

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

Poll Winner

Themes: Foursome, Ritual Sex, Anal Sex

Summary: Part 2 of [Mutual Binding](#). Angelina was the new captain of the Quidditch team and was planning on playing professionally after Hogwarts. So when her seeker gets drafted into a life-threatening magical tournament and needs help flying around a dragon, she and her fellow chasers have no qualms about lending a hand.

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“Are you three really sure about this?”

It was never Harry’s intention to involve anyone else in this. Hermione and Ronnie were enough, or so he’d thought. Together, the three of them had an awful lot of magic between them now. But apparently he was the only one who felt like it would be good enough...

Angelina Johnson, Alicia Spinnet, and Katie Bell all share amused looks for a moment, already in the midst of stripping naked in front of him. Finally, Angelina looks back to him, the beautiful black witch chuckling softly.

“I’d say we’re sure, Harry. We’re here aren’t we? We wouldn’t be here if we weren’t sure.”

And then they return to stripping naked. Hesitantly, Harry starts to do the same, taking off his clothes... but even as he does so, he can’t help but continue to give them a way out.

“It’s just... you’re all already doing a lot for me. You’ve been helping me practice for the First Task for days now.”

Alicia gives him a distinctly unimpressed look at that.

“We’ve been running drills, sure... but has anything we’ve done actually prepare you for fighting a literal dragon, Harry?”

Harry winces at her exceptionally dry tone. The chaser isn’t wrong, after all. When he’d found out that the First Task would involve facing down a dragon thanks to Hagrid’s ‘help’, Harry hadn’t known what to do at first. Sure he had Hermione and Ronnie’s magic to draw upon now, but what were the three of them against a literal fucking dragon?

In the end, he’d settled on a strategy that leaned firmly onto his strengths, namely that he was going to call his broomstick to him and use it to try and outfly the dragon in whatever the First Task required of him.

He’d been practicing the accio charm for weeks now and could reliably call upon his Firebolt from just about anywhere on Hogwarts’ grounds. At the same time, he’d also started running some drills with the three women now naked in front of him, Gryffindor’s Chasers acting as a ‘simulation’ of the dragon he would be facing down.

But they were right... it wasn’t anywhere close to what he’d probably truly be facing. Still, Harry had no intention of asking them to take this step... which is why Hermione had done it instead and even gone so far as to prepare the ritual circle in advance so the four of them could easily do it.

Harry sighs, feeling the combined magic of him and his friends thrumming beneath his skin, even as he steps into the circle and Angelina, Alicia, and Katie all move to join him. The three beautiful, athletic witches sink to their knees in front of him, coming down to eye level with his cock and staring.

He’s not about to initiate... so there’s a momentary pause before finally, Angelina takes the lead. She’s Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team this year and she’d been more than happy to volunteer her and her fellow chasers’ time to help him out. But this? This was beyond Harry’s expectations.

Hands slip and slide along his cock, followed by mouths. Harry groans as the three women all begin to apply their tongues to his cock and even his balls, showcasing a level of commitment that has him shuddering in pleasure.

“Fuck... you three... there’s no going back if we do this, you know? The ritual is only one way...”

As Alicia and Katie slide their mouths along either side of his cock, Angelina pulls back for a moment and smirks.

“You think we care about that, Harry? No... rather, why is that a downside? Sure, you’ll rely upon our magic to survive this awful shitty Tournament, but after that... well, I intend to go professional when I finish here at Hogwarts. Seems to me that I’ll be in a good position if I can rely upon all of you for my matches.”

... Fair point. Harry nods, showing that he’ll be more than happy to let Angelina lean on their combined magic when it comes to enhancing her reflexes and perception on the Quidditch Pitch. It’s not like he’ll own them or anything after all... they’ll all be one team, one unit, one pool of magic.

Though, Harry wasn’t blind to the fact that he was about to be severely outnumbered as the only guy in the mix. Him and five girls all sharing their magic... he should probably be a bit more concerned, but truth be told Harry wasn’t exactly complaining.

“I’m ready.”

His cock is rock hard from their efforts and glistening with their saliva. It twitches readily, eager to dive into a proper hole. Angelina, Alicia, and Katie all see this and lay back in the ritual circle, offering themselves up to him right there on the spot with legs spread and lifted into the air.

Giving credit where it’s due, Harry starts with Angelina. He drives his cock deep into the older witch, filling the Quidditch Captain with every last inch of his member. The beautiful dark-skinned woman cries out beneath him, shuddering as he groans.

Harry quickly begins pumping in and out, until the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh fill the air and match Angelina's moans for volume.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

He's fucking her nice and deep, pounding into her good and hard. Meanwhile, Alicia and Katie watch on from the sides, playing with themselves. Fingers toy at nipples and slide in and out of pussies as they watch Harry drill Angelina right there between them.

Unlike with Ronnie and Hermione, Harry doesn't try to connect to all three of them at once. Even as magically charged sexual fluids cover the ritual circle and make it start to glow, he focuses purely on Angelina to start. One of his hands gropes one of her tits, while the other grips her inner thigh so his thumb can grind against her clit.

