

# The Stud & The Slut (Harry Potter)

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*Commission*

*Themes: Consensual, Loving, Slutty, Dom/Sub, Roleplay*

*Summary: Harry and Hermione end up growing up fast, right around the same time. Suddenly, Harry is a total hunky stud and Hermione is noticing. Meanwhile, Hermione has become a curvaceous, buxom young beauty and Harry has DEFINITELY noticed that.*

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# 1 - Harry & Hermione

Harry Potter was a stud. When had he become such a fucking hunk? Those were the kind of thoughts running through Hermione's mind these days, as she spent an entire Summer in Grimmauld Place with her best friend (and unfortunately, far too many other people). Harry had grown up in the two weeks that had passed between School's end and them both arriving at Grimmauld Place. Hermione didn't think it was possible, but the young man she'd grown up alongside was really coming into his own.

The wizard had had the most massive growth spurt Hermione had ever seen and he now closely resembled the few pictures that she'd seen of his father, James Potter. Harry was now tall, broad-shouldered and buff as all hell. Like she'd said earlier, he was a fucking stud of the ninth degree. And if she didn't know any better, Hermione would say that Harry had the hots for her.

To be fair, Hermione didn't know any better. Years of bullying in both mundane schools and at Hogwarts as well had caused the pretty witch's self-confidence to wither. Her self-esteem was in tatters by this point, and only her intelligence and her defiant attitude had her continuing to soldier on all the same. Yet, Hermione was probably one of the most beautiful witches of their year by this point, perhaps even of their entire generation.

The brunette bookworm had gone from a frizzled haired brat to a curvy, buxom witch. Her bust had grown three sizes in the last year alone, though Hermione had only really noticed that as a negative, viewing having to buy new bras every few months as a pain in her ass. And speaking of her ass, at this point it was a fantastic piece of real estate, a big fat bubble butt.

And Harry had noticed. Though Hermione was oblivious to her own good looks, her best friend wasn't. Harry saw what Hermione had to offer and had decided he wanted it, wanted her. Hermione might have been deep in denial about her own self-worth, but Harry wasn't and the young beautiful witch was smart enough to notice that. The way he looked at her, the way his hands brushed against her body at all times of the day whenever they were close enough for him to do so... it made her feel all warm and tingly inside.

Right now was the definition of case in point. They were in Grimmauld Place's dining room while all around the table other Order of the Phoenix members sat and talked amongst themselves. Harry was to her left and Ron was to her right, but while the red haired Weasley boy was stuffing his face full of food and ignoring the world around him, Harry was holding an entire conversation with Tonks across the table from him, all while caressing Hermione's leg.

His hand had been on her body since almost the instant she'd sat down. He'd already been sitting so when she took the place next to him, Harry had smiled at her and leaned over to place a peck on her cheek and ask her how she'd slept. At the same time, he put a hand on her leg ostensibly for stability and Hermione hadn't thought anything of it until they'd exchanged pleasantries and Harry had turned back to his conversation with Tonks while keeping his hand in place.

Now, it was all Hermione could think about. She was eating her breakfast at a very sedate pace,

uncharacteristically quiet and blushing up a storm as Harry rubbed soothing circles into her bare leg with his thumb. The busty brunette wished she could say that she was regretting wearing a skirt today rather than jeans, but truth be told, she wasn't. She enjoyed the way Harry was touching her and she rather wished he would do more than just caress her leg. He could go all the way up her thigh if he wanted and she wouldn't stop him. Hell, he could go further than that and Hermione wasn't sure that she'd make a fuss about things...

Unfortunately, this seemed to be the extent of Harry's willingness to touch her. He did not go any further than that and when Tonks tried to bring her into the conversation, Harry's hand left her leg altogether.

"What do you think Hermione?"

Blinking dumbly, Hermione looked up to see both Harry and Tonks grinning at her wickedly. Knowing she was blushing deeply but unable to do anything about it, Hermione stammered out a reply.

"H-huh? I wasn't paying attention, s-sorry. What do I think about what?"

Tonks' grin widened ever so slightly and she threw her gaze over to Harry.

"I was just telling Harry here how much of a stud he's become in such a short amount of time. Of course, self-sacrificing, self-deprecating young man that he is, he says he doesn't think he's any different. Back me up Hermione; hasn't Harry gotten pretty damn hot since you last saw him?"

Hermione glanced to her left where the 'stud' in question sat. She tensed up, freezing like a deer caught in headlights when she saw the look on his face. His eyes were hooded and his jaw was set and all Hermione could make out was a deep hunger in his gaze. Her blush redoubled even as she tried to answer Tonks in a neutral manner.

"H-he's certainly gotten... taller?"

The corners of Harry's lips curled upwards slightly and Hermione found herself smiling hesitantly in turn even as Tonks scoffed at Hermione's lackluster answer.

"Trust a childhood friend not to see what's right in front of them. You better get your eyes checked Hermione and you'd better consider your options as well. Otherwise you might find someone else has snapped up all the handsome young men before you've had your chance to even take a bite."

With those parting words, Tonks got up from the crowded table, taking her dirty plate with her. Hermione, blushing at the older woman's suggestive language, glanced around at the other people eating but saw no one looking in her and Harry's direction. Everyone was in their own little world, having their own conversations, or in Ron's case, having a love affair with a plate piled high with eggs, bacon, and sausage.

Glancing at Harry however, Hermione saw that his face had transformed a bit. There was something dark in his eyes now as he looked at the empty spot at the table that Tonks had been sat in, but it vanished as soon as he realized she was staring at him. He turned to face her and gave her a nice bright smile, before leaning over once more and kissing her on the cheek. His hand also came down

again, but this time instead of caressing her leg, he squeezed her inner thigh just once. It wasn't rough or painful, but it did send a shock through Hermione's system as she blushed an even deeper red, looking downright scarlet at this point even as Harry stood up.

"See you later Hermione."

His tone was deep and husky and all Hermione could do was nod silently in reply, really not trusting herself to speak another word more. Harry grabbed up his own dirty dishes and left the table behind, leaving Hermione to finish her breakfast in peace. As peaceful as one could be with Ron's open mouth chewing to their right, but Hermione was actually somewhat grateful for that annoying distraction from her feelings about her best friend.

Harry Potter was an amazing man and she was beginning to think she was in love with him. But she couldn't make the first move could she? What if he didn't feel the same way back? More than that, Hermione just wasn't the kind of girl who would make the first move. She wanted to be wined and dined and pampered and coddled. More than that... she wanted Harry in particular to take control and lead her where he wanted her to go.

The errant thought made Hermione stop dead. Was that really what she wanted? The bookworm had read an awful lot about sex and kinks and the like. She hadn't been able to stop herself from cracking open the Kama Sutra and once she'd started, she couldn't put it down. Was she really a submissive though? Perhaps for Harry, her mind helpfully supplied. The thought that that might be true caused her to blush all over again, even as her pink cheeks had slowly been de-colorifying without Harry's presence and his touch.

It was a startling realization, this idea that she wanted to be with Harry, but needed him to make the first move. Hermione could only hope that he would do so soon, because she'd just figured out that she couldn't exactly go about doing what Tonks had said. Yes, she understood her best friend had grown up into a buff stud that she really wanted to fuck. But more than anything, she wanted Harry to grab her up, bend her over, and spank her big fat ass until it was red.

Hermione lowered her head and let out a quiet groan as she felt the flood of arousal make a mess of her panties. She was sure that she was leaving a wet spot on the seat of her chair now. Time to get out of here before anyone asked uncomfortable questions about her health. Standing up abruptly, Hermione grabbed her still half-full plate and fled from the dining room with as dignified a pace as she could while still moving swiftly away from everyone who might realize the scent of arousal in the air was coming from her.

-x-X-x-

Hermione Granger had gone from a bushy brunette know-it-all to a beautiful, tasty piece of ass and Harry wanted her. It was simple as that. Though neither of them knew it, Harry's magic had finally come into maturity and his innate power had played a large part in fixing both his mind and body in such a short period of time. Now the young stud was practically brimming with confidence, and for the first time in all his years of knowing her, Harry had realized Hermione was a woman.

Oh sure, he'd always known she was female before now. But in Harry's case, he'd needed friends

these last several years far more than he'd needed a girlfriend. Hermione had been one of his first friends and after the events of his fourth year; Harry was perfectly willing to call her his best friend, at least in his head. Ron hadn't been there for him when he needed him most, while Hermione had done all she could to save his ass from the deadly Triwizard tournament.

Now though, now that he'd come into his own and developed a body that would make his own mother stop and stare (and it had, considering how similar in form he was to his late father now) Harry was seeing Hermione in an entirely new light. She was beauty incarnate, with large breasts and a nice round bouncy butt to go along with them. Her hips were curvy and Harry had decided he wanted her the moment he saw her.

But Hermione was a strong independent woman and more importantly, Harry didn't want to ruin their relationship. He knew he had to take things slow. Or at least, he thought he knew that. If Harry had been able to read Hermione's mind and had learned that pushing her to her knees and forcing her to suck his cock was something she'd be extremely happy with, he'd probably have done it in a heartbeat. Unfortunately, a mastery of legilimency and a lack of morals that would have left him willing to use it had not come along with his new musclebound body.

And so, Harry had gone a different route in making his feelings to Hermione known. He'd decided to train the young woman to respond to his touch, as creepy as that sounded. In Harry's mind, acclimatizing Hermione to skin contact with him was just the smartest step towards making her fall in love with him. And she was definitely starting to notice what he was doing as well. At first, Harry was sure Hermione thought his glancing touches of her body as they passed each other by were accidents.

He'd gotten bolder and bolder though and this morning he'd gone a step further at the breakfast table. Harry had kept his hand on Hermione's leg after greeting her with a peck on the cheek for an entire ten minutes as he exchanged flirtatious banter with Tonks. Hermione hadn't said a word about it, nor had she tried to move his hand off of her leg. It was Tonks that had ultimately ruined things by calling Hermione out on what she thought of his looks. In the end, the brunette bookworm had managed the question well enough, but it still annoyed Harry to have all his hard work with her damaged in any way, no matter how small.

Ultimately though, he'd gone back in for another touch after Tonks had left and found Hermione to be just as responsive when he squeezed her thigh. They'd exchanged a look and Harry knew that it was time to move onto the next step in his little plan. Hermione was more than ready for it. That led him to now, just a little while later. Hermione was doing the dishes and Harry couldn't help himself. He was going to go in for the kill.

The beautiful buxom brunette let out a slight eep as Harry's hands fell on her ass, but when she glanced over her shoulder with wide eyes and a mouth open to scream, only to find him, she immediately quieted down. Harry grinned at that, and leaned in to nuzzle her neck as she refocused on washing dishes. It seemed she was content to just let him do what he liked, something that both surprised and turned Harry on immensely as he continued to knead her fat badonkadonk. Quiet whimpers and mewls left Hermione's throat and the cute witch kept her head down and her face hidden as she continued her chore.

Harry just luxuriated in the feel of her ass beneath his hands and the fact that he was just getting to play

with it right there in the kitchen. The lack of protest from Hermione only spurred him on and her short skirt and panties barely did anything to stop him from digging his fingers deep into her pliable bouncy backside. Eventually though, Harry did hear voices and footsteps coming down the hall. He abruptly stopped and was standing beside Hermione, helping her clean the dishes in the next moment.

Before she could do more than look at him in confusion and a slight bit of betrayal, Harry saw out of the corner of his eye as Hermione heard the people coming too. Her already flustered face went a shade darker of red and she ducked her head even as several members of the Order of the Phoenix piled into the room and dropped off their own dirty dishes. There were comments of course, some people thanked them, and some people asked them why they were scrubbing by hand instead of using cleaning charms.

Harry made the excuses for both himself and Hermione and soon enough they were left alone with a pile of new filthy dishes to clean. Once it was just the two of them, Hermione glanced in his direction repeatedly and Harry could tell that she would have been perfectly fine with doing all the dishes herself, so long as he returned to his place behind her. Harry didn't move though and they worked through the pile in silence before Hermione finally broke it as they were finishing up.

"Is that all Harry?"

The question was technically innocuous enough to be about the dishes they'd just finished cleaning, but Harry knew what Hermione was really asking. Having her so clearly wanting, needing more... it made him want to give it to her, it really did. But a mischievous part of him wanted to draw things out a bit further and a wicked thought entered his mind as he stared down into her hopeful eyes.

Leaning in towards her, Harry lifted up a hand and brushed the back of his knuckles against Hermione's cheek.

"OWL results should be showing up tomorrow, shouldn't they Hermione?"

The busty brunette bookworm would know, all things considered. Blinking at what probably seemed like a total non-sequitur to her, Hermione nodded dumbly.

"Y-yes?"

Harry's grin widened at that.

"Do you think you got all O's Hermione? If you did, maybe I'll have a reward for you... tomorrow."

Hermione's eyes widened as she realized he was going to make her wait a whole day. They both knew that she'd gotten perfect scores on her OWLs, that bit wasn't even in question. Yet Harry intended to leave her hanging anyways? Seeing the moment where her embarrassment turned to mild outrage and her mouth fell open to give him a piece of his mind, Harry leaned in the rest of the way and covered Hermione's lips with her own.

His tongue snaked out of his mouth and into hers, and Harry reached up to grab a handful of Hermione's lush dark brown hair as he held the young witch there and kissed her deeply. Hermione immediately melted into his chest, her hands coming up to claw at his shirt as she allowed him to

dominate her mouth with his tongue. When Harry pulled back almost a minute later, Hermione was left dazed and confused, her eyes a bit glazed over.

Before she could even fully recover, Harry was gone from the room, leaving her standing there with her mouth opening and closing like a goldfish.

-x-X-x-

Hermione still didn't know whether she was supposed to be upset with Harry or not the next day when she, he and Ron gathered around the end of the dining table as the owls carrying their OWL results flew in and dropped them off. Despite knowing that she'd excelled, Hermione was still unaccountably nervous as she opened her own results. Ron practically tore into his not all that worried about things when he already knew he'd done mediocre at best, while Harry had his own results in hand and was standing over her shoulder to look down at hers.

The busty brunette blushed as she felt Harry's hand, out of sight of everyone else in the room, slip under her skirt, which she'd chosen to wear two days in a row for... reasons. His fingers ran along the line where her panties met her ass cheek and Hermione couldn't help shivering even as she tried to focus on the task at hand. Pulling the parchment from its envelope, she pursed her lips together as she unfolded it and looked at her results.

It was hard to read even the single letter grades, with Harry's fingers sliding up under her panties as well and ghosting oh so close to her wet slit without ever truly getting there, but Hermione managed it all the same. O after O stared her in the face as expected, until she reached the middle of her grades and stopped dead upon seeing an EE looking back at her. Hermione froze up, her brain short-circuiting. It made sense that she might get an EE in Defense Against the Dark Arts. The practical for the DADA exam had been complete and utter rubbish.

And Hermione really wasn't beat up over her grade. Nine Outstandings and one Exceeds Expectations were still absolutely fine as far as she was concerned. She definitely wasn't going to cry herself to sleep over it later that night or anything. Though she might if this affected the thing she truly was worried about. If her not getting all ten O's stopped Harry from going further with her, Hermione was going to scream.

Glancing up into the young man's eyes, she was grateful to see something she wasn't expecting. A king smile was spread across Harry's face as he rubbed soothing circles into her ass and thigh at the same time.

"Wow Hermione, nine O's and one EE. That's exceptional, it really is."

And then he gave her a wink and his smile turned into a wicked grin and in that moment, Hermione knew she wasn't about to get denied what she so desperately needed, not for another day. Glancing over at Ron, Hermione saw that the young man was already being berated by his mother for his own not so good grades. Seeing an opportunity to sneak away, Hermione stuck her hand in Harry's and gave him a look that she hoped conveyed everything she wished she could just say to him.

It seemed to do the trick, because Harry glanced around the room as well and after a moment he

nodded down at her, slowly drawing his other hand out from beneath her skirt and pulling her away from the dining room towards the stairs that would lead them up to his room. The only one to see them go was a certain metamorphmagus. Tonks made no fuss as she watched the pair leave with a wide smile on her face.

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As Harry sat there on his bed, he realized he hadn't actually expected this day to ever arrive. Hermione knelt between his legs, his pants and boxers removed as his thick throbbing member stared her right in the eye. They'd kissed and they'd touched each other and ultimately, this is where they'd ended up a good fifteen minutes later, with Harry's pants and underwear off and Hermione's top and bra off.

Her large creamy breasts looked absolutely delicious and Harry had been unable to tear himself away from them for another five minutes after she'd revealed them, until finally Hermione had pushed him back onto his bed and knelt between his legs. Now, here they were, with her face to face with his cock and him staring down at her as she in turn stared at IT. Harry realized Hermione was waiting for something after a moment more, as she kept stealing glances up at his face.

In an instant, everything fell into place and a realization crystalized in his mind. Hoping he was right and suspecting he was, Harry reached out and grabbed a fistful of Hermione's hair, tugging her head forward and rubbing his cockhead all across her lips as she blushed furiously but didn't otherwise resist.

"Open up and suck it you slut."

That did the trick and Hermione obeyed immediately, her jaw dropping open and her tongue sliding out as Harry in turn began to slide in. His beautiful best friend's mouth was pretty damn amazing for the young man and he bemoaned the fact that he'd taken things so slowly up to this point. If it turned out Hermione was always an eager little submissive all this time, he'd probably wasted weeks of 'accidental touches' to get here when he could have just skipped right to this point.

Still, Harry couldn't find it within himself to truly regret any of it. If he had to do it all over again, he'd probably do it the exact same way. Watching his massive schlong disappear into Hermione's eager mouth, Harry let out a groan as he felt her tongue sliding back and forth along the underside of his member. Hermione's eyes were fixed on his face and it was clear that the brunette was looking for his approval even as he reached the back of her throat and began to push in all the same.

Harry was shocked when Hermione only gagged a single time and then began to swallow. He was left wondering just how experienced his best friend was as he watched her deep throat his cock. She seemed inexperienced, yet at the same time it was like she had a sex manual or something, a cheat sheet. Harry suddenly realized that that might be exactly what she had and pulled out of her mouth abruptly to confirm his suspicions.

"Hermione... where did you learn to do that?"

Licking her lips, the buxom brunette kneeling at his feet glanced down as she answered him.

"The Kama Sutra Harry. A-and lots of practice with vegetables, though none are quite as big as



yo-mmph.”

Having confirmed his theory, Harry chuckled and stuck his cock back into the lovely perverted young witch’s mouth, watching as Hermione instinctively went right back to sucking on his shaft as soon as he cut her off. He groaned and brought his other hand up as well to take hold of her hair. With both hands holding onto her head, Harry began to thrust in and out of Hermione’s warm inviting throat, getting deeper and deeper as she suppressed her gag reflex entirely and took every last inch of his cock down her esophagus.

By the time Harry was ready to cum, each thrust was pushing Hermione’s nose into his pubic hair and causing his huge balls to slap against her slobber covered chin. Feeling those very same balls churning in his nut sack, Harry panted as he continued to face fuck his best friend and the woman he was beginning to think he loved.

“H-Hermione, gonna cum soon... where do you want it?”

It only seemed right to give her the choice. Hermione responded by diving even deeper down his length though and when Harry pulled his hands back from her hair, the busty brunette kept bobbing up and down the entirety of his cock until finally he let out a shout. The beautiful witch immediately pulled back until it was just the first couple inches of his prick in her mouth and as Harry came, releasing a copious cum shot directly into Hermione’s maw, he got to watch her neck convulse as she swallowed down every last drop of his seed.

When he was finally done, Hermione pulled her lips off his tip with a pop and smiled up at him happily.

“I love the taste of your cum Harry. I wasn’t sure I would, since all the books I’ve read say it can be a tossup, but-mmph.”

Hermione looked a little put out when Harry stuck his cock back in her mouth in the middle of her sentence. He just chuckled down at her, as she began to instinctively suck him off all over again. His shaft was still unbelievably hard though and Harry knew he could go for another few rounds if he liked. But he did want to spare Hermione’s poor jaw if he could. It had nothing to do with him wanting to fuck Hermione’s slutty little cunt with his huge massive member or anything like that, no sir.

Hermione squealed when Harry pulled her off his shaft and up off the ground by her shoulders. Then she let out a grunt as he tossed her onto his bed. Before the beautiful submissive brunette knew it, the love of her life was between her legs, pushing her skirt up and her panties to the side as he brought his massive dick to bear on her virgin pussy. Hermione only had time to widen her eyes before Harry was beginning to push into her.

By that point though, regardless of her intact virginity, Hermione was far, far too primed and ready for this moment. She’d been anticipating Harry taking her and fucking her for days now and after deep throating his cock and swallowing his delicious seed, her cunt was sopping wet with arousal as he slowly slid into it. As a result, losing her hymen to Harry’s dick was a bit of an afterthought, the majority of her focus being on Harry finally filling her with his massive staff of man meat.

“Oooh, Harry! F-fuck you’re so b-big!”

His cock jumped inside of her at that and Hermione could tell the effect her words had on him by the way he reacted. Leaning down, Harry placed his lips on hers while placing his hands on her large jiggling breasts at the same time. His fingers dug into her massive mammaries while his tongue forced its way into her placid and nonresistant mouth and Hermione just moaned as he used her and abused her.

Her legs wrapped around his waist and her arms wrapped around his broad chest as she clawed at his back. The submissive young witch lost herself in the feeling of his massive shaft plunging in and out of her needy cunt and her mind, normally racing a mile a minute, went euphorically blank as pleasure coursed through every fiber of her being. Hermione's resulting orgasm was spectacular and it was a good thing Harry was covering her mouth with his own because she would have shrieked his name for the entire house to hear if he hadn't been.

As is, her ecstatic scream was muffled by his lips as her eyes rolled back in her head and her limbs clenched down on Harry's body in the same way her pussy walls were clenching around his cock. And yet, things didn't end there. Just as Hermione was coming down from the insane ride that was her first climax around Harry's thrusting shaft, the next one hit just as suddenly and just as hard.

The slutty submissive witch quickly discovered the joy of multiple orgasms as Harry pistoned his throbbing member in and out of her cunt with machine like focus, his pace steadily speeding up until Hermione was nearly delirious with pleasure. This didn't stop her from holding him inside of her when he pulled back from her lips and told her he was cumming once more though. Hermione responded by reaching up and cradling her domineering lover's face, smiling up at him.

"Do it Harry. Fill me with your seed. Breed your submissive little sex pet!"

In that moment, it wasn't just hyperbole. While she did want a real relationship with Harry, the only way Hermione could see it going now was as dom and sub. Harry would control her and she would submit to him. It would be glorious, and Hermione could admit that she was greatly looking forward to it, just like she was looking forward to him filling her womb with a baby down the road.

Today wasn't an unsafe day for her unfortunately, but that didn't stop Hermione from imagining that Harry was impregnating her, even as the wizard finally came inside of her, filling her to the brim with his seed. The thought of being heavy with his child even as Harry's copious amount of cum managed to inflate her womb so much that her abdomen had a tiny bit of a baby bump already, sent Hermione right over the edge one last time and she came hard even as Harry finished up his release.

When she came back to her senses, Harry was laid beside her and she'd turned to face him so that his cock was still buried in her cunt. Connected as they were, the two sweaty young lovers stared into each other's eyes, lying face to face with their bodies intertwined. Harry's gaze spoke of a promise to never let her go and Hermione took solace in that, knowing that she would always have a place in her best friend's arms... and at his feet.

Nuzzling into his chest, Hermione drifted off to sleep, completely and utterly content with Harry buried deep inside of her.

-x-X-x-

A week later, Hermione was aglow. Harry and she had been fucking like rabbits and it seemed every time she turned around, the love of her life was there with his cock, ready to casually push her to her knees or bend her over. Hermione loved it, loved sucking his dick or taking it in her cunt. But she knew there was more to do as well and while she was in no way bored of Harry, nor did she think she could ever grow bored of Harry, she was afraid he would get bored of her.

And so, Hermione had come up with a little bit of a plan. She'd disappeared from the public areas of Grimmauld Place and put herself in the one place Harry wouldn't think to look until last... his own room, where they'd been fucking for days now. After all, why would she go there without him? Smirking evilly, Hermione lounged back in a conjured chair, ready and waiting for Harry's arrival.

It took a little while, but eventually the young man walked into the room looking rather frazzled and frenzied. Her eyes alit on the wand in his hand that was pointing directly at her and for a moment Hermione couldn't help wondering if it had taken someone else suggesting the Point Me charm or if it had been of his own initiative.

As soon as his eyes fell upon her, Hermione was on her feet, walking over to him with a sway in her step as she carefully balanced herself on the heels she was wearing. He opened his mouth, no doubt to admonish her for hiding from him, but Hermione overrode him, feeling guilty while doing so but knowing it was all in good fun.

"Mr. Potter. I appreciate you finally arriving for our meeting, even if you are late. I'm sure you know what this is about."

That stopped Harry dead in his tracks as Hermione used her best authoritative voice. He tensed up and then really looked at her and Hermione made sure to push her bust out as he did so, a smile on her face. She'd repurposed one of her school blouses along with a pencil skirt she'd transfigured from a normal skirt. Her hair was up in a bun and a pair of glasses with no frames sat on her nose. She was going for a mixture of school teacher and Hogwarts Professor, and to her relief, Hermione saw the moment Harry realized this reflected in his eyes.

Now a bit more cautious and withdrawn, Harry stepped forward almost warily as he raised an eyebrow at her.

"I can't say that I do Professor. Please, enlighten me."

Licking her lips, Hermione did her best to keep the mask of a prim and proper witch up on her face. There was nothing more she wanted in that moment then to fall to her knees, apologize to Harry for making him worry, and then really apologize by sucking on his dick for a good long while. That would ruin the roleplay though, so Hermione refrained, instead focusing on her lines.

"Well Mr. Potter, we're here to talk about your latest test. Do you feel you deserve the grade you got?"

Harry seemed to be catching on even quicker as time went by, his eyes flashing as he got a bit of a

confident grin on his face and stepped ever closer.

“No Professor, I don’t. I studied rather hard for that test and I’m fairly certain I got many of those answers right. Yet you gave me a T. What was that about?”

Hermione turned her nose up at Harry, crossing her arms under her chest even as she made a slight ‘hmp’ sound.

“It’s rather simple Mr. Potter. While you did do decently on the test itself, I do not like the effect you have on my classroom and so I decided to fail you. Walking around with those big bulging muscles of yours, that handsome face. You’re a stud Mr. Potter and you’ve distracted the girls in my class long enough. I’m dropping you from my course.”

The grin on Harry’s face was big and wide now as he stepped right into her personal space, invading it. Hermione allowed part of her façade to crack as she flushed a deep red and her lips parted to let out a slight pant.

“Is that so Professor? Are you sure I can’t make you reconsider? Are you sure it’s just the female students who are distracted by my presence in your class?”

By this point, close proximity to Harry after avoiding him all day long was not helping Hermione to remember her lines. In the end, she settled for stammering out a single word, because that was all she could manage.

“P-Positive.”

Harry’s grin turned malicious and the next thing Hermione knew she was forced to her knees with one of her lover’s hands fisted in her hair while the other fished his throbbing cock out of its tight confines. He smacked her upside the head with the length of his massive member and a wanton moan escaped Hermione’s throat before she could stop it, and while she tried to stay in character as best as possible, the busty brunette ultimately dropped the snobbish act in favor of letting her true slutty self shine through.

“Ooh, M-Mr. Potter... p-please...”

Smirking knowingly, Harry ran his cockhead up and down Hermione’s lips as she kept them closed for a moment longer, listening to his response.

“Please what Professor? Please let me suck your big hard cock perhaps?”

“Yes!”

The word came out in a hissed shout and Hermione immediately opened up her mouth, gobbling down as much of Harry’s dick at once as she could. The primly dressed young woman bobbed her head up and down his massive length, moaning all the while, and soon had slobber running all over her chin and down onto her white blouse. Reaching up, Hermione practically tore her blouse off herself in a frenzy to get to her naked tits underneath, not having bothered with a bra.

Groping and kneading her own massive mammaries, the beautiful witch continued to moan out happily around Harry's thrusting dick as he used his hold on her hair to fuck her face to his heart's content. It was amazing, but Harry clearly had other plans for what he wanted to do to her, because Hermione was just reaching down from her chest to her pussy to begin fingering herself when he pulled her off his cock and dragged her to her feet.

Hermione let out a slight cry of discomfort at the rough handling of her hair, but before she knew it that cry was turned into just another moan as Harry pushed her face down on the bed and lifted her hips up into the air. Her transfigured pencil skirt was abruptly torn off of her, revealing her bare dripping cunt to Harry's eyes. He wasted no time in shoving his hard length deep into her pussy and Hermione had to bite down on the comforter in front of her in order to avoid crying out in ecstasy as he began to fuck her.

