

Chapter 38

"Look, it's them."

"Potter and his... wives."

Valerie snorted softly. "Already? We haven't even reached the doors yet."

Daphne walked on Harry's other side, her sharp eyes scanning the scattering groups of students. "They act like they've never seen four people walk together before. You'd think we grew extra heads over our time away."

"Four married people," Valerie corrected, her voice dry. She slipped an arm through Harry's on one side while Daphne took the other. "Big difference, apparently."

Fleur tossed her silvery hair over one shoulder and smiled, looking completely unbothered. "Let them stare. It is nothing new."

Harry grinned, keeping his pace steady. The attention rolled off him easier these days. If anything, it amused him. "Wonder what the rumors are this time. Maybe they expected us to come back riding dragons or something."

"Or that we are starting our own cult," Valerie added, smirking. "The Potter Harem Society. Membership fees include undying loyalty and really good sex."

"Keep walking. Don't give them the show they're hoping for."

More heads turned as they crossed the grounds. A cluster of third-years stopped dead in their tracks, their mouths open. Two Ravenclaw girls whispered furiously behind their hands. Even a few older students paused to watch.

"Merlin, it's like we're the main event at the circus," Daphne muttered, though her tone was amused.

"Could be worse," Harry said. "At least no one's shouting questions yet."

From near the Quidditch pitch, a shout rang out. "Oi, Harry!"

He glanced over and spotted a few of his Gryffindor teammates waving from a distance. Angelina Johnson cupped her hands around her mouth. "Good holiday, eh?"

Harry raised a hand in return, keeping it casual. "Not bad! Catch up later, yeah?"

Fred and George appeared beside her, grinning like mad. "Don't do anything we wouldn't do!" one of them called.

"Which leaves you a lot of room," Harry shouted back with a laugh. The twins saluted dramatically before turning back. He shook his head, still smiling, and kept moving with the girls.

The massive oak doors stood open. Students streamed in and out, but the flow slowed when they spotted the group. Whispers intensified. Harry caught snippets. “—back from Italy—” “—married, all four—” “—lucky git—”

Valerie leaned closer to Daphne. “That one over there looks like he’s about to faint. Think he’s jealous?”

“Probably,” Daphne replied. “Can’t blame him.”

They stepped into the Entrance Hall, and there she was. Professor McGonagall waited near the foot of the grand staircase, her checkered robes as crisp as ever. Her expression remained stern, but her eyes softened just a fraction when she saw them.

“Welcome back to Hogwarts. I trust your time away was... productive?”

“It was,” Harry answered with a polite smile. “Good to be back, Professor.”

She gave a brisk nod. “Good. Follow me, if you please. There are matters we should discuss, and your new accommodations to see.”

The four of them fell in behind her as she led the way through the castle. Students parted for them in the corridors, their stares lingering. Harry caught Daphne’s eye and raised an eyebrow. She smirked in response.

As they climbed the first moving staircase, Harry spoke up. “So what’s been happening around here since we left? Anything new on the investigation?”

McGonagall’s lips pressed into a thin line. She waited until the staircase settled before answering. “I wish I had better news. The investigation has not progressed as much as we would like. The aurors confirmed that Mr. Davies and his companions were under the influence of a rage potion, as Madam Pomfrey certified upon examining them. It was a particularly strong variant, mixed with some compulsion elements. It amplified their existing animosity toward your group.”

“No leads on who slipped it to them?” Daphne asked.

“None concrete enough to act upon,” McGonagall replied. “The culprit covered their tracks well. The aurors are continuing to examine every angle, but it is slow work.”

Harry frowned as they climbed another shifting staircase. “I had a feeling it wouldn’t be straightforward. What I’m more curious about is why the culprit picked Davies and his lot in the first place. They knew there was bad blood between them and us. If they knew that much, they should’ve also known that Daph, Fleur, and Val would wipe the floor with them.”

“Exactly,” Valerie added. “And they didn’t throw anything seriously lethal. No killing curses, no dark stuff that would’ve done real damage. It feels like the point wasn’t to hurt us badly. Or kill us. It felt more like... provocation.”

McGonagall glanced back at them, her steps measured. "Your assessment aligns with our own thoughts, Mr. Potter. The goal may well have been something different. A distraction, perhaps, or an attempt to create chaos. We will not know for certain until the perpetrator is caught. The staff and aurors continue to work on it."

