

Chapter 7

The morning after the duel, as Harry and Daphne were finishing their breakfast while talking to Hermione, Professor Moody stomped up behind them.

"Potter!" he barked, clapping Harry roughly on the shoulder. "My office in five minutes."

Pushing off of his shoulder, he ambled out of the Hall, his wooden leg echoing on the hard stone with each step.

"I wonder what he wants." Hermione said curiously.

"I guess I'll find out." Harry said before turning to give Daphne a kiss. "I'll meet you in the Room of Requirement when I'm done."

"Can you show me the room?" Hermione asked Daphne. "It sounds fascinating."

"Sure." Daphne said with a shrug.

Knowing the exams worth of questions his girlfriend was in for once Hermione saw the room, he smiled and bid them goodbye as he left the Hall. It only took him a couple of minutes to make it to the Defense classroom, where he found Moody sitting at his desk. The moment Harry entered, Moody pointed his wand at the door, causing it to close.

"What in the hell were you thinking, Potter?" Moody growled as he stood and marched over to stand in front of him.

"Er, what-"

“The duel.” he interrupted. “Your girlfriend’s fate is on the line, and you decide to play games?”

Harry flushed and looked down at his feet as Moody leaned on his staff and glared at him with his good eye.

“How many times have I told you? If you’re going to fight, then you need to fight to win!” he barked loudly.

“Yes, sir.” Harry said, feeling properly chastised.

“I’m wasting my time teaching you if you’re going to pull shite like that.” Moody said angrily.

Harry’s head snapped up.

“No, sir. It won’t happen again.” he assured him.

“It better not.” Moody growled, leaning forward to get right in his face. “I don’t give a flying fuck if you pulled my fat arse out of that trunk. I’m not going to take stupid risks, got it?”

“Yes, sir.” Harry said.

“Good.” he said as he leaned back. “Time for a refresher course, get your wand out.”

Harry pulled out his wand as Moody waved his, sending the desks to stack themselves against the wall. Moody turned and walked away a few steps before whirling around with shocking grace and sending a sizzling purple spell at him. Harry produced a shield quickly but stumbled back a step as the spell slammed harshly into it.

“Don’t hold back!” Moody yelled as he fired another spell. “Hit ‘em fast, hit ‘em hard, and move on to the next one. Constant Vigilance!”

Harry winced as yet another spell crashed against his shimmering blue shield. Unlike Malfoy’s easily deflected spells, Moody’s hit with the force of a Beater’s bat, knocking him back and reverberating up his arm. Moody was looking to make a point, and Harry knew he was in for a rough time.

Sure enough, Moody battered him around the classroom for nearly four hours. By the time he finally relented, Harry could barely lift his arm, his face and shirt were soaked in sweat, and his lungs burned. Despite all of that, he felt a sense of pride that he was still on his feet, and even Moody looked a bit worn out.

“Good, you’ve gotten better, but don’t let it go to your head.” Moody told him. “We’ll start training again when school starts back up. In the meantime, I expect you to practice on your own.”

Harry nodded, too busy catching his breath to talk.

“Get some rest, Potter. And keep that ego of yours in check.” Moody growled.

After hours of being reprimanded for the same things, Harry just rolled his eyes as he left. While he could admit Moody had a point, and the way he had dueled Malfoy was stupidly risky, he was going a bit overboard. Limping his way down the hall, he headed to the seventh floor to meet Daphne.

“Arry.” Fleur called out as he passed the sixth floor.

Stopping he turned to find the stunning blonde jogging over to him with a smile on her face, her breasts bouncing and drawing the attention of every wizard around. It was incredible how much more friendly she was with him since their encounter at the Yule Ball. When she reached

him, her smile turned into a concerned frown as she took in his disheveled and weary appearance.

“Are you alright?” she asked.

“I’m fine.” he told her. “Moody’s been teaching me some dueling.”

Fleur wrinkled her nose cutely.

“Zhat man geevs me zhe creeps.” she said.

Harry smiled and nodded, completely understanding how she could feel that way.

“Do you ‘ave a few minutes?” she asked. “I ‘ave somezhing important to tell you.”

“Sure, I was just on my way to meet Daphne.” he said. “Why don’t you come with me?”

When she nodded, Harry continued his slow, painful trudge up to the seventh floor. When he got to the Room of Requirement, he found the door missing. Fleur watched him curiously as he paced back and forth in front of the bare stretch of wall three times. Her eyebrows raised when a door faded into view out of solid stone.

“What ees zhis?” she asked.

“I’ll explain inside.” he said as he opened the door.

The room looked like a private library as he walked in to find Daphne and Hermione sitting on a couch, looking over a pile of parchment as they talked. They both looked up as he entered with Fleur and closed the door behind him.

“What happened, Harry? Are you alright?” Hermione asked.

“I’m fine.” he told her. “Moody wasn’t happy with the way I dueled Malfoy yesterday.”

Harry sat down on the couch between Daphne and Hermione with a sigh. He felt bad about not telling them the truth, but Moody had sworn him, quite literally, to silence. He just had to hope they would forgive him later when the truth came out. Daphne ran a hand through his hair while looking at him in concern. Fleur looked around for a seat and her eyes widened as a chair seemed to grow out of the ground behind her.

“Magnifique.” she breathed.

“Hermione, you don’t know how to make a bruise balm, do you?” Daphne asked.

Before she could answer, the room shifted. One of the bookcases along the wall dropped down to waist height and morphed into a potions table, complete with cauldron, ladle, and ingredients.

“This room is amazing.” Hermione said as she stood up.

“Wait.” Fleur call out. “I ‘ave somezhing better.”

Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a palm sized jar and walked over to hand it to Daphne.

“Eet’s Veela cream.” she said.

“Perfect. Thank you.” Daphne said with a smile. “Take your shirt off, Harry.”