Once Harry had worked up a steady rhythm, he reached down and took hold of her lush brown locks again, tugging her head up off the bed and leaning in to murmur in her ear.

"Tell me Professor, what grade did I really earn on that test?"

By this point, Hermione was pretty far gone, not even really remembering the roleplay until Harry called her Professor. Still, she could maintain her character for a bit longer, if it was for Harry.

"I-It was an Exceeds E-Expectations M-Mr. Potter..."

He chuckled lightly and gave a particularly savage thrust deep into her cunt that caused Hermione to squeal, before his hot breath ghosted across her ear and he spoke again.

"And when I'm done punishing you, what grade am I going to get on that test Professor?"

Hermione actually didn't understand for a brief second what he meant. That's how completely ludicrous the idea of cheating was to the brunette witch. Her silence caused him to speed up his thrusts and her eyes widened as she realized what he meant. It was rather telling that this was the first time Hermione felt actual shame on top of her embarrassment. Still, it wasn't like it was real right? It was just roleplay so it was perfectly fine to say something like she was about to say...

"A-an Outstanding Harry! I'll give you an O-Outstanding!"

That seemed to satisfy her lover, as his pace went back to something she could actually handle without slowly losing her mind. The words had been rather hard for her to get out and Hermione found herself burying her face in the comforter once more as Harry let her head drop back down to the bed. She was ashamed and yet at the same time she was so incredibly aroused, realizing in that moment that if she was in a position of authority, she would happily abuse it in an instant on Harry's orders. This was pretty bad given her chances of ending up Head Girl in their final year.

Those thoughts were derailed though when Harry abruptly pulled out of her cunt, his cock dripping with a messy mixture of saliva, jizz, and pussy juices. Hermione whimpered and looked back over her shoulder at him as he grinned down at her. Then he spread her ass cheeks apart and Hermione flushed a deep red. Ah, so he'd finally noticed.

Harry's fingers closed around the base of the lubed up butt plug that Hermione had stuffed in her ass hours before. The horny young witch couldn't help the wanton moan that escaped her throat as he pulled it out. Her big fat bubble butt had kept him from seeing it for some time, but now that she'd attracted his attention, Harry was totally and utterly focused on groping and kneading her ass cheeks as he looked at her cleaned and more importantly, lubed up back door.

"Professor... naughty, naughty. Now I see what you really wanted out of this meeting."

Hermione just moaned in the affirmative, no longer trusting herself to stay in character if she tried to speak. Instead, she just wiggled her fat posterior back in his direction, before letting out a low keening sound as Harry finally took advantage of her exposed vulnerable state and began to push his massive dong down into her loosened sphincter from above. Thanks to the butt plug, Hermione's ass gave way for Harry almost immediately, at least at first.

Once his huge dick got past the part that the butt plug had been spreading open, Harry encountered much more resistance in filling Hermione's bowels with his length. Still, his prick was more than lubed up by this point and Harry wasn't one to give up halfway. It was one of the things Hermione loved most about the young man, his unwillingness to give up, even in the face of certain death.

Right now though, what she loved most was his massive member, stuffed up her tight slutty asshole. Hermione had never had anything bigger than the butt plug inside of her before, but at this point, as turned on as the kinky little submissive was, Harry's dick up her butt felt absolutely amazing. And then he began to move and Hermione completely lost it.

She clawed at the comforter under her and bit down on it hard to muffle her sudden squeals as Harry started jackhammering down into her ass from above. He was fucking her like a mad man, his pace frenzied and his shaft pulsating inside of her. Hermione came almost instantaneously and it took the young witch completely by surprise, as she'd never orgasmed from just her ass before.

Her anus clenched down rhythmically around Harry's cock and he let out a grunt at just how tight and pressurized her butt was. Hermione was too lost in La La land to appreciate it though, but she was cognizant enough to be utterly ecstatic over the fact that Harry had now had her in all three holes. In that moment, Hermione felt like she'd truly given herself to her best friend. He'd claimed her, bit by bit, piece by piece. She was his and he would take care of her for the rest of her days, she was sure of it.

Hermione had never felt more at peace than in that moment as she was ass fucked quite brutally by the love of her life. Harry let out a sudden shout and then he pulled out of her back door quite suddenly. Hermione had only a moment to moan in discontentment before he shoved it back into her cunt and an instant later she felt him painting the walls of her pussy with his seed. Harry buried himself to the hilt in her sex, and Hermione felt a new surge of love for the domineering young man as he did his best to fill her womb once again with his cum.

Once he was finished with his release however, Hermione could feel Harry's cock deep inside of her cunt. He was still hard. Licking her lips and grinning impishly, Hermione looked back over her shoulder at Harry's hooded eyes.

“How do you want me next Harry?”

Judging by the look he gave her, the answer really boiled down to ‘anywhere and everywhere’. Hermione was perfectly fine with an answer like that, though in the end Harry’s actual response was nonverbal and a whole lot more physical.

-x-X-x-

Pressed back into a mating press with her flexible legs wrapped behind her head, Hermione actually missed Harry’s grunted out question at first. Only when he stopped thrusting for a moment and she looked up to see him staring down at her questioning did she realize he’d said something.

“S-sorry, what?”

Harry rolled his eyes at how easily she got lost in him fucking her and repeated what he’d said.

“I wanted to know what I could do to make things even better for you. Fucking is fun and all, but I know you Hermione, if you’ve read something like the Kama Sutra front to back; you’re a kinky little wildcat under that submissive attitude. So tell me, what do you want me to do to you?”

If Hermione was being honest... Harry had already done most of the things she wanted him to do to her. He’d dominated her, throat fucked her, ass fucked her, cum inside of her... but there was another thing that Hermione wanted him to do, it just wasn’t necessarily TO her. Blushing, Hermione bit her lip as Harry slowly, languidly slid in and out of her slick clenching cunt. Ultimately though, she gave him her answer.

“I want to see you fuck another woman Harry. The thought of you wrecking some slutty witch, turning them into your sex pet as I watch and play with myself... it’s so damn hot and I get so fucking turned on when I think about it.”

That caused Harry to freeze up and stop fucking her altogether. His brow furrowed and Hermione was afraid she’d gone a step too far for a brief second. His tone was incredulous as he gave his reply.

“... Is this a trap Hermione? Are you trying to trap me?”

Hermione’s eyes widened as she realized that, no, Harry was just like every other hormonal young man and he’d be perfectly happy fucking other girls while she watched. HIS hang up was with her actually wanting him to do that. Giggling a little, Hermione grabbed a fistful of Harry’s messy black hair and pulled him down into a long passionate kiss that he ultimately ended up dominating like he did with everything else.

When they eventually pulled back, Hermione was a bit dazed and breathing heavily through her mouth, but she still found the words even as she spoke in a breathless tone.

“N-No Harry. I hope that kiss was enough to convince you, I would never try to trick or trap you. I want this, I want you... but I truly would love to see you bend over some silly cunt and teach her to love and worship your cock just like I do.”

Nodding slowly, Harry began to fuck her again thankfully. His face was curious as he asked the obvious next question.

“Who did you have in mind Hermione?”

Grinning wickedly, Hermione thought to all the women she'd like to see Harry fuck. She'd made a list.

“Well, from my year, watching you wreck Lavender or Susan would be so hot. Then there's Fleur, who I bet would make a great live in pet. She could be our own personal veela and I bet the blonde slut would just love it, serving under your cock. Or maybe Tonks too, she'd be an exotic catch. You ever wanted to fuck two of me at once Harry?”

Hermione could see Harry was definitely considering all of the girls she'd mentioned, his head bobbing up and down in a slow barely conscious nod as he imagined fucking each and every one of them. Pressing on, Hermione licked her lips as she thought of a trio of girls she wouldn't mind seeing Harry really stick it to.

“And of course, there's your teammates for Quidditch. Alicia, Angelina, Katie... they're all so lean and fit. Can you imagine gripping down on their asses as you fuck their needy little cunts one by one?”

Harry's cock jumped at that and he let out a grunt as Hermione grinned impishly at getting such a reaction from him. Harry returned the grin with a smile.

“Mm, now I'm imagining you in a cheerleader uniform, cheering me on while I play. Would you do that for me Hermione?”

She knew that he was teasing her, but that didn't stop Hermione from immediately responding with an earnest nod.

“In a heartbeat Harry.”

That gave him pause for a brief second, as his little joke backfired. Then his eyes lit up and he grinned wide as he looked down at her.

“I wonder, why didn't you mention Greengrass? Doesn't Daphne deserve a nice hard dicking from yours truly?”

This time the teasing struck true, even as Harry began to pick up the pace, fucking her even harder. Hermione moaned even as she tried to deny his words. Daphne Greengrass was her academic rival and the two girls had been at each other's throats in the same way that Draco and Ron had been enemies since almost day one. The thought of Daphne Greengrass lying beneath Harry as he fucked her and Hermione watched... it definitely didn't turn the brunette witch on at all.

“O-Of course not! It's not like I want you to wreck that cow-uddered t-tart's pristine pureblood pussy with your big fat dick! A-and I certainly don't want to compete with her for the privilege of being your p-personal slut for the day!”



Harry paused and they both just looked at each other for a long moment before Hermione looked away, her face aflame with embarrassment, while Harry just laughed and laughed, fucking her in the mating press all the while. Damn her traitorous libido... Harry was sure to go after Greengrass now. Hermione would just need to make sure she beat the Slytherin girl in this like she had everything else. She wouldn't lose the love of her life to her rival, no matter what!

Of course, Hermione had no way of knowing Harry had no intention of replacing her, ever. He was just as deeply in love with his submissive little sex pet as she was with him. Still, the idea of teaching Slytherin's Ice Queen a lesson she'd never forget while Hermione watched was intensely appealing to Harry. He'd have to consider his plan of attack though a bit more, if he was going to go through with that.

## 2 - Nymphadora Tonks

Nymphadora Tonks was horny, but she wasn't looking for just any cock to ride. Tonks wanted someone in particular, and after prodding Harry and Hermione together, she knew she wanted to get some of that action. Everyone else seemed almost willfully oblivious of what Harry was doing to Hermione pretty much every single day.

It wasn't like they were JUST fucking of course. Harry was still working his ass off to stay physically fit (and boy did it show) as well as magically prepared. At Harry's request, Sirius had renovated Grimmauld Place and given it both a dueling room and a muggle gym enhanced by spellwork that Harry himself had done. Hermione had joined him and though it was really only the two of them making use of the muggle gym, Tonks still snuck a few glances once in a while.

She can see why Hermione was so eager to start exercising, because Harry's tight fitting tracksuit bottoms and his sleeveless tank top do very little to hide the musclebound hunk underneath. Of course, seeing Hermione in a sports bra and spandex shorts is its own kind of reward. Tonks has to silence herself a few times to avoid letting them know she's there, once they stop working out and start using the equipment for ANOTHER kind of exercise.

After all, it's not like she could be expected to NOT masturbate to the sight of Harry railing Hermione with his big, thick cock. Still, Tonks was no closer to getting any of that and it was beginning to bother her. She wanted them, both of them. Not just Harry for his dick, but Harry and Hermione for their looks and their personalities and most importantly their sexual stamina, given the way Tonks knows they've been going at it.

As far as the metamorphmagus knows, she's the only one who had a clue to what the two lovebirds were doing. Of course, what Tonks didn't know was that Fleur Delacour also 'had a clue'. A rather large one in fact, as the French Witch's room lay right next to Harry's and Hermione was purposely excluding that wall from the silencing charms she would put up every night.

The beautiful part veela was constantly beset with screams of pleasure, cries of "Master, MORE!" and the banging of headboard against the wall, all night every night. Fleur was slowly losing it, but Tonks didn't know anything about that. That was a story for another time, once Hermione's 'work' on the part veela finally came to head.

This tale on the other hand, was going to reach a satisfying conclusion much faster. Tonks knew she wanted Harry and Hermione to allow her into their bed. She'd flirted with both of them and they each seemed incredibly receptive to her advances... but at the same time, she'd never received an invitation of any kind. It was enough to drive a girl mad.

Finally though, her chance had arrived. Tonks grinned salaciously and licked her lips as she headed towards Harry's room. A half an hour ago, dinner had ended with the two lovebirds parting. Hermione had declared that she was going to Grimmauld Place's study for a time in order to revise some of her summer homework, despite everyone knowing it was probably already beyond perfect. Meanwhile,

Harry had decided he was going to lie down and take a nap.

It was Tonks' greatest opportunity and she would have been an idiot not to seize it with both hands. Coming to a stop in front of Harry's door, the metamorphmagus licks her OWN lips for the last time... before carefully morphing them and the rest of her body into a different shape. Luckily there's a large mirror in the hallway, showcasing just how old-fashioned Grimmauld Place really is.

Tonks uses the mirror to make sure she has everything perfect and then smiles. Hermione's beautiful, gorgeous face smiles back to her and with her disguise in place, Tonks moves to the door of Harry's room, easing it open and then shutting it behind her. She quickly casts a locking charm on the thing, but she doesn't notice how her spell simply slides off without truly setting in.

The metamorphmagus is too eager to pay attention to such things, just as she's too eager to realize that she's been set up. Harry and Hermione might have started out more than a little oblivious about each other, but the young couple had grown quite a lot in recent weeks and they're not nearly as dense as they were before. Tonks' interest in the pair was obvious. The witch, with her brightly colored hair, had not exactly been subtle in her desires.

And so Harry and his beloved had set a little bit of a trap for Tonks. Tonks-As-Hermione slowly walks into the room, seeing Harry 'asleep' in his bed and walking over softly. She slips off her shoes and then begins to strip down as well, folding her clothing up carefully and putting it under the bed. There can be no sign that she's not the real Hermione after all.

Once she's completely naked and standing there wearing nothing but Hermione's curvaceous, voluptuous body, Tonks moves to the side of the bed and slowly pulls back the covers. The fact that Harry had stripped down to his boxers for a 'nap' probably should have been a warning sign to the metamorphmagus. Instead though, she found her eyes zeroing in on his bulge. W-was he already hard? Unable to wait any longer, Tonks crawled into bed between Harry's legs. She rested on her knees and her elbows; Hermione's big fat ass lifted up a little into the air behind her as she leaned forward and slowly pulled Harry's boxers back until his cock was released from within them.

As Harry slowly began to wake up from her touch, Tonks found herself near-breathless as she stared at his member for the first time. Oh sure, she'd seen him fuck Hermione a few times in the gym, but more often than not, she didn't really get a good look at his cock before he'd bent the witch over and started plowing. Tonks' little voyeur spot hadn't given her much advance notice as to just how BIG he really was.

Her earlier thought had in fact been wrong. Harry wasn't even remotely hard. This was his size soft and it was already gargantuan. A slight whimper left Tonks throat, before she eep'd as Harry's strong hand closed in her bushy brown hair.

"Hermione?"

He sounded a bit sleepy still. Tonks quickly stifled any further trepidation and plastered a slutty, happy smile on her face as she wrapped Hermione's hands around Harry's soft member and began to stroke.

"Shhh, Master... let your slut please you."

She knew this much at least. Hermione had been quite vocal in the gym. Still, inwardly Tonks is practically freaking out. Even as her Hermione-mask continues to smile and her hands stroke up and down Harry's hardening, GROWING cock, Tonks is left with the realization that the real Hermione swallows, rides, and bounces on this huge piece of bimbo-taming, breeding man meat whenever the slut wants! It's both insane and unfair in Tonks' contradictory mind. Insane that Hermione is expected to take this massive thing whenever Harry gets horny, and unfair that the brunette slut gets to enjoy Harry while no one else does!

Tonks is anxious about what she's about to do, but at the same time she's also more eager than ever, her heart pounding in her chest and her pussy growing wet. So focused on Harry's growing cock as she is, Tonks doesn't even notice the door to Harry's room opening. The real Hermione slips inside and with a bit of silent magic, the beautiful brunette locks the door. Unlike Tonks' spell, this one actually sticks.

Meanwhile, even if she'd wanted to look around, Harry has finally woken up and decided not to let her anymore. Tonks' eyes widen a bit as Harry grips her hair tightly with both hands and pulls her lips to his giant pecker. The musclebound wizard rubs his cockhead all up and down her face and the eager metamorphmagus moans, letting her lips, Hermione's big full, plump red lips, spread open for Harry to slide his dick in between.

"That's a good girl; take it all for me now."

Harry mutters the words even as Tonks tries to fit more and more of his monstrous cock into her mouth. She still feels a flood of arousal at the demeaning words and her pussy grows even wetter. Unfortunately, she's struggling to take Harry past the back of her throat. She almost wished the young man would just face fuck her already, but now that he had her lips wrapped around his cock, Harry was letting her control the pace, and clearly expecting her to do whatever the real Hermione could do.

Tonks' eyes wandered down the length of Harry's giant shaft and then they widened at what she saw at the base of it. There was a very distinct ring of red lipstick at the very bottom of Harry's huge schlong, wrapped around the base of his member. Given just how much sex they had, Hermione must have put it there around lunch time or such, as Tonks hadn't seen the girl blow Harry during their morning work out where she'd jilled off to the sight of them once again fucking.

"You fantastic little Auror slut."

Still, seeing Hermione's lipstick at the very base of Harry's shaft when Tonks could barely get four inches of his giant cock in her mouth was a bit intimidating. She whimpered as she did her best to give Harry more of her throat, but that didn't stop her from gagging on it.

"Gagkh. Gagkh. Gagkh."

"Come on, do the DMLE proud you fucking whore, get deeper now."

Harry's words left her feeling humiliated and degraded, his attack of her position and her organization making her so damn wet. She did as he bade, forcing herself to take more of him down his throat... only

to realize what exactly he'd been saying. Tonks stops immediately and Harry's grip loosens enough for her to pull her mouth off of his dick as she looks at his smug, grinning face in shock.

She knows she's still wearing Hermione's body. Her tits aren't this big and she can feel the extra weight in her wider hips and fatter ass. Hermione has really become quite the voluptuous woman and Tonks in the form that she usually hangs out in, doesn't compare to that. And yet somehow Harry knows anyways?

The metamorphmagus is flabbergasted as he grins wickedly down at her. Then she hears a familiar voice from behind her as long, feminine hands take the place of Harry's in Tonks' hair.

"Did he say you could stop slut?"

-x-X-x-

It was a bit of a shock to step into the room and come face to face with one's doppelganger, but Hermione had managed to stifle the gasp that had threatened to escape her throat. Tonks looked good as her and the brunette witch had immediately assumed the metamorphmagus had taken some liberties with her appearance. She'd slowly approached the bed, even as Harry made a show of waking up. Like Tonks, she stripped naked before crawling on while the metamorphmagus was distracted with trying and failing to deep throat Harry's cock.

Then Harry had started to give the game away with his dirty talk and it had been amusing to see just how long it took Tonks to catch onto the fact that he knew exactly who she was. Seeing the other witch had stopped sucking and was now just staring at Harry in abject shock, Hermione knew it was her turn to make a move.

"Did he say you could stop slut?"

And then almost viciously, Hermione forced Tonks' gaping mouth back over Harry's cock. The beautiful brunette witch grinned wickedly as she fucked Tonks' face on Harry's humungous cock. Seeing 'herself' get throat-fucked was certainly an interesting experience.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

Again and again, down Tonks went. Looking to her Master and the love of her life for approval, Hermione saw Harry watching the scene with lidded eyes, a dark look of lust and desire in his gaze. He made no move to interrupt the moment though, allowing Hermione to force Tonks in her form down all the way to the base of Harry's dick.

The metamorphmagus' eyes rolled back in her head as her lips finally pressed around the same spot as Hermione had left a ring of red lipstick earlier. The choking and gagging petered off as Tonks simply failed to get any air at all, hands scrambling for a brief moment at Harry's thighs before falling off. The witch's body, changed to look like Hermione, spasms and shakes and jiggles even as her throat convulses around the massive shaft going down it.

That's the moment when Harry cums, right as Hermione is sure she has Tonks on the edge of

unconsciousness. His seed explodes down the witch's throat and ultimately comes back up and out of her nostrils and the sides of her mouth. When Hermione finally pulls her doppelganger away from her lover's huge dick, Tonks is a twitching mess, eyelashes fluttering up and down, her face an absolute ruin of cum and slobber and saliva.

And yet, even as her body continues to shake, Hermione realizes that Tonks is climaxing right there on the spot. The whorish metamorphmagus is orgasming from nothing but being forced to deep throat Harry's dick. Damn that's hot. Still, now that she's not so focused on dominating the pretty little slut that had the audacity to try and trick her Master, Hermione takes the time to actually look at Tonks' "Hermione".

"... You really took a lot of liberties here Tonks. I'm not nearly this hot. How did you ever expect to convince Harry that you were me?"

Tonks is recovering slowly, but when Hermione's words reach her ears, her eyes snap up to meet the other witch's and she speaks in a raspy voice.

"W-what? What are you talking about? I made this form perfectly identical you big-titted cow."

Hermione lets that little insult pass for the moment, instead focusing on what she considers an obvious lie. Her brow furrows and her tone is incredulous as she laughs a bit in disbelief.

"Perfectly identical?! You're the hottest slut I've ever seen Tonks, I'm pretty sure I'd know if I was this damn fine!"

Tonks shook her head, still weak but completely obstinate in her stance.

"Hermione, I took polyjuice the other day with one of your hairs in it, just so I could get this down pat!"

That brought the other witch up short. Ultimately, it was Harry who interjected.

"She's not wrong Hermione. Except for body language, you look the exact same to me?"

Silence falls over the room as Hermione grabs Tonks' ruined face and stares at it intently. Of course, with all the cum and tear tracks and slobber, it's not easy, but she can still see herself in there well enough. Then she reached down and grabs the massive tits Tonks is currently sporting. And these are apparently HER massive tits too. Hermione gropes Tonks for a moment and then reaches up and gropes herself.

She'd never thought her boobs were really that big. Respectably sized yes, but seeing them on another woman for the first time really brought the whole thing home for her. Licking her lips, Hermione pressed her tits against Tonks' and hugged her doppelganger close, staring down between them to see that, squished together, neither set really stood out as bigger than the other.

"... Huh. That's crazy."

"Yeah, you've got the best body I've ever seen Hermione..."

Hermione nodded slowly, finally accepting this before turning a sharp eye towards Tonks and frowning deeply.

“And you tried to use it to trick my man into having sex with you, you little skank!”

Tonk’s eyes, technically HER eyes widened in fear at that before the other brunette quickly backpedaled.

“U-Uh, wait! Did I say I was Tonks! I’m definitely not! No polyjuice use here! I’m... I’m you! From the future!”

The absolutely absurd claim drew Hermione up short and a glance at Harry showed he was just as surprised as she was, though it was quickly turning to amusement. It wasn’t like Hermione was REALLY angry in the first place. Her outrage had been faked. But this little avenue that Tonks was trying to go down, this excuse of hers... it could be fun to explore it. Snorting derisively, Hermione let a smile spread across her face nonetheless.

“Oh really? How far into the future? And if that’s true, you can tell us all about it.”

Her doppelganger looks a little cornered as Harry watches on, intrigued at what Hermione is doing. Licking her lips, Tonks opens her mouth and then closes it, before finally finding the words.

“N-Not far... just a little bit in fact. I’m just back in time because M-Master is busy breaking in his new slut and we figured I could just pop back and use his younger body. I-It’s only been a day or so a-after all!”

Hermione’s grin turned predatory.

“Alright ‘Future Me’... say I believe you. Who is this new slut that Harry is breaking in right now? What’s he doing to her?”

Tonks flushes bright red before getting a distant look in her eye.

“W-Well, its uh... its Tonks of course! She’s really going to be feeling it in the morning... especially in her ass; Harry really went to town on that. He spanked her long and hard, pinned her face down on the bed, and gave her the roughest bugging I’ve ever seen. Though as Future Hermione, I’ve definitely FELT rougher of course! H-He got her shrieking loud enough to rattle the bloody windows!”

There’s a considering look on Hermione’s face for a moment before she smiles and nods.

“Well then, while Future Harry is dealing with that little slut, I suppose it’s up to us to deal with the Harry we have here. Master... how do you want us?”

Until this point, the muscular, well-built wizard had stayed quiet, allowing Hermione to control the flow and ultimately acting as a prop for her to tease Tonks with. Now though, a slow smile spread across his face as he considered what it meant to have TWO Hermiones at his beck and call.

“... Pin her for me ‘Mione.”

He leaves it ambiguous as to which ‘Hermione’ he’s talking to, but it’s still HIS Hermione that ultimately reacts fast enough. Tonks-In-Hermione-Form ends up on her back with wide eyes as the actual Hermione pins her down and sticks her tongue right down Tonks’ throat. Their breasts press together and Hermione’s knees spread Tonks’ legs far apart as she grinds her pussy down on the other witch’s.

The beautiful identical brunettes make for quite the sight as Harry crawls along the bed and ultimately takes his place behind his Hermione’s shapely fat ass, kneeling there and reaching out to grope and knead her butt cheeks. Hermione groans into Tonks’ mouth happily, but the slutty witch never stops kissing the other woman, dominating her doppelganger’s tongue with her own.

Even if they are doing the “from the future” bit right now, it’s still important to Hermione that she show Tonks who’s in charge (besides Harry of course). Especially since it’s pretty clear to the younger witch that Tonks is going to be a mainstay in their bed from now on. The metamorphmagus is too useful not to be. As the two identical beauties continue to rub their voluptuous, curvaceous bodies together, Harry transitions one hand from Hermione’s ass to his cock, stroking his massive, hard shaft up and down. One cum load down Tonks’ throat would never satisfy the young man. He’s still immensely hungry for more.

As such, the ripped stud fits his foot long cock between the two sluts making out in front of him. Rather than pushing into one or the other, he slides his member between their bodies. As expected, the feel of their slutty, puffy, identical pussy lips spreading around his cock’s shaft and hugging his length is incredible, and their wetness along with his precum allows him to lube up the rest of their soft, pliant flesh.

Both women are moaning wantonly now into each other’s mouths as Harry fucks his dick between them, using the tight space in the middle of their voluptuous forms as a new hole for him to plow. Their cunts get wetter and wetter from the constant surface stimulation, their clits feeling the grinding, pistoning presence of pulsating cock meat in a way that they’d never felt before.

It was no wonder that both Hermione and Tonks came within moments of Harry starting up this new fun game. Hermione cried out in unison with her doppelganger and together, they ended up coating Harry’s gigantic dick with their pussy juices. This only served to make his length slicker and as a result, he could fuck even faster in between their holes.

“Oh yeah, take it you fucking sluts. I’m going to cum in one of you. Who’s it going to be? Future or Past? Fuck yeah, fucking take it!”

His little question was mostly spur of the moment as all dirty talk was. But it still lit a fire in both Hermione and Tonks as their identical lips disengaged immediately in order to try and convince him to go one way or the other.

“Please Master, inside of me! Fuck you’re so big! Put it in me! Fill my womb with your cum! Breed your worthless little witch slut! This whore is from the future, she’s probably taken your loads so many



times!”

“No! Do it in me Master! Hermione gets it every day, please, I’m begging you fill MY womb with your cum! Knock me up with your big hard dick! Put a baby in meEEEEEE!!!”

Harry had to admit, Tonks got points for both the knock up comment and the baby comment, as well as climaxing hard at the very end of her begging. But... she’d also broken character, while Hermione hadn’t. With a savage grin, Harry pulled his cock out, made both of his horny sluts wait for a long moment in anticipation... and then he plunged it into the top cunt, filling Hermione’s pussy all the way to her womb and beyond, his cockhead sliding past her cervix as she cried out happily and then went back to dominating a dismayed Tonks’ mouth with her tongue.

Tonks was left a bit out in the cold, the bottom bitch as Harry fucked his first slut hard right on top of her. The metamorphmagus had been denied her deepest desire... and that denial was making her wet all over again. The witch couldn’t help but respond to Hermione’s kisses and when the brunette began to grope her tits, pushing off of Tonks’ body to arch her back towards Harry, Tonks moaned out reluctantly.

She wasn’t getting Harry’s dick, at least not this time... but there was something to be said about having an up close and personal view of Hermione getting it, after all those times she could only watch from afar while they fucked in the muggle gym. In the end, Tonks slid her hands down between her legs and fingered her sopping wet cunt to the sight of Hermione’s joyous fucked-silly face as Harry plowed the girl senseless.

And when he finally came inside of Hermione and filled her with his cum, breeding the slutty little whore right atop her doppelganger, Tonks managed to finish herself off as well, climaxing alongside both Harry and Hermione. All three of them rode out their orgasms, bodies pressed together. And then it was over... the first round was anyways.