They continued upward, the conversation flowing easily despite the moving steps. McGonagall asked about their time away as they reached a quieter corridor on one of the upper floors.

"And how have you settled in Italy?" she inquired, her tone softening just a touch.

"It's been really good," Harry said. "We like it very much there. The villa's perfect. Quiet when we need it, beautiful views."

Daphne nodded. "The change of scenery helped. The weather was a nice bonus too."

"Very relaxing," Fleur smiled. "Exactly what we needed."

McGonagall's expression warmed slightly. "I am glad to hear it. Such a respite can make all the difference."

They turned down a narrow corridor lined with portraits that watched them with open curiosity.

Ahead, a group of Ravenclaw students blocked part of the hallway. Davies and his usual crew. They spotted the approaching party and froze.

Daphne, Fleur, and Valerie sighed with resignation, already knowing what was about to follow. Meanwhile, Harry's jaw tightened as he stared at the group. Maybe they'd been too optimistic in thinking that the entire ordeal would change things around here.

McGonagall paused, his lips thin. "Mr. Davies. Is there something you wish to say?"

The hallway grew quiet. Davies looked pale, and there were shadows under his eyes. His friends shifted uncomfortably behind him. After a long, awkward pause, he stepped forward.

"I... wanted to apologize," he said to their collective surprise. His voice came out quieter than Harry expected. "I was wrong to be so antagonistic toward you. Toward all of you. If I hadn't been such a pr — well, idiot about it, maybe we wouldn't have been used like tools by whoever did this."

Well, that was unexpected.

Davies continued, swallowing hard. "I regret it. We all do. We want you to know we'll stay away from now on. There will be no more issues."

Harry blinked. He exchanged a quick glance with Valerie, Daphne, and Fleur. Surprise flickered through the bond.

McGonagall watched silently, her face impassive.

Harry chose his words carefully. "Appreciate you saying that, Davies. We're not looking for more drama either. Let's just focus on our own stuff and leave each other alone."

Davies nodded once, relieved. "Yeah. Thanks." He gave them another shaky nod and his group shuffled past quickly, their heads down.

As they continued walking, Daphne shook her head. "That was surprising."

"Indeed," McGonagall said with another sigh. "Mr. Davies and his companions have been rather subdued since the incident. They were victims of mind manipulation, after all. We hope this fiasco helps them grow into better people. Their punishments still hold. There is nothing else to be said about them now."

They climbed the moving staircases and made their way through twisting corridors. Harry noted the route, filing it away. Eventually, McGonagall stopped before a plain wooden door that looked no different from dozens of others.

"Here we are," she announced. She waved her wand, and it swung open. "This will be your room for the remainder of the year," she announced. "As a married quartet, the school has made arrangements for private quarters. It is not a common practice, but it is not unheard of either."

They stepped inside. The space was decent. It was not extravagant, but it looked comfortable.

A large bed sat against the wall, and heavy curtains hung by the windows. There was a sitting area with a small fireplace, a table with chairs in front of it, plus a door leading to what looked like a private bathroom. Tapestries on the walls showed gentle forest scenes, and the windows offered a view of the grounds.

"Thanks, Professor," Harry said sincerely. "This works."

"We appreciate it," Fleur added with a polite smile.

McGonagall gave a small nod. "The school has a responsibility to accommodate married students when necessary. As I said, this is not entirely unheard of, though such rooms see infrequent use. The room has appropriate privacy and security arrangements in place. I will leave you to settle in. Should you need anything, my door is always open."

With that, she turned and left, closing the door behind her. It locked with a soft click.

Valerie flopped onto the bed and bounced once. "Not bad. Better than the dorms, that's for sure."

Harry checked the security measures and tinkered with them a bit, turning around when he was done.

Daphne walked over and ran a hand along the wooden frame of the bed. "It has history, this kind of setup. Sometimes when older students married during their final years, the castle would shift things around to give them privacy. The school has a responsibility to house us properly now."

Harry dropped their shrunk trunks on the floor and enlarged them with a flick of his wand. "Yeah, but we all know we're not living here full time. The Room of Requirement is way better suited to our needs."

Valerie smirked from her spot on the bed. She rose and walked over to Harry, pressing herself against his front without hesitation. Her hands slid up his chest. "Our needs, huh? Like right now, for example? The kind where we lock the door and —"

Harry's arms wrapped around her waist automatically. "Careful," he said, his voice dropping as he looked down at her. "You keep talking like that and I might show you exactly what those needs are."