Groaning, Harry grabbed his jumper and pulled it over his head, revealing the large, purple bruises that littered his chest, ribs, and back. Hermione gasped and covered her mouth while Fleur and Daphne gazed at him sympathetically.

“Would you two give me a hand?” Daphne asked while slipping behind Harry, her legs spread wide around his body. “I’ll get his back if you can do his sides.”

Fleur nodded and sat down next to him. She and Daphne scooped out some Veela cream and rubbed it on their hands before applying it to his bruises. Harry hissed when the cold cream touched his skin, but soon it warmed up and he sighed in relief as it soothed his soreness.

“Hermione?” Daphne asked.

Hermione stood looking down at him, her cheeks slightly flushed as she gazed at his shirtless, muscled chest. When Daphne called out her name, she gave a startled jump.

“Oh, um, right.” she said.

Sitting down on his other side, she scooped out some cream and rubbed it between her hands before tentatively rubbing it on Harry’s ribs.

Closing his eyes, Harry enjoyed the feel of three beautiful girls running their soft hands over him.

“I could get used to this.” he murmured.

Daphne and Fleur giggled, while Hermione gave a small smile, her cheeks still a light pink.

“So, what have you two been doing in here all day?” he asked curiously.

"We were researching the room. There's been rumors about it for centuries, but no one's ever written down the exact location." Hermione said. "I think we might be the first people besides Rowena Ravenclaw to understand how the room works."

"Mmh." Harry groaned.

Fleur was massaging his abs and her hand hovering right around his belt line. Thinking of her reminded him what she said in the hall.

"You said you needed to tell me something, Fleur." he said.

"Hmm? Oh, oui." she said. "My 'eadmistress told me about zhe egg. We need to listen to eet underwater."

"Do you know what it says?" Daphne asked.

"Non, I 'aven't listened to eet, yet. I zhought we could do eet togezher." Fleur said.

"Why?" Hermione asked suspiciously, her eyes narrowed.

"I realized 'Arry was telling zhe truth. I do not weesh to see 'im get 'urt." she admitted.

"So, we need a tub." Daphne said.

As she said it, the room shifted again. The bookshelves along the wall disappeared into the walls and the floor in front of them began to sink. Dozens of copper pipes sprouted from the floor and turned themselves on, dumping gallons of hot, steaming water into the round, chest deep hole in the floor. With so many faucets running at once, it only took a couple of minutes to fill the pool.

“Um, Daphne, Harry doesn’t even have his egg.” Hermione pointed out as she stared in awe at the massive bath.

“I brought mine.” Fleur said as she pulled the huge, gold egg out of her small pocket.

“Well, let’s see what it says.” Daphne said excitedly.

She pushed on Harry’s back to make him stand while Fleur stood up next to him. Without any sign of hesitation, Fleur stripped out of her clothes. Hermione gasped, her cheeks flushing a bright red as Fleur unsnapped her bra and stepped out of her panties. As Fleur walked into the pool, Daphne followed her lead and stripped out of her clothes before helping Harry with his pants. The sound of his belt being unbuckled seemed to snap Hermione out of her shocked daze.

“I-I should go.” she stuttered, tearing her eyes away from Harry.

“Hermione, wait.” Daphne said as she dropped Harry’s pants to the floor. “We might need your help.”

“But...” she said, struggling to form words.

“Oh, come on, Hermione. Surely, we can be mature about this.” Daphne chastised her. “Just go in your underwear if you don’t want to get naked. It’s not any different than those bikinis Muggles wear.”

“I-I suppose.” Hermione said, her pride coming to the fore and preventing her from doing something that would be seen as immature.

Daphne smiled at her just as she pushed Harry’s boxers to the floor. Hermione’s eyes widened as she took in Harry’s nakedness, unable to look away. He felt himself twitch from the excitement of his best friend staring at him. Before he could enjoy it too much, Daphne took his

hands and led him into the pool where Fleur was waiting from them, the bottom of her incredible breasts bobbing in and out of the water as she fiddled with the faucets curiously.

“Coming, Hermione?” Daphne asked over her shoulder as she stepped into the hot water.

Hermione swallowed nervously as she grabbed the bottom of her jumper and pulled it up over her head, followed by the t-shirt underneath. Her round breasts, looking like the perfect size to fit in his hands, were held tightly in a plain white bra that looked one size too small. Fumbling with the button on her pants, she eventually got it open and pushed her jeans down, revealing her matching white panties, long, toned legs, and a fantastically perky bum.

Crossing her arms over her breasts, her blush running down her neck, she quickly stepped into the pool and sank down, using the water to cover herself.

“Ready?” Fleur asked, holding up the golden egg.

Everyone nodded and took a deep breath to dip under the water. Twisting the catch at the top, the sides of the egg fell like the petals of a flower opening. As soon as the egg was open, a strange bubble glowed on the inside and the sound of singing filled their ears.

*Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching ponder this;
We've taken what you'll sorely miss,
An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour, the prospect's black,
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.*

When the song began to repeat, everyone raised their head out of the water. As Hermione stood with a thoughtful look on her face, Harry noticed that her bra had become transparent. He could easily make out her pink nipples pressing against the fabric as it clung to her body. Lost in thought, Hermione didn't notice how little her underwear was now covering her.

“What do you think it means?” Harry asked.

“Come and seek us where our voices sound, we cannot sing above the ground.” Hermione recited. “That must mean the Merpeople in the Lake.”

“We’ve taken what you’ll sorely miss. So, they’re going to have to retrieve something.” Daphne continued the thought.

“Didn’t it say something about an hour long?” Harry asked.

“Oui.” Fleur nodded. “We weel ‘ave to find somezhing at zhe bottom of zhe lake and bring eet to zhe surface.”

“But how do you hold your breath underwater for an hour?” Hermione asked worriedly. “I don’t know any spells that can do that.”

“I’ll show you.” Fleur said. “Seet.”