As Harry pulled out of Hermione and Hermione slumped off of Tonks, panting heavily, the metamorphmagus could see that Harry was still hard. More than that, he was staring at her speculatively. Tonks actually knew the look. This was the first time it’d made her hot and bothered though, arousal building within her as she knew what Harry wanted from her. The metamorphmagus had seen this look on many a male student back at Hogwarts. She’d gotten the question from many a failed boyfriend as well.

Before Harry could ask though, Tonks was already changing. Hermione’s beautiful voluptuous body melted away to be replaced by one of Tonks’ favorite fantasy forms. A cute little elf girl, not like the nasty house elves, but like the ones Tonks had seen in the muggle media that her dad had introduced her to.

Harry’s eyes lit up and his already hard cock jumped a bit at the sight of her. She wasn’t nearly as curvaceous as she’d been before, but her nubile young elf body certainly seemed to do the trick as Harry slid between her legs and finally pushed his cock into her needy cunt. Tonks made sure to elasticize her insides, leaving it so that Harry could fit his entire gigantic dick into her passage, which she kept rather small to go along with her slight body.

As such, Harry's member was soon filling her womb and actively bulging out of her skinny frame. The elf that Tonks had become moaned happily and wrapped her skinny arms around Harry's neck. She tried to do the same with her short legs, but Harry was too muscular, too thick at the waist for her to fully get her ankles locked together.

In the end, she had to settle for bow-legged as Harry plunged in and out of her tight, clenching little pussy. He fucked her like that for a few minutes before looking into her eyes and speaking a single word.

"Drow."

Tonks shifted to the larger, more voluptuous form of a Dark Elf swiftly, knowing the species already from her father's interest in DnD. Now her legs were long enough to fully wrap around his waist and while she wasn't quite as curvaceous as Hermione, she was slightly taller than the human girl. Harry grunted and sped up his pace, fucking her dusky, dark grey body as hard as he could. Tonks threw her head back and cried out in enjoyment, climaxing again and again around his pistoning cock.

Things continued like this for a time as Harry ran her through a gauntlet of fantasy creatures. His imagination proved to be greater than Tonks' though and eventually he was having to describe what he wanted from her. By the time he came, Tonks was some sort of red skinned Succubus, complete with horns and a spade tail. Harry certainly seemed to enjoy this form quite a bit, as he groaned and then abruptly pulled out of her cunt, much to Tonks' dismay. He came all over her, rather than inside of her, painting her currently red skin white with his seed.

The Succubus Tonks had turned into at Harry's behest groaned in disappointment, but that didn't stop the slutty metamorphmagus from scooping up some of Harry's seed from her abdomen and licking her fingers clean of his cum. Regardless of her desire to be bred and filled like Hermione was, Tonks knew what she needed to say.

"Thank you... Master~"

That certainly seemed to do the trick as Harry smiled down at her, his cock still hard and ready to go. All Tonks had to do was stay strong now, or so the witch figured. She had all night to convince Harry to cum inside of her and so long as her stamina lasted, she could continue to take his dick over and over and over again in her slutty little holes.

"That was so hot."

Hermione had watched from the side as Tonks ran went through a laundry list of sexy fantasy species. Before she could stop herself, the bookworm blurted out the thought on the forefront of her mind.

"Can you do Disney Princesses?"

There's a pause as both Harry and Tonks look towards the witch. Hermione flushes red in embarrassment but doesn't look away, lifting her chin and shrugging her shoulders.

"I loved the Disney Princess movies as a kid..."

Before Harry can formulate a reply to that, staring at his very kinky and deviant lover in surprise, a voice tears him away from Hermione.

“Oh please Mr. Beast... be gentle?”

Harry finds Belle laying beneath him, though he of course can't speak to how accurate the body is. It's definitely the face of the cartoon princess given actual form though and when Hermione sees and hears what Tonks has become, the witch squeals and glomps her. From there, he and his first love are once again tag-teaming the metamorphmagus, this time as she goes from Disney Princess to Disney Princess.

Harry doesn't get to see most of the face changes, as halfway through Hermione starts riding Tonks' face, grinding her pussy down on the other witch's lips as she dictates princess after princess. Still, he can feel Tonks' body rippling around his thrusting cock and he can see that she is putting SOME effort into shifting the body of each Princess.

“Cinderella!”

The body gets a bit more voluptuous and a bit more pale as he plows into it with all his might.

“Pocahontas!”

There's more muscle now and the skin color has gone a few darker shades. When Harry grips down on this form's waist, there's not as much soft give. It makes for a fun bit of fucking.

“Jasmine!”

Still dark skinned, but far softer once more. This Princess is no fighter, but her wide hips are to die for and her ass is nice and fat.

Things go on and on from there as Hermione runs through every Disney Princess she can, climaxing again and again on Tonks' ever changing face. But eventually she DOES run out and with Tonks looking like a very slutty, pussy-juice covered Snow White, Harry reaches up and grabs Hermione from behind, dragging his whore back along Snow White's pale body and pulling out of Tonks to once again slam home inside of Hermione's cunt.

He fills the brunette witch with another load of his seed and she moans with delight as she grinds down on Tonks' abdomen in the process, some of Harry's cum spilling out to cover her belly. Yet, still it does not end. Harry is still hard and he continues to fuck Hermione on top of Tonks until Tonks takes matters into her own hands and begins to shift into witches all of them are more familiar with, while at the same time not.

The night continues on with Harry getting a chance to fuck teenaged versions of the three Black sisters, Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Tonks' own mother Andromeda all making appearances. Harry loses control when Tonks even transforms into a young red head that can only be his own mother as a Hogwarts student. From there, he fucks the beautiful metamorphmagus almost too enthusiastically... one might think that the picture book Hagrid gave a young Harry back in first year might have been used for the

wrong sorts of things with the way he went to town on the approximation of his mother's young body.

Yet even then, Harry didn't cum inside of Tonks. The submissive witch was beginning to lose hope. Here the three of them were, laid out on Harry's bed. She was allowed to curl into his left side while Hermione curled into his right. She was even allowed to stroke his cock with her right hand as Hermione stroked it with her left. Both of them leaned into him and Tonks felt like she'd been accepted by the pair... and yet... and yet.

"Master... why won't you cum inside of me?"

There's a pause as Hermione looks to her and then to Harry and Harry blinks and considers it. From the surprise on the man's face, it's clear that he hadn't even realized he was doing it. It took a few seconds for the powerful young, well-built wizard to put words to his thoughts.

"It feels like you're holding something back Tonks. Even now, I just don't feel like you're devoted to me in the same way Hermione is. So I guess that's why I don't cum inside of you. Don't want to get you pregnant, in case you decide you've had your fun and leave."

The well-hung stud shrugs as he finishes his explanation. Hermione is nodding in agreement while Tonks' eyes are wide as she pouts mightily.

"B-But I'm calling you Master aren't I?! Harry you've ruined me for other men! I don't think I can live without your cock anymore! I'm definitely not going anywhere after this, I can promise you that! Please, how can I prove my devotion if not with my body?!"

Harry shrugs and despite his magical power, his muscular form, and his giant foot long cock, Tonks is reminded that she's actually older than this young man she can't imagine spending her life without. Licking her lips, Tonks turns her eyes and stares at Harry's dick. What is it that's holding her back? If Harry says it's there, it's there. The powerful wizard is instinctively giving her an out because he can feel her reluctance.

After a moment, an idea comes to mind. It seems silly, but maybe? Licking her lips, the beautiful witch slowly crawls up onto Harry's lap and impales herself on his cock. Both he and Hermione are watching her with interested eyes as she slowly bounces herself up and down on his dick, panting heavily and getting all worked up before she begins to speak.

"My name... is N-Nymphadora Tonks. And I swear on my magic to serve and obey my Master, Harry Potter, for the rest of the days. I will be whatever he needs, a wand and shield in battle, a woman in bed, a servant in life. I give myself freely as his slave."

The air burst with magic and the oath was finished. Tonks felt it settle around her neck like a collar, though there was nothing visible there. But from the look in Harry's eyes, he could feel it too. A moment later, their positions were reversed. Tonks face herself face down on the bed, prone as Hermione stroked a hand through her hair. Harry plunged his cock up into Tonks' cunt from behind and leaned in to nibble at her ear.

"Nymphadora..."

The name that she'd always hated so much slipped from Harry's lips and the newly enslaved witch came on the spot. When her new Master spoke the word, it felt so RIGHT compared to all those other times. She'd never liked the name her mother and father had given her, and yet now that Harry had sole rights to use it, she found herself loving when he said it.

"Y-Yes Master! Yes, fuck me! Fuck your Nymphadora, plunge that big hard dick of yours up my cunt to your heart's content! Use me, USE ME!!!"

Harry did just that, grunting and gripping her fat ass cheeks as he forced his foot long shaft past her cervix and into her womb for the umpteenth time that night. This time was different though. SHE was different. Tonks suspected that Hermione had not enslaved herself to Harry in the same way that the metamorphmagus had just done. But she also understood now that Hermione hadn't needed to. The love between her new Master and the brunette witch was strong, so strong that Tonks could almost feel the bond between them in the same way she could feel the actual magical bond between her and Harry.

She on the other hand, had merely lusted after Harry before now. Only with her oath given freely did she finally show that she loved him as much as Hermione did. She cried out happily as he filled her again and again, climaxing several times around his cock, her pussy squeezing down rapidly along his length. Hermione continued to stroke a hand through Tonks' hair for a few moments more before abruptly pulling her head up and kissing her domineeringly.

The metamorphmagus simply took it, Hermione's tongue exploring the deepest recesses of her mouth as the witch reminded Tonks of her place. She didn't need the reminder, but it was still appreciated. Her place was here, beneath both her Master and her Mistress, serving Harry and Hermione to the best of her ability.

The thought sent her into another explosive orgasm and this time her clenching, tightening cunt muscles managed to milk Harry's release from his once more. He did not pull out as he'd done before however. Instead, he pushed all the deeper in and Tonks' eyes widened, her mouth dropping open as she felt him finally fill her needy womb with his cum.

He'd bred her... he'd bred his Nymphadora. With that moment passed, all the exhaustion of the last several hours finally caught up with Tonks. She had ultimately been running on fumes for a while now, trying to keep up with the prodigious stamina of both Harry and Hermione and barely succeeding in the process.

With her goal finally achieved and her Master's cum filling her quite nicely... Tonks passed out right there on the bed face down, leaving an amused and exasperated couple to deal with her unconscious body.

-x-X-x-

The next morning, Harry wakes up first. He feels two warm feminine bodies curled into his sides and the events of last night rush back to him. Tonks had literally pledged her fealty to him, like he was some sort of liege lord. She'd sworn her magic to his service and essentially enslaved herself to him for the chance at a... baby? No, rather, she wanted his children but she also wanted to remain at his side

forever. He couldn't begrudge the metamorphmagus that.

Looking to either side, Harry took in the sleeping beauties he had his arms around protectively. Both Hermione and Ton-Nymphadora now he supposes, looked absolutely adorable asleep... but as he stared into his new slave pet's face, he couldn't help but smile wickedly, a plan forming in his head. He ultimately woke up Hermione before Nymphadora, and quietly explained to his first love what he was going to do. Hermione was perfectly happy with the idea and got dressed before padding out of the room barefoot to make some breakfast.

Only once she was gone did Harry abruptly grab Nymphadora by her purple hair and pink the witch face down on the bed, forcing her ass up into the air by sticking two fingers in her cunt and lifting. Nymphadora yelped and squealed as she woke up to the rough fingering, but Harry had already withdrawn his fingers and was in the process of bringing his hand down on his new fuck pet's ass, giving her a good firm spanking.

"Had an interesting visit from a future version of Hermione last night Nymphadora. She detailed exactly how I'm supposed to be taking your ass for the very first time and I don't want to mess with any time mumbo jumbo and all that, so I'm going to follow her instructions perfectly. You don't have a problem with that, right pet?"

Fully awake by this point and realizing what was going on, Nymphadora got all the wetter as she bit her lower lip and wiggled her ass suggestively.

"N-No Master... if it's for the good of the timeline, then I understand..."

Harry just chuckled and went back to spanking her ass. He did so quite thoroughly and Nymphadora found herself enjoying the pain. She had asked for this after all, just like she'd asked for the excessively rough bugging that was sure to follow. Mewling happily, Nymphadora nuzzled the sheets beneath her even as she wiggled and shook her nice large bubble butt up towards Harry's descending hand.

Once he'd given her the "good, firm spanking" part of her fantasy. He stopped and stood on the bed. His hands grasped her reddened buttocks and Nymphadora gasped as he slowly spread her cheeks apart, crouching over her. The tip of his massive cock pressed against her sphincter, but there was no fear in the metamorphmagus. Why would there be?

She made sure she was just the right side of tight as he slowly began to force the tip of his giant dick inside of her back door. Her asshole stretched out nicely around his member, not too fast to feel loose, while also not too slow, to avoid tearing. The elasticity of her creampie'd cunt from the night before also transferred to her back door and Nymphadora was able to make sure that while there was pain and discomfort, there was no injury. It still felt like Harry was splitting her in two though and that was exactly what the beauty wanted.

"M-Master! You're so big! Oh Merlin! Yes Master, yessssss!!"

The slutty metamorphmagus tried to be as vocal as possible in her enjoyment of Harry's length, spurring him on so that he would quicken his pace. Given that her fantasy involved him fucking her hard enough that she would shriek and rattle the bloody windows, he needed to thrust into her a lot faster and

a lot deeper than he was currently doing.

Her Master got the message and Nymphadora's eyes widened as he buried the rest of his massive schlong inside of her bowels, hilding himself inside of her ass in an instant. Then he pulled back and did it again. Over and over again, Harry would sheathe his length in her butt. And each time, he'd move a little faster in doing so. Nymphadora's eyes crossed and her tongue fell out of her mouth, lying against the pillow in front of her as Harry began to REALLY fuck her ass.

In no time at all, the metamorphmagus couldn't even form the words to continue vocally praising her Master's magnificence. That didn't mean she didn't try though. Just as had been promised, Nymphadora was soon shrieking her delight to the high heavens, rattling the nearby windows with a screeching voice brought about by the orgasms that his cock in her ass began to give her.

She was secure in the knowledge that Hermione and Harry silenced their room. It was the only reason nobody in Grimmauld Place knew what they did in here. And so Tonks let her voice free and though it rattled the windows and the headboard of the bed slammed against the wall with the force of Harry's thrusts, she was sure that nobody at all heard them.

When Harry finally came a little while later, he did so inside her cunt again, pulling roughly out of her slightly gaping ass and plunging his way all the way to her womb in one swift move even as his seed exploded out of the tip of his dick and filled her up yet again. To have her Master's cum inside of her womb, the possibility of a child on Nymphadora's mind... it was the most glorious thing the willingly enslaved witch had ever felt.

She lay there; face down ass up, long after Harry pulled out of her. It wasn't until he'd gotten dressed that he smacked her across her delicious bubble butt.

"Time to wake up slut. You do still have to go to work you know."

That realization made the metamorphmagus' eyes widen as she scrambled out of bed. Harry watched in amusement as she dragged her folded up clothes out from under the mattress where she'd stashed them, quickly getting dressed. As she did so, her mind shifted noticeably. She stopped being Nymphadora the pathetic little slut slave... for now. She became Auror Tonks, a young, proud woman rising in the ranks of the DMLE.

Though, she did go back to being Nymphadora for just a second, to give her Master a deep tongue-filled kiss. Then Tonks was back and she let the room with a silly smile on her face, her head held high, and a bit of a limp in her step that she hoped was barely noticeable. On her way out, she passed by Fleur in the hall and completely missed the strange look that the part veela gave her.

As Tonks disappeared around a corner, Fleur's nostrils flared and she breathed in the other woman's scent. Her eyes widened and then she slipped back inside of her room. The French witch shut and locked the door behind her, but did not manage to put up the silencing charms before she was on her knees, back pressed up against the inside of said door, frantically fisting her needy cunt as she moaned wantonly.

If Harry had heard this, he might have done something about it. But from his own, silenced room, he

could not hear Fleur's needy, noisy masturbation. As such, his mind stayed on his new fuck pet instead of a potential future one and the young muscular man found himself coming up with ANOTHER idea for the lovely Nymphadora Tonks.

He grinned wickedly and then went to find Hermione. He'd spend the rest of the day working on his physical and magical strength, though his training was interspersed with screwing Hermione senseless as well. They specifically enjoyed turning their gym workouts into a special form of debauchery. Starting with an upright sixty nine that had Hermione's legs locked around his neck and her lips wrapped around his dick as he thrust into her throat, and continuing to a good old fashioned standing fuck, with Harry easily holding Hermione's curvaceous body up with his own personal strength.

It would be hours until Tonks finally returned home, but when she did she immediately became Nymphadora, Fuck Pet in her mind. She stepped into Harry's room and found her Master and her Mistress on the bed. Hermione was reading a book and Harry was too, over her shoulder... as he slowly plunged in and out of the brunette witch's nice big ass. It didn't look like the slutty young woman minded though as she moaned happily and then turned the page casually.

Biting her lower lip, Nymphadora stepped forward and cleared her throat. As soon as Harry saw her, he got a wicked grin on his face and pulled out of his first love's ass. Hermione, knowing his plans as Harry told her everything, did not raise a protest. Instead, she placed a book mark in her tome and closed it up, turning over onto her back and propping herself up on her elbows as she watched what was about to happen with a wide grin on her face.

Harry wrapped his arms around his magically bound slave and kissed her heatedly. The witch, older than him by a few years, happily melted into his embrace, basking in the feel of their bond and his nearly overwhelming magic. Nymphadora was content to be Harry's pet for the rest of her days. She couldn't imagine a life without him.

Slowly, the muscular, tall Wizard moved them both over to a nearby floor-length mirror. He spun her around and let her look at herself, even as he slowly stripped off her clothing, piece by piece. Nymphadora looked at her body and immediately started to change into something else, but Harry's stinging slap on her flesh stayed her. This was the closest thing Nymphadora had ever had to a 'base' form, what he had her in right now.

She didn't truly consider it her real form though. She liked to change things usually, alter bits of herself day by day, week by week, month by month. This meant that from one year to the next, she'd usually completely changed her look. She'd never stuck to one form before and it felt weird to do so now as Harry kept her from altering her body to suit his desires.

Instead, once he had her fully naked he ran his hands up and down her sides and smiled over her shoulder, meeting her eyes in the mirror.

"I'm going to give you something Nymphadora. Are you ready?"

He didn't need to explain. The metamorphmagus had already willingly bound herself to him. Staring into his hooded eyes, Nymphadora simply nodded and let him do as he liked. Harry responded by plunging his magic into her. The beautiful witch's eyes went wide as she felt him fill her with his power. Harry



Potter was probably one of the strongest wizards in the world at this point. His magical energy was up there with the likes of Dumbledore and Voldemort, though neither was anywhere near as handsome or gorgeous or physically strong as he.

Harry worked his magic throughout Nymphadora's body, wrapping her own magic up in an embrace in the same way his hands were wrapped around her waist. And then, as the metamorphmagus watched, her body began to reshape. Eventually, the sensations proved too much to her and Nymphadora's eyes rolled back in her head as she passed out in Harry's arms halfway through the change.

She woke up mere minutes later though and what she saw in the mirror stunned her. It was still HER in a way. Her purple hair, her face, and the barest remembrances of her figure still lay beneath the changes Harry had made. But ultimately, she was gorgeous now, rather than simply pretty or beautiful. She was on the same level of Hermione and if she looked closely, she could see the influence of her mother and her aunts in her body.

Long hair, fuller breasts, wide hips perfect for birthing... Harry allowed her to turn herself so she could look at her ass. It had always been her favorite body part and she'd always used her ability to shift to make it her most fantastic body part as well. Her amazing derriere remained intact and Nymphadora let out a startled laugh of pure joy as she realized she looked like a purebred Black Family beauty. She could only imagine how her aunts would react if they saw her now. Jealousy and envy for her youthful beauty, the beauty they could never get back.

The thought made her smile and she let out a happy shuddering sigh as she then sank to her knees before her beloved Master. Her face nuzzles against the front of Harry's pants and she can feel his cock rising within its tight confines from that barest of touch.

"Thank you Master! Thank you, thank you, thank you! This is my true form now, a form meant only for you and the Mistress and whoever else you deem worthy. This is the form that belongs to Nymphadora Tonks, bed slave to the greatest wizard to ever walk this Earth. Please Master... please break in my new body."

Harry didn't need to be told twice. He grabbed her by her hair and dragged her over to the bed, where Nymphadora found herself unceremoniously tossed face first into Hermione's waiting arms. The brunette witch grinned as she spun Harry's fuck pet around and pulled Nymphadora back against her chest.

The muscular wizard knelt on the bed between his slave's legs, but he wasn't content to merely part them and fuck her. Instead, Harry latched onto Nymphadora's ankles and began to guide them up and up, until Harry had locked the metamorphmagus' new long flexible legs behind her head at the ankles, leaving her beautiful, gorgeous body exposed framed perfectly before his eyes.

Her pouty pussy lips called to Harry and Nymphadora moaned eagerly as her Master sunk inch after inch of his cock into her cunt. At the same time Hermione reached around her and grabbed her full, larger tits from behind, kneading and groping her massive mammaries as Harry began to piston away inside of her. The transformed witch had never been happier than in that moment.

With her Master and Mistress using her as they pleased, Nymphadora Tonks was completed.

### 3 - Lavender Brown

Looking up into Harry's eyes, Hermione bobs up and down on his cock and knowing he's close to cumming, she sinks all the way down on his massive shaft, taking every last inch of it down her gullet. He lets out a groan as her tight throat spasms around his length, her lips coming to a stop pressed up against his crotch.

The pressure is as unbelievable as always and Harry cums on the spot with a shudder and a groan, panting even as Hermione shows just how far she's come by swallowing every last bit of his cum load without spilling a single drop. Finally, he lets go of the slutty witch's hair and she in turn pulls back off his cock, slowly, sensually, her tongue trailing along the underside every inch of the way.

His length leaves her mouth with a pop as Hermione's pouty, full lips curl into a wide smile. A moment later, a slight bump jolts them as the Hogwarts Express hits a small rough patch. Hermione is more surprised by it than Harry, and the muscular young wizard just chuckles and pulls her to her feet and then onto his lap.

"Thank you love, that was amazing."

Hermione smiles and nuzzles into Harry's neck.

"It was as good for me as it was for you Harry, you know that..."

The wizard grins at that and nods.

"Mm, if I'd known you were such a sex kitten before now, I'd probably have spent the entire Triwizard Tournament bouncing you up and down on my cock. All those study sessions together, all alone... such a waste."

Blushing at the mental imagery, Hermione lays a deep, long kiss on Harry's mouth to hide her slight embarrassment, before pulling back to bite her lower lip and respond.

"Before I knew that you felt this way about me... I fantasized about you a lot Harry. One of my favorite fantasies was convincing you to start the DA last year by sucking on your big cock. I-I'd have offered my body to you to use as stress relief whenever you wanted it and I'd have you turn my galleon into a magical collar so that you could let me know whenever you wanted to screw my brains out..."

Harry stares at Hermione and his cock practically jumps back to attention beneath her. Giggling, Hermione sits up and then plops back down, not even having to reach back to properly drop herself on Harry's member. Her pussy lips spread open easily and take his huge length within them. Hermione gasps as she sheathes herself on Harry's cock, and then that turns into loud, expressive moans as he grabs her hips and begins to truly thrust up into her.

Her own hands come up to his face and she makes out with him quite thoroughly as he plows her from

below. The two have never been happier than in this moment.

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To say Lavender and Parvati are surprised to have Hermione show up outside their cabin with a wide smile and rosy cheeks would be an understatement.

“Hey girls. Can I come in for a second?”

The two Gryffindor witches exchange a look, but Hermione is wearing her Prefect badge and they both know better than to get on a Prefect’s bad side. Lavender shrugs her shoulders and speaks for both of them.

“Guess so. What’s up Granger?”

Just because she was a Prefect, didn’t mean they had to be friends with her though. Hermione winces but steps inside the cabin anyways, closing the door behind her. She settles onto the unoccupied bench across the two other girls and places her hands in her lap.

“I owe you two an apology.”

That gets surprised looks from both Lavender and Parvati, but true to form, Hermione continues speaking, bulldozing right over whatever either of them might have said.

“I know we’ve never been enemies or anything like that. I think, hope even that the two of you don’t hate me. But I can certainly understand if you dislike me. I’ve been a bit of a busybody since arriving at Hogwarts. All my life, I’ve been the know-it-all, the bookworm, the brains of the class. I learned to own it and when I came to Hogwarts, I doubled down on that. But I did so at the cost of alienating all the potential girl friends in my year. And for that, I’m sorry. Sorry that we’ve never been closer.”

Lavender glances at Parvati and Parvati glances at Lavender. Then, licking her lips, the blonde of the two can’t help but grin slightly.

“Hermione... did you finally get laid?”

The brunette stiffens for a moment in shock, before blushing furiously and smiling sheepishly.

“... Maybe?”

And just like that, the trio are the best of friends as Lavender and Parvati lean forward and demand all the juicy details. Hermione leaves out some of it, but she gives them enough to get a fairly clear picture. The last leg of the train ride is the three young women patching up misunderstandings and building the beginnings of a bond that might just last beyond their school years.

Of course, there comes a point where they have to get dressed and while Hermione is wearing her Prefect’s badge, she’s not actually wearing the school uniform. The three young witches strip down naked right there in the cabin, nothing to hide from each other. Of course, Lavender and Parvati don’t

know what sort of fun Hermione has got up to with Tonks. But perhaps they wouldn't mind if they did know.

Either way, the brunette can't help but study her housemates, even as she makes note of Parvati doing the same. Much to Hermione's chagrin, Lavender actually has her beat. The blonde honestly seems more like a teenage version of Aphrodite, rather than a mortal woman. Her body is just that damn perfect. Of course, Hermione knows her own form is pretty fucking good. Meanwhile, Parvati is exotic and foreign, as well as sleek and svelte.

It's clear that she's jealous of their tit-sizes though, because while Lavender and Hermione are busy with their Gryffindor color stockings, the Indian witch steps up and playfully grabs at their bountiful chests, hefting their tits and faux growling.

"Ugh! You two! You don't put on weight, ever! Instead, you put on cup sizes!"

Both Lavender and Hermione gasp and pull their breasts out of Parvati's hands, but there's no heat to their reactions and both of them jut their chests out just a bit more in response to her backhanded compliments. Parvati notices this of course, and whines in disappointment.

"I-It's not like having such large tits is a good thing or anything! They're just big, fat milk dispensers!"

THAT gets a bigger reaction from both Lavender and Hermione and before she even knows what's happening, Parvati finds her face buried between the two white girls' breasts as they mercilessly motorboat her in revenge. Of course, the Indian woman isn't exactly resisting the act and her tongue starts tracing out to lick at them as her hands rest on either witch's sides.

By the time all three of them part, they're each flustered, red in the face, and unable to meet one another's eyes as they get back to getting dressed. All of them have a smile on their lips though as they depart the cabin one by one, the train finally pulling to a stop.

-x-X-x-

After a summer alternating between being Harry's girlfriend and his cocksleeve, Hermione was struggling to adapt back to school life. So was Harry, to be fair. The young wizard wasn't about to let school interfere with his fitness. More mornings than not, one could find him exercising in some way, either jogging around the length or through the castle's corridors.

More than a few people commented on the change that had come over Harry. Malfoy made some noise about how 'Potter is so weak in magic that he's having to run around like a muggle' but much of the school had heard about the DA at this point, or knew of Harry's feats in the Triwizard Tournament. Malfoy's words fell on deaf ears and when Harry proved just how wrong the other boy was in DADA, even the Slytherin girls had started to take notice.

Of course, Hermione's biggest struggle with being back at Hogwarts was undoubtedly the fact that she and Harry could no longer sleep in the same bed. After spending the entire summer sharing a bed with the hung stud, Hermione couldn't just go back to not having his muscular frame wrapping her tightly. She needed to be able to cuddle with him... but unfortunately it was not to be.

Still, they'd found another solution altogether. Hermione had been swift to snatch up the least wanted duty for Gryffindor Prefects... that of night-time patrol duty down in the common room. It was her job to make sure that everyone stayed in bed past curfew and nobody snuck out to do anything naughty. Hilarious, given just how often she and Harry and Ron had snuck out over the years.

But they weren't trying to sneak out now. Oh no, Harry and her, they hadn't had any desire to leave Gryffindor Tower in order to be together. That was why, even now, Hermione was riding Harry's cock as he sat on one of the couches in the Gryffindor common room. Her voice was a quiet shout as she cried out happily at the sensations her beloved was forcing on her.

"Ooh, Merlin yes! Fuck me Harry, fuck me Master!"

Even though she was trying to keep it down, it was hard to do so when Harry was bouncing her big fat ass up and down on his massive schlong and so thoroughly impaling her tight cunt again and again.