Daphne and Fleur watched with matching smirks. Valerie tilted her head up, her eyes sparkling with challenge. "Oh? Bold words, Mr. Potter. Prove it."

He did not need telling twice. His hand slid down her back and cupped her ass firmly, pulling her tighter against him. Valerie let out a small, pleased sound as their lips met in a heated kiss. Her fingers tangled in his hair while his other hand traced the curve of her hip, his fingers squeezing her supple rear.

When they broke apart for air, both were breathing harder. Harry kept his hand where it was, squeezing once more for good measure. Valerie's cheeks were flushed, but she grinned.

Fleur stepped closer, her eyes hot, and Daphne followed suit, a smirk on her face. "Would be a shame not to celebrate our return properly in this new room."

Harry kept one hand firmly on Valerie's ass, squeezing the soft curve as he kissed her again. This time it was slower and deeper. Their tongues met and slid together in a lazy dance that made Valerie moan softly into his mouth. Fleur pressed in from the side, her fingers tracing the line of Harry's jaw before she leaned in to kiss Valerie's neck. The silver-haired beauty's lips were warm and teasing, sucking lightly at the sensitive skin just below Valerie's ear.

"Mmm, you three look good together," Daphne murmured. She moved behind Fleur, sliding her hands around the French witch's waist and pulling her back against her body. "But I think we can make it even better."

Valerie broke the kiss with Harry, breathing a little faster. She turned her head and captured Fleur's lips in a heated kiss. Harry watched, his cock already straining against his trousers as the two women explored each other's mouths. Fleur's hands came up to cup Valerie's breasts through her shirt, her thumbs brushing over her nipples until they hardened visibly.

"Can't ever get enough of this sight," Harry said, his voice rough. He reached out and tugged Daphne closer, kissing her hard while his free hand slid under her shirt to touch bare skin.

Clothes started coming off piece by piece. Harry pulled Daphne's shirt over her head, revealing her blue lacy bra. Valerie unbuttoned Fleur's blouse slowly, kissing every inch of skin she exposed. Soon all four of them were down to underwear, their bodies pressing together in the middle of the room. Hands roamed freely. Harry groped Valerie's ass again while Fleur squeezed Daphne's breasts, rolling the nipples between her fingers until Daphne gasped.

"Bed," Harry suggested, his voice thick with want.

They moved together, tumbling onto the large bed. The curtains stayed open, letting the afternoon light spill across their skin. Valerie pushed Harry onto his back and straddled his thighs, grinding slowly against the hard bulge in his boxers. Fleur and Daphne knelt beside them, kissing each other deeply. Their tongues flicked together visibly as they touched one another's bodies.

Valerie hooked her fingers in Harry's boxers and pulled them down, freeing his cock. It sprang up, thick and hard, already leaking at the tip. She wrapped her hand around the base and stroked him slowly, her eyes locked on his.

"Look at you," she whispered. "So hard for us already."

She leaned down and took him into her mouth. Her lips stretched around his girth as she sucked the head, her tongue swirling over the sensitive underside. Harry groaned, one hand tangling in her dark hair. Valerie bobbed her head, taking more of him with each pass, wet sounds filling the room.

Beside them, Daphne and Fleur had shifted. Daphne lay back against the pillows while Fleur settled between her legs. Fleur pulled Daphne's panties aside and dragged her tongue slowly up her slit, tasting her. Daphne moaned loudly, her hips bucking.

"Fuck, Fleur... just like that," Daphne gasped.

Fleur licked her again, slower this time, savoring the taste. She flicked her tongue over Daphne's clit before sucking it gently between her lips. Daphne's hand fisted the sheets, her other hand reaching out to stroke Valerie's back as Valerie continued sucking Harry's cock.

Harry watched the scene with heavy-lidded eyes. Valerie's mouth felt incredible, hot and wet, her tongue working him perfectly. She hummed around his length, the vibration shooting pleasure up his spine. He thrust up gently, fucking her mouth in shallow strokes while she took him deeper.

On the other side, Fleur pushed two fingers into Daphne's pussy, curling them as she licked her clit steadily. Daphne's moans grew louder, breathy and desperate. "Yes... oh Merlin, your tongue feels so good."

Valerie pulled off Harry's cock with a wet pop, strings of saliva connecting her lips to the head. She stroked him firmly with her hand, twisting at the top. "You like watching them?" she asked, her voice husky.