Harry sat down on the bench behind him, the water coming up to the bottom of his chest. Daphne sat on one side of him, while Hermione sat on the other. When they looked up at Fleur, she smiled, tapped the top of her head with her wand and a clear, round bubble appeared over her head. She ducked down under the water, and they could see the bubble ripple, but it stayed in place.

“A Bubblehead Charm.” Daphne said in recognition. “You could definitely stay underwater for an hour with that, but they’ll still be slow.”

“Maybe we could find a charm to make them move faster, like a modified Ascension Charm.” Hermione offered thoughtfully.

“What about using Human Transfiguration to give them webbed hands and feet?” Daphne asked.

“It’s possible, but Human Transfiguration is really difficult.” Hermione said. “Muggles have something called swim fins that attach to your feet. I could have my parents send us a pair to try.”

As Harry listened to Daphne and Hermione continue bouncing ideas off of each other, he felt hands sliding up his thighs. Looking down into the water, he could make out Fleur’s silvery blonde hair beneath the surface just before he felt his length being enveloped by her hot mouth. It was an odd, yet pleasurable sensation to feel part of his shaft surrounded by warm water while the rest was in her mouth. He could feel the exact point where his cock entered the bubble surrounding her head.

Harry bit the inside of his cheek to hold back a moan as Fleur’s tongue writhed around his cock, trying not alert Hermione to what she was doing. That was made extremely difficult as he not only felt her fantastic mouth, but also the incredible warm, tingling sensation her saliva left behind on his skin.

Fleur bobbed her head up and down as he reached peak hardness, slowly taking his length deeper each time her lips descended down his shaft. Her tongue wriggled along the underside of his length while her lips hugged his cock tightly as she sucked. To Harry, it felt as if she was worshiping his cock and, given what he knew about her, she probably was. If there was one thing he had learned about Fleur over the last week, it was that the girl absolutely loved sex. Not a day had gone by since their first time together that she hadn’t pulled him, or Daphne, or both of them aside for a shag.

“Harry. Harry!” Hermione yelled.

Harry jerked out of his pleasure induced haze, shaking his head slightly to try and clear his thoughts. Not an easy task when Fleur was doing her best to shove the entirety of his cock down her tight throat.

"Sorry, what was that?" he asked.

Hermione huffed in annoyance and glared at him.

"I asked if you wanted to try and learn Human Transfiguration or Charms?" she asked.

"Oh, er, I'm better at Charms. Why don't we work on that first. If there's still time, we can try learning Transfigurations after that." he said.

"That's what I was going to suggest." she said with a nod. "What are you- Fleur? What is she doing?"

Hermione furrowed her brow as she looked down at the water, trying to find Fleur. Any hope he had that Hermione might not notice she had moved disappeared when her eyes landed on the head of silver hair in his lap and widened considerably.

"Oh my god! Is she...?" Hermione question trailed off as it became obvious what Fleur was doing.

Her head snapped up to stare at Daphne with a startled, anxious look. The blonde smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"She does that." Daphne said.

Hermione worked her mouth open and closed several times while staring at her incredulously. Just then, Fleur managed to take his cock to the hilt, drawing a groan from Harry as her throat hummed around him

"I-I *really* should go." Hermione said, a hint of panic in her voice.

She stood halfway to her feet before Harry grabbed her arm and pulled her back down.

“Stay?” he asked.

Thanks to the closeness of their relationship, Hermione could tell by the look on his face everything he was asking in that one simple question. Both of them knew he wanted her to do a lot more than just stay. Hermione bit her lips as she stared at him, a dozen different emotions flickering in her deep brown eyes.

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea, Harry.” she said hesitantly.

Keeping his gaze locked with hers, unknowingly telling her everything he wanted with his expressive green eyes, Harry reached out under the water and wrapped his arm around her waist. Pulling her closer so that their hips were pressed together, he slowly leaned forward. Hermione’s eyes flickered down to his lips as her chest heaved with nervous anticipation. Her eyes drifted closed, and her warm, minty breath caressed his face as he brushed his lips softly against hers.

Feeling her lips pucker under his, he kissed her firmly. Harry moaned into her mouth, not just from fulfilling his long-held fantasy of kissing his closest friend, but also from the feeling of Fleur devouring his length. The sound of his moan brought Hermione to life. Her arms wrapped around his neck and her fingers threaded through his hair as she returned the kiss passionately. Running his tongue across her bottom lip, hers parted, allowing his tongue to delve inside and caress the inside of her mouth.

His hand, resting on her flat stomach, trailed up and over her ribs to cup her breast. Hermione moaned into his mouth, losing herself in passion as her hands tightened in his hair and she pushed her chest into his touch. Her breast perfectly fit his hand, her swollen nipple straining against the fabric of her bra and pushing into his palm.

Suddenly, Hermione let go of his hair and pushed back on his shoulders, her cheeks flushed, and lips slightly swollen as she looked at him.

“Just promise me this won’t get in the way of our friendship.” she said, painting lightly.

“Hermione, trust me, after everything we’ve been through together, nothing ever going to do that.” Harry said as he reached up to stroke her cheek tenderly.

With a beautiful smile, she leaned forward and touched her forehead to his before tilting her head and pressing her lips to his. Harry’s cock throbbed in Fleur’s mouth under the water as she steadily drove him closer and closer to the edge. She moved her head slowly but took his entire length with each bob. Wrapping her lips tightly around his base, she sucked hard as she pulled back, and her tongue snaked pleurably around his shaft.

Holding Hermione close, his hand slid up her smooth back. When he hit the strap of her bra, his fingers nimbly popped the clasp open. Hermione let go of his head long enough to let it slip off her arms where it floated on the surface of the water before running her hands up his chest to the back of his head.