"What did I tell you Hermione? Keep quiet, or I'll keep you quiet."

Grinning sultrily, Hermione can't help but lick her lips in a provocative manner as she stares into Harry's eyes.

"Is that a promise sir?"

A moment later, there's a ball gag in her mouth and Harry's wand is laid back down to the side of them as Hermione lets out a muffled wanton moan around the big obstruction. Harry goes back to fucking her as hard as before, but now Hermione is able to be as loud as she wants, because the ball gag keeps it all in.

The brunette's eyes roll back in her head as she climaxes yet again around Harry's dick and he in turn grunts, his pulsating cock on the verge of cumming as well. But he manages to rein it in and continues to pump up into her, even as Hermione finally recovers from her newest orgasm, only to notice they have a peeper on their hands.

Lavender Brown, the beautiful blue eyed blonde that she is, is standing at the top of the stairs to the girl's dormitory, frozen and staring at the scene before her. Hermione can only imagine how it looks, her tits jiggling up and down as she bounces up and down on Harry's cock with the gag in her mouth. Of course, Lavender can't see most of Harry, but the brunette is confident that the other witch at least recognizes the distinctive messy black hair that the young wizard is sporting.

Hermione watches through heavily lidded eyes as Lavender's hands begin to move towards her breasts and the place between her legs. Of course, just as Lavender begins to touch herself, she finally sees Hermione looking at her. The brunette catches the blonde with her eyes before Lavender can quite retreat. While Hermione can't actually say or even mouth anything right now, she's able to convey her message quite clearly through her gaze.

Stay. That's all her eyes are telling Lavender to do. Swallowing thickly, Lavender does just that and watches as Hermione moans and tosses her head back, cumming yet again around Harry's thick prick.

The blonde masturbates to the amazing view of Hermione's face, lost in euphoria and ecstasy. Of course, Harry has a habit of fucking Hermione senseless on nights like this, when they'll have to sleep apart from one another.

Ultimately, the only way for Hermione to sleep is by exhausting her outright. By the time Harry is done doing so, Hermione comes down from her last orgasm to find that Lavender is gone. Harry's cum fills her womb in a delightful way as she gets dressed carefully and stumbles back to the stairs. They exchange one last kiss before parting ways and Hermione has a wicked smile on her face as she slips back inside of the girl's dormitory.

Unfortunately, Lavender is either asleep or pretending to be asleep. Hermione leaves it alone for the time being and slips into her own bed. Her hands go down between her legs beneath the covers and she scoops a bit of Harry's cum out of herself, slipping it between her lips as if it's a rare delicacy. His taste, his scent, the sensation of being filled by him, it's the only way Hermione manages to finally fall asleep.

-x-X-x-

Lavender becomes a routine guest at Hermione and Harry's nightly rendezvous'. The blonde just couldn't seem to stay away. Of course, Hermione went out of her way to make sure Harry didn't see the other witch. She wasn't sure how Lavender would react to Harry knowing she was there. Best to ease the blonde into things, slowly but surely.

She couldn't quite help but show off a little though. And so, as the nights go on, Hermione makes sure that her Master is enjoying her body, all while showing off the stud that she's managed to hook to her fellow witch. Lavender gets quite the view of Harry's muscular body when Hermione encourages him to piledrive her while feasting on her tits, or allow her to sixty-nine him with her on top.

The best part is definitely when Harry fucks her up against one of the common room's walls though, because Lavender seems to get entranced by Harry's rippling muscles at that point and Hermione is able to encourage the witch to creep closer and closer. Unfortunately, in the end Lavender always leaves somewhere between Hermione's final explosive orgasm as Harry fills her with his cum, and the witch's recovery.

Still, once the rhythm is set and Hermione has Lavender in a routine of receiving nightly free shows of their very enthusiastic fucking, she makes her next move. Before Lavender can even come down the stairs, Hermione grins impishly at Harry and places herself in just the right position on the couch. With her hands on the back of the piece of furniture and her ass jutting out towards Harry, the powerful wizard wastes no time in grabbing hold of her wide hips and plunging his cock into her from behind.

"Naughty little minx..."

He leans over her and whispers it in her ear, but Hermione just moans. She loves being fucked like this, taken like she's just a piece of meat. Of course, the true reason she's taken up this position is that it gives Harry an excellent view of the staircase leading up to the girl's dormitory. And in the end, when Lavender creeps down from above, the blonde is too focused on staring at her feet and making sure she's not hitting any of the creaky parts to realize that Hermione has tricked her.

The brunette knows the moment that Harry sees the approaching Lavender, because he freezes up. But he doesn't try to pull out of her, nor does he attempt to hide what they're doing. Instead, Harry just stares over her shoulder as Lavender reaches the bottom of the stairs and finally, FINALLY looks up. Hermione can't help but grin evilly as the blue eyed blonde witch freezes up as well, looking like a deer caught in the headlights as she meets Harry's surprised gaze.

Of course, Hermione is the first to notice that Lavender's body is already reacting, either in anticipation or just from Harry's eyes finally on her form. Smirking, Hermione licks her lips and speaks in a sultry tone.

"Mm, look at how poor Lavender's nipples are poking through her shirt Harry. She must be so uncomfortable, with her poor tits cruelly imprisoned like that..."

Lavender's eyes widen further, but she makes no move to run as Harry pulls out of Hermione and the two perverted lovers move over to her. Instead, the blonde witch allows herself to be drawn over to the couch and her pajama top is swiftly removed, allowing her large breasts, which HAD been straining against the tight top, to bounce free.

The next thing Lavender knows, she's in Harry Potter's lap with Hermione Granger sitting to the side.

"Kiss them better Harry! Go on, do it!"

Harry raises his brow at Hermione's eagerness, while Lavender's feeling kind of poleaxed. But it seems having the beautiful blonde's boobs in one's face is not something one just doesn't take advantage of. A gasp leaves Lavender's throat as Harry's strong, powerful hands grasp her tits and knead and massage them in a delightful way.

She can't help but wonder just how long he and Hermione have been going at it, because Harry's hands are incredibly skilled and there's an experience to the young man that she would not have expected. Lavender moans and melts into Harry's lap as he takes her tits into the firm grip of a Master. Then, he adds in his mouth and Lavender is truly lost as he mauls one mammary while feasting upon the other with his lips, tongue, and teeth.

It's not something Lavender usually tells people. Parvati knows, but then they have a... special relationship. Still, in the end, Harry and Hermione are discovering Lavender's biggest secret. Well, two secrets, but they're interconnected in the end. Suffice to say, Lavender's breasts are just as sensitive as her clit and it shows as Harry continues to pleasure her large fun bags. There's a reason for this however. Lavender has always had this issue. She's never been pregnant or anything like that... but when the blonde witch becomes aroused, she begins to lactate. Her massive mammaries have a constant store of milk in them, though Lavender knows not why.

As Harry feasts on her tits, he actually DOES get a true feast, squeezing the base of her breast as his lips suction to her nipple, only to end up with a mouthful of warm milk. Surprised, Harry draws back for a moment and looks at Lavender. In response, the blonde witch blushes in embarrassment and glances away, while Hermione leans in with a frown on her face.

"What's wrong Harry?"

“Nothing... nothing’s wrong, this is just a bit surprising. Here, have a taste.”

Hermione shrugs and leans in even more, only to sputter as Harry grins wickedly and squeezes out a stream of Lavender’s milk directly into the brunette’s face. Lavender moans and Hermione responds by opening her mouth wide and latching onto the nipple herself, causing the blonde to moan all the louder as a result.

The two perverted lovers each grab a teat and Lavender’s eyes are soon rolling back in her head as she climaxes just from having her breasts played with and her nipples sucked. By the time she’s done, her tits are a tad smaller, not quite so full anymore. Her legs are wobbly and weak as she crawls off of Harry’s lap, very mindful of the bulge there.

He lets her go though and Hermione pulls Lavender’s top back over her head for her. The blonde is left sitting on the couch, a bit stunned and a bit flummoxed, as Hermione takes Harry by the hand and leads him off a little ways to continue where they’d left off.

Within moments, Harry is fucking the brunette witch again and Lavender is watching with wide eyes, unsure of what to do. Eventually though, her hands go back to her body and she begins to masturbate. This is no different than the routine they’d had going before after all, it’s just now Harry knows about her presence and she doesn’t have to leave before he might see her.

As a result, Lavender ends up helping an exhausted Hermione up the stairs, once the well-built dark-haired stud is done fucking her senseless. Hermione in turn giggles tiredly and perversely as she gropes at Lavender’s tits all the way up the stairs.

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Suddenly, that’s the new norm for the trio. Lavender can’t seem to help herself. She comes down every night, Harry and Hermione feast on her tits and drink until they’re full, and then she lays back and masturbates to the sight of the two lovebirds fucking quite vigorously. Of course, she always cums from having her breasts played with first. The masturbation afterwards is nice, but it’s nothing compared to the feel of having the two of them play with her.

As more time goes on, Lavender begins to feel antsy and even slightly unfulfilled. Harry and Hermione are treating her so nicely each night, but in turn, Lavender hasn’t repaid either of them for all the pleasure they’re bringing her. That isn’t right, is it? The beautiful blonde witch is beginning to feel beholden to the couple, like she can’t ever truly escape the debt she owes to them.

More than that though, she wants more. And so, of her own initiative, Lavender arranges to meet with Hermione during a free period the two share together, up in the dorm. Nobody else from their year is there, all of them have other things they’d rather be doing than hanging out in the dormitory during a perfectly nice day. It’s just her and Hermione, alone on Lavender’s bed.

“What’s up Lav? What did you need?”

The brunette witch looks curious, but also slightly knowing. As if she expects what Lavender is about to



say or do. Licking her lips, Lavender collects her thoughts... and then in the end, she just leans forward and does it, kissing Hermione full on the lips. Judging by the way the slutty, curvaceous bookworm stiffens up in surprise, this actually wasn't what Hermione was expecting.

Still, after a minute of Lavender ferociously kissing Hermione for all she's worth, the brunette engages with her, finally. Hermione is hesitant at first, but soon enough she's the one kissing Lavender, instead of the other way around. Her hands come up and grab onto the blonde's shoulders and Lavender finds herself pushed onto her back, pinned down as Hermione abruptly straddles her. Hermione's tongue probes insistently against Lavender's lips and in response, the big-titted girl opens up and allows Hermione to dominate her mouth with the flexible muscle.

This continues for several minutes, before finally Hermione pulls back. The brunette is panting for breath by this point, but then so is Lavender as she blushes, looking up at the other girl. Both of them are quite flustered.

"What... what was that?"

Lavender chuckles weakly.

"Feel like I should be asking you that Hermione..."

The other witch blushes hard, but doesn't shy away from the challenge.

"You started that Lav... I thought, I thought you were going to talk to me about convincing Harry to fuck you. He and I have a bet going on you know. He thinks you're too scared to ask him for anything more than a grope and a feast of your tits, but I know it's only a matter of time before you want his cock to. I wasn't... expecting you to want me too though."

Lavender grins.

"Really Hermione? I enjoy your mouth on my nipples just as much as I enjoy Harry's you know... a-and while I'd love for him to fuck me with that big, fat cock I've seen rail in and out of your holes more than enough times by now, I wouldn't dare try to steal him from you. I-I want to be with both of you... not just him."

Hermione stares for a long moment and then a big, blinding smile spreads across her face as she leans in and kisses Lavender again. The blonde finds herself lost in this second make out session, especially when Hermione slides her hands past Lavender's vest and blouse and up under her bra to grab her tits directly. Milk immediately begins to seep out, ruining Lavender's bra, but at this point the blonde is far past caring as she moans and writhes beneath Hermione's body.

Eventually, this too comes to an end, but not before Lavender as cum right there from nothing more than Hermione's lips and hands on her upper body. Grinning almost ferally, Hermione leans back and runs a milk covered finger across her own lips before licking it clean. Lavender pants, her chest heaving, beneath the brunette witch.

"There are some conditions Lav. Harry isn't just my boyfriend. He's also my Master. If you want to be

with us, you're going to have to be more than just a girlfriend too. You'll be our pet... our pet bimbo, how does that sound? Big titted, full lips, blonde hair, beautiful blue eyes... You make a good bimbo, you know that?"

Rather than be insulted, Lavender is turned on by the degrading comments. Licking her 'full lips' the blonde grins.

"Mm, so long as Mistress and Master fuck me stupid, I'll be happy."

Hermione snickers at that.

"That's a good start Lav, though you still sound a little too intelligent. We'll work on it though."

Lavender nods eagerly, excited to 'work on it' with both Hermione and Harry at this point. This little encounter is going better than the blonde could ever have hoped. The only thing that would have made it even better would be Parvati right beside her, submitting to Harry and Hermione's will... but she wasn't about to drag her friend into something she didn't fully know Parvati was into. It was Lavender who'd always had a submissive streak a mile wide after all. Whether Parvati also had it... well, they'd shared a lot between the two of them, but nothing like that.

Hermione gets a glint in her eye as she smirks at Lavender's enthusiasm. Her hands come up and heft Lavender's tits, which at this point are half out of the girl's Hogwarts' uniform and bra thanks to Hermione's ministrations. The brunette witch grins wickedly.

"You're not just going to be our girlfriend and pet bimbo though, are you? You'll be our cow too, thanks to these never-ending milk jugs of yours."

The blonde can't help herself as Hermione plays with her tits right then and there, causing her to lactate even more.

"Mooooo..."

Her moan is transformed into the sound of a cow and Hermione seems to enjoy that immensely, judging by the way her fingers dig even harsher into Lavender's sensitive boob flesh. In no time at all, the blonde is spasming her way through another orgasm. Her uniform is ruined at this point, despite nothing touching between her thighs. Her panties and skirt are as soaked through as her vest and blouse and bra. Lavender is sweating from the exertion as she pants beneath Hermione.

"Maybe I'll get you a little bell for your neck for when our Master, big studly bull that he is, comes around to fuck you..."

Lavender can't help but find the idea to be extremely hot, but she's too out of it to voice that at this point. Hermione leans in and grins all the wider.

"Just remember Lavender. I may belong to Harry, but he belongs to me too. I don't mind you joining in on our fun. I don't even mind you being part of our relationship outside of sex. But I'm in charge, got it?"

The blonde can see how serious Hermione is, reflected in her dark brown gaze. Licking her lips, she nods, even as she feels a fresh flood of arousal at how domineering Hermione is being.

“Yes... I understand.”

Hermione’s entire demeanor changes as she grins widely.

“Good! Then tonight, we’re going to have a little fun. What do you think about the idea of repaying Harry for that O you got on your DADA OWL last year?”

Lavender’s eyes go wide as she considers the idea. And then her lips part as she realizes how fucking hot that sounds. They’d all compared their OWL scores on the train ride once Hermione had made amends with her and Parvati, but Lavender hadn’t expected the other girl to truly remember what they’d talked about.

Still, as she smiles and nods eagerly once more, Lavender can’t help but wish night would come already. It was going to be difficult, waiting for the time to finally arrive.

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“Lavender has something she’d like to say to you Harry.”

Harry lifts a brow as Hermione disrupts their normal routine. He’s seated on the couch in the common room, staring at both his lover and the blonde hottie that’d been joining them for weeks now. Rather than being dressed in her pajamas like she usually is when she creeps down to join their fun, Lavender now matches Hermione in her outfit, though the Prefect badge only rests on one of the girls’ chests.

Still, Lavender Brown looks quite sexy in her Gryffindor stockings, skirt, tie, vest, and blouse. He also makes note of the pink lipstick the blue-eyed blonde is wearing, as the lips its adorning curl up into a tentative smile. Hermione on the other hand, is wearing her normal Gryffindor red as she stands there with a fist cocked on her hips.

“Oh?”

His response appears to be Lavender’s cue, because the blonde sinks to her knees at that point, rather than crawling into his lap like usual. She reaches up and begins to unbutton her vest and then her blouse. All the while, she keeps her blue eyes locked with his as she speaks.

“I want to thank you Harry. Properly. Because of your leadership and your teaching, I received an Outstanding on my DADA OWL last year. Without the DA, without YOU, I have no idea what score I would have ultimately gotten.”

Harry just stares, one eyebrow raised, as Lavender reveals her large tits, covered by a tasteful red bra. She shirks off her vest and her blouse and then she unclasps her bra, letting it fall forward as well. Her large breasts bounce free and Harry can see the milk dripping from her nipples already. She’s not being forced into this by Hermione or anything, she’s actively enjoying this moment. Harry smiles and lets it

continue, though before Lavender can say another word, Hermione is knelt behind her, placing a collar with a bell on it around her neck.

Judging from the surprise on Lavender's face, followed by the flush of crimson across her features and the biting of her lower lip, the blonde wasn't expecting this. Still, she doesn't try to stop Hermione from placing the cowbell around her neck and once it's in place, Hermione grins and hefts Lavender's large lactating mammaries up in her hands.

"Our tasty bimbo cow. We're so proud of her for getting such a good score, aren't we?"

Lavender's eyes lull shut as Hermione squeezes her tits and a half-moan, half-moo escapes from the blonde's lips. Snorting derisively, Harry reaches down and undoes the button on his jeans, as well as pulls down the zipper. His cock flops free of its tight confines, the young, powerful wizard no longer willing to allow the two teases in front of him to continue causing him discomfort, what with how tight his jeans had become.

As soon as his dick slaps across Lavender's tits, both women freeze up, their eyes immediately latching onto the member. Hermione lets go of Lavender's breasts and moves her hands to the girl's shoulders, massaging them gently even as she pushes the other witch forward.

"Go on Lav, smother Harry's huge cock with your epic knockers. If anyone can do it, it'll be you."

Lavender doesn't need to be told twice. Her own hands come up now and she grabs hold of her large breasts. A moment later and she's leaning forward enough to wrap Harry's hard, throbbing cock in her tits. Harry watches in some mild amusement and quite a lot of pleasure as the blonde goes to work, lips parted and tongue out slightly in concentration as she focuses on the task at hand... or 'at tit' as the case may be.

Of course, neither Lavender or Hermione are expecting the first few inches of Harry's dick to abruptly pop out of the top of Lavender's massive mammaries, to bounce against her pink lips. The blonde's blue eyes widen and Hermione is just as surprised, judging by the faint gasp that leaves the brunette's lips. Pressed up against Lavender's back as she is, watching over her shoulder, Hermione can only speak in a slightly dazed voice.

"W-Well... it looks like it'll probably take both of us to properly smother Harry's monstrous cock... for now, just take the top bit in your mouth Lav. That's a good bimbo cow, there you go."

The blonde's answering moaning moan is muffled almost entirely by her wrapping her full, pouty lips around Harry's cockhead and suckling the first few inches of his gargantuan shaft in between them. Harry lets out a grunt as Lavender gets to work on his cock. Soon enough, her slobber is sliding down between her breasts, all along his length, making the passage of her cleavage all the slicker for him.

Having the top-heavy blonde giving him a tit-job as well as suckling at his cockhead is certainly arousing. Watching Hermione egg Lavender on over the girl's shoulder is even MORE arousing. Harry can't help but groan as his length pulsates and throbs in between Lavender's huge breasts. The blonde isn't doing much better, her nipples are constantly leaking milk as her arousal grows in grows.

Suddenly, she cries out around his cockhead as Hermione sticks a hand under Lavender's skirt and rubs a finger against her panty-clad cunt. Lavender shakes and cums on the spot, ruining her panties even further. The vibrations along the first few inches of his shaft, combined with seeing the blonde bimbo's eyes roll back in sheer ecstasy, send Harry right over the edge.

His copious cum blast hoses down both girls in the end and Hermione's clothing ends up absolutely ruined, her Prefect badge covered in jizz by the time he's done. Not that the brunette seems to mind, even as both girls turn to each other and begin to make out and clean each other up on the spot. Harry can only watch, his eyebrows raised as the two drenched witches molest each other quite thoroughly right in front of him.

Stroking his cock, Harry can only grin as he waits for his turn with Hermione. Not that he intends to wait long, oh no. He's going to fuck his lover soon, whether she and Lavender are done with each other or not.

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After that, things change between the trio. Both in private and in public as it turns out. In private, Lavender routinely gives Harry blowjobs and titjobs, sometimes even in the middle of the day when he drags her into a nearby broom closet. Once in a while, Hermione is there, but most of the time she is not. Lavender doesn't mind though and given she and Hermione have frequent make out sessions in the girl's dormitory when no one else is around, she's sure the brunette witch doesn't mind either.

A bit more infrequently now that blowjobs and titfucks are on the table, Harry and Hermione will spend some time feasting on Lavender's breasts as well, drinking deeply from her titties before once more moving to enjoy one another as the blonde watches.

Lavender is content, though perhaps not entirely satisfied. She pushes herself more into their public lives as a result of this dissatisfaction and soon rumors being to float around about Harry being quite the player, to have two girls lusting after him. Parvati asks her about it, and she's the only one Lavender tells part of the truth to. The Indian witch is a bit scandalized by the fact that Lavender is in fact dating both Harry AND Hermione at the same time, but she's also turned on enough to ask for some details.

Understand better now why Hermione didn't give them all the information on the train ride, Lavender tells Parvati what she can but leaves out some things... such as her cowbell collar, which she hides thoroughly, yet cherishes with all her heart.

Ultimately, Lavender has become a bit of a stabilizer for the two. When they aren't having sex, Harry and Hermione get so damn serious. Lavender is there to make sure they have some platonic fun, on top of all the erotic fun they get up to on the side. While she plays the role of pet bimbo cow at night or in broom closets or in her bed with Hermione pinning her down, Lavender is just a little bossy in public, just enough to make sure Harry and Hermione take breaks now and then, and generally helping them unwind WITHOUT resorting to copious amounts of orgasms.

She certainly likes to think she's helping them relax a little more... though part of her is doing it just for situations like this.

“Mm! Nine, sir!”

“A-Ah! Ten, sir!”

Harry pulls his hand back, having finished the ten swats that Lavender had earned by ‘talking back’ earlier that day. Lavender in turn moans, jiggling her body and causing her cowbell to jingle just a bit as she bents over the back of the couch, her bared ass jutting out towards the domineering, musclebound young wizard.

Her Gryffindor skirt is flipped up and her red panties are pulled down to her knees. Her ass is reddened from Harry’s smacking of it and her pussy lips are engorged and dripping with her need. The next thing she feels is Hermione’s fingers there, probing her cunt and spreading her slit wide open for Harry to see.

“Mm, look at this one Master. I think she’s ready for you.”

There’s a pause and even Lavender tenses up. This would be the first time Harry has ever fucked her... and Hermione is treating it so damn nonchalantly! Harry, it seems, will be doing the same. He certainly gets over his hesitation quite swiftly, because suddenly his hands are on Lavender too, grabbing onto her sore ass and squeezing it thoroughly. The head of Harry’s cock presses against Lavender’s spread pussy lips and the blonde can’t help but look back over her shoulder, eyes wide, as the perverted couple grins at her.

Harry is the weapon in this moment, Hermione the wielder. As such, she’s the one who speaks.

“Ready Lav? Time for you to give our master a ride, don’t you think?”

Her pink lips press together and then she just nods her head up and down. Her blue eyes never leave Harry’s cock, even as it begins to push inside of her. She loses sight of it though, the curve of her fat bubble butt hiding his member as he sinks more than half of the massive schlong into her pussy in that first go.

A loud, explosive cry begins to leave her lips, but before it can fully do so, Hermione is there. The brunette grabs a fist full of Lavender’s blonde locks, pulls her head around, and kisses the other witch full on the mouth, muffling her cry. The two are soon sparring with their tongues, even as Harry pulls out of Lavender’s cunt, only to drive his cock back in again.

The blonde’s entire body is jarred by the movements. Her lactating tits bounce up and down and her cowbell jingles as Harry begins to really, truly fuck her. With Hermione capturing her lips and playing with her breasts for good measure, Lavender is soon out of her mind with lust. Her eyes roll out of her head and her mouth is perpetually open as Hermione suction her lips down on it.

Just a few thrusts of Harry’s cock are enough to make Lavender’s playacting at being a bimbo become reality. The big titted blonde is beside herself as she quickly reaches a climax around Harry’s thrusting cock, only to cum again in a few short moments. Her pussy juices as she orgasms repeatedly, only serve to make the ride slicker and slicker as Harry rails into her from behind.

His hands continue to grip and knead her pliable ass cheeks and each time he sheathes himself in Lavender's cunt, his nut sack bounces up into her clit, having its own effect on the poor delirious young witch. Over and over again, the muscular wizard's massive cock slides into Lavender's tight, needy cunt. Her pussy clenches down along his pistoning shaft rapidly, but he just keeps on fucking her.

Hermione isn't making things any easier either, her tongue down Lavender's throat and her own hands digging into the blonde's tits in the same way Harry's are digging into her ass. It's all Lavender can do to keep holding onto the back of the couch as she's so thoroughly used by the perverted couple. In the end, she's half out of her mind with pleasure by the time Harry finally lets out a loud grunt and begins to cum inside of her.

His seed spurts out into her womb and all Lavender can do is squeal into Hermione's mouth as the brunette draws her into an even deeper kiss. Every inch of her inner walls ends up painted white with cum. Every bit of her pussy, filled with his seed. It's the most amazing thing Lavender's ever experienced and she's more than happy to be experiencing it with Harry and Hermione.

As Harry pulls free of her cunt, still clenching even now, for the final time, Lavender slumps forward as Hermione moves away. She's left panting over the back of the couch, trying to catch her breath, even as a slurping sound fills the air behind her. Looking back over her shoulder, Lavender watches through lidded eyes as Hermione Granger, fully dressed and even still wearing her Prefect's badge, messily and sloppily cleans up the remnants of hers and Harry's lovemaking with her tongue and mouth.

It's a glorious sight to be sure. Lavender is almost proud to see it. And she can't wait to experience more of this. More... she needs more. Blinking, Lavender finds herself sliding off of the couch and onto her knees beside Hermione. Her tongue dives in as well and she begins to help the brunette witch clean up the mess she'd helped make. Of course, the couch will need a few Scourgify's cast at it before the night is done and the floor beneath Hermione and Lavender is quickly getting filthy with a mixture of pussy juices and cum.

Still... it's more about the thought than the efficiency of the method, in the end.

-x-X-x-

Lavender moans wantonly as Harry leaves another load in her cunt. She's allowed to be as loud as she wants right now. They're out on a picnic, the three of them. The blanket makes everything nice and sanitary, and their location on the far edge of the Great Lake means nobody is likely to see them. Of course, the fact that it's a Hogsmeade Weekend helps too. The castle is fairly empty as a result.

Regardless, Lavender can't help but express her joy when she feels Harry's cock painting her insides white with his seed. Her pussy walls clench down around his length, even as it pulls out of her. On her hands and knees like the good little bimbo cow she is, she's not surprised when Hermione's face quickly takes the place of Harry's dick. Harry in turn brings his shaft around to HER face and as Hermione begins to eat out Lavender's cunt of Harry's creamy gift, Lavender in turn gets to lick Harry's shaft, still completely hard, free of the mixture of hers and his sexual fluids.

In no time at all, the only thing left glistening on Harry's cock is Lavender's saliva. In turn, Hermione has brought her to another orgasm with nothing but her tongue and fingers. When the brunette witch

comes around and deposits a mouthful of Harry's cum into Lavender's mouth, the blonde is happy to tilt her head back, open up, and accept the gift for what it is. She swallows down their Master's seed and looks between him and her Mistress in silence.

The two stand there, even as she moves onto her knees. After a moment, Harry just says what he's thinking.

"I want to fuck that tight ass of yours, Lavender."

Hermione grins while Lavender freezes, her mind slowly processing the statement. It's not a request or a question, but it's not technically a demand or an order either. Harry definitely isn't shy about commanding her to do things for him and Lavender always complies as quickly as she can. Still, he's giving her a choice here. She can say no, if she wants to.

Instead, Lavender turns around, places her face on the picnic blanket and reaches back to spread her fat, pale ass cheeks as far apart as she can. In what is probably her most bimbo moment ever, Lavender speaks in a cutesy, vapid voice as she presents her sphincter for Harry to plow.

"Here you go Master~"

There's a pause, and then there's hands on her hips. Lavender finds herself pulled out of her face down, ass up position, and placed instead on her back. She blinks dumbly, until Harry pushes her legs up and up and over her head. Hermione helps and in mere moments, Lavender is stretched beyond what she thought was her breaking point, her ankles managing to lock behind her head and her long legs perfectly framing her massive, lactating tits.

As for Harry's desire, Lavender can feel the slight pull as her ass hole is exposed, her bubble butt spreading open in this new position. Harry grins and so does Hermione as he guides the tip of his slick cock to Lavender's back door. The blonde gasps as Harry begins to take this final hole, but Hermione is quite to distract her fellow witch, hands covering and kneading and squeezing Lavender's breasts, even as Hermione's own tits fall onto the blonde's face.

