck teeth... but the muggleborn had taken to magic like a fish to water. She'd corrected her defects quite early on, shrinking her teeth, taming her hair, and revealing that once you could look past those things, she really was quite gorgeous.

As for Harry himself... well, his relatives' abuse had left his growth insanely stunted. By the time he arrived at Hogwarts at eighteen years old, he was a foot shorter than the shortest of his peers. It was so blatantly bad that he was almost immediately sent to the infirmary... where he was then sent onwards to St. Mungo's.

Fortunately, magic seemed to have a solution for everything. It had taken Harry in and out of his studies for the first half of his first year at Hogwarts, but through potion regimens and several visits to the professionals at St. Mungo's, Harry had gone from malnourished, underweight, and stunted, to finally where he was supposed to be.

Where he was supposed to be was basically a few inches taller than Ronnie and Hermione, though with a lean Seeker's build rather than anything too broad-shouldered or musclebound. Harry had no desire to be a bodybuilder or anything like that at the end of the day.

All of this was to say, the three of them are very attractive people... but that doesn't make stripping naked in front of one another less embarrassing, it makes it more so. They do it anyways though because they've come this far and done all of that work on the ritual circle so it might as well not be for anything.

As he takes off his robes and clothes, Harry tries not to watch Ronnie and Hermione do the same. But then Ronnie calls out to him and he can't help but look.

“Harry... I’m sorry for doubting you. I should have known you wouldn’t put your name in the Goblet of Fire. I shouldn’t have turned my back on you.”

Hearing his best friend say that while standing there with her perky tits and hardening nipples in display is... well, it’s certainly something. Harry smiles slightly and nods.

“I forgive you. I know it was... a bit of a baffling time for us. I still don’t know how they did it... especially if they got around Dumbledore.”

Seriously. After the last three years of insanity here at Hogwarts, Harry wasn’t necessarily surprised his fourth year at the Magical University was turning out no different. Still, he’d vehemently sworn off of having anything to do with the Triwizard Tournament when he first heard about it. He hadn’t submitted his name to the Goblet of Fire, even though both Ronnie and Hermione and pretty much the entire rest of the University had.

But it was still his name that had come out as a fourth Champion. It was still Harry who was forced to compete in a death tournament in what was so blatantly a move made by Voldemort that he couldn’t believe Dumbledore wasn’t stepping in to stop it. Fuck, nobody was stepping in to stop it... which left them to figure out how Harry was going to survive it.

“It doesn’t matter how they did it or who they are or what their plans are. We’re going to make sure nothing they intend to happen will come to pass... right here and right now.”

Hermione’s determined words pull Harry and Ronnie’s attention back over to the brunette... only for them both to gape a little at her gorgeous, naked body. Hermione blushes under their wide eyes and open mouths, fidgeting and clearly having to resist the urge to cover up.

Instead, she strides forward with her breasts bouncing cutely... and grabs Ronnie by the hand, dragging her over to Harry and the center of the ritual circle. There, Hermione pulls Ronnie down to her knees as they both settle in front of his crotch, where Harry’s naked cock grows harder by the second.

It takes him no time at all to get the rest of the way to fully erect upon seeing his two best friends, naked and kneeling in front of him. Meanwhile, Hermione leads the charge while Ronnie follows up, both of them leaning forward to begin servicing him with their mouths.

Harry's breath hitches as their tongues and lips work over his throbbing mast. He's not sure the oral sex is necessary... but he's not complaining and he's *certainly* not going to question it. It was Hermione who found this tantric sex ritual in the Forbidden Section. It was Hermione who had arranged all of this, really. And it was Hermione who's lead he would follow now, to the ends of the Earth.

That said, with the two of them working in tandem, Harry can't last for very long standing before them. Their tongues and lips and mouths just feel too good, so hot, heavy, and wet against his sensitive cockflesh. It feels like no time at all before Harry is shuddering.

"Getting close, girls! Here it comes!"

Hermione immediately pulls back... and drags Ronnie with her. She positions the two of them side by side, cheek to cheek, and gives instructions before opening wide and lolling out her tongue.