Panting heavily as he groped at Hermione’s perky tits, Harry bucked his hips as he neared his end. Even underwater, Fleur could tell he was close. Raising her mouth, she stroked him rapidly while focusing on the head. She sucked hard and swirled her tongue around his engorged tip as it pulsed in time with his heartbeat. The incredible sensations from her mouth quickly drove him to his peak. Harry groaned into Hermione’s mouth and held her tightly against him as his balls tightened as he flooded Fleur’s sucking mouth. With her lips sealed around his head, several jets of cum rocketed from his tip to splash against her tongue.

Realizing what was happening, Hermione broke their kiss and stared down at the back of Fleur’s head under the water as his climax began to wane. Fleur pulled her lips off of his cock as Harry sagged in his seat. A second later, Fleur raised her head above the water, the bubble around her head vanishing with a small *pop*.

With a small, smug smile on her lips, she opened her mouth to show them the pool of white cum. After swirling it around with her tongue a few times, a small amount leaking out to dribble down her chin, she closed her mouth. With an audible gulp, Fleur swallowed, her throat bobbing under the skin. She licked her lips salaciously and gave them a proud smile.

"You missed a spot." Daphne said with a teasing smile.

Pouting, Fleur licked her lips again, searching for the cum she missed. Still smiling, Daphne swam forward and put her hands on Fleur's wide hips. Sticking out her tongue, she licked from the bottom of her chin up to her pouty lips, gathering the cum she missed. With a sultry look, she kissed Fleur, their tongues dancing between their lips as they shared his seed. Harry's cock twitched at the sight, rapidly re-hardening despite his recent orgasm. As they broke apart, both girls smiled at each other.

"Come on." Daphne said. "Let's give these two some time alone while I take care of you."

While Daphne pulled Fleur back over to the bench, Harry grabbed Hermione by the hips and lifted her onto his lap. Engrossed in watching the two blondes, she squealed in surprise, causing Harry to laugh.

"Prat." Hermione said, lightly slapping his chest.

As the moment of levity passed, the reality of what they were about to do set in.

"You have no idea how much I've wanted to do this." Harry told her.

"I didn't even know you felt that way about me." Hermione said. "How long have you...?"

"Fantasized about you?" he finished, causing her to bite her lip and nod shyly. "Since second year. I realized it after you were petrified by the Basilisk."

"Really?" she asked, surprised.

"Unlike Ron, I realized you were a girl a long time ago." he said with a smile.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” she asked.

“The same reason as you. I didn’t know if you liked me that way, and I didn’t want to ruin our friendship if you didn’t.” he told her. “When did you start fancying me?”

“After the Troll.” she admitted. “What made you change your mind?”

“Daphne.” he said with an affectionate smile. “She made me realize that this would only ruin our friendship if we let it, and I know neither of us want that.”

“And you’re sure she doesn’t mind?” Hermione asked as she looked over at the girl in question.

Daphne was straddling Fleur’s lap on her knees as they kissed heatedly and caressed each other’s bodies. Harry smiled as he watched the two stunning blondes, while Hermione bit her lip and eyed them curiously.

“I’m sure.” he said with certainty. “Daphne like girls just as much as I do. Besides, do you remember how Sirius said he made me his heir?”

Hermione nodded as she continued to watch Fleur and Daphne, causing Harry to smile and wonder if it was out of interest or simple curiosity.

“Well, it means that if I want to keep both houses alive, I need to have two wives.” he said.

Hermione snapped her head around to look at him with narrowed eyes and opened her mouth. Before she could say anything, Harry held up his hand to stop her.

“I know what you’re going to say, and it’s not what you think. I don’t *have* to marry two women, it’s just an option.” he said, calming her anger before she went on a rant. “Personally, I don’t really care about the House of Black, and I know Sirius doesn’t either, but Daphne does.

Potter and Black are two of the original houses that built magical Britain, and she doesn't want to see either disappear. So, we agreed to look for a second wife."

"And you want *me*?" Hermione asked with wide eyes, her voice reaching a higher pitch at the end.

Harry smiled at her and rubbed his hands up and down her back.

"I don't know who I want, Hermione. All I do know is I'd regret it for the rest of my life if I didn't at least tell you how I feel." he said before stroking her cheek and looking at her intently. "I want you."

Hermione bit her lip and met his gaze as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I want you too, Harry." she whispered.

With a brilliant grin, Harry grabbed her by the ass and pulled her close as he kissed her heatedly. Hermione smiled against his lips as she kissed him back, her fingers returning to his hair. Quickly, their kiss went from playful to heated and Harry moved one hand up to her chest to grip her breast. She moaned into his mouth while he hardened underneath her. As his erection pressed against her panty covered mound, Hermione surprised him by grinding herself down onto him, drawing a groan from his lips.

Next to them, they heard movement as someone climbed out of the water. Breaking their kiss, both of them looked over. Fleur climbed out of the pool to sit on the edge with her feet dipping into the water and her legs spread. As they watched, Daphne kissed her way up Fleur's thigh to her glistening pink lips. Fleur moaned as Daphne's tongue licked her slit and reached down to run a hand through her golden blonde hair.

Curious, Harry turned back to look at Hermione. She was staring at them intently as she watched, her lips slightly parted as she panted lightly with flushed cheeks. Under the water, he could feel her hot mound grind back and forth in small, unconscious movements.

“Beautiful, aren’t they?” he asked quietly.

Hermione jerked her head back to look at him before blushing heavily and looking down shyly. Chuckling, Harry pulled her down to grind her on his shaft as he leaned forward to kiss her neck. Moaning, she tilted her head to the side to give him better access to her delicate neck. As he kissed and sucked at her pale skin, he wondered if she was watching Fleur and Daphne over his shoulder. Twitching at the thought, he grabbed the waistband of her panties under the water and pulled them down her legs.