Lavender suckles and licks and nibbles at the brunette witch's breasts as best she can, all while lactating at an increased rate due to Hermione's ministrations. It's almost enough to distract her entirely from Harry's ongoing anal conquest, but there's still a twinge of discomfort hidden beneath all the pleasure as he continues to drive his cock forward into her poor asshole.

Harry is so damn big and Lavender always knew that, but only now does she realize just how massive his throbbing, pulsating member truly is. She's finding it hard to stay focused on pleasuring her mistress' breasts anymore, not with her master penetrating her butt like he is. And then he stops, pulls back, and thrusts forward even deeper.

The blonde witch promptly loses it, her face dropping from Hermione's tits and an ugly cry of pleasure escaping her throat. Lavender goes cross eyed as her tongue hangs out of her mouth and her entire body shakes as her pussy juices spray up, splattering across Harry's musclebound chest as well as Lavender's abdomen.



That's not the first orgasm Harry's plowing of her ass forces out of her either. As it turns out, Lavender is quite the anal slut. She just needed a bit of a push in that direction. As Hermione drinks from her tits and Harry begins to plow her ass, Lavender shrieks like an over-pleasured banshee, cumming again and again.

His dick fills every inch of her bowels repeatedly, as if it will never end. But all good things come to an end and when Harry's orgasm finally arrives, the powerful young wizard pulls out and cums all over both her and Hermione. By the time that happens though, Lavender is fucked silly, her tongue hanging out of her mouth and her eyes rolled back in her head. Her pussy and ass are both loosened up, at least for now, by Harry's massive witch-wrecking pecker.

Hermione looks on with a wicked grin on her face at what she's wrought. Lavender makes for an excellent pet bimbo cow and she's sure that they'll have quite a lot of fun with the blonde before the year is out. Perhaps their relationship will even last beyond Hogwarts. That will depend on Lavender though. Neither she nor Harry are going to force the beautiful witch to do anything she doesn't want to after all.

The brunette bookworm's wicked grin lasts until Harry sees it and grabs for her. A few moments later, Hermione is being fucked right on top of the insensate Lavender, the blonde's pretzeled body being used as a bed of sorts as her mistress squeals from their master's big hard pistoning cock.

-x-X-x-

Tonks stares down at the moving pictures with a blush on her face and a grin spreading from ear to ear. It was brilliantly inspired for Hermione to take wizarding photos of the before and after of Lavender Brown's "wreck-oning". Looking back to the before picture, Tonks grins even wider as she looks at the cute blue eyed blonde witch. Lavender is dressed in her Hogwarts uniform in this picture and she looks like she doesn't have a care in the world as she smiles and waves over and over again at whoever's holding the camera.

She doesn't look like she knows what's to come, but even in the before picture Tonks can see how big the young witch's tits are, can see why she might have fallen into Harry and Hermione's little games. Of course, the in between and then the after pictures...

Licking her lips, Tonks flips through the photos Hermione has sent her, one by one. Watching Harry and Hermione drink from the lactating Lavender's nipples is super-hot, but then, watching Lavender suck at Harry's dick while using those massive tits of hers to give him a boob job wasn't bad either. And of course, the photos where she's being plowed from behind, or fucked in the ass, or dominated by Hermione on a bed...

Tonks shudders as she holds the pictures in one hand, while reaching down to touch herself with the other. She's in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place, so the possibility of being discovered would be pretty high... if the kitchen wasn't completely bereft of food. Still, it was a major juncture in the building. People would no doubt pass by eventually. The slutty metamorphmagus just couldn't stop herself from masturbating.

The after picture was the best of all. Lavender, covered in Harry's cum, with Hermione holding her up.

The blonde had a glazed over look in her big blue eyes, and her tongue lured out of her skull as she held up two peace signs. That right there, that was the look of a woman who'd been fucked completely senseless by Harry James Potter.

Moaning wantonly, Tonks finally gathers up the pictures and hurries to her room, locking the door behind her swiftly. The next several hours are filled with the sounds of moaning and cries of pleasure as she cums again and again to the moving pictures, to the lovely tale of Harry and Hermione wrecking, corrupting, and enslaving yet another girl to slake their perverse desires.

And in the end, when all is said and done? Tonks knows exactly where she has to put the photos. Pushing them back into the envelope, she scribbles out her own name so it's completely illegible, and then writes "For Fleur" in big black letters on the outside of said envelope. Licking her lips, Tonks grins wickedly as she slips the full envelope under Fleur Delacour's door.

Listening at the door, she hears the sound of feet hitting the floor. Good, Fleur was on her bed. Grinning impishly, Tonks walks away even as those same feet approach the door. By the time a frazzled, flustered, red-faced Fleur opens up the door and looks out with wide, bulging eyes to see who had left her such pictures, Tonks is long gone from the hallway.

The part veela's blonde hair whips back and forth along with her head as she looks this way and that. Then, not seeing anyone, Fleur pulls back into the room and slams her door shut. She stares down at the moving pictures in her hands and whimpers in reluctant need. Slowly but surely, the beautiful French witch turns and heads back to her bed. She takes the raunchy, lewd pictures with her.

## 4 - Daphne Greengrass

Daphne Greengrass has a thing for Harry Potter. It started out fairly mild and childish in nature, but then to be fair, they WERE children. She and Hermione were at each other's throats over grades and their places in the first and second slots in each and every class. It was a constant battle, keeping the muggleborn witch at bay, and it was one Daphne tended to lose more often than not.

The witch hated being second best, just about as much as Hermione did. Where Hermione was undeniably slightly better than her... at everything, Daphne knew how to play dirty. Flirting and teasing Harry Potter had turned out to be Hermione Granger's big Achilles' heel. It certainly wasn't the Weasley boy, or at least Daphne hoped not. She wasn't so desperate that she'd even bother to check. Harry was different, because he was also the Boy-Who-Lived.

And then of course the summer had come and gone and the new year had arrived and suddenly, Harry was far, far more than a boy. He'd shot up and he'd shot across and the wizard that Daphne now saw every day in the halls was bigger and taller than almost every other boy in school. There were of course the eminently undesirable ones like Crabbe and Goyle, but she wasn't about to have anything to do with those idiotic dunderheads.

No, it was Harry that filled her dreams at night. And oh boy had Daphne had some pretty heavy dreams about him. Still, you could probably say that about most of the witches at Hogwarts now, given just how muscular and handsome the young man had become. However, Daphne suspected her dreams were very different when compared to the dreams of most other witches. Where Harry was usually fairly mild-mannered and nice in public, Daphne's dream-version of the broad-shouldered, well-built wizard was one that was domineering and aggressive.

In her dreams, Harry dominates her, ravishing her senseless and claiming her for his own in front of everyone, a sea of faceless Hogwarts students watching on as she ends up railed from behind or fucked standing up or anyone one of a dozen positions she wishes he'd fuck her in. In truth, Daphne blames Harry more than anything else for these fantasies.

Despite his public attitude, she catches a glint in his eye at times, when she ends up taking the flirting a bit too far. Every once in a while, Daphne sees a flash of something in his eyes. It's like there's a power barely kept in check behind his gaze, and she catches him flexing those long fingers attached to those big hands of his as well, when she's pushed him to the limits. It's almost as if only sheer willpower leaves Daphne standing where she is, rather than thrown over a desk or up against the wall at his leisure, generous backside jutting out towards him and large tits smashed against the surface.

Damn it, even now she was getting a little hot and bothered. Doing her best to resist squirming and rubbing her thighs together, Daphne looks around for something to distract her from her fantasies. When she sees Hermione coming down the hall she's walking through from the opposite direction, the dark-haired Slytherin's mouth curls into a wicked grin.

"Granger! The scores for that latest Potions Exam are in! I wonder, whatever did you manage to get this

time?”

She watches, joyfully even, as Hermione stiffens and glares at her with such hate. Oh yes, this is perfect.

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Hermione Granger does not like Daphne Greengrass, no way, no how. There's just nothing about the other girl TOO like. Sure, she has a gorgeous body, but her personality is rotten to the core as far as Hermione is concerned, and if anyone she's close to tries to suggest that they're more alike than she thinks, Hermione is more than happy to cast a dozen or so stinging hexes at them!

As such, Lavender knows better than to say a word from her mistress' side as the two witches stomp towards each other. Instead, the big-titted blonde sticks around to the side, ready to intervene if things get too out of hand, but otherwise doing her best to stay out of it. Daphne has just brought up a rather sore point for Hermione, one that Lavender had heard all about the night before as the brunette witch had complained until Harry had shut her up with his cock.

The last Potions Exam... Hermione had missed a point. A single point, not enough to mean anything in the grand scheme of things. Except for one simple fact of course, where Hermione had missed that point, Daphne had not. She'd gotten a perfect score. To be fair, Hermione had done the same to Daphne more than once. It really wasn't a big deal, which was why Harry had eventually grown tired of hearing Hermione complain. Lavender had certainly enjoyed him face-fucking his lover and then playing with her as well after the fact.

But now, Harry wasn't around to distract the two and Daphne and Hermione were in each other's faces, arguing back and forth as they had many times before. The atmosphere was heavy and the hallway had cleared out as the tension grew thick enough to cut with a knife. Watchers had ended up retreating with damp panties or tight trousers as the pair of beautiful witches went at it again. Lavender bites her lower lip hard as the two get close enough to press tits together, their eyes flashing as they go from intellectual barbs to downright perverse insults.

Daphne escalates things when she reaches up and squeezes one of Hermione's breasts.

“At least I don't have doxy-bite bumps for tits!”

Hermione gasps in outrage and immediately reaches around to slap Daphne across her big fat behind.

“And at least I don't have a washboard-flat arse you harlot!”

Now it's Daphne's turn to gasp, and honestly Lavender feels a little ridiculous standing here as her eyes roll. Both women are beautiful, and neither woman has doxy-bite bumps for tits or a washboard-flat arse. Honestly, they really are two of the most gorgeous girls at Hogwarts. Lavender is removed enough from the situation to see that, even if Hermione isn't.

They look to be about to reach for their wands, and both have their teeth bared as they growl at one another. Lavender's own wand is in hand and if she sees either trying to cast at the other, she's casting

Expelliarmus on the both of them, consequences be damned. Hermione won't thank her for it, but it's better than whatever might come of a duel between two of the brightest students in Hogwarts.

But before she has to do anything, Hermione takes things somewhere Lavender was NOT expecting.

"Whatever you are, you'll never be as great a fuck to Harry as I am!"

"I'd be a FAR superior lover for Harry any day of the week you ignorant slut!"

The scene freezes for a moment and Lavender blushes as she glances left and right, honestly grateful that the hallway has been cleared for a while now. At the same time, both Daphne and Hermione freeze in surprise as they finally realize just what sort of direction their usual argument has taken. Finally, Hermione comes out of her stupor and sneers at Daphne, looking down her nose at the pureblood woman.

"You wouldn't know the first thing about pleasing a man like Harry you... you sheltered trollop! You strut around like your Circe's gift to wizard kind, but when it comes down to it, we both know who the better lover is!"

Daphne's eyes are wide with outrage and her nostrils flare. She crosses her arms under her sizable chest and growls deep in her throat.

"No, we don't! Only Harry can decide that Granger! You might be able to get him off, but I can promise you that if it was me riding his cock, he'd drop you in a hot second!"

"Hah, you don't know Harry at all! You think you could ever satiate him alone?!"

Daphne sneers and pushes forward, taking a step and grinding her tits even harder against Hermione's. Their noses are barely a millimeter apart, though not quite touching as Lavender looks on with some mild concern.

"I know I could, Granger."

"Then we'll have a contest! Tomorrow night, come to the Gryffindor Common Room and knock four times! I'll let you in and we'll see just who the best truly is!"

"Fine!"

Without even realizing exactly what she's agreed to, Daphne spins around and stalks off in the opposite direction. Lavender watches on even as Hermione glares daggers at her rival as she leaves... but the blonde witch notices how Hermione's eyes stay fixed on Daphne's swaying hips and generous rump as the Slytherin departs.

"Hermione..."

The brunette's eyes slowly widen in realization and the glare wipes off her face as she looks towards Lavender.

“... Shit, what did I just do?”

Despite her place on the totem pole, Lavender can't help a bit of teasing, grinning slightly as she gives a half shrug and sidles up to her mistress in the empty hallway.

“I think you just gave Daphne Greengrass permission to fuck Harry... Mistress.”

Hermione's face is pale and she whimpers, even as Lavender leans in and nuzzles her neck.

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After she'd gotten back to her dorm room, Daphne had had her own mild panic attack over what she'd just agreed to. And then she'd calmed down, smiled at the thought of not only getting a ride on whatever Harry was packing but also getting one up on Granger in the process, and she'd gone to bed. Now, the next day, the day of the 'contest', Daphne was doing a little observation, scouting the battlefield and trying to figure out just what she was in for.

The dark-haired witch had already known that Harry was dating Hermione. Her academic rival and the well-built young wizard had been fairly affectionate in public ever since summer had come to an end and the school year had begun anew. Now though, now she sees something more than what she'd thought had been there before.

While the duo SEEMS to be within the bounds of propriety at most times in public, in reality their relationship is nothing so cut and dry as they'd have everyone else believe... as they'd have her believe, if she wasn't observant enough to notice the small things. There's often groping between the two, and while Hermione is quick with the spell work necessary to keep everyone from seeing the Prefect's nipples poking out through her blouse, there's still the fact that it's happening.

And Hermione gives as good as she gets from the broad-shouldered wizard, her hand is in his lap more often than not. But the most interesting thing Daphne notices is where Hermione's other hand will sometimes go as she caresses Harry's bulge in public settings. Lavender Brown will sit next to Hermione at times, a small oddity given that she and Hermione haven't been friends all these years together at Hogwarts, at least not until now.

And when Lavender is on one side and Harry is on the other, Hermione is quite brazenly groping both of them, and Lavender in turn is quick to retaliate in a way that forces the brunette witch to stifle her moans. As Daphne observes the three throughout the day, she realizes one simple fact. Hermione and Harry have an open relationship, or at the very least, they're open to the idea of one.

Maybe the witches have him on alternate days. Hell, maybe Granger can't keep up. Maybe Harry just has a thing for submissive girls. Daphne's mind completely ignores the other possibility, despite it being one of her biggest fantasies. She just can't reconcile the mild-mannered Potter, even if he does seem to enjoy groping the two girls, with the one from her dreams. As such, the thought that Harry might bed both of them at the same time, that he exhausts the pair and conquers them each and every night... well it just doesn't come into play.

By the time dinner comes to a close, Daphne feels ready. She's confident that she can win this little 'sex-off' that Hermione had arranged, in the heat of the moment. She makes sure her exit coincides with Granger's as the two leave dinner, and she very purposefully bumps into the brunette witch on the way out through the wide-open entrance to the Great Hall.

"Are we still doing this Granger?"

Hermione flushes scarlet with embarrassment and anger, and her hands curl into white-knuckled fists as she snarls.

"Only if you're not chicken Greengrass!"

Grinning, Daphne shrugs her shoulders, flips her hair, and begins to walk off.

"See you later then~"

Getting the last word on her academic rival is always fun. And tonight, she'll do it again when she utterly blows Harry's socks off! Hermione is about to get a lesson in how to satisfy her man that neither she nor the musclebound wizard are likely to forget. When she gets back to her dorm room, Daphne strips down naked, ignoring the other girls in the room and stands before her floor-length mirror, smiling appreciatively at what she sees there.

Sensual waves of black hair cascade down her back, with the majority of her locks framing her beautiful, perfectly sculpted face. Her tits are nice and large and firm and as she hefts them up and down, she grins wickedly, knowing in her heart of hearts that they're far better than Hermione's. Though in truth, the two witches actually have the same body type. But to say such a thing to either of them would be as bad as saying they had the same ambitious, over-achieving personality type.

Daphne is happy to continue lying to herself as she runs her hands off of her perky mammaries and down her body to her generous hips and her tight and toned stomach. She turns this way and that and smiles as she eyes her long legs and her plush, fat bubble butt. Certainly not a damn washboard from where she's standing!

Grinning, the young woman moves to her chest, which is in fact as big as a walk-in closet. She spends the next several hours picking out her outfit, but in the end she decides that the best way to start things off is to flaunt her body, to astound Harry and invoke jealousy in Granger. To that end, Daphne Greengrass sneaks out of the dungeons wearing nothing but her Hogwarts robes, with her house symbol emblazoned on them.

Well, those and her shoes. While it might have been fun to run barefoot through the castle, Daphne knew better. The dungeons were filthy after all. She makes her way through the dark and sleepy school and eventually arrives at the portrait that guards the Gryffindor Common Room. Ignoring the fat lady covering the door, she reaches out and knocks four times, just as she was told to.

... If Granger screws her here, Daphne's revenge will be so sweet. Alas, her momentary fear is for nothing. Just as the obese woman in the portrait wakes up, the door to the Gryffindor Common Room is opened from the inside and Daphne sneaks in quickly as Lavender Brown closes it behind her. The

dark-haired witch eyes the blonde for a second and smirks at Lavender's state of undress, even as the other witch lifts a brow at her, almost challengingly.

"When Hermione told me you were going to come around for a bit of fun, I almost didn't believe it. I knew you were a tease Princess, but I always thought you were all talk."

Daphne's eyes snap from the half-naked Lavender to where Harry's voice is coming from. He's seated on the couch and smiling at her as Hermione smirks, nuzzled into his side and rubbing her hand across the bulge in Harry's pants. Daphne smiles back, even as she finds herself a little surprised by the confidence he's exuding. Regardless, she saunters forward and casually undoes the tie on her robes. It slides open to reveal her naked body beneath it, and she basks in the reactions of both Harry and Hermione as her smile morphs into a grin.

Harry's brow lifts and his smile takes on a slight edge to it, even as Hermione's eyes go wide and her smirk turns into a deep frown.

"Well now, the princess is more a whore than I thought."

Daphne's stride is broken a bit by Harry's repeated use of that word. She frowns at him slightly as she places her hands on her exceptional hips.

"Why are you doing that? Calling me princess?"

Harry grins wickedly.

"It's what the boys in my year call you, it's what they've always called you. Slytherin's Perfect Pureblood Princess. It feels appropriate. You certainly walk around haughty enough to be one, don't you? Mm, though you're not quite so haughty right now..."

Daphne scoffs at that and turns up her chin as she tosses her robes aside and strikes up a confident pose.

"I think you'll find I'm just as haughty as ever before!"

"God, you're such a slut!"

Hermione finally bursts from the pressure, the words exploding from her mouth. Harry sits back, seeming amused as Daphne turns her attention to her darling rival. Grinning wickedly, the dark-haired witch stalks over to the couch that the two are sat on and makes herself at home on Harry's open side, nuzzling in and looking past him towards Granger.

"You're the one that demanded a contest Granger. If we're going to do this, let's do this."

"You... you're cheating! You c-can't just come in here naked, there's got to be rules a-and a process and... and!!!"

Daphne laughs in her rival's face, even as she very pointedly runs a hand across Harry's front, feeling



his muscles and his pecs through his shirt as she does so. Hermione snarls at the provocative move and looks ready to leap across the man between them, when Harry steps in again. His arms slide around their bodies and Daphne stiffens up as a surprisingly experienced hand grabs at her right tit and digs into it.

At the same time, Hermione's anger is derailed as she moans wantonly, and from the way she's squirming, it's obvious that he's groping one of her fat ass-cheeks. Daphne pants a little as Harry's fingers hit all of her weak points and then some. The handsome Gryffindor barbarian isn't fumbling with her tit, he's outright molesting it like an expert, like a man who's had time and practice making women putty in his hands.

Their eyes meet and Daphne finds herself lost in Harry's green irises. He stares at her and she sees the truth of it all in that moment. All of her teasing, all of her flirting, it was always leading up to this one way or another. Either she'd come to him willingly, as she was now, or she'd inevitably cause him to snap and he'd carry out all of those fantasies of hers in some empty classroom or even a broom closet. Her, getting pounded senseless in a broom closet... it would have been so... plebian. And it would have been so damn hot too.

Not that this isn't just as arousing. So lost in Harry's eyes as she is, Daphne doesn't even notice at first when Hermione tries to lean forward and sneak her lips towards his bulging crotch. She hears the zipper coming down though, and when she sees her rival trying to one up her, she hisses and grabs a fist full of Hermione's hair, tearing her away from Harry's crotch.

As the brunette witch howls from the sudden hair-tugging, she in turn reaches out and grabs Daphne's wavy black locks. They have a tug-of-war between each other for a long moment, snarling as their foreheads press together and they pull at one another's manes. It ends when a large bear-like hand comes down on each of their up-turned asses as they kneel on either side of the man those hands are attached to.

Harry grips at their backsides as they sting from his subsequent smacks. His eyes, stern and unyielding, draw both of them in as he frowns at them. After a moment, he speaks in a soft tone, but there's a very clear order in it all the same.

"Undress me."

Daphne's eyes are wide and her tongue is out licking her lips needily before she even knows what's happening. Her pussy drips as her fantasy version of Harry Potter seems to come to life right before her eyes. Of course, Hermione starts moving before she does, eager to obey her lover, and in the end Harry has to give her another smack on her ass before she jumps into action.

By the time they're done exposing every last inch of his muscular body, along with his massive, soft cock, Daphne and Hermione are both in awe. Daphne's happy that she chose to wear green lipstick along with her makeup for this occasion, because as Hermione begins to kiss down one side of Harry's neck and across his chest, Daphne isn't about to be left out, and her Slytherin-colored lipstick makes for beautiful markings across Harry's muscles as she smudges it all in the pursuit of tasting him, of tasting his firm flesh beneath her tongue.

Despite their rivalry, Daphne and Hermione descend along either side of his body in unison, almost working together as they slowly make their way down to his cock. Daphne moans as Harry continues to grope her ass with one strong, calloused hand, and she nuzzles his big, rugged muscles that would undoubtedly feel wonderful to curl up against after a long session of heavy, rough sex.

But she pauses when she reaches his member at the same time as Hermione, only to realize what the brunette witch already knew. He's still soft. Even with two women rubbing against him, Harry's long, thick, fat cock is completely soft. Harry's hands move from the asses of both witches, and curl into their hair. His thick fingers slide through Daphne's black locks and he grips her firmly, even as he does the same with Hermione.

"Go on then you two. Get me hard. Show me what you both can do."

The command is rather casual in nature, but his firm grip on their hair is not. The power balance is quite clear and Daphne leans down slowly as Hermione does the same, laying her lips along one side of Harry's massive length and sliding her tongue out to licking at his cock. For a while, the common room is filled with nothing but the sounds of eager young sluts lapping at a massive, rapidly hardening cock.

When Harry is at full mast, Daphne's eyes go crossed just trying to look at the huge girth before her. Her nostrils flare as she breathes in his musk and it smells heavenly. Her pussy is sopping wet at this point, and she's leaving the couch cushion beneath her liberally soaked with her juices as she moans against his length. As focused as she is on the task before her, she barely registers Hermione's words, even as the brunette speaks to the man who's cock they're both worshipping.

"Do it Master. Choke her with your majestic shaft, teach the snobbish princess a lesson she'll never forget!"

Harry chuckles in response, and a moment later Daphne finds herself being pulled up the length of Harry's cock. When her face comes in line with the tip of his prick, Daphne immediately opens up her lips, moaning happily at the chance to suck on the massive schlong in front of her. She takes the first few inches of Harry's shaft into her mouth and then finds herself stretched thin on it, unable to get much further as he hits the back of her throat.

At the same time, Hermione's hands are stroking back and forth along the rest of Harry's cock. Their eyes meet and Hermione smirks as Daphne slurps at Harry's member, bobbing up and down it to the best of her ability.

"Just so you know, cunt. I'm the one getting Harry off right now. Not you. Your inexperienced mouth couldn't do a thing for him, not without my helping hands."

Daphne bristles at that, but she's not exactly in a position to hit back with an insult of her own. Instead, she redoubles her enthusiastic pace and does her best to take Harry's dick down her throat so she can suck on the entirety of his length, rather than just the top bit.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

Her eyes water and her mascara and makeup begin to run as her green lipstick becomes more and

more messed up, but Daphne doesn't let that stop her, even as Hermione sneers at her.

"Yeah, choke on it 'Princess'. Choke on my Harry's cock!"

Despite Granger's caustic words, Daphne keeps up her hard work and eventually she's taking most of Harry's magnificent member down her throat, as insane as that is. He's filling her esophagus and her gullet and there's quickly becoming no place left on his shaft, even at the base, for Hermione's dainty hands to stroke.

The brunette witch's eyes go wide with shock and outrage as she realizes what Daphne's done. If she could, she'd be smirking in triumph, as Harry's hand on Hermione's hair tightens and draws her down beneath his length, to his massive, churning nut sack. They're only a few inches apart now, their noses are even almost touching as they stare daggers into one another's eyes.

And yet, in spite of that, they're also working as a team, regardless of how much they dislike one another. Hermione suckles at Harry's balls, one after the other and Daphne takes the entirety of Harry's length down her throat time and time again. Harry groans under their combined efforts and both witches happily redouble their efforts, trying to do their best to please the powerful wizard. They might be rivals, but in this moment they are partners.

And then Harry pulls Daphne back and the dark-haired witch has only a second to squeeze her eyes shut as his massive cum-shot hoses her down. His seed, thick and viscous and goopy, sprays out all over her face and her hair and her massive, naked tits. It drips and slides off of her as Daphne looks down at herself in wide eyed shock. Her lips part but no words come out, and when a bit of Harry's seed drips off of her nose and into her mouth, Daphne swallows it.

And then the Slytherin Princess becomes a bit ravenous as she sets about trying to eat every bit of cum off of her body. Only, before she can get too far, Hermione tackles her to the ground with a snarl and then begins to actively lick his cum off of her. The brunette witch speaks between laps, sneering and smirking at her as she holds a squirming Daphne down.

"You don't... deserve, mm, this. Only... only I should be drinking Master's cum!"

Daphne manages to get some more of the studly wizard's seed down her throat, but her ravenous academic rival steals the majority of it, leaving her disheveled and a bit ruffled, covered in Hermione's saliva and nothing else as the brunette finally lets her up. Of course, before she can leap at the other witch to claw Granger's eyes out, a familiar, thick, meaty cock flops down between the two of them.

He's still hard. Daphne's eyes go wide at the sight of Harry's cock, still at mostly full mast, barely drooping at all. He's still hard, which means she can enjoy more of his cum, if she plays her cards right going forward.

"Well, that was Round One girls. I don't think I found a winner though. Ready for Round Two through Ten?"

Daphne's swallows thickly and feels a moment of indecision and worry rush through her. Then, she looks over at Granger and she knows in an instant that Hermione saw her weakness, because the bitch

is smirking at her. She can't let her rival win. Not in academics, and CERTAINLY not in this! Gritting her teeth, the 'Slytherin Princess' looks up into Harry's eyes with a sultry smile on her face and a slightly challenging look in her gaze.

"Ready whenever you are you big stud."

Harry's cock jumps at Daphne's seductive tone and the low growl that emanates from Hermione's throat tells her that she's scored a couple points as the debauchery goes to the next level. Rounds Two through Ten are a little insane, and by the end of it Daphne has not only returned the favor to Hermione tenfold, she's actually eat the witch out, and Hermione has in turn eaten her out.

In the end though, there's far, far too much cum for both of them together. They finish off the night covered in it, laying sprawled beside one another as Harry looks down at them, guiding a dutiful and docile Lavender's mouth back and forth across his hard member. Even as she lays there, exhausted, Daphne can see that he's still hard. It's just... it's just not fair. This is ridiculous...

But she can't lose here. And yet, it's looking like tonight is going to be a draw. Which means she needs to look towards the future.

"Gran... Granger."

Daphne's voice is raspy as she turns her head to the side to look at her rival. Hermione does the same, her eyes cloudy and just a bit glazed over as she makes eye contact all the same.

"Y-Yes?"

Licking her lips, Daphne tries to figure out how to word it. In the end, she goes for blunt.

"... S'not fair. I want... I want a one on one session with 'im. So he can... so he can pick between us. You get all the 'lone time in the world. I need a chance to show Harry what I can do without you getting in my way."

Hermione snorts derisively at Daphne's excuses, but ultimately she closes her eyes and looks away.

"Mm, not up to me... all up to Harry, in the end..."

That gets a blink from the Slytherin girl, and Harry's deep chuckle reaches her a moment before his voice does.

"Oh? Do you want to take me on a date Princess? That sounds nice... I suppose there is a Hogsmeade weekend coming up."

Daphne is quick to latch onto that.

"Yes! Yes, I'll take you on a date and you'll see... you'll both see once and for all that I'm Granger's better!"