"Cover us, Harry! Paint us with your seed!"

That's all Harry needs to hear. He groans and a moment later is tipping over the edge, spraying them both across the face with white, hot, sticky seed. Most importantly of all, he coats them in his magically charged seed. That was part of the preplanning for this ritual. He'd cast some spells on himself designed to charge up his bodily fluids with his magic, causing it to express itself through things like his blood, saliva, and cum.

As such, when his jizz lands all over Hermione and Ronnie, they don't just moan... they shudder and spasm just a bit, quivering in front of him. At the same

time, the ritual beneath all of their feet begins to glow ever so slightly, the magic in the air being absorbed into it.

Of course, it's not just Harry's bodily fluids that are magically charged... Hermione suddenly tackles Ronnie to the floor, putting her on her back and literally drooling down into her mouth before kissing her on the lips. They rub their bodies together, smearing his cum across their tits and cheeks.

Harry, for his part, kneels down between their legs as he stares at their writhing bodies. And then... he reaches out and proceeds to stuff his digits in their quivering cunts, pushing in his fingers and driving them in and out rapidly.

Hermione and Ronnie both cry out at that, but Harry just keeps going until he starts to really get a response from their bodies. Pussy fluids, just as magically charged as his cum had been, squirt out of both of their cunts and onto his fingers and hands... as well as the ritual beneath them, which glows and hums with power more and more.

Finally, Hermione pulls back from Ronnie's lips to look at him over her shoulder.

"Fuck us Harry. Fuck us and let our magic become one."

Harry breathes out... and nods before replacing his fingers with his cock. He thrusts into Hermione, making the beautiful brunette toss her head back and cry out. At the same time, he continues to finger Ronnie, causing the red head to groan and moan beneath Hermione.

He does this for a couple of minutes... but Hermione had been clear when she said to 'fuck us'. It wasn't one or the other. It was both of them. So Harry pulls out of Hermione and slides his fingers back into her while at the same time thrusting his cock into Ronnie's waiting, sloppily wet cunt. The athletic tomboy of a witch cries out as well, shuddering and quivering all the while as her muscular insides cling to him for dear life.

Alternating between the two of them, Harry fucks his best friends in the whole wide world soundly and swiftly. He plows Hermione and then Ronnie and then

back to Hermione again, pounding away at their pussies nonstop as they moan and writhe atop one another.

At the same time, more and more of their magic fills the air. More and more of their fluids hit the ritual circle. The glow becomes so bright that it's able to light up the otherwise dark and dimly lit Shrieking Shack. Hopefully there's nobody around outside to see it... but to be fair, if anyone does see anything or hear the noises their making, the shack's reputation should cover for them. That was why they'd chosen it, after all.

Harry loses track of how many times Hermione and Ronnie both cum on his cock. Eventually though, even having cum once already isn't enough to hold him back anymore. With a loud, harsh groan, Harry finally reaches his breaking point. He tips over the edge inside of Hermione at first, but halfway through his resulting climax he pulls out and stuffs his cock into Ronnie to finish inside of her as well.

Both witches stiffen up and Harry does too as his seed mixes with their pussy fluids and the ritual reaches a crescendo. Harry feels it in that moment as the connection forms between the three of them, equal and fulfilling in a way he can't even begin to describe. It's not really a thing of domination or control. They're not enslaving themselves to him or anything like that.

Rather, this specific tantric sex ritual is one of jolly cooperation... a full threeway partnership that allows any one of them to draw on the other two's magic as easily as their own... as easily as breathing, really.

Pulling out of them both, Harry drags Ronnie and Hermione around to face him, laying there with them. He cleans their faces off with a simple wave of his hand, finding the magic answers him so much easier now, and then proceeds to kiss them both one after the other. They cuddle there together on the floor of the Shrieking Shack, joined and bonded by something truly powerful.

In that moment, they cease to be three magical individuals. Their magic pools together, becoming one source that all can draw upon freely. They become closer than ever before and Harry feels a confidence he's never felt before,

along with a soul-deep certainty that no matter what the Triwizard Tournament or Voldemort throws at him... he's got it handled.