Hermione shifted to the side to pull them off completely before climbing back onto his lap. Both of them groaned simultaneously as his length pressed against her hot slit. She rolled her hips, grinding along his shaft as he grabbed her ass and pulled her against him. Lifting her up, he flexed his cock until it stood straight up and then lowered her back down so that his swollen head was wedged between her lips. Gripping his shoulder, Hermione tightened the muscles of her legs and herself still as his cock lay poised at her entrance.

“I’ve never done this before.” she admitted while biting her lip.

“We don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.” he told her.

“I want to, I’m just nervous.” she said with a small smile.

Harry smiled back at her reassuringly and stroked her back.

“Take your time, Mione. Go as slow as you want.” he said soothingly.

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded and took a deep breath. Closing her eyes, she slowly lowered herself down on his rigid length. A whimper left her lips as two inches of his cock sank into her core and stretched her walls. Harry groaned from the incredible heat and tightness that surrounded him as Hermione slowly raised herself up an inch before moving back down slightly.

further. He could feel his girth spreading her open, her walls molding around him to hug his cock perfectly. Hearing her whine, he looked up at her face to see her grimacing slightly.

"Are you okay?" he asked in concern.

"I'm okay." she said. "It just stings a bit."

Harry didn't like the sound of that. He really wanted to make sure she enjoyed herself. Moving one hand around to her front, he began rubbing circles just above her clit with his thumb. Hermione ran her nails lightly along the back of his neck pleurably as she moaned and leaned forward to rest her forehead against his.

"That feels good." she said softly.

Smiling, Harry kissed her on the lips. Hearing another, louder moan, it took his mind a second to realize it didn't come from Hermione. Turning their heads, both of them looked over to find Fleur writhing and gasping as she ground her drooling pussy against Daphne's face.

"Mon dieu!" she gasped.

Hermione, who had managed to take over half his length, suddenly started riding him a bit more aggressively. Harry looked back at her and smiled as he watched her lick her lips while gazing at the two girls. Her beautiful brown eyes were darkened with lust, her lips slightly parted as she panted lightly. This time, Harry decided against interrupting her voyeuristic tendencies and, instead, pressed his thumb more firmly against her hooded clit.

Hermione left out a low moan and descended further down his length, her hips rising and falling faster. After moving up and down on his throbbing cock just a few more times, Hermione bottomed out with a moan and rested in his lap with his length buried to the hilt in her previously untouched depths.

“Oh god, that feels so good.” she breathed.

Closing her eyes, Hermione rolled her hips and gasped. Harry leaned forward and claimed her lips in a deep, tongue filled kiss. As she started bouncing up and down on his cock, they heard a squeal from Fleur. They looked over just in time to see her shudder through a climax, her large tits trembling and rippling with the movement of her body. Hermione bit her lip as she watched, her hips continuing to move as she raised up a couple of inches on his length before dropping down and rolling her hips. Her firm, perky tits bounced and trembled as they bobbed in and out of the water.

Gasping, Fleur pushed Daphne away from her pussy and moaned contentedly while rubbing herself. Standing up, Daphne looked over at Harry and leaned to give him a kiss before doing the same to Fleur. In a few moments, they had switched places and Daphne moaned softly as Fleur licked her clit. Looking at Hermione, she smiled at her and gave her a wink.

Blushing, Hermione turned back to Harry and kissed him to hide her embarrassment. Smiling against her lips, he caressed her body, exploring every inch of her delicious figure. Letting out a moan, she rode him faster, grinding down on his more firmly to rub her clit on his groin.

Even with his recent climax, Harry knew he wouldn't last much longer. Her incredible tightness and the fact that he was her first, combined with finally being with a girl he had fantasized about for years, was quickly driving him to his peak. Hermione too seemed to be getting close as her hips jerked and her breathing trembled.

“Oh god, Harry.” she moaned.

“That's it Mione, cum for me.” he said.

Burying her face in the crook of his neck, her body trembled as her movements lost their coordination. Grabbing her ass tightly, Harry took control and lifted her up before slamming her down onto him while driving his hips up. Hermione let out cute, short, high-pitched grunts each time his cock invaded her depths. Stiffening against him, he felt the moment she reached her

peak when her tight core spasmed around his thrusting cock. Her breath caught and her body shook before she let out a loud squeal a moment later.

Harry grunted and continued driving her down onto his length as he chased his own release. The surface of the water rippled, waves crashing against the sides around them while he hammered his hips up. Hermione squealed again, her back arching as he pounded her through her climax relentlessly.

As her stiffened nipple scraped over his chest, Harry finally tipped over the edge. Slamming her down on his cock on last time, he held her there while driving his hips up in time with the pulses of his cock. Hermione moaned and bit his shoulder as he released inside of her, his hot seed filling her depths. They held each other closely while they rode out their climaxes, their bond only strengthened by the incredibly intimate moment.

Next to them, they could hear Daphne reaching a peak of her own, but they were too absorbed in the moment with each other to look. As the pleasure waned, Hermione pulled back to kiss him on the lips. Unlike the heat, passionate kisses they had shared before, this one was tender and loving, as if they were pouring all of their pent-up feelings into this one act. It was a while before they eventually separated. As they smiled at each other, they were brought out of their own little world as someone swam up next to them.

Looking over, they found Fleur looking at them with a grin.

“Ave fun?” she asked.

With an irrepressible smile on her swollen pink lips, Hermione nodded.

“Do you mind eef I ‘ave my turn wiz ‘Arry?” she asked.

Surprisingly, Hermione giggled.

“He’s all yours, I’m spent.” she said.

Raising herself up, she grimaced slightly as his softened length fell out of her.

“Merci.” Fleur said with a bright smile.

Leaning forward, she kissed Hermione on the lips, causing the brunette’s eyes to widen in shock. Fleur pulled away and moved over to Harry, oblivious to the stunned look on Hermione’s face. A Fleur took her spot, Hermione touched her lips.

“Hermione.” Daphne called out, waving her over.