Harry grins, even as Hermione growls. And with that, it's settled. They've wasted away the night of course, and Daphne has to beat a swift retreat back to the dungeons within the next hour, but she has what she needs to win the day, and in the end that's all that matters. She's going to take Harry on a 'date' he'll never forget... and she already knows exactly what they'll be doing together.

-x-X-x-

Daphne is dressed to impress when she and Harry meet in a secluded corner of Hogwarts' Main Courtyard, long after everyone else has departed for Hogsmeade. Wearing a short skirt and a tight blouse, she's dressed in Slytherin colors of course, with newly applied green lipstick on her lips and the works on her pretty face. Harry lifts a brow at her as she gives him a nice big grin and latches onto his arm.

"You finally ready to go Princess? What are we doing for the day? I'm all yours?"

She's thought about what she wanted to do with him, and in the end Daphne had decided there was only one place to take Harry, that would convince him she was the most useful woman to have in his bed. Hermione couldn't give him what she could... and all she had to do was prove it. Luckily all the older years were down in Hogsmeade and all the younger years were in their classes.

As such, there was no one to disturb them as Daphne leads a surprised and bemused Harry BACK into the Castle, down a few flights of stairs, and into the dungeons. In turn, Daphne is a little surprised that Harry doesn't ask where they're going at any point. In fact, there comes a time when it almost feels like he's leading HER towards the entrance to the Slytherin Common Room.

When they come to a stop in front of said entrance and he looks at her slightly amused, Daphne pouts.

"You've been here before!"

Harry shrugs off the accusation and grins.

"Yeah, had some business to take care of back in Second Year. Nothing big."

Nothing big her big fat bubble butt! Harry had killed an honest-to-Merlin Basilisk in their second year... letting out a sigh and shaking her head in exasperation, Daphne speaks the password and they enter the empty Slytherin Common Room. As expected, given she told the house elves that she'd be entertaining THE Harry Potter at this time, there's an assortment of foods laid out across the surfaces of the Common Room furniture. It's a veritable feast... and honestly, the elves probably went overboard.

Daphne leads Harry towards a black and green couch and moves the trays and plates off of it. She sits him down there and moves to straddle his lap, grinning impishly... only, he stops her and grabs her by the waist, lifting her off of him with his hefty muscles and setting her down to the side. Daphne is bewildered for all of a moment, before she watches Harry lean forward and grab a treacle tart off of one of the trays she'd moved.

"We're eating first Princess."

And that's that. She supposes she should have expected as much, but Daphne is still a bit pouty and a bit petulant as she nibbles. Meanwhile, Harry eats a meal fit for a king and then some, before letting out a hearty burp. When he finally turns towards her, Daphne practically tosses her plate away in her haste to get back her seductive bearings. But before she can even lean into him, it's HE who is leaning into her. Harry's mouth crashes against her lips and he kisses her roughly, savagely.

His tongue slides into her mouth and Daphne finds herself moaning as she squirms in his grasp. But she doesn't hate it, no, quite the opposite in fact. She's getting wetter and wetter as Harry pushes her back against the couch. He kisses the hell out of her, and his hands go from holding her shoulders to sliding down her voluptuous body to her wide hips. Eventually, they go a step further and slide up under her short skirt, coming to a rest on the waistline of her panties.

Daphne feels like she's drowning as Harry dominates her. He's in complete and utter control, and his magic is washing over her in a way that she's never felt before. As such, when he does eventually pull back to begin stripping his clothes off, the Slytherin witch finds herself standing up and whirling around the couch, putting the furniture between herself and him. Harry pauses in unbuttoning his shirt and looks at her with a lifted brow.

Trying to hide her trepidation, the dark-haired witch gives her best sultry grin.

"You're going to have to catch me first, Harry."

He gives her a look that promises retribution, and she hears it in his voice too as he speaks with a warning tone.

"Princess..."

Daphne backs away from the couch and then turns to run from the Slytherin Common Room. She gets absolutely nowhere, as rope suddenly twines its way around her ankles and she crashes face first to the ground. Before she can do more than pull her wand out, Harry is there, disarming her and pushing her face harder into the floor even as he flips up her skirt.

"Y-You barbarian!"

The powerful, muscular wizard chuckles at that, even as he grabs hold of Daphne's panties and tears them off of her entirely, revealing a sopping wet cunt even as she squeals and squirms beneath him.

"You've used that twice now Princess. Am I a barbarian because you're a princess, or is it the other way around?"

His fingers are inside of her and Daphne moans even as she answers him.

"I'm a P-Princess because I'm a Greengrass... and you're a barbarian b-because you're a Potter!"

That gives him pause, though he doesn't actually pull his fingers all the way out of his cunt as he leans in, a hint of curiosity now in his tone.

“Go on.”

Daphne bites her lower lip, surprised that she's actually using a bit of history taught to her when she was far, far younger than she is now. At the time, young Daphne had thought nothing much of it. Now though, it was actually a lot sexier, and a lot more arousing to think about than she remembered. Whimpering slightly, Daphne squirms a bit as Harry slowly thrusts two fingers in and out of her tight cunt.

“You... you're descended from a long line of barbaric wizard-lords and battlemages P-Potter. Your family has always been savage, defeating noblemen, but muggles and wizards, in duels and taking their daughters for your own. It's how your family kept your bloodline fresh, but claiming the most prestigious, most beautiful of a generation and fathering powerful heirs off of them.”

Harry's hands grope at her ass and Daphne gasps. She hadn't even noticed he'd pulled his fingers free, but now she does, especially when he jams his cock into her right then and there in the middle of the Slytherin Common Room. A loud, long, lewd moan leaves the so-called 'Princess' throat as his member slides into her inch by inch. She can feel his prick reshaping her tight little pussy, slowly but surely.

“Is that so? Then I suppose I'm just continuing tradition, aren't I?”

Deep down, Daphne knows she wants Harry to fuck her for all he's worth. At the same time, this is really just a matter of one-upping Granger. It's not like Daphne had any intention of actually joining the small harem that Harry is building. No, she just needs to prove she's better than Hermione. Of course, as Harry's cock slowly thrusts in and out of her cunt, Daphne is finding it hard to keep that goal in focus. It's becoming more and more difficult to resist the waves of pleasure and arousal crashing over her.

Still, she manages to maintain her defiance even as Harry fucks her.

“That's... that's right. Only a Potter b-barbarian w-would dare to lay his hands on m-my flawless flesh. Only a Potter barbarian would feast on my breasts and plunder my lips and take all that he wants from me! You're a beast Harry, and you'll never be w-worthy of a, mm, Princess like me! You'll never be worthy of crushing my curves a-against your hard, burly frame!”

... Perhaps she wasn't quite as defiant as she thought. Daphne cries out as she orgasms around Harry's cock, her pussy walls clenching down rapidly on his slow-moving length. And then he's pulling out of her and dragging her up from the floor by her hair. Before she knows what's happening, her blouse and bra are torn off her just like her panties, and she finds herself having to cling on for dear life as Harry lifts her up into the air and sinks her down onto his cock.

Daphne doesn't even realize that he's following her own subconscious instructions. His hands grip at her flawless, perfectly sculpted ass cheeks and his mouth feasts on her tits. He licks back and forth across Daphne's magnificent mammaries even as he bounces her up and down on his cock, crushing her curves against his hard, burly frame, just as Daphne had said.

The dark-haired with moans even louder as her black locks flow down her back. The only garment left to her is the short skirt she wore, in checkered black and green, Slytherin colors. It's bunched up around her waist, almost like a testament to the fact that neither her House, nor her status as a Pureblood could

save her from Harry's barbarism. He's thrusting up into her again and again and again, and she's bouncing up and down on his cock as her legs wrap around her waist and her arms wrap around his neck.

Her eyes roll back in her head and her tongue lull's out of her skull as Daphne experiences another orgasm. She's drooling in bliss and screaming in pleasure as her tone changes in an instant.

"Yes! Fuck me you bastard, fuck me! Plow me harder you damn barbarian!"

And he does it, even as his feet begin moving them towards a familiar stairwell. Daphne is barely conscious of the fact that they're slowly walking up the stairs towards her dorm, instead she's having to focus on something else instead. She blames Granger for this, but even as she shouts her vocal praises, Daphne finds herself having to pointedly NOT use the M word. Calling Harry Master like Hermione did, that would be the ultimate defeat. If she could instead satisfy him without doing so, surely that would make her better than her academic rival, right?

It was hard though, especially as they enter her empty dorm and Harry walks her over to her bed. They stop in front of it, and he pauses for a second.

"Why... why are you stopping?"

The words fall from her lips before she can even truly comprehend them, and Harry chuckles as he grips her fat ass cheeks, holding her in place.

"Well, perhaps this is where it should end, hm? After all, if I'm just a bastard and a barbarian, a dainty princess like you probably isn't made for the powerful, slut-breaking thrusts I use on my real women."

Wait, he can go HARDER?! Daphne goes bright red at the errant thought, and ultimately pushes it down as she snarls at the man who's so thoroughly dominated her up until this point. Harry just grins.

"Why, you might end up getting bruised."

"BRUISED?! FUCKING DESTROY ME POTTER, DO IT, DAMN IT!"

Daphne finds herself on her back, with her legs up in the air, taking his cock much harder than before within a second. A loud pleased cry leaves her throat as he begins to fuck her with a speed she hadn't thought possible. His hand closes around her throat and he leans in to look her in the eye, that same domineering gaze from before boring down into her mind.

It's everything she's ever fantasized about, but that doesn't mean she's about to break so easily!

"Who am I to you, Princess?"

Daphne snarls and then shudders as a fresh wave of pleasure washes over her.

"M-My barbarian c-captor!"



Harry grins savagely and redoubles his pace. In no time at all, the dark-haired beauty is cumming around his pistoning dick, but regardless of how much he throbs or pulsates, she can't quite seem to milk his seed from him.

"Who am I?"

He asks it again, and Daphne knows in that moment what answer he truly wants. She won't give it to him, no matter how hard he fucks her! Growling, she snarls in his face.

"F-Fuck you, you bastard!"

Once more, he redoubles his pace. Her eyes roll back in her head again on the next orgasm and she shudders as his words reach her ears.

"Who am I, Princess?"

"You... you're... you're the S-Savior of the WIZARDING WORLD, FUCK!  
FUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKME!!!"

She's getting close now. Her mind is fracturing, but Daphne does her best to hold onto the fragments of her defiance as she takes his massive, thick cock into her cunt again and again. He's battering at the entrance of her cervix, pushing partway into her womb with every thrust. How does Granger do it? How does Lavender? The two... they can't possibly be dealing with what she's dealing with every night, i-it's impossible.

"You're only making this harder on yourself Princess."

Daphne's eyes snap back around and she glares with the last bit of defiance she has up into the grinning face of Harry James Potter.

"You big, stupid, barbarian bastard! BREAK ME! BREAK ME DAMN IT!"

And he does. His cock slams into her womb and she feels her pussy conforming to his shape as yet another orgasm wracks her body. He's fucking her senseless in her own bed and it drives home just how little Harry cares about being caught. Nowhere is safe. But then, Daphne doesn't want to run and hide, not anymore. She wants... she wants to embrace this, she wants to accept what's happening. A lewd cry leaves her lips followed by a heartfelt wail as a single word bubbles up from her throat.

"M-MASTERRRR!!!"

She climaxes one final time around Harry's shaft, her pussy walls clenching down almost painfully along his pistoning length. And that's when it happens, that's when she finally earns her hard-milked cum load as Harry grunts and begins to fill her womb with his seed, swelling her firm belly with enough cum to shame a dozen men.

By the time he's done with her, Daphne has outright passed out from the exertion, and her eyes are perpetually rolled back in her skull, her tongue hanging out of her mouth. Her arms are above her head

on the bed and she's twitching and spasming, her breasts jiggling beautifully in the process as she just lays there, trying to recover but in the end, left insensate before Harry's dick.

As Harry pulls out of Daphne's cunt, he turns around, his hard cock dripping with his cum and her pussy juices as he stares unerringly at what appears to be an empty spot on the bed opposite of the passed out dark-haired witch's. After a moment of staring, Harry rolls his eyes and gets off Daphne's bed. A couple strides later and he's pulling his invisibility cloak off of Hermione and Lavender, revealing the two girls kissing heatedly and fingering each other right there on some other Slytherin witch's bed.

They stop as Harry exposes them, and Hermione, being the one who has Lavender pinned down, disengages from the blonde and looks back at her lover and master with a sheepish, anticipatory grin on her face. After all, Harry's far from done and now that he's conquered Daphne, it's time to remind his Number One and Lavender of their places, isn't it?

Hermione squeals as Harry drags her close and drills her cunt with his cock, moaning and whining and squirming as she takes him to the hilt. Needless to say, by the time Daphne recovers, the other two are having to rest, and Harry is happy to make use of her until they're ready to go again as well. In the end, all of them are laid out on Daphne's massive bed with the curtains drawn and the security charms properly in place so no one can hear them or disturb them.

-x-X-x-

Daphne wakes up the next morning, remembers everything that had happened the previous day, and feels unbearably smug as she sits up and grins wickedly. After all, Maste... Harry, Harry had said that she was almost as good as Granger. And if she was 'almost' as good after just one try with him, while the up jumped plebian witch had had MONTHS, well then, just how much longer would it take her to usurp the brunette slut's position, hm?

"I know what you're thinking whore. You won't beat me that easily. I've got a head start and a home field advantage. You've got a LONG ways to go."

Daphne's eyes snap over to Hermione. The brunette witch's eyes are open as well, and though she hasn't moved from her place curled into Harry's side, she's staring right at Daphne, a challenging look in her piercing gaze. Daphne scowls at that, and then a surprised moan leaves both of their mouths as Harry slides his hands over their asses.

"Honestly, you both act like princesses sometimes. You know, the two of you are going to have to learn to share now... I won't tolerate too much in the way of sabotage among MY women. Is that understood?"

And now Harry is awake too. Daphne glances down and sees Lavender's eyes open as well, even as the blonde giggles and then suckles Harry's balls into her mouth from her place curled up near the bottom of the bed. Hmph, Daphne has no intentions of ever learning to share with GRANGER of all people. Turning her nose up and crossing her arms over her chest, the dark-haired witch pouts for a moment, until suddenly Harry pulls her onto his lap, his hard cock rising between her spread legs as she looks down at in wide eyed fascination.

“Mm, Harry, wouldn’t you say it’s time for the slut to take your cock up that tight ass of yours?”

Daphne’s eyes go even wider as she looks back at her rival in shock. Then she sees the wicked grin on Harry’s face and he shrugs at her as she gives him a betrayed look.

“It’s one place where Hermione is beating you unequivocally Princess. Hell, even our pet is doing better in that arena.”

Well, when he puts it like that. Blushing deeply, Daphne begins to get herself ready. A bit of magic from Harry sees her cleaned and lubed up back there, but the rest is apparently up to her, as she crouches over his massive cock and prepares herself for trying anal.

“Daphne! Daphne what’re you still doing in there, it’s breakfast time!”

“Yeah Daph, it might be a Saturday but come on, all the good food is going to be gone!”

Daphne’s face goes white as the voices of her best friend and her little sister drift through the magically secured drapes of the bed. After a moment, she disables the muting spell and speaks quickly before re-enabling it.

“D-Don’t come in! I’m not decent!”

“We can’t come in you dolt, you’ve got the security charms up!”

“Yeah, and since when do you care about modesty?! You literally stripped down naked and stared at yourself in the mirror for like an hour the other day!”

Daphne flushes bright red, even as Harry’s cock slowly slides into her lubed-up virgin asshole. She’s gasping and panting in short order, but she NEEDS to get her sister and friend to leave them alone right now!”

A loud moan escapes her throat, but luckily the muting spell is still in place, so it doesn’t reach Astoria or Tracey’s ears. She pauses in her descent down Harry’s dick and calms herself a bit before finally turning off the muting again.

“L-Look you two, just go to breakfast w-without me! I’m busy!”

She knows it’s a mistake as soon as she says it.

“Busy? What the hell could you be busy in bed fo-?!”

Luckily, before her little sister can finish that particular train of thought, Tracey catches on and saves her.

“Hey, your sister is busy, let’s go!”

There’s a strangled note to Tracey’s high-pitched voice as she audibly drags Astoria out of the dorm room. Daphne is quick to re-enable the muting just in case any of her other dormmates are still there,

which is just as good because a loud yelp leaves her throat a moment later when a pair of familiar, dainty feminine hands grab at her ass and try to lift her off Harry's massive meat-stick.

Daphne looks back at Hermione's grinning face.

"What? I figured if you were busy, I'd go ahead and take a turn on Harry's cock while we waited."

Her eyes widen in outrage and Daphne hollers as she slams herself the rest of the way down on Harry's dick, just to prove a point. Then she goes rigid, because even lubed up and cleaned out, taking a member as big as Harry's up your behind in one go is... NOT advisable. Hermione laughs as Daphne howls, all while Harry watches on in amusement and Lavender continues to suckle at his balls, the blonde pet completely and utterly devoted to her task.

The Slytherin Princess would fit perfectly in Harry's burgeoning harem, just like Lavender had. No matter what Hermione thought of her in the end, Daphne was an excellent addition to the growing group of women servicing Harry's cock. She'd certainly prompt Hermione to excel more going forward, so that she could stay on top.

-x-X-x-

Tonks can't help but grin as she reads Hermione's latest letter. There's no pictures this time around, but then Hermione clearly doesn't see this new addition as a good thing. Regardless, the metamorphmagus can read the underlying tension in Hermione's rant about the 'stupid-sexy cow-titted pureblood bitch' that the younger witch was harping on and on about.

Yeah, she could just imagine this Daphne Greengrass in person... a total Alpha Female, just like Hermione... until of course, they were each pinned down under Harry, taking his dick in their asses and cunts one after the other. Snickering at the idea, Tonks bites her lower lip to stifle a moan that threatens to leave her. Mm, just this letter in which Hermione goes on and on about Daphne's many 'awful' assets, is enough to get Tonks a little hot and bothered.

Departing from the kitchen, the beautiful metamorphmagus makes her way towards her room, only to pause upon seeing Fleur's door open a crack. Lifting a brow and quirking her lips into a knowing grin as she hears a certain moan wafting free of the door, Tonks looks in and spies on the part veela. The beautiful French witch is on her bed, on her back, completely naked.

All around her are the floating photos that Tonks had snuck into her room last time, and the beautiful blonde is going to town on herself as she whimpers and whines in needy want. One hand on one of her own perfect tits while the other is sliding three fingers in and out of her sopping wet pussy. Tonks valiantly resists the urge to snicker this time, and after watching for a few seconds to ingrain the scene into her brain, she sneaks away, into her own room.

Once she's in her bed, the metamorphmagus very pointedly does NOT put up any sort of privacy spells... and she isn't nearly as quiet about her masturbation as Fleur is, even as she pistons her digits in and out of her cunt, growing them to be the size of Harry's cock, even if they can never truly replace his glorious member.

Still, Fleur is getting rather close to a boil, isn't she? Perhaps Harry will want her soon... perhaps Fleur will want HIM. Perhaps... perhaps Tonks can help with that.

## 5 - Fleur Delacour

Life is good. That's the singular thought running through Harry's head as he walks down a secluded path alongside three lovely witches. Well, 'alongside' may not be entirely right. Hermione and Daphne are smashed up against either side of him, half-heartedly glaring at one another from around his body. He could imagine their thoughts so easily as well. How dare that 'rich bitch/upstart commoner tart' smush their stupid fat perfect tits against him.

Heh, they were laughably easy to read when they were with him, competing with each other over him. Of course, their half-hearted glares probably would have been full-hearted, but Harry had his arms wrapped around each of his lovely ladies, his hands gripping their beautiful, voluptuous behinds. Squeezing and kneading their ass-flesh was disarming them at least somewhat, and Harry was perfectly happy to do so, keeping the enmity nonverbal for the moment and reduced to nothing more than glares.

Meanwhile, Lavender was being her usual self. The girl was in full, sweet, 'innocent' blonde bimbo mode, skipping along as they walked towards the Shrieking Shack, bending over to look at the flowers and in the process 'accidentally' exposing her gorgeous, thick thighs and glorious backside, along with the meager, minor Gryffindor thong she was wearing under her far-too-short skirt.

Then, any moment, she'd turn back around and gasp and...

"A-Ah! Harry, did I do that? I wouldn't... I'm a good girl, and good girls aren't supposed to make good men like you feel uncomfortable! Mm, but if you want, I'd be happy to make you feel better."

It said a lot about Hermione and Daphne that neither of them paid the blonde girl any mind. Harry just grinned and kept walking, his hungry eyes tracing up and down Lavender's beautiful body as the young woman showed her true intelligence by easily keeping pace walking backwards. She was far from the blonde bimbo she pretended to be, especially since she was managing to do that while also wearing four-inch-high heels!

Regardless, Harry shakes his head slightly.

"Save it for the shack sweetheart."

Lavender pouts, as she always does, and then turns back around, immediately going back to skipping along and humming, flaunting her absolutely gorgeous body, stuffed into a too-small Hogwarts school uniform, with every move she made. Meanwhile, his other two sluts hadn't even noticed Lavender's attempt at drawing his attention, just like they hadn't noticed the last two attempts, so focused on countering each other as they were. It wasn't surprising though, Hermione didn't consider Lavender a threat, because Lavender was happily submissive to both her Master AND her Mistress. Daphne wasn't content to playing second fiddle to a muggleborn, no sir.

That was fine with Harry though. He actually quite enjoyed their silly attempts to one up one another. But then, that was the point, wasn't it? So far, no matter who won their little competitions, it was Harry who

truly came out ahead. So long as that remained true, he would allow them their battles for supremacy. Even if, Hermione always did come out ahead as the first in his heart.

Ah, but they were almost there. Grinning, Harry gives his two sluts molded to his sides a bit harsher of a squeeze, and when they break away from glaring at each other to give him their undivided attention, he nods ahead and they both look to see what Lavender has already stopped dead upon seeing. Or perhaps the better word would be 'who'.

Nymphadora Tonks stands there, a big wide grin on her face as her nostrils flare from his scent. Her eyes are filled with desire, and a moment after they lock with his own, she's racing out to greet the quartet. Mostly Harry though, as she skids to a halt before him, falling to her knees and practically diving down on his covered-cock. If it was out and exposed, Harry had no doubt that the beautiful older woman would have it already down her throat.

As it was, Nymphadora settled for moaning wantonly and nuzzling the front of his jeans as she greedily inhaled as much of his musk as she could. Harry watches on with some amusement, until Daphne's voice pulled his attention away.

"Harry?"

Ah, of course. Daphne wouldn't know about Tonks. Mm, neither did Lavender if he was remembering correctly, though of course, the blonde girl was far more excited about the 'new' addition to their group than Daphne initially seemed to be. Smirking, Harry looks over to the Greengrass girl.

"Daphne. Meet Nymphadora. You two have something in common, as it turns out. You're the heiress to House Greengrass, and Nymphadora here is the heiress to House Black."

That draws shocked reactions from more than just Daphne. Tonks pulled back away from his bulge completely to stare up at him in wide-eyed, mouth dropped surprise.

"W-What?"

Grinning, Harry looks down at his metamorphmagus pet.

"Sirius made me heir before he passed, Nymphadora, which in turn makes me head of the family now. So, as soon as I was able, I reinstated you and your mother back into the family, and then I made you my heir, just in case anything happens to me."

"Oh Harry, that's so wonderful."

That's from Hermione, who takes the opportunity to lean into his side all the harder, cuddling her sizable mammaries up against his body as she moans and wiggles happily at his generosity. It's obvious the brunette is taking advantage of her rival's temporary lapse, as Daphne stands there dazed, eyes wide and mouth agape.

Harry can read her like an open book of course. He knows exactly what's going through her head. Her 'barbarian conqueror' had not only claimed lordship of an ancient and noble house, he'd also

'claimed' another heiress besides her. Ah, and there's the nipples poking through her top and her inner thighs squirming together as she rubs them against one another to the thought of him forcing her to her knees to prepare Nymphadora for debauchery.

Daphne's eyes suddenly meet with his and she blushes deeply as she averts her gaze and stills her body. Meanwhile, Nymphadora is just managing to recover her own senses.

"I... I love you so much Harry... mm, Master. Lord Black... I really, REALLY hope you're planning on fucking me until I can't walk anymore, Master. I've been such a naughty girl for you while you were away."

Harry lifts an eyebrow at that and grins when Nymphadora keeps her mouth shut and smirks, miming throwing away a key. Chuckling darkly, the powerful, well-built young wizard nods his head to the shack.

"Come on now you four. Let's get more... intimately acquainted."

Sliding his way out of Hermione and Daphne's grasp, Harry walks on ahead, all four of his lovely, conquered witches following behind him. Daphne and Hermione jostle for position of course, while Tonks and Lavender end up tonguing each other's mouths out. Well, more like Lavender practically jumps the rainbow-haired witch and Tonks in turn enthusiastically reciprocates the blonde's advances.

One way or the other, they're all soon inside the Shrieking Shack, which looks absolutely nothing like it once did in their third year. There are gasps of amazement from all four girls as they look about. For starters, it's now bigger on the inside than on the outside. And while it's outside remains that of a crappy little hut, on the inside it's warm, well-lit, and extremely well-furnished. There are cushioned couches galore, a large bed that will fit all of them, and then some, and a massive hot tub that's design could have been pulled straight out of the Prefect's Bathroom.

And of course...

"Harry Potter sir! Dobby is so glad to see you! And all your lovely witches too! Yes, yes! It is so good to see the great Harry Potter making merry and making babies! Babies Dobby will get to see grow up and more! Ah, to work for the great Harry Potter... it is a glorious thing indeed!"

The happy, eager House Elf is nearly bouncing around as he makes his declarations. Harry meets Hermione's eyes for a moment and answers the question within them with a simple nod, causing the brunette to relax and smile at his generosity. After all, Dobby is a free House Elf. And free House Elves get paid. There's no real difference in the end, besides a Galleon from Harry's incredibly fortune going into the House Elf's hands each week.

Besides that, Dobby would serve Harry and his likely-to-be large family for quite a few years to come, just as any House Elf would.

"Thank you, Dobby. Please prepare some refreshments for us, and bring them in a couple hours. We'll more than likely need the reminder to eat and water ourselves, so we don't end up passing out from exhaustion and dehydration."



“Yes, Harry Potter sir! Dobby will make sure of it! Dobby knows how important it is to stay strong when in the process of making babies!”

And then the House Elf is gone, just like that. He leaves a smirking Harry in his wake, while the four witches are all blushing in some way, ranging from light embarrassment to slight mortification... all are also incredibly excited by the idea of Harry knocking them of course, but there's something about having the House Elf gleefully cheering it on that makes it ever so slightly embarrassing.

“Right then. Introductions out of the way, this is the Shrieking Shack, new and improved. I own it of course, and the property that it's sat upon. You four are going to help me break it in. I assume there's no objections to that?”

His smile is placid, and his eyes filled with dark lust and hunger as he looks to each of his lovely, beautiful, conquered witches. None of them seems particularly inclined to object, but he likes to give the option anyways. Once each of them has had a chance to speak, and none have, he grins and claps his hands together.

“Wonderful! Lavender, Nymphadora? You two are in charge.”

All four girls freeze up at that. Then, both the blonde and the metamorphmagus get wicked smirks on their face as they turn to face Hermione and Daphne. Lavender quite suddenly doesn't look much like a bimbo OR an innocent little girl, even as she walks up and grabs a fist full of Daphne's hair. The Greengrass heiress gasps, even as Lavender forces her down to her knees. The blonde is practically one fur cloak and fur bikini ensemble away from being a barbarian babe herself after all. And she's always wanted to try her hand at breaking down the soft snobby princess.

Meanwhile, Nymphadora is quick to go for Hermione. There's no need for deliberation, no disappointment from neither Tonks nor Lavender... both girls know which they want, and in this moment, they aren't at odds with one another. The cum-hogging, seed-guzzling bookworm gasps as she's forced to her knees by the athletic, fit Auror.

Hermione and Daphne obey, because in the end it's coming from Harry and they have no choice. The thick swallows both girls do as they look up at their temporary 'mistresses' are audible though, and Harry can't help but grin wickedly as he moves over to the large hot tub, running the water to begin filling it up as he prepares the room, allowing his darling witches to get to work on breaking each other for his amusement.

And of course, there's the fact that the last member of their little party has yet to arrive. One might think four lovely witches would be enough. After all, Harry had the know-it-all nerdy bookworm, he had the ever-changing slutty metamorphmagus... he even had the snobby, stuck up princess and the happy-go-lucky blonde bimbo to round out the group. Really, it seemed like a full roster... to anyone on the outside looking in.