"Love it," Harry admitted. He pulled her up for a messy kiss, tasting himself on her tongue.

Fleur kept working Daphne, adding a third finger and sucking harder on her clit. Daphne's thighs started to tremble. Her hips rocked against Fleur's face, chasing the pleasure. "I'm close... don't stop, please."

Fleur didn't stop. She pumped her fingers faster, her tongue flicking rapidly until Daphne cried out, her back arching as her orgasm hit. Her pussy clenched around Fleur's fingers, juices coating the other woman's chin. Fleur licked her through it, gentler now, drawing out every last shudder as Daphne breathed heavily, her eyes wide.

When Daphne finally relaxed, still breathing hard, Fleur crawled up and kissed her deeply, letting her taste herself. Harry reached over and pulled Fleur into a kiss next, tasting Daphne on her lips. Valerie watched them with dark eyes, still stroking Harry's cock slowly.

"Your turn, Val," Harry said, his voice low and promising.

He flipped her onto her back gently. Daphne and Fleur moved in immediately. Daphne kissed Valerie hard, swallowing her moans while Fleur latched onto one of Valerie's nipples, sucking and biting lightly. Harry settled between Valerie's spread thighs. He kissed the inside of her knee, then trailed his mouth higher, teasing.

Valerie whimpered when Harry's breath ghosted over her soaked pussy. He licked a long, slow stripe up her folds, savoring her taste. "So wet already," he murmured against her before he dove in, tongue fucking into her entrance before moving up to circle her clit.

Daphne pinched Valerie's other nipple while Fleur kissed her neck, whispering filthy encouragement. "Let him eat you, mon coeur. Let us hear how good it feels."

Harry sucked on Valerie's clit, two fingers sliding into her tight heat. He curled them, stroking that spot inside her that made her hips jerk. Valerie moaned loudly,

the sound muffled by Daphne's mouth. Her hands tangled in Harry's hair, holding him against her as she ground against his face.

"Fuck, Harry... your tongue... yes," she panted when Daphne pulled back for air.

Fleur moved lower, kissing along Valerie's stomach until she reached where Harry was working. She licked alongside his tongue, both of them teasing Valerie's clit together. The dual sensation made Valerie cry out, her thighs shaking.

"Oh fuck... both of you... I'm going to come!" She cried out.

Harry sucked her clit harder while Fleur licked around it. He felt Valerie's walls fluttering around his fingers, but he pulled his mouth away at the last second. Valerie whined in protest, her hips chasing his face.

"Not so quickly," Harry said, his voice low and rough with lust. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and crawled up her body. He aligned the thick head of his cock with her dripping entrance and pushed inside.

Valerie gasped sharply as he stretched her open. "Harry... fuck, yes."

He sank in deep, bottoming out with a groan. Her pussy was scorching hot and incredibly tight, still pulsing from the edge he'd denied her. Harry started thrusting steadily, long deep strokes that made her breasts bounce with every impact. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room.

Beside them, Daphne pulled Fleur into a heated kiss. Their bodies pressed together, their hands roaming. This time, Daphne slid her fingers between Fleur's thighs, stroking her slick folds while Fleur cupped Daphne's breasts and pinched her nipples. Soft moans and gasps rose from the two of them as they pleased each other.

Harry gripped Valerie's hips and fucked her harder. "You feel so good," he growled. "So fucking wet for me."

Valerie wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper. "Harder, Harry. Please."

He gave her what she wanted, pounding into her with powerful thrusts. Each stroke dragged against that sensitive spot inside her. Valerie's moans grew louder and more desperate. Her nails dug into his shoulders as her body tightened around him.

Daphne and Fleur kept going beside them. Daphne had Fleur on her back now, her fingers pumping steadily while they kissed sloppily. Their sounds mixed with Valerie's, creating a symphony of pleasure.

Finally, Valerie's orgasm hit her like a wave. Her back arched off the bed and she cried out, loud and broken. "Harry! I'm coming... oh fuck!"

Her pussy clamped down around his cock like a vice. Harry kept thrusting through it, drawing out every pulse and shudder. He fucked her slowly now, grinding

deep as her walls rippled and squeezed him rhythmically. Valerie's whole body trembled. Her thighs shook violently around his hips. Juices coated his cock and dripped down her ass with every stroke. She moaned and whimpered through the long orgasm, her eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy.

"That's it," Harry praised, his voice strained. "Come all over my cock, Val. Good girl."