Moving over to her, she made to sit on the bench, only to inhale sharply when Daphne wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her back against her chest, so they were both facing Harry and Fleur. Daphne hugged her from behind until Hermione relaxed against her, her back pillowed by her large breasts.

“So, how was it?” Daphne asked, a hint of excitement in her voice.

“It was great.” Hermione confessed, biting her lip as she smiled. “I loved it, but I’m going to be sore tomorrow. I never thought he’d be that big.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it and it will feel even better.” Daphne said.

“Better?” Hermione asked.

She had already experienced pleasure beyond anything she had imagined possible. How could it possibly get better, she asked herself. Behind her, Daphne giggled as her hands began to caress her stomach. As they both grew silent, their attention turned to Harry and Fleur. Right now, they were kissing heatedly while Harry groped her perfect breasts and she worked on getting

him hard under the water. Looking at the French girl, she couldn't help but compare herself to her and find herself coming up short. Physically, Fleur was perfect.

"It doesn't bother you, seeing them together?" Hermione asked, biting her lip.

"No, I think it's hot." Daphne said. "Look at him. Our Harry is so manly he has a Veela *begging* for him. I love watching him turn powerful witches into drooling sluts. Plus, I get to sleep with her. You can too, Fleur's tongue is unbelievable."

"I've never, been, with a girl before." Hermione admitted.

"Really?" Daphne asked, and she could hear the smile in her voice.

Hermione inhaled sharply as she felt Daphne's hand move down to her sore mound. She jumped when Daphne first touched her slit. Gradually, she relaxed as she grew comfortable with Daphne's gentle touch. A moan left her lips when she lightly rubbed her clit.

"See, not so bad, is it?" Daphne asked as she leaned down to kiss her neck.

Hermione hummed in agreement and relaxed back against her. Part of her mind noted the feeling of her hard nipples pressing into her back. Looking up, she watched as Fleur lifted herself up to climb on top of Harry the same way she had. Fleur gave him a sultry look as she took his entire length in one go, her back arching as she tilted her head back and moaned lewdly. Biting her lip, she had to admit Daphne was right, it did look hot.

"He cares about you a lot, you know." Daphne said.

"Huh?" Hermione asked, her lust and pleasure addled mind working slowly.

"Harry. You have no idea how jealous I used to be of you." she said.

“Of me?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Meeting Harry, you can tell instantly that there’s something special about him, but it’s hard to get close without coming off as a fangirl. You managed to do it in the first month of school.” Daphne said. “Even if I didn’t like witches, I’d still share him with whoever I had to if it meant being with him.”

Hermione wasn’t stupid, even with the pleasure coursing through her, she could still read between the lines. Again, she had to agree, Harry was definitely special. But sharing him was a big decision. She opened her mouth to speak, but Daphne pressed down on her clit, forcing her to let out a gasp followed by a low groan instead. She looked forward to see Fleur riding Harry aggressively, slamming herself down on his lap and causing her breasts to bounce vigorously.

Hermione bit her lip and shuddered. The sight of the most desirable girl in Hogwarts jumping up and down on her best friend cock really was incredibly hot. She remembered the haughty girl walking around like everything in the school wasn’t good enough for her, and now here she was, desperate for the wizard she had called a ‘little boy’. Seeing the deservedly smug look on Harry’s face, she imagined he was thinking along the same lines. Hermione moaned as Daphne spread her fingers and moved them down, rubbing along the sides of her clit while caressing her swollen lips.

“Look at that slut, she loves his big cock.” Daphne whispered huskily into her ear.

Letting go of her breast, Daphne grabbed her chin and turned her head to the side. An instant later, she was pulled into a searing kiss. After a moment’s hesitation, Hermione kissed her back, their tongues dancing. It struck her how different it was from kissing Harry. Daphne’s lips were bigger and softer, tasting of cherries from her lip gloss. As surprisingly enjoyable as it was, Hermione was forced to break the kiss so she could gasp when Daphne gently slipped two fingers into her core and rubbed her clit with the palm of her hand.

“Look at them.” Daphne whispered.

Not even realizing she had closed her eyes, Hermione opened them again. Harry and Fleur had moved. Standing in the middle of the pool, he stood behind her as he hammered into her from behind. With her back slightly bent, Harry had one hand on her shoulder while the other roughly groped one of Fleur's large hanging breasts. The other bounced freely, swaying and jiggling with each powerful thrust of his hips. The look of absolute ecstasy on her face as she babbled in French said everything about how she felt. What Hermione found the most arousing, However, was Harry staring at her, his green eyes darkened with lust.

Hermione gasped as a ball of heat and pleasure grew in her core. Harry had a stunningly beautiful witch *pleading* for him to take her faster and harder, and yet he stared at her, the bushy-haired bookworm of Gryffindor. Unexpectedly, her mind wondered what it would be like to see Fleur's pleasure filled face while it was buried between her legs, her perfect nose bumping into her clit as Harry pounded her from behind.

The thought brought a moan to her lips as Daphne moved her hand faster, fingers sinking deeper. Staring at Harry's face, she could see him getting close to his end, his hips slapping furiously against Fleur's round behind. Looking down at Fleur, her walls fluttered in arousal at the look on her face. Fleur was in the midst of a thunderous climax, her eyes unfocused as she drowned in a sea of pleasure. Harry was ruining the poor witch, and she absolutely loved it.

Hermione's eyes moved back to Harry, their gazes locking just moments before he peaked with a grunt. She watched his hips snap forward, burying his length into Fleur as he seeded her.

"Oh god!" Hermione gasped.

Her climax hit her hard out of nowhere as she thought about Harry filling another girl, marking her as his. Her body quivered while heat and euphoria flooded her every vein. Reaching behind her, she grabbed the back of Daphne's head and crashed their lips together in a burning kiss as she whimpered and jerked. As her climax finally waned moments later, she broke the kiss and collapsed bonelessly against the busty girl behind her as she panted heavily.