Because as the women who'd given themselves to Harry had long since learned, he was never truly satisfied. The young man's magic was wild and very nearly untamed. He kept it under control through sheer force of will... but it gave him a sexual appetite that could never truly be quenched. Needless to say, four wasn't going to be the final tally before Harry was done. Neither was five. But he still had high

hopes for the fifth witch who was due to arrive in the next hour or two.

High hopes indeed.

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Fleur Delacour slowly lets out a long, drawn out sigh as she clutches at the bottle of Butterbeer in her hands. She'd bought it to calm her nerves, not get her drunk. So far, it wasn't managing either to be perfectly honest. It was just... Tonks of all people had invited her for a girl's day out, and told her to meet at the Shrieking Shack at a very specific time.

The part veela really wasn't sure what to think about that. Fleur was in no way stupid, nor was she naïve. She was grateful to Harry and to the Order for letting her stay at Grimmauld Place after hers and Bill's relationship had fallen through, and the Gringotts job had fallen through with it. That didn't mean she wasn't a little upset with Tonks for what could only be called outright sexual harassment these last few months.

It's been hard, keeping herself in check. Especially considering those damnable moving pictures! Her own mind taunts her with mental images of herself in those pictures, bred and satiated alongside the girls Harry was fucking silly. But no... no, Harry is her friend. He's a hero to both her and her sister and she can't just see him as some sort of hunk, a sex object to be lusted after.

No, for such a gallant act as saving her little sister, she should have led Harry away into a nice, private alcove back then and taken him to her bed and... f-fuck. Groaning, Fleur cradles her head in one hand, rubbing her skull with the pads of her fingers. Veela Elders liked to tell pretty, impressionable young Veela such as herself stories about how they'd once been the mates, concubines, wives, and lovers of mighty heroes and fearsome conquerors, but magical and not. Only the greatest human men had claimed beautiful veela females for their beds.

And Harry... Harry was the epitome of all those stories. Mister "I saved a little girl because it's the right thing to do" was the absolute greatest wizard of his generation, and probably of her generation as well. The only men who could even think to stand up to the sheer, raw power that Harry exuded with every step were aging fuckers like Dumbledore and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. In the end, Harry was the one. A hero... and from the pictures she'd spent so many sleepless nights masturbating to, a conqueror as well.

Fleur was technically a part veela, through her mother's side. She wasn't even supposed to be half. Her mother was the half veela, and she and her sister were supposedly quarter veela. In truth, there was no such thing. It was a lie told to the magical world to keep the humans from freaking out. Veela were veela, no exceptions. Fleur merely kept herself under control, waiting for the right man to come along.

Pure Veela didn't have that choice, but she and her sister did, just as her mother had once upon a time. It made family gatherings a little awkward. Her mother had basically stopped holding back when she'd met Fleur's father, and the woman was as 'full veela' as one could get now, the man she'd married wrapped entirely around her finger.

Fleur though, Fleur wasn't there yet. It made her relatives and especially her younger cousins, see her

as a little prissy. Usually, a veela, no matter their heritage, would have settled down with a mate by now. There wasn't really such a thing as 'The One', mostly because wizards like Harry happened once in a lifetime, and veela were perfectly capable of molding most men into as close a proximation to 'The One' as they could get anyways.

But Fleur hadn't wanted to spend the rest of her life with Bill Weasley. And he hadn't wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. It wasn't necessarily anything to do with either of them, or so Fleur felt. In the end, more and more with every passing day, the beautiful French witch was beginning to realize that there was only one wizard for her... and it wasn't Bill. He'd sensed it, obviously, which had ultimately led to their falling out.

Letting out a low sigh, Fleur downs the rest of her Butterbeer, the sweet, lukewarm beverage flowing down her throat. Placing the bottle back on the table, the blonde veela stands and heads for the door. It was just about time for her to go to this 'Shrieking Shack' to meet with Tonks. And she'd finally come to a decision. She was going to ask the other woman to introduce her to Harry. Whatever sort of harem he was building, Fleur didn't care.

All she cared about was securing a place by the powerful young wizard's side.

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Finally arriving at the Shrieking Shack, the blonde veela can't help but be a little puzzled. Tonks isn't there. No one is, as far as she can tell. Frowning slightly as she walks forward, Fleur doesn't even feel the place's numerous wards. Mostly because Tonks had already keyed her into them, meaning the magic that kept away any and all other tourists these days, was completely inert when it came to Fleur.

Regardless, the veela approaches the run down, rinky-dinky shack itself, eyeing it up and down and circling around it a couple times. She doesn't think to look inside at first, the building seems as if it should be condemned, and she just can't imagine Tonks is waiting for her INSIDE. But in the end, she can't locate the other girl anywhere, and when there's nowhere else to look, one finds themselves checking the most unlikely of places.

Fleur takes a peek into the window of the Shrieking Shack, and gets the biggest shock of her life, completely trumping the stack of magical photos that Tonks had slipped under her door that day. But then, of course it does. Seeing it in person, watching the debauchery happen live... it WOULD trump something as silly as moving pictures, wouldn't it?

Tonks is the first one she sees. The metamorphmagus is in what could best be called an 'athletic bimbo' form. It almost doesn't look like her, but Fleur sees the witch's face and knows it's her next-door neighbor back at Grimmauld Place, there in the flesh. A hell of a lot of flesh, mixed in with some short pink hair. The metamorphmagus has her jaw stretched obscenely wide around Harry's huge cockhead and the first couple inches of his massive shaft as well.

And boy is Harry well-endowed. Fleur had already known his size and his naked form of course, but damn if it wasn't so much juicier in person. He was the most muscular wizard she'd ever seen, broad-shouldered and fit in a way that made her mouth water right on the spot. And then there were the others. There was a voluptuous blonde witch that Fleur recognized from the photos, but didn't know by

name. That one was licking, kissing, and suckling the rest of Harry's bludger-bat sized cock from the side, knelt right beside Tonks as they tag-teamed his dick.

Meanwhile, the other two, who Fleur couldn't actively identify just based off their asses, were going to town on Harry's balls. One had to be Hermione, right? While the other one... it could be any witch. After all, ANY witch would be honored to become the great Harry Potter's ball-sucking slut. Fleur certainly would love it.

And then Harry begins to cum and Fleur's pupils dilate as her tongue slides out of her wide-open mouth at the sight of Tonks chugging down the massive blasts of seed pulsating through his long shaft. At the end, the metamorphmagus pulls back with her cheeks bulging like a chipmunk, only to pull Hermione up from Harry's balls so she can let the cum flow out of her mouth, down her chin, and onto Hermione's outstretched tongue and her face, and even her boobs.

Tonks reaches down at the same time to give those tits a grope, and Harry chuckles at something the metamorphmagus says in that moment, his lips curled into a wicked smile that only makes Fleur more aroused. At the same time, the blonde one grabs at the other witch that had been sucking on Harry's balls and forces her towards Hermione's tits.

Fleur feels like she should recognize the dark-haired witch, now that she can see the young woman's face. Perhaps... perhaps one of the Greengrass sisters? While her family WAS practically French nobility, she wasn't entirely knowledgeable about all the noble houses in Britain. But the dark-haired beauty certainly had the looks for it, if she was remembering her teachings correctly.

Regardless, it was all the more arousing to see the glazed over look in the beautiful witch's eye as her tongue slides over Hermione's body, collecting the last bits of Harry's seed. And all that time, Harry James Potter sits there with a faint smile on his face, as if he's used to four beautiful women worshipping his cock. One hand is resting on the back of the couch he's seated on, while the other is stroking through Tonks' hot pink locks, like it's all no big deal.

It's the most beautiful thing Fleur has ever seen, and the veela truly loses control for the first time in her entire life, right then and there. The full force of a veela's allure smacks all of them across their metaphorical faces as Fleur lunges for the door of the Shrieking Shack, tearing it open and bursting into the beautifully furnished room within.

Howling like a mad woman, Fleur rushes forward and pushes the dazed, confused, and whimpering witches out of her way as she falls to her knees before Harry's cock, immediately attempting to cram as much of his sizable, girthy length down her throat as possible. She gets a fair few inches past her stretched out lips, but then Harry's own magic responds, lashing out and wrapping her in it's power.

It's like a tornado and she's in the center of it as the masculine magic, strong and wild, whirls around her, almost seeming to suck up the very air she needs to breath. Fleur nearly passes out from the utterly overwhelming sensation, but she manages to hold onto consciousness, even as her control belatedly reasserts itself, and she manages to once more grasp for rational, logical though.

It's then, as sanity at least partially returns to her, that Fleur realizes something very important. While the four beautiful witches all around her are still very dazed from her sudden, full-powered allure, Harry

Potter is not. In fact, he looks sharper than ever before as her eyes slowly trace up his musclebound torso, past his chiseled chin to meet his bright, green irises.

He's looking down at her quite sternly, like a god disappointed with his high priestess. Also, his yummy, yummy dick is still in her mouth and Fleur should probably really be pulling back off of his cock to explain himself now. Mortified, the veela slowly begins to do just that, but she got more than a few inches of his dick into her mouth and down her throat, and in the process of ever so slowly pulling her head back, she gets more taste of his delicious cock penetrating her taste buds than she'd originally anticipated.

Eventually though, his cockhead pops out of from betwixt her lips and quite suddenly, Fleur finds herself in Harry's lap, pulled up from the floor as he lifts a brow at her and simply holds her in his arms.

"... You want to tell me what that was about, Fleur?"

Her blush is bright red, and she knows it. That's about the only thing she knows though, because she certainly doesn't know how to tell him that she'd suppressed her veela instincts for so long just waiting for him to take her, and then she'd been teased relentlessly by his big hard dick and what it could do to women, and damnit she'd just lost control and by Circe's big fat tits his cock could keep a whole fucking FLOCK of veela tamed if he chose to use it that way!

No, she couldn't find the words to articulate ANY of that. In the end, she just settled for stuttering unintelligibly, her eyes wide and her body squirming against the big, fat member that she could feel between her voluptuous ass cheeks, stretching all the way up to the small of her back and then some. Sitting on his lap, staring into his eyes... she just couldn't get her equilibrium back.

Of course, Harry didn't necessarily like this. Slowly, a frown spreads across his face as he stares at the bumbling, dumbfounded witch in his grasp. He'd liked her a lot more when she was a spicy, haughty Gallic babe with a wicked sense of humor. The bright woman he'd gotten to know both during the Triwizard Tournament, and in the years, that had followed. This, what he was seeing now... he found it to be quite out of character.

"What is this? Where's the French witch who became Beauxbatons' Triwizard Champion? When did you become a silly leetle girl, hm?"

The mispronunciation of little is on purpose, and his prodding of her pride has the exact intended effect as Fleur's jaw drops in shock and the veela's slight temper as well as her self-confidence comes back in full force.

"Hmph! Just because you 'ave a big fat cock and just because you've tamed zhese leetle girls does not mean that you 'ave earned me, 'Arry Potter!"

She scrambles out of his arms and Harry lets her do so, grinning slightly as the beautiful blonde veela stands before him, proud and tall. Her blush is still there, but her chin is held high now as she glares at him.

"I-In fact, if you want to claim me, you will 'ave to do so properly, and prove that you are worthy to take a veela into your bed!"

Harry's grin only widens as he slowly stands up, loving the side of Fleur he's seeing now, the proud lilt to her voice and the challenging look in her eyes. He prepares to take a step forward, only for Hermione to pipe up from the side as her and the others finally begin to recover and take stock of what's going on in their midst.

"You know... I read about veela once in a book I checked out of the Restricted Section. I remember the book talking about how veela would goad men into chasing them through woods and over streams and moors, playing catch and release until the man was spent, or they were finally claimed..."

Fleur immediately latches onto Hermione's words, her eyes lighting up and her lips curving into a pleased smile in a way that Harry finds absolutely delightful.

"And zhat is exactly what we shall do! So zhere!"

And just like that, the blonde veela spins around and exits the Shrieking Shack. She stops dead right outside the doorway, realizing exactly what she's challenged the greatest wizard in Europe to the moment she steps foot outside. After a moment, she shakes herself out of it and continues on her way, her head still held high.

Meanwhile, back in the shack every girl is reacting to the news in a different way. Daphne's is definitely the most boisterous though.

"Oh, FUCK YES Master! You HAVE to teach that veela slut her place! Make her your bitch, bend her to your will! By Merlin, I'm so fucking hot right now, please fuck me Harry, PLEASE!"

She ends up getting her wish, much to Hermione's chagrin, but all four girls end up getting a ride on Harry's dick one last time, as well as a nice, warm dinner fresh from Dobby before the time finally arrives. Night falls and Harry, accompanied by his girls, meets up with Fleur on the edge of the safer parts of the Forbidden Forest.

Fleur can't help but be jealous. Harry is wearing nothing but a short robe, while all four witches are completely naked. She herself is dressed down to only her panties and her bra, all she's technically allowed to wear. She could have gone naked... but she didn't want to make things too easy for Harry. And yet, she's half-tempted to just submit and call the whole thing off right then and there, as she watches the other girls slowly peel Harry's tightly fitted robe off of his body, worshipping his muscular, naked form with their tongues and their hands.

The lightning bolt landing strip that Hermione has shaved her pubic hair into, sitting right above her otherwise smooth pussy, gets flaunted in Fleur's direction more than once, leaving the veela's blood boiling with both lust and anger. She should be the one peeling Harry's robe off... and she should also be worshipped by these weak, human witches as well!

Gritting her teeth, the blonde veela waits with clenched fists until Harry finally steps away from his girls and towards her, stopping only a few feet away.

"Ready Fleur?"

“Run, little Veela! Run!”

That comes from behind him, and Harry’s lips turn up into a small smirk, even as Fleur bristles slightly and then turns to flee. She only gets a minute head start, but she uses it to the best of her ability, getting as far away from the group in a straight line as she can before finally turning to disappear into the trees.

And yet... and yet she feels his magical presence behind her within moments of the minute head start up. Then, a few seconds after that, she feels his fingers ghost across her arm. And all of the sudden, Fleur is pushed down onto the ground as Harry lands on top of her. The veela cries out in both shock, dismay, and pure wanton anticipation, even as Harry simply shoves her lacey panties to the side, his cock piercing to her core a moment later.

A loud cry leaves Fleur’s lips and she cums on the spot as he fucks her hard and fast, right there on the forest floor. It’s messy and it’s dirty and it’s exactly what the beautiful French witch has always wanted. Every last bit of it, even the rough and tumble bits. This is what it means to be a veela, this primal, savage sort of fucking.

Harry plows her senseless through three orgasms before he finally cums, but when he does he doesn’t cum inside of her, he paints her back and her panty-clad ass and her bra straps with his seed, before standing up and stepping back from her. This time, it’s him who says the words, his voice that intones the instruction.

“Run little veela. Run.”

And Fleur slowly stands up and begins to run, as best as she can anyways. Eventually, the blonde finds her stride again and manages a sprint as she flees from what she knows will be her eventual fate anyways. This is not going to go the way that most veela hunts went. In truth, the book that Hermione read had been a little off. Veela were almost always stronger than human men. They were DEFINITELY always stronger than human women.

Very rare was it that there was a veela hunt where the final outcome wasn’t decided by the veela herself. It wasn’t about whether the man or the veela got tired first... just like so many human women would fake orgasms to make their chosen mate happy, a veela would fake exhaustion at the end of a ‘successful’ veela hunt if they’d already decided that they wanted to spend the rest of their life with the man chasing them down.

And if they didn’t, then they exhausted the man and basically failed him out. It was as simple as that. This though? This was not as simple as that. Fleur runs, and then Harry is there again, his strong fingers closing through her hair and stopping her dead. The blonde veela is forced to her knees, and the cock she’d tried so desperately to suck back in the shack is forced into her willing, open mouth and right down her throat.

Just as before, Harry is not even close to gentle with her. His cock pistons in and out of her esophagus as he fucks her face just as hard as he fucked her cunt.

“Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!”

Fleur chokes on his dick, her eyes watering involuntarily, but her arms simply hang limp at her sides as she just takes it, letting him fuck her throat as hard as he likes. He does so for a good ten minutes, to the point where the blonde thinks she might pass out from oxygen deprivation. Instead, he cums yet again before that can happen, and Fleur drinks about half his massive load down before he pulls out and leaves the rest painting her face and her tits.

And then he's letting go of her and stepping back again, and she's stumbling to her feet and running off once more. She runs, because that's what's expected of her. She runs because that's what any veela would do in her place... right? Within two minutes, he's on top of her, his massive frame pinning her to the forest floor.

This time, he twists her onto her back and slides down to between her legs. His cock doesn't penetrate her. Instead, Harry grips Fleur's thighs and lifts her lower body into the air as he brings her dripping wet pussy up to his mouth. The voluptuous blonde veela's eyes go wide and her head pushes back against the dirt and leaves beneath her as she cums on the spot, squirting all over Harry's face. Her pussy juices flow down his throat even as he eats her out to not one, not two, not three, but four orgasms brought about by nothing but his talented tongue.

After that, he pulls her onto his lap and Fleur happily impales herself on his cock, riding him to kingdom come. And then, after that, she's running again. Over and over again, the process repeats. Over and over again, Harry catches her, fucks her silly, and releases her.

More and more, it becomes harder for Fleur to get to her feet and run away. What's she even running for, in the end? To prove that she can do it? To prove that she's not so weak as to be the first veela in hundreds of years to TRULY succumb to a veela hunt? But then, does she really think Harry is going to let her go at this point? No, the young wizard won't get exhausted. He will not tire, he will not falter. Fleur's fate is sealed and was sealed the moment she agreed to this. Now it's simply time to pay the piper.

It doesn't help that her allure is running wild. So is his magic, at least to her senses. In truth, Harry's magic is quite stable and fully under his control. He can see her allure, can see her in his mind's eye as he chases her through the Forbidden Forest. His strength and his force of will keep his immense power contained unless he needs to use it to persuade any of the forest's denizens to stay away from him and his quarry.

In the end, he continues to hunt Fleur down, time and time again, fucking her silly, making her cum repeatedly... and yet, the beautiful blonde continues to resist him. He can see that resistance crumbling, slowly but surely... but as Harry pins the blonde veela down, her legs wrapped around his waist as he fucks her face to face, he finds himself reaching out to 'grab' at her with his magic.

There's parts of her, of her very being, her essence and her magic... that are constrained. They look to be under a shit ton of artificial control, like she's subconsciously blocking them off from the rest of her, like she's holding them back. Frowning deeply, Harry continues to fuck the blissed-out blonde veela's cunt, even as he cautiously presses in with his magic, gently entangling with her allure. Then, he slowly starts to undo them.



As the last 'block' dissipates under his careful direction, Fleur finally notices, her entire body going stiff beneath him. Harry blinks at this, pulling back from her utterly changed sense of self, and is just about to say something, when Fleur abruptly throws her head back and screams. It's not just one of her normal pleasure-filled cries either. It's something far deeper, far more PRIMAL.

Harry's eyes go wide when massive wings sprout from Fleur's back, causing her to come up off the ground as she ends up in his lap. They make eye contact with one another, and Harry stares into Fleur's new eyes, gold and glowing, somewhat like the eyes of an eagle. Her hair has also changed, going from blonde mixed with slight silver highlights, to completely silver.

She's a new woman... more than a woman in fact, as it seems he's unlocked far more than he expected with his meddling. But Harry feels no regret over what he's done. No, in fact he feels quite a lot more of just the opposite. Grinning, a single word slips from Harry's lips in a reverent tone, expressing and summing up his feelings quite easily.

"Beautiful."

Slowly, the gold in her eyes fades, but what's left are a pair of startling, beautiful blue eyes with a permanent alluring glow to them, and her hair remains a waterfall of silver that seems to ripple with the slightest breeze, even as her massive, furiously beating wings vanish like they were never there. But they were, and an ecstatic Fleur happily thanks Harry in the one way she knows how, by kissing the ever-living hell out of him.

She's a pure, true veela now, and Harry can sense that something has changed, even if he doesn't know the details yet. But Fleur will have time to explain, eventually. After all, Harry isn't just a potential lover, he's her mate now. She's a Goddess made flesh, and his girls will be her nymphs, while he will be her Champion.

Of course, her 'Champion' is far, far more powerful than she'll ever be. As she begins to bounce up and down on his lap, Harry grunts and grips her by her big, fat bubble butt. He thrusts up into her cunt, even as he sits there on the forest floor. Fleur rides him hard, and while their fucking is as passionate and as primal as before, it's also a lot sweeter now. Their lips meet and they wrestle with their tongues, but the kiss presents a turning point as their arms wrap around one another.

They remain in that embrace for quite some time, until eventually Harry feels Fleur's tits lactating through her bra, and he finally removes the soaked through garment to get at her amazing, beautiful mammaries. Gripping and squeezing and drinking from her breasts only causes the gorgeous veela to express more joy, more pleasure over his actions.

They fuck until day break, until dawn comes and the sun begins to rise. They fuck until Fleur finally passes out, satiated and them some, happy with her previously flat belly now swollen with her wonderful mate's seed. Harry can't help but smile down at her as she curls into his broad, muscular chest. He watches her sleep for a long moment in simple silence, well-pleased with what had come of his long-term plan regarding the beautiful veela.

Hermione and Nymphadora had played their roles beautifully, and now Harry had a fifth witch conquered and his. Fleur Delacour... he would be lying if he said he hadn't lusted after her more than once since

they'd met in his Fourth Year. She was absolutely gorgeous after all, and even if he was resistant to her allure, he was still a hormonal teenage boy.

He'd been weak back then, a bit scrawny and a whole lot of 'in over his head'. It hadn't been the time to pursue Fleur, not then. But then everything with Hermione had happened, and Nymphadora had become his, and so had Lavender and Daphne. Now was the time. Now, with him so self-assured, so powerful, so utterly confident in his ability to protect what he loved... now he needed to make Fleur his.

And he had, hadn't he? Grinning, Harry slowly stands up. He does so with Fleur still impaled on his cock, his massive member balls deep inside of her cunt. He's halfway inside of her cream-filled cunt at this point, pushed past the tight ring of her battered-down cervix. With her held in his warm embrace, impaled on his thick shaft, Harry carries his newest conquest back to the Shrieking Shack where the girls are waiting for him.

Needless to say, an entire day of fucking all of his women, followed by conquering Fleur throughout the night, had finally taken its toll on the powerful, strong wizard. Setting down the sleepy veela in her bed, Harry watches her curl up with a smile on his face for all of a moment, and then he turns to the bubbling hot tub and moves to sink into it.

Doing so fills him with more satisfaction than anything non-sexual ever has, and Harry lets out a happy sigh as every inch of his slightly strained, slightly sore body is enveloped in warm, bubbly water. His eyes lull shut, even as his girls move into the water around him, moving in and helping their love and master enjoy his break and his rest.

Nothing overtly sexual happens in the tub, and when Harry does pop a hard-on from their massaging hands and their rubbing tits, one of them slips beneath the water and sucks him off with a bubblehead charm on, before going back to helping him relax. To say Harry is happy would be an understatement. Surrounded by beautiful, lovely witches that he adores with all his heart... Harry is thrilled. More than that, he's feeling better than ever.

There will be more. But for now, he's happy to simply lay his head back, close his eyes, and enjoy the moment. His triumph fresh on his mind, Harry smiles as his girls' fingers press into his sore muscles from all sides.

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By Christmas Day, things are back to normal... for a certain definition of the word. They're all in the Shrieking Shack again, as it's the place that Harry and all five of his lovely ladies ultimately decided they wanted to spend Christmas. Christmas Eve was fun... but Christmas Day promises to be even more so.

Hermione and Daphne are still struggling to contain themselves over Harry's conquest of Fleur of course. Both girls know far more about what it means to make Fleur bend to his will than Lavender or Nymphadora, mostly because of Hermione's reading and Daphne's upbringing. Regardless, they're both dazedly happy over the fact still, giggling every once in a while, and ruining at least one pair of expensive silk panties a day from creaming them at random intervals.

It was one of the only things the two could possibly agree on. Harry dominating and conquering Fleur was fucking HOT.

Of course, while Fleur did defer to Harry more than any veela had ever deferred to their mate in hundreds of years, she didn't call Harry her Master, nor was she completely subservient like the four human witches were to him. She was still a hot little piece of ass that begged Harry to fuck her daily, like they all did, but she did it with just a tinge of authority.

Perhaps that was why she was dressed up as Santa on this fine Christmas Day, while Harry was in turn dressed up as Krampus. The pair were currently arguing over naughty and nice lists while Hermione, Daphne, Lavender, and Nymphadora all knelt before them, heads down and completely nude as they awaited their 'fates'. Would they be naughty? Would they be nice?

"All of zhesse girls have been VERY naughty zhis year! It only makes sense that I, Santa Claus, get to punish zhem!"

"Mm, but they've also all done some fairly nice things... I think each has earned a ride on ole' Krampus' lap."

And that was the other odd thing. Harry and Fleur were half-in character, half-out as they argued with one another... but for some reason they'd decided that naughty girls went to Santa, and nice girls went to Krampus. It didn't make sense to Hermione, but she wasn't about to speak up and question it. She was still hoping to get on the nice list so she could ride 'Krampus'.

"Hm, I suppose zhere is only one way to settle this! Zhe absolute naughtiest girls will go to me, Santa... and zhe nicest will go to you!"

Harry inclines his head in agreement, before turning to look at the four naked witches kneeling before them.

"Well, that makes it easy, doesn't it? Hermione and Daphne have definitely been the naughtiest, so they're all yours. I'll take Nymphadora and Lavender for the day."

"Zhat is zhe same conclusion I came to, yes. It is settled!"

Hermione and Daphne go rigid as they find themselves caught in the female French Santa Claus' glowing blue eyes. Both of them want to protest, both of them want a turn with Harry's dick... but as Fleur stares them each down, their words die in their throats, and as she beckons for them to join her on the bed, covered as it is with toys of delicious, sexual punishment, the Slytherin Princess and the Gryffindor Bookworm do exactly that, obeying 'Santa Claus' immediately.

Meanwhile, 'Krampus' takes Lavender and Nymphadora over to the hot tub, as his costume is basically a pair of horns and nothing else. In no time at all, the sounds of the blonde and the metamorphmagus enjoying their 'rides' fill the room. Soon enough though, Hermione and Daphne are giving those same sounds a run for their money as they fill the air with their own noises, mostly noises of pain and discomfort as Fleur plays with the whips and chains strewn across the massive ten-person bed that takes up an entire side of the room.

Needless to say, all six of them have a delightful Christmas Day, even Hermione and Daphne when 'Krampus' and 'Santa Claus' decide to switch halfway through, trading their naughty and nice girls for more fun and more toys to play with. Everyone gets a nice, long ride on Harry's cock, and everyone learns just what sort of role Fleur is going to take in the harem Harry's built. The veela still ends up on her knees, happily enduring a brutal face-fuck from her hung, handsome mate, but that doesn't change anything.

Fleur Delacour has come in and usurped the position Hermione and Daphne have been fighting over for months. The silver-haired veela's presence is mostly over-shadowed by Harry's own power and strength, but she can still be domineering when she wants to be. Whether she'll be able to maintain her position at the top of Harry's sluts is another matter entirely. But at least for now, Hermione and Daphne are too awed by the fully awakened veela to plot against her.

Meanwhile, Harry is just happy to be surrounded by all his lovely ladies. Christmas Day ends with 'Krampus' laying back in bed, all four of his witches cuddling into his sides, while 'Santa Claus' herself lays between his legs, licking and lapping at his cock and nuzzling and suckling on his balls. Life is perfect. And it can only get better from here.

## 6 - Angelina Johnson

“Hey there Harry!”

Harry blinks at the familiar voice, before a smile spreads across his face. He and Katie both straighten up from where they've been getting things set up for the Gryffindor Quidditch Team Tryouts. Turning around, the young Quidditch Can't help but smile even wider at the sight of Angelina and Alicia heading their way from across the field. The two dark-skinned witches smile right back at him as they finish their approach.

“So then, it's a done deal?”

Angelina nods her head up and down, even as Alicia has a smug grin on her face to the side.

“Yep! Alicia and I are both Assistant Flying Instructors assigned to Hogwarts this year. It'll look really good, and it'll help us both get some practice in for the Big Leagues.”

Harry chuckles at that, giving his former teammate a knowing grin.

“You're still both aiming for positions on the Holyhead Harpies?”

Here, Alicia steps in with a derisive snort, as she glances towards Angelina.

“I am. Our very own Angelina Johnson here is aiming a little higher than that.”

Angelina sticks her nose up in the air, though the playful grin on her face gives away the falseness of her snooty attitude as she makes a mocking 'hmph!' sound.

“Only the Captain's jersey and the Quidditch World Cup will satisfy me! No less!”

Katie snickers at Harry's side, having clearly heard this before. Harry just smiles though, enjoying the company of the three older women that had made him into the Quidditch Player he was today. And in truth, he could certainly see Angelina in the role she envisioned for herself. Strutting around in cut-off jeans and a tank-top like she currently was, not much was left to the imagination.