She was still mid-orgasm, pulsing hard around him, when Daphne suddenly pulled away from Fleur with a wicked grin. She tackled Harry sideways, pushing him onto his back without warning. Valerie gasped as his cock slipped out of her, but Daphne was already straddling him.

"My turn," Daphne said breathlessly. She grabbed his slick cock, lined it up against her sopping entrance, and sank down in one smooth motion. "Fuck, you're so hard."

Harry groaned loudly as her tight heat enveloped him. Daphne wasted no time. She planted her hands on his chest and started riding him hard, rolling her hips in a perfect rhythm that made her breasts bounce beautifully.

"Merlin, you feel incredible," Harry said, his hands gripping her waist. He thrust up to meet her, driving deeper into her tight cunt.

Fleur moved in behind Daphne. She pressed her body against Daphne's back and reached around to rub her clit in fast circles. At the same time, Fleur leaned in and let her veela allure wash over them. The air grew thicker with seductive magic. Daphne moaned even louder, her movements becoming frantic.

"Fleur... you cheating bitch," Daphne gasped, though her voice was thick with pleasure. "That's not fair."

Fleur laughed softly, the sound musical and wicked. "I want my turn soon. You will come for us first." She intensified her allure and rubbed Daphne's clit faster while Harry thrust up hard from below.

Daphne's head fell back against Fleur's shoulder. Her moans turned into desperate cries. Her pussy clenched and fluttered wildly around Harry's cock. Harry could feel her getting close, her walls gripping him tighter with every bounce.

"Come on, Daph," Harry urged, planting his feet on the bed and slamming up into her furiously. "Let go."

Fleur's fingers and allure pushed her over the edge. Daphne shattered with a long, wailing moan. Her orgasm crashed through her even harder than Valerie's. Her body convulsed on top of Harry, her pussy spasming rhythmically around his throbbing cock. Harry kept thrusting through it, fucking her deep and steady while

Fleur held her tightly and continued to rub her clit steadily, her allure constantly flowing around them.

Daphne shook violently, her juices squirting around his cock with every deep thrust. Her cries echoed in the room as the orgasm stretched on and on. "Fuck... fuck... I can't stop cumming..."

Harry held her hips firmly, grinding up into her through every pulse. Finally, the intensity eased. Daphne collapsed forward onto his chest, shivering and panting. Harry wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as her body continued to twitch with the aftershocks of her intense orgasm. He kissed her sweaty temple and stroked her back soothingly, and Daphne clutched him hard.

After a long minute, Daphne gathered enough strength to slide off him with a soft whimper. His cock slipped free, glistening with her release. She moved over to Valerie and the two women wrapped their arms around each other, kissing lazily and slowly, their tongues sliding together gently.

Harry lay there breathing hard, his cock aching and slick. He stared at the beautiful sight of Valerie and Daphne tangled together. Their bodies pressed close, their hands roaming softly over each other's curves as they made out.

"Mon amour," Fleur called, her voice dripping with seduction.

Harry turned his head and his eyes widened. Fleur had positioned herself on her hands and knees right beside him. Her ass was high in the air, her back arched deeply. Her sopping wet pussy was on full display, pink and glistening, her lower lips slightly parted. She reached back with one hand, parted her folds with two fingers, and gave him a sultry smile over her shoulder. Then she wiggled her ass invitingly, making her cheeks jiggle.

"Come and take me," she purred.

Harry needed no further encouragement. He moved behind her quickly, his knees sinking into the bed. He rubbed the head of his cock up and down her slick slit, teasing her entrance. Fleur pushed back impatiently, trying to get him inside.

"Stop teasing," she complained, wiggling her ass against him again. "I need you now."

Harry chuckled. "So impatient." He gripped her hips and finally pushed forward, sliding into her tight heat in one long thrust.

Fleur moaned loudly, pushing back to take every inch. "Oui... fill me up."

Harry started fucking her with deep, powerful strokes. Her pussy felt incredible, hot and velvety, gripping him perfectly. He watched her ass ripple with every impact, the wet sounds of their fucking loud and obscene. Fleur met every thrust, rocking back against him eagerly.

"Fuck, Fleur. You feel amazing," he groaned.

He reached around and rubbed her clit while pounding into her. Fleur's moans grew higher and needier. Her silver hair spilled over her shoulders as she dropped her head on the pillow, her ass still raised high for him. Harry fucked her harder, the bed creaking beneath them.