"That was beautiful." Daphne whispered, kissing her cheek.

Smiling even as her cheeks flushed slightly, she looked up and saw Harry holding up Fleur as her legs gave out under her. Smiling, he picked her up bridal style and carried her over to the bench next to Hermione and Daphne. Fleur curled up in lap and rested her head on his chest, utterly exhausted. Hermione felt an odd swell of pride for her best friend.

“You okay there Frenchy?” Daphne asked teasingly.

“Mhh.” Fleur moaned.

Harry, Daphne, and Hermione all chuckled at her before falling into a comfortable silence as they basked in their afterglows and cuddled. It was several minutes until anyone spoke up.

“You still have anything left for me, love?” Daphne asked.

“I think I have one more in me.” Harry said with a smile.

With a playful pout and a groan, Fleur climbed to her feet and stretched. Hermione couldn't resist staring at her perfect, tear drop shaped breasts as she raised her arms above her head. Behind her, Daphne gave her a kiss on the cheek as she moved her legs out from around her and waded through the water over to Harry. Stopping at Fleur, she whispered into her ear. Whatever it was, it had the Veela smirking before they shared a kiss.

“Let's go to the bed.” Daphne said. “I'm starting to wrinkle.”

Hermione was just about to ask what bed, when one grew out of the floor. It was massive, large enough to hold five people side by side, with fluffy, dark green bedding.

Daphne and Harry were the first out of the pool, followed a moment later by Fleur and Hermione. Drying off quickly, Daphne grabbed Harry by the hand and pulled him on to the bed. As Hermione finished drying off, Fleur held out her hand in invitation.

"Come wiz me." she said.

Looking at the blonde curiously, she took her hand and allowed herself to be led over to the bed. While she crawled onto the soft mattress, Daphne had Harry on his back as she sucked him to hardness. Fleur put her hands on her hips and rolled her over onto her back inches away from Harry. Hermione felt unexpectedly shy as Fleur pushed her legs apart and kissed her way up her thighs. Despite having been naked in front of everyone for quite a while now, this was the first time they would be able to see her most private parts. Biting her lip, she chanced at glance at Harry to find him staring down at her crotch in arousal. A thrill of excitement went through her at having his gaze on her.

As Fleur began kissing along her lower lips, Hermione let out a surprised gasp from the incredible warm, tingling sensation she felt everywhere Fleur licked. Next to her, Daphne crawled up Harry and kissed him on the lips. When they separated, she bent down to whisper in his ear. Hermione's curiosity at what she was saying peaked when she saw the smirk stretch across Harry's face. Suddenly, Harry sat up and lifted Daphne as she let out a laughing squeal. Rolling them over, he tossed her down on her back next to Hermione. Daphne rolled over onto her stomach and Harry smacked her lightly on the ass as she climbed to her hands and knees.

Hermione let out a moan as Fleur's tongue licked up her slit and flicked it over her clit. The sound garnered Daphne's attention and she looked over at her with a smile. Harry kneeled behind her, his erection standing up rigidly in front of him. This was the first time she got a look at him fully erect, and his size made her wonder how he had ever fit inside her. No wonder she was so sore, she thought.

Harry lined himself up with Daphne's pink entrance and sank into her with ease. Daphne bit her lip and moaned while arching her back. Harry gripped her cheeks and spread them apart, staring down at his cock as it sawed in and out of her tight pink depths. Despite her earlier intimidation at his size, Hermione couldn't wait to see what it would look like to see him moving inside of her.

Strangely, after just a few thrusts, Harry pulled out. When he tried to push back in, it looked like he was having a bit of trouble, but Daphne's wanton moan told her she was enjoying whatever it was he was doing. It took her brain a few seconds to realize what was happening, and when it clicked, her eyes widened dramatically.

Pushing herself up on her elbows, Hermione stared in disbelief as Harry slowly sank his large cock into Daphne's crinkled back door. Slowly and gently, he sawed back and forth, easing inch after inch of his shaft into her stretched out bum. Looking down at Daphne, her mouth was open, and her eyes closed, as she gasped. It certainly *looked* like she was enjoying it, Hermione thought. Anal sex was something she had never really thought about, and definitely nothing she imagined enjoying. However, if it was as enjoyable as Daphne made it seem, maybe it was worth giving a try some time. Hissing in pleasure, Hermione's attention was brought back to the stunning blonde lapping at her clit.

Harry grinned as he buried his cock in Daphne's ass, savoring the feeling of her incredible tight heat. If she wanted to give Hermione a show, he was all for it. Giving her a moment to adjust, he looked over at Hermione. She was propped up on her elbows, biting her lip cutely and moaning as Fleur slid her tongue up and down between her taut lips. Merlin, she's beautiful, he thought. Seeing her so wanton and hearing her lewd moans had him twitching inside Daphne. Figuring she was ready, he pulled halfway out before driving back in.

"Oh fuck, yes!" Daphne exclaimed.

He wasn't entirely sure if it was real, or if she was exaggerating for Hermione, but it really didn't matter. Harry knew she loved anal, and he was determined to give Daphne the bugging of a lifetime. Seeing that Hermione's attention had been drawn by the shout, he gripped Daphne's hips tightly and plowed his cock into her bum. Gradually, he built up his pace, going faster and faster with every thrust. Feeling the lubrication from her arousal drying up, a devilish idea popped into his head as he pulled out.

"Hey, Fleur, I need some lube." he said.

As if she could read his mind, Fleur smirked. Pulling away from Hermione, she crawled over to him sensuously, her thick ass swaying behind her. Sitting up, Hermione stared with an open mouth as Fleur spit on his cock before taking it into her mouth. Harry groaned at the feeling of her tongue swirling around him, coating his length in her saliva. Reaching down, he gripped her hair and thrust into her mouth several times, his fat head bumping into the entrance of her throat and causing her to make loud, wet gagging sounds.