She moans and squirts for him repeatedly, orgasming all over his cock as Harry pushes with his magic, heightening the experience for her, using his connection to Hermione and Ronnie to enhance everything about the moment.

Finally, with a groan, Harry cums inside of Angelina and the ritual reaches its first crescendo. With the connection between him and his best friends already in place, it's less Angelina connecting to him and more her being invited to join all three of them. For a moment Harry wonders if she'll be able to given the lidded look on her pleased face... but then he feels it happen.

Angelina joins their collective, her magic reaching out to connect to theirs. Ronnie and Hermione both reach back, or at least their magic does, welcoming Angelina to the group. Harry smiles softly as he pulls free of the tight, clenching cunt of his Quidditch Captain, turning to Alicia next.

He drives into the other dark-skinned chaser with his entire length once more, fucking her just as hard and fast. The already glowing ritual circle glows even brighter still while Harry pushes things to their limits, driving Alicia wild and making her squeal and cream herself over and over again.

He's not... gentle about it, but to be fair Alicia is an incredibly fit witch with an athletic body that doesn't require gentleness. She takes his cock and she takes it well, moaning all the while and begging for more. Until again, Harry tips over the edge and completes the ritual a second time, bringing Alicia into the collective.

Katie is last to go but certainly not least. The final Gryffindor Chaser gives Harry an encouraging smile as he fills her with his cock, one that contorts into an expression of wide-eyed pleasure at the sensation of being stretched out upon his dick.

Not wanting her to feel like something on a checklist, Harry leans down and captures one of Katie's nipples between his teeth. He sucks and slurps at her breast for a bit before biting down on her teat, nibbling at it while fucking her silly right there next to her fellow chasers.

Katie cries out, moaning and shuddering hard beneath him, orgasming just as much as Alicia and Angelina both did. She squirts her own quantity of magically charged pussy juices onto the brightly glowing ritual circle, until at long last Harry cums and cums, filling her and connecting them together.

Like that, it's done. All four of them are connected... technically all six of them, even if Hermione and Ronnie aren't physically present. But then, they don't have to be for Harry to be able to feel them, and he can tell that the girls who are here with him are feeling the exact same thing.

He can also tell that they're feeling the magical energy coursing through them too, because instead of laying down and cuddling afterwards like he had with Ronnie and Hermione...

"More... fuck, let's go some more. You up for it, Harry?"

Angelina rolls onto her hands and knees, the beautiful black witch shuddering as she arches her back and presents him with her backside.

“Fuck my ass. Take that big fat cock of yours and fuck my fucking ass!”

Harry blushes a bit, caught off guard by Angelina’s sudden reveal that she apparently liked anal. He definitely wasn’t expecting that. And yet, his cock is still rock hard and being connected to a pool of six different magical people all combined into one source of magic was... well, it was invigorating to say the least.

He felt like he could take on the world right now... but Angelina wasn’t asking that of him. She was just asking him to fuck her in the ass. And frankly, Harry didn’t mind giving her what she wanted.

He grabs hold of Angelina’s taut, firm buttocks with both hands, his thumbs sliding along her crack and spreading her ass cheeks wide. A flare of magic makes sure her backdoor is utterly cleaned out, making Angelina let loose a squeal from the no doubt strange feeling of suddenly having said cavity... pristine.

Once he’s done that, Harry also uses their combined magic to provide some extra lubrication to his cock and her hole... and then begins the process of prying his way into her asshole with his dick, pushing inch after inch into her as she shudders there before him.

He slowly drives in and out of her a few times, getting a feel for it and not wanting to hurt her. But eventually, Angelina looks back over her shoulder at him and growls.

“Harder!”

He can feel how badly she wants it through their connection too, so Harry... gives her what she desires. Soon enough he’s fucking her ass so hard that he’s running right into her buttocks with each thrust and the sound of flesh impacting flesh is once again filling the air.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Alicia and Katie watch on for a long moment... before dropping to their hands and knees on either side of their illustrious leader.

“Us too, Harry!”

“Finger our assholes~”

“And then fuck them, please~”

He's not that surprised. They can likely sense Angelina's pleasure after all, can feel how good she's getting it from his cock. Harry himself has blocked off the sensation, not wanting to feel everything Angelina is feeling, but Alicia and Katie have not. So of course now they want their own anal experience.

Chuckling, Harry reaches out and slides two digits between their cheeks and into both of their assholes, using magic to clean them up and lube his digits in the same heartbeat. Then, he drives in and out of their backdoors at the same pace he's fucking Angelina's ass, until their moans are resonating in time with hers and their cries are filling the air.

Angelina's asshole grips down on his cock like nothing else, milking him for all he's worth... until finally, Harry can hold back no longer and cums inside of her, painting her bowels white with his seed. There's no ritual component this time around... that's already over. This is just for pleasure.

Still, even as he pulls out of Angelina's ass and prepares to give Alicia and Katie the same treatment, Harry doesn't mind the 'wasted time'. He's more than happy to show these witches some love, given all they've done for him. They're all in this together now, after all...