Daphne and Valerie watched with hungry eyes, still kissing and touching each other lazily while enjoying the show.

Fleur's orgasm built fast. Her walls started fluttering around him. "'Arry... I'm close... don't stop."

He didn't. He thrust deeper, rubbing her clit faster, and that did it. Fleur came hard with a loud cry, her pussy clamping down on his cock in strong rhythmic pulses. Her whole body shook as pleasure tore through her. Harry gritted his teeth, barely holding back his own climax as her pussy milked him relentlessly. He kept fucking her through it, drawing out her pleasure until she collapsed forward in a satisfied heap on the bed, breathing heavily.

Harry pulled out slowly, his cock throbbing and slick with their combined juices. Her inner walls clung to him greedily, hot and silky, still pulsing from her recent orgasm. He hissed as he felt the cool air of the room on his pulsing cock. He was right on the edge, every vein pulsing and the head swollen and glistening.

Daphne and Valerie didn't waste a second. They reached for him immediately, their soft hands wrapped around his slick length, stroking him together in perfect coordination.

Daphne's grip was firm and confident, stroking from base to tip. Valerie's touch was teasing, her fingers lighter, dancing along the sensitive underside of his cock while she cupped his heavy balls and rolled them gently. Fleur rolled over gracefully, her silvery hair spilling across the bed as she joined them, her hand sliding in to join the others. Three sets of hands now worked him together, twisting, pumping, and squeezing.

The pleasure was overwhelming. Harry groaned deeply, his hips jerking into their combined touch. The slick, wet sounds of their hands gliding over his cock filled the room.

"Feels good, love?" Daphne asked teasingly.

"Fuck... I'm going to come," Harry grunted.

Valerie leaned in closer, her breath hot against the sensitive head. She flicked her tongue out, licking a slow, teasing stripe across the slit, tasting all of them mixed together. "Mmm. Come for us then."

They stroked him faster, their hands slick with their mixed juices. Valerie's fingers continued playing with his balls, massaging them with just the right amount of pressure while Daphne and Fleur kept pumping the thick shaft. Daphne's thumb swept over the head on every upstroke, spreading the leaking pre-cum. Fleur's hand occasionally dipped lower to tease his balls alongside Valerie's, their fingers brushing.

The pressure built rapidly. Every nerve in his body seemed to light up at once. The sight of them, kneeling and leaning in, their eyes dark with hunger, and their bodies flushed and marked from earlier rounds, pushed him right to the brink until he could not hold back any longer.

With a loud groan, Harry came hard.

Thick, powerful ropes of cum erupted from his cock. The first shot landed across Valerie's breasts in a heavy streak, painting her soft skin. The next splashed over Daphne's neck and chest as she leaned forward to catch it, a low moan escaping her. Fleur leaned in even closer, and several pulses landed on her cheek and full tits, dripping down the curve of one nipple. They kept stroking him through every throbbing spurt, milking him completely, drawing out every last drop as his hips stuttered and his vision whited out with pleasure.

"Fuck... yes..." Harry gasped, shuddering as the final weak pulses dribbled over their fingers.

The women moaned softly, clearly aroused by the sight and feel of him coming undone for them. They looked up at him with lust-filled, satisfied eyes, their skin glistening with his release. Valerie dragged a finger through the mess on her chest and brought it to her lips, tasting him with a wicked little smile. Daphne arched her back slightly, letting it drip down between her breasts. Fleur wiped a streak from her cheek and sucked it off her finger, never breaking eye contact with him.

For a long moment, the only sounds were their heavy breathing and the crackling of the fireplace as they cleaned themselves up like that. The bond between them thrummed with shared satisfaction and affection.

Harry looked down at them, his chest still heaving, and a lazy, utterly content grin spreading across his face. "You three... are incredible."

Valerie laughed breathlessly and leaned up to kiss his thigh. "We're just getting started."

Daphne smirked, still slowly stroking his softening cock with gentle, soothing touches. "Plenty more where that came from."

Fleur rose up on her knees and pressed a messy kiss to his lips. "Welcome back to Hogwarts, mon mari."

Harry pulled her closer, deepening the kiss, his tongue tangling with hers. Daphne and Valerie rose and pressed in around him, their warm, slick bodies molding against his. His hands roamed, his palms gliding over the slick curves of their breasts and his thumbs brushing over their hard, aching nipples.

Welcome back indeed.

To be continued...