Pulling out of her mouth, his shaft slathered in her saliva, Fleur worked her cheeks and let a long line of drool fall from her lips onto his cock. Smiling down at her lustful, hooded gaze, he grabbed her chin and pulled her up as he bent down to kiss her briefly, but passionately. Pulling back, he turned back to Daphne and pressed the swollen head of his cock against her gaping hole. A gasp followed by a long, deep moan left her lips when his cock drove back into her. Not only was she getting pleasure from his cock, but now she had the added feeling of a warm, tingling sensation from Fleur spit. He swore it magically made both of them more sensitive.

As he worked back up to a steady pace, he spread her cheeks and watched as his cock speared in and out of her tight hole. He was so engrossed with staring at his girlfriend's fantastic ass, he didn't notice what was happening next to him until something bumped his shoulder. Looking over, he found Hermione on her knees next to him while Fleur laid beneath her. Hermione bit her lip and moaned as she looked from him to the point where his cock disappeared into Daphne's crinkled hole. Smiling at her, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

Turning back to Daphne, he grabbed her wide hips and pulled back until only the head remained trapped in her tight ring. Harry paused for a moment before he slammed back in until his hips clapped against her ass. With a pleased yelp, her arms gave out and she dropped down to elbows. From that thrust onwards, he set a brutal pace, hammering into her ass as fast as he could. Next to him, Hermione let out a gasp while Daphne moaned and clawed at the sheet.

Harry panted from exertion, the force of his thrusts jerking her forward on the bed, only for him to pull her back by the hips. With such a ruthless pounding, it wasn't a surprise when Daphne came. What was a surprise was how hard her climax was. Daphne howled as her body went rigid, her ass clamping down on his cock. Despite her walls desperate attempt to hold him in place, Harry strained his muscles and kept moving. A moment later, Daphne's legs shook uncontrollably, and jets of arousal arced out of her spasming pussy.

"Oh my god." Hermione gasped.

Groaning, Harry was forcefully driven to his peak by her tight passage squeezing and massaging his length. Burying himself into her to the hilt, his cock swelled and pulsed as he filled her back door with what little cum he had left. Before he was finished, Daphne collapsed flat on her

stomach, causing Harry to fall out of her. The last three spurts from his swollen cock landed on cheeks, leaving a small puddle decorating her skin.

Breathing heavily, he looked over at Hermione. Her lips were parted while she panted, eyes locked on Daphne's spent form as she ground her face onto Fleur's face. Sitting down on his butt, he watched for next couple of minutes as Fleur drove her to a spectacular climax. A smile stretched his lips while he watched her quiver and moan out her pleasure, her wonderful tits trembling enticingly. When she was done, Hermione collapsed to the side, panting heavily.

Eventually, after having a little time to recuperate Harry ended up on his back in the middle of the bed. Hermione crawled up to one side of him, while Daphne took the other. Fleur looked at him with a pout for a moment before smirking and laying down on top of him, her head pillowed on his chest. Chuckling, Harry enjoyed the feeling of being quite literally drowned in beautiful women as they all rested.

After a short nap, everyone got up and dressed as the time neared curfew. It was so close, in fact, that Harry didn't have time to walk Daphne back to the Slytherin dorm. Bidding her and Fleur goodnight at the staircase, he walked side by side with Hermione as they headed for Gryffindor tower. Halfway down the hall, he took her hand in his, linking their fingers. When she turned to him, they both smiled at each other.

"So, what do you think?" he asked.

"I... didn't think I would enjoy that as much as I did." she admitted.

"Does that mean we can give this a shot?" he asked, indicating their linked hands.

"I think we can. Just so long as you promise not to let this ruin our friendship if things don't work out." she said, biting her lip.

"I promise." he said, squeezing her hand. "Do you want to tell people, or keep it secret?"

"I-I don't know." Hermione said. "What do you think?"

"I'd like to tell people. I want everyone to know I'm dating the beautiful, brilliant Hermione Granger." he said with a smile.

Hermione looked at him with a pleased smile as she kissed him on the cheek. Unfortunately, the smile quickly turned into an uncertain look.

"Aren't you worried about what people will think?" she asked.

"No." he said with certainty. "I stopped caring what people think when they all turned their backs on me without even asking for my side of the story. Besides, as long as we get to repeat what we did today, they can think whatever they want."

Hermione fell silent for a moment before looking back up at him with a thoughtful look.

"You've changed. The old Harry would never have done any of what you've done today." she said.

"Is that a bad thing?" Harry asked.

"No, it's a good thing." Hermione said with a smile. "I just wish I could have helped."

"You did." he told her.

"Not as much as Daphne." she muttered.

Harry pulled her to a stop and wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her close.

“You listen to me, Hermione Granger.” Harry said sternly “I would be dead ten times over if it wasn’t for you. You’re just as responsible for making me who I am as Daphne is. She just helps me in a different way. No better, no worse, just different. You’re just as important to me as she is. Don’t *ever* feel like you have to compare yourself to her. I love you, Hermione, and whether we’re dating or not, I will *always* love you.”

Hermione stared up at him with unshed tears swimming in her eyes and then leapt forward, threw her arms around his neck.

“Thank you.” she said thickly. “I love you too, Harry.”

Harry smiled as he held her close for a minute. When he pulled back, he cupped her cheek, wiping away a small tear before kissing her tenderly. Taking her hand, they started walking again. As they reached the portrait to Gryffindor Tower, he let go of her hand. Just as he was about to give the password to the Fat Lady, Hermione took his hand again and gripped it tightly. Looking over at her, he raised his eyebrow questioningly. She nodded at him nervously, but determinedly. Grinning brightly, he bent down to give her a kiss before turning to give the portrait the password.

“Harmony.”