Angelina Johnson was built like a cross between an Amazon and a Nubian Princess. She was a strong, sexy jock, with firm muscles, sizable juicy tits, thick dark thighs, and a massive, firm badonkadonk that outright defined the word badonkadonk. Her body practically refused to slim down, making the Chaser more of a Bruiser than anything else. But Harry knew not to let her appearance fool him like it'd fooled so much of the competition. Angelina was a looker, but she was also fast, brutal, and quick as all get out on a broom.

Alicia and Katie, on the other hand, looked more like one would think a Chaser should. Sure, they had their physical differences. Katie was a blonde and Alicia was a brunette. Katie was pale white all over,

and Alicia was only a few shades lighter than Angelina, still quite dark-skinned when it came down to it. But they were both tight and sleek, their tits and their asses better described as perky and pert. Their bodies were slender, and their movement on their brooms was almost akin to a Seeker more than anything else.

Speaking of which...

“You know Harry, I’m not so sure you should even BE a Seeker this year!”

Angelina switches the conversation around with a bright smile on her face, hiding the conniving intent in her eyes as she makes a big show of looking him up and down.

“Honestly, you’re ginormous at this point! Unless we’re going to change all of Wood’s old strategies and have you spend each match browbeating the enemy Seeker into the ground, I’m not sure its even worth having you in that role anymore.”

Harry mock-huffs, knowing the beautiful older witch is mostly joking. That is, until she’s suddenly in his face, pressing her big tits right up to his chest as she looks him in the eye with a cocky smirk.

“Just how much has our little brother grown up, hm? Is ickle Harry Potter all hunky in EVERY category? I do wonder...”

Her hand doesn’t quite go to his crotch, but Harry still pulls away nonetheless, clearing his throat and coughing slightly. It’s amusing to think, but he actually is embarrassed. Despite what he’s done with Hermione, Nymphadora, Lavender, Daphne, and Fleur... he can still be caught out by these three beautiful, vivacious witches before him.

To be fair, they were just as beautiful and vivacious when he was eleven. Sure they’d grown into it, but they’d been like his big sisters since long before Harry had had his sexual side awakened. If anyone was going to tease him and succeed at this point, it would be these three. Mostly because, no matter how hot he thought they were, he couldn’t help but consider them family, in a way. The closest thing to siblings he’d ever had, much like Fred and George in that regard.

Quidditch was quite the personal sport after all. Which made it all the more irritating for Angelina’s sudden proximity to be giving him an erection as it was now. Licking his lips, Harry averts his gaze and clears his throat again, not knowing what else to really do.

“I’m uh... I’m going to go take a shower.”

And just like that, he beats a hasty retreat to the Gryffindor Locker Room. The three women behind him watch him go, thankfully without another word. Though if he knew what was on their minds, if he knew they weren’t just trying to tease him... well, that would have been a different story altogether. Harry just might have shown all three beautiful witches how much he’d grown, right there on the Quidditch Pitch.

Alas, as strong as Harry was, he couldn’t read minds.

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There was only one thought on Angelina's mind as she watched Harry walk away. After a moment, knowing he's out of range, she voices it.

"I wonder if perhaps we should train our favorite seeker in something more than just Quidditch. He's getting to that age, isn't he? And with a body like that... we should make sure our little bro is ready to deal with any of the silly little witches that might try to sink their teeth into that rock-hard ass of his."

Katie and Alicia both snicker at Angelina's words... but they also both know the well-built witch is right. Angelina meanwhile, has a slightly perverse smile on her face as she stares at the entrance to the locker room that Harry has disappeared into. She might give the young man a hard time, but he was a hunk now, there was no doubt about that. Big and beefy and muscular... in all the right places too. He might have thought he avoided showing off, but Angelina had sharper eyes than that. She'd seen the size of his cock, outlined in his pants as he tried to hide it, as he tried to beat a hasty retreat before the teasing could escalate.

"I think you might have teased him a bit much though, Angelina~ Perhaps Katie, as his loyal vice-captain, should go help him out in the way a second-in-command should. If not, I suppose I could always give him some hands-on... instruction myself."

Alicia has a much more honest and much wider perverted grin on her own face as both Katie and Angelina look to her. Licking her lips, Katie begins to nod her head up and down.

"Perhaps I should~ After all, I'm like his big sister, aren't I? He's probably all stiff and uncomfortable thanks to you, Angelina. I could hop into the shower with him and help him relax. It wouldn't be that awkward, I imagine. We're family and..."

With a growl, Angelina cuts a smirking Katie off as she whirls on the two.

"If anyone's going to have their way with Harry, it'll be my first."

Alicia and Katie share a knowing look, and its Katie that gives the bad news, a grin on her face.

"He's dating Hermione."

Angelina's eyes go wide at that, and she finds herself thinking like a crushing Hogwarts Schoolgirl again as her mind races. She presses her lips tightly together for several long moments, before slowly letting them widen into a full-blown naughty grin. Planting her hands on her hips, the tall, well-built beauty looks Katie and then Alicia dead in the eye.

"Then we'll have to teach him how to get those big brains oozing out of that pretty head of hers. Together. It'll be a... team-building exercise, hm?"

Alicia and Katie share another look, but the eager, hungry grins they have on their faces when they look back at Angelina are all the dark-skinned witch needs to know they're both on board. Sending one last look towards the Gryffindor locker room, Angelina lets out a regretful sigh.

“Later though. Not now. We have to properly plan out our attack, if we’re going to teach Harry just how he should be using that hunky, muscular body of his to pleasure a woman. Merlin knows the boy probably hasn’t had much exposure to the feminine form beyond ours tight bodies these last few years. Hopping into the shower with him right off the bat... it might scare him off. We’ll need to take things slowly.”

The other two Chasers grin and nod in agreement once more. Little do any of them know just how wrong Angelina’s belief in Harry’s innocence and ignorance is.

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Deep in the Hogwarts Library, in an out of the way alcove that Hermione knew Madam Pince, the school librarian, didn’t pass through too often, the brunette witch was trying to read. She knew she wouldn’t be discovered even if the Hogwarts Librarian DID pass by of course, mostly because she was under a LOT of charms. So was Harry, seated under her as he was.

Her beloved boyfriend was pretty much the reason that she was only TRYING to read, and not quite succeeding most of the time. Hermione’s love for knowledge was only eclipsed by one thing... her love for Harry James Potter. The well-built wizard had his hands on her body, his lips on her neck, and her in his lap. His erection pressed up against her barely covered ass through his pants, the short skirt she wore not making up for her lack of panties in the slightest.

Squirming, Hermione was quite hopeful that they’d end up desecrating the Library (again) before this was through. It had seemed so sacrilegious the first time around, but now it just made her feel naughty in the good way. Harry’s tongue and lips felt fantastic on her oh-so-sensitive neck, and his hands had slipped past her blouse, the middle two buttons of the garment undone as he molested and groped her bra-clad tits quite eagerly.

Panting heavily and quite breathless, Hermione could barely focus on the words in front of her, the pages of the book she was currently trying to read a little bleary from her inability to concentrate due to Harry’s onslaught. And yet, when he finally spoke up after a good fifteen minutes of utter silence, Hermione heard what he had to say, loud and clear.

“You know, you’re not actually sexy, Hermione. Not at all.”

That cuts deep. Of course it does. Shocked and a little scared that Harry was leading up to discarding her, Hermione tries to find the words to respond, but can’t manage more than a stutter before Harry cuts her off with a confident tone and a nod of his head.

“No, you’re not sexy... you’re LEWD.”

He whispers that last word in her ear, but it might as well have been shouted as it resounds through Hermione’s mind. She freezes up at that, blushing profusely as she realizes that Harry is teasing her. Licking her lips, Hermione shakes her head back and forth. She knows the difference between sexy and lewd after all. Sexy means you’re fantastic to stare at, superb in every way. Lewd on the other hand means that you’re fantastic to stare at, absolutely made to pamper and pleasure men, and ultimately, perfect for being bred and rearing children.



“L-Lewd?!”

Hermione... Hermione tries to protest, because she's a good girl, not a bad girl, and everyone knows lewd girls are bad girls! Harry's chuckle cuts her off again though, and she squirms on his lap all the harder, even if she never tries to escape.

“Well, let's go down the list, shall we? Your curls aren't just sexy, I can wrap them around my cock and use them to get myself off any time I want. That's pretty lewd. And if I told you to, you'd kneel before me, blushing and squeaking while I did it with your eyes and mouth wide open in anticipation of my next load.”

Her eyes ARE wide in that moment, and while she tries to protest, she just ends up stuttering again. They both know he's not wrong after all. Before she can even think of how to properly combat Harry's silken tone and the effect its having on her, his finger is suddenly at her lips. Hermione doesn't try to resist, her mouth opens and his digit slips inside gently as he chuckles and moves it around.

“Your lips are like cock-pillows, my lewd little slut...”

Hermione whines as said 'cock-pillows' immediately suck down on his finger. She can't exactly even try to protest this one, as she gives him a sweet, loving finger-blow right there in the Hogwarts Library, her tongue instinctively swirling around his digit. Harry snickers at her lack of self-control as Hermione blushes all the harder and whines in protest around his finger. A moment later he squeezes with his other hand, guiding Hermione's attention back to her tits, where he's still playing with them.

“And then there are these. You pretend to be a good, sweet, prim and proper girl... but we know the truth, don't we Hermione? You've got breasts the size of your brains, made for suckling and squeezing and groping. A man could easily fall asleep of your fat boobies, couldn't he? Between our lovely blonde bimbo, our snooty princess and you, all of your tits combined could feed every man and babe in this school and the village below.”

Harry pauses for a moment, and then grins wickedly.

“That's why Lavender is a good girl, and you're a lewd girl, Hermione. She knows that a man would prefer to drink from his woman whenever he's built up a thirst from staking his claim on her. She offers those hefty, milk-laden titties of hers up to me whenever she can. Why is she the only one who does that, hm?”

Hermione's face is incandescent by this point. She's not sure she can get any redder, but Harry's finger is still in her mouth and she's still sucking on it quite perversely, even as she whimpers in jealousy. Lavender always did have that pleased, satisfied look whenever she kept Harry sated on her breast milk. His hand suddenly moves from her breast to her flat, toned stomach. Hermione's eyes widen as he splays his fingers over her abdomen, pressing his palm right into the spot directly above her womb. She shudders at the touch, even as she knows what Harry's next words will be.

“Still, lewd girls such as yourself know they're meant to be bred, don't they Hermione? Your womb will swell with my seed, and you will know that you've been claimed as you grow heavy with my child. So

very, very lewd.”

She was wrong, she could get redder. At this point, Hermione is almost past the point of being capable of embarrassment, though she's not quite there yet. He's right through. Harry is one hundred percent right. One day, she'll carry his child. Probably his children, plural. The mental imagery of her, Lavender, and Daphne competing and begging to be bred as Harry watches them all with a wicked, knowing grin on his face fills Hermione's thoughts and distracts her up until the point when the real Harry suddenly grabs and squeezes her ass.

“Only lewd girls have big, fat bubble butts this thick. Perfect for their man to grab hold of and squeeze, perfect for a nice, long spanking. Bouncing and jiggling and pinking up when they're bent over and fucked against the nearest sturdy surface.”

Hermione shudders and suckles at Harry's finger, even as he continues on, his free hand moving quicker now, his tone growing huskier and huskier.

“And then there are your legs. Long and graceful, with thighs that are MADE to wrap around a man's waist. Around MY waist. You're my lewd, lewd girl Hermione. You, Lavender, Daphne... you try to pretend to be good girls, you try to pretend to be studious, or princesses, or nobility. But in the end, you're nothing but sluts, aren't you? My little sluts.”

Squeaking and blushing and really unable to contain herself anymore, Hermione finds herself on her knees before Harry's crotch, his legs spreading easily so she can nuzzle his member through his trousers. She's naked, and she's not sure she remembers getting naked. Suddenly, Hermione realizes that Harry has been surreptitiously stripping her of her clothes this entire time. Now, she's left in nothing but her Gryffindor stockings. Whimpering, the brunette witch looks up into her lover's eyes.

“I-I'm so sorry for being such a NAUGHTY lewd girl Harry~ I promise, I'll prove that I'm a g-good lewd girl, I swear!”

Harry smirks down at her, even as he just sits there casually. After a moment, Hermione realizes from her nuzzling that he's actually completely soft, the thing she felt earlier that she assumed was his erection was simply his normal state. Realizing this, Hermione's breath grows all the shorter as she pants with need, staring up at him with her big, brown eyes full of desire and hope.

Chuckling, the young wizard reaches down and gently brushes her cheek.

“You know... Quidditch season is starting soon.”

Hermione's puzzled for a moment at the non-sequitur. Harry grins down at her.

“Remember? You promised to be my cheerleader, didn't you?”

Blinking, Hermione gets a petulant sort of look on her face as she grows huffy, her nose sticking up even as she stares into his eyes.

“Of COURSE I'll be there to cheer you on Harry. Honestly, it's like you've forgotten I'm the new

Captain of the Gryffindor Cheerleader Squad~”

She has a distinctly lewd expression on her face as she reaches for his zipper, clearly no longer willing to wait. As Harry looks down at his lover and the single-minded focus she has as she practically attacks his softened prick with her stroking hands and her lips and her tongue, he can't help but grin goofily. Captain? Cheerleader SQUAD? Oh, he can't wait to see what she's cooked up. Harry knows it'll be excellent, whatever it is, in the end.

After all, his woman is kinky as all fuck.

Still, as Hermione's pretty lips stretch out around his cockhead, he clears his throat and takes her attention away from his member one last time, speaking in a soft yet domineering tone.

“You better make sure you share with Lavender AND Daphne... like a good girl would.”

The way Hermione freezes up like a deer caught in the headlights tells Harry all he needs to know about her intentions. She was probably already planning on including Lavender, since the blonde bimbo was in Gryffindor and could be on this 'Squad', but Harry could already tell what sort of thoughts were going through Hermione's head. Probably a lot of inner grumbling about sharing with Greengrass, about having to deal with that 'stupid princess' and how lewd Daphne would make everything.

He can also see the moment where Hermione shudders and bobs her head up and down in agreement, speaking in a soft, submissive tone right back up at him.

“Yes, Harry.”

Her obedience confirmed, the powerful young wizard just grins and rests against the wall of the alcove he's sat in, leaning back and watching as Hermione gets to work on his cock like the 'good lewd girl' she's trying desperately to be for him. This was going to be fun.

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Days later, the Gryffindor Locker Room has emptied out, with everyone besides Harry having departed. Training was over for the day, and they all had lives beyond just Quidditch. Harry respected that. Plus, with them gone, he could finally see just what Hermione had in mind. The brunette witch had told him to sit down on one of the benches, and now he was sat there as he watches the shower curtain before him shift every once in a while.

Both Hermione and Lavender were inside the makeshift 'changing room', giggling perversely and doing all sorts of things together from the sound of it. In the end though, the shower curtain is abruptly pulled back and Harry's eyebrows lift as Hermione Granger saunters out in the most scandalous cheerleader's uniform he's ever seen. Red and gold dominate the skimpy garments, as was to be expected, but Harry wasn't exactly sure they'd be able to get away with this out on the actual field. Hogwarts may not have been ready for a real Gryffindor Cheerleader Team just yet...

Behind Hermione comes Lavender, the blonde looking just as perverse, while also managing to pull a surprisingly innocent attitude. Lavender was in full-on silly bimbo mode as she stood there wide-eyed,

following Hermione around like something of a puppy.

“Come along Lav, it’s important that you learn the duties of a cheerleader quickly. Most important of all is our responsibility towards the star player and the Quidditch Captain of the team! Luckily for us, it’s the same handsome hunk of man meat! Unluckily for him though, because being both is BEYOND stressful!”

As Hermione goes into full know-it-all mode, Lavender oohs and awws appropriately as she bobs her head up and down at Hermione’s words. Then, they reach the bench where an amused Harry is seated, and quite suddenly the blonde is yelping as her ‘Cheer Captain’ grabs her by a fistful of her hair, forcing her down into Harry’s clothed crotch.

“You should really go ahead and get the smell of a REAL man into your nostrils now, so you know to ignore all those weakling wizards that can’t compare to our glorious Captain here~ Make sure you use those big tits of yours whenever you’re helping the star player relieve stress as well!”

Hermione is doing quite well with her instruction. Harry watches on amused as Lavender pretends to fumble with his crotch, rubbing his cock quite hard through the quidditch uniform restraining his dick.

“I-I have to kiss it and suck it? But... but it’s so big Cap’n Hermione! It... it smells really nice though. Does it taste yummy too?”

Oh yes, Lavender was playing her part to a T. Harry was actually having a hard time keeping his self-control, his desire to just take Lavender and face fuck the slutty bimbo right then and there almost overwhelming him. Before that could happen however, Daphne finally made her presence known, actually managing to surprise Harry as she sauntered into the Locker Room wearing a matching ‘Cheer Captain’ outfit to go along with Hermione’s... except in silver, black, and green.

Grinning wickedly, the Slytherin Captain for the Cheerleader Team sways in as she eyes the two witches and sole wizard before her with a haughty look on her face, her nose upturned into the air.

“Hmph. I’m here to check out the competition. So far, I’m not seeing much. Maybe I’ll take Captain Potter for my prize when Slytherin wins both the Quidditch Cup AND the House Cup this year.”

She’s in full-blown Princess mode, and Harry is as amused as he is eager to tear her down. However, that doesn’t seem likely to happen, because before Daphne is even done talking, Hermione has released her grip on Lavender’s hair and is striding across the locker room. As she finishes her little speech, the brunette know-it-all reaches her and suddenly gropes the Slytherin Princess’ tits, ramming a knee up between Daphne’s thighs and grinding her leg against the dark-haired witch’s cunt as she quite quickly brings the ‘Slytherin Cheer Captain’ down.

“Stupid little Princess SLUT! Remember your place! You BELONG to Gryffindor already you little whore!”

Harry watches on in some amusement and some surprise as Daphne writhes and moans and tries to feebly protest, only to be cut off by his first lover. Hermione practically growls as she pointedly reminds the Slytherin Princess of several things she may have ‘forgotten’ in her haste to roleplay an enemy

Cheer Captain.

“Your pussy is trained by Gryffindor cock, your lips love to wrap around Gryffindor cock, its Gryffindors who drink from this big, fat princess udders of yours, and it’s certainly not some silly Slytherin Pureblood that owns the rights to your womb, now is it? IS IT?!”

Daphne whimpers, her eyes slightly watering and her beautiful half-naked body squirming in Hermione’s harsh grasp.

“N-No...”

Hermione grins viciously and her tone is triumphant as she parrots Daphne’s answer back to her.

“No! You want the Hero of Gryffindor to breed you like the lewd little slut you are Greengrass, and you’re going to love every last moment of it when he finally decides to knock us all up!”

There’s a beat of silence at that. Daphne stares at Hermione with wide eyes, clearly shocked that the other girl took it that far. Even Lavender has broken her bimbo character to just gape at Hermione naturally. The brunette witch seems to finally realize what she was saying and to who she was saying it too, because she finally let’s go of Daphne and steps back, blushing profusely as well as the Slytherin Princess drops to her knees, cumming right then and there all over the floor and showing that she wasn’t wearing panties under her short green and silver skirt as her pussy juices squirt across the ground.

“Hey Harry, want to help us go over Quidditch strategy- Holy CRAP!”

That’s the sight that Angelina, Alicia, and Katie all walk into. The three older witches stop dead in their tracks as Harry turns to look at them along with his trio of horny cheerleader pets. Lavender still has her head inches from Harry’s crotch. Hermione is standing there with her face aflame and her massive tits heaving in the skimpy top she’s wearing. And Daphne is knelt on the floor before her like Hermione has conquered the Slytherin, still recovering from her orgasm.

Harry lifts an eyebrow as he takes in the three women who were once called Gryffindor’s Flying Foxes. Apparently, going over quidditch strategies was meant to be done in tight sports bras and form-fitting short shorts. That was what the trio of Chasers were dressed in after all, their beautiful bodies mostly on display just like Hermione, Lavender, and Daphne.

Judging by the looks on their faces, they were planning to tease him again, but instead they’d found this. Harry didn’t know that Plan ‘Train our Stud Seeker’ had just gone up in smoke. Of course, Angelina can’t help but rib Harry just a little.

“Three girls at once Harry? That’s a little overambitious, isn’t it?”

Katie meanwhile, has a petulant pout on her face and her arms crossed over her chest. Where had the goddamn cheerleaders come from? Where had Harry been hiding those scrumptious outfits? And why hadn’t he given her one? She would have loved to help him relax with a nice, full-body massage. Mm...

Alicia on the other hand, stares first at Harry's bulging muscles and then at the phenomenal figures of the three younger witches spread out across the Locker Room. A frown slowly spreads across the dark-skinned woman's face.

"Hang on... why didn't we have this waiting for us back when we were on the team?"

Harry snorts at that, and Hermione scoffs as she places her hands on her hips, glancing pointedly at each Chaser's crotch and then over at Harry's, where even from the entrance of the Locker Room, the older witches could see the outline of his cock. Both Alicia and Katie were impressed, while Angelina had already seen it the other day, and was far less taken aback.

Grinning viciously, the most well-built of the three women steps forward, her own hands on her hips as she towers over Hermione. The brunette witch backs down from the Amazonian Goddess with a light eep, even as Harry slowly stands up, knowing none of his girls could possibly stand toe to toe with Angelina. Not like Hermione and Daphne did with each other. Smirking at the show of submission, Angelina turns her gaze from Hermione to Harry, smirking easily.

"I see you have some lovely cheerleaders Harry. Cute girls, if a bit chubby. But I'm sure you know the Flying Foxes are harder nuts to crack than some soft, prissy princesses."

"Care to make a wager on that?!"

Angelina's eyes snap back to Hermione and Harry looks at the brunette witch with some mild surprise as well. It seems the know-it-all isn't as out of the running as he thought, as she holds her head high. Before Angelina can respond and crush her verbally, Lavender speaks up as well, mewling in a cutesy voice from the floor where she's kneeling at Harry's feet.

"That wouldn't be fair to poor Harry though, Mistress! Master would never be relieved of the pressure in his big balls. Sure, he'd break these slutty amazons, but it would be too cruel to leave him backed up. Merlin knows they could never actually SATISFY him~"

The way she says it... well, the words are clearly meant as an insult, and the three Chasers take them as that, bristling as they all glare at Lavender. The problem is her tone and her ditzy smile... the blonde has acting like a bimbo down to a T, and it's hard to get angry at a girl who doesn't seem to realize she's making you angry in the first place.

This allows Daphne to get in on the action, even as she climbs to her feet and grins wickedly.

"That's right. WE know how to sate this barbaric brute. You 'Flying Foxes' wouldn't even make it past the third hour before you'd give up and beg for mercy."

Harry watches on in mild amusement as Angelina turns this way and that, attacked from all sides by his current lovers. Finally, the beautiful dark-skinned witch snarls as her hands curl into fists.

"You're ON!"

Spinning towards Harry, Angelina points a finger at him.

“Time to live up to the hype Harry. Your girls have talked you up enough, don't you think? Best prove their words true with action.”

She smirks and crosses her arms over her sizable chest, cocking one hip to the side.

“Don't worry. I'm sure you'll last long enough to make me cum at least once. You've earned a fuck, on account of being my favorite little Seeker.”

Harry and Angelina stare at each other for a second, his green pupils drilling into her dark-brown irises. Finally, he speaks and his tone is calm and confident as he never takes his eyes off of the Nubian Goddess before him.

“Girls, take care of Katie and Alicia. Angelina... come along.”

And just like that, he's walking from the Gryffindor Locker Room to the nearby Quidditch Captain's Office. Angelina pauses for a moment, and he can feel her glaring daggers into his back behind him at the way he's ordering her about. But Harry never stops moving, and as he walks down the hallway that will take him to the office, he hears Hermione's voice, childish but as provocative as ever.

“What? Are you scared, now?”

And just like that, Angelina is following after him.

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Angelina growls as she stomps her way into the Captain's Office. Because of her slight hesitance at obeying his order, Harry's gotten there ahead of her, positioning himself so he's leaning back against the front of HIS desk, his arms crossed over his chest as he smirks at her. Stalking forward, the well-built witch smashes her lips against Harry's and the gorgeous, muscular pair begin to engage in a fight for domination right then and there.

She's never not been the top in all of her relationships. Angelina Johnson does not bottom. She usually doesn't do equal either, if she's being honest. As such, it's quite surprising when Harry meets her on even ground. Their lips smack together, their tongues wrestle between their mouths, but there's no clear winner in sight as they makeout almost ferally, like animals instead of human beings. Their kissing is rough, and primal, not something sensual or loving.

The older witch has always been heavily athletic and extremely competitive. While she enjoys the feel of a muscular stud like Harry pressing into her curves as she feels out his muscles, she's not about to just succumb to his desires, she's not going to submit to his whims. The beautiful Amazon-esque girl retaliates fiercely against ever domineering move he makes, even as Harry's magic slowly begins to overwhelm her own.

In physical attributes, they could very well be evenly matched. Neither of them would never know though, because the more time Angelina spent in Harry's presence, the more she was exposed to the power that the Dark Lord knew not. As it turned out, that wasn't something silly like love or anything

specific that Voldemort had no knowledge of.

No, Harry's 'power that the Dark Lord' knew not was quite literally just that. The young wizard was so powerful that Voldemort, Tom Marvolo Riddle, could never hope to comprehend just how strong Harry was. Even Dumbledore with all his decades of magical experience couldn't quite understand how magically gifted his Chosen One was. He truly didn't know that Harry was stronger than both Voldemort and himself, COMBINED.

That was what Angelina felt as they kissed. That was what left the dark-skinned witch drunk and a little overwhelmed on his power, like he was feeding her his magic... and in a way, that's exactly what he was doing. It takes Angelina a moment to realize her she's rising up. Her sports bra is ripped into two pieces and Harry buries his face in her tits as he licks and suckles at them.

Moaning wantonly, Angelina laces her fingers into his black, messy mop of hair and grinds her chest into his head.

"Mm, you know Harry, for a seeker, you really love quaffles~ If I'd known that this was all I needed to motivate you, I'd have gone and smothered you with my tits every game. Don't worry though, I'll be sure to show you why cheerleaders shouldn't be playing with bludger bats!"

That last bit is clearly directed at his dick, as her hand goes down and grabs for his cock. But before she can really get a grip on his massive 'bat', Harry ups the ante and lifts her even further up until quite suddenly, Angelina finds herself spun around and upside down. The dark-skinned witch's eyes go wide as Harry holds her up. The young skinny beanpole of a wizard she'd once known has REALLY grown up, as he simply carries her weight like it's nothing.

Angelina gets a small sign of just how strong Harry has become magically as well as physically, when the next thing she knows their clothes are completely gone. Her sports bra was already torn in two, but her short shorts disappear a moment later, vanished by magic, and so does the lower half of Harry's Quidditch Uniform.

Before she can even think of getting him back for so easily flipping her upside down, Angelina is stopped dead, frozen in place by the sight of his massive, impossibly long, fat-as-fuck cock, along with his truly gigantic ball sack hanging right below it. More than anything though, she's shocked by the fact that Harry is still completely soft, and yet so unbelievably huge anyways.

When his tongue slides into her twat, Angelina instinctively reaches out and grabs hold of the giant dick in front of her, not giving up that easily. She grunts from the pleasure he's forcing on her, his tongue elongating like that of a serpent's as he really begins to give it to her. At the same time, Angelina strokes Harry's dick up and down, before leaning in and placing the head of his cock in between her fat, plump lips.

She sucks at his dick as he eats her out right then and there, and the precum and his sweat combine into an absolutely delicious flavor that has Angelina almost losing her mind. That combined with the way his tongue is pleasuring her cunt as his chin bumps incessantly up against her clit... it's enough to drive a woman crazy. And it would drive any lesser woman crazy in no time flat, of that Angelina had no doubt.



But she was no lesser woman. She wasn't even a normal woman. Angelina Johnson wasn't the kind of girl who just gave up. Not now, not ever. Competitive to a fault, the dark-skinned witch eventually realizes that she's losing, and if she continues to play by Harry's game, she's going to lose no matter what. The blood is already rushing up to her head after all, and that feeling of being drunk on Harry's magic is amplifying the more of his precum she drinks down.

Growling, the dark-skinned woman goes for a bit of a power move. She tightens her thighs around Harry's head, grips down hard with her legs, and then let's go of his cock to push off of the desk he's leaned up against. A moment later, and Angelina is on top while Harry is stuck beneath her. They're still sixty-nining, and Angelina wouldn't have it any other way, but now she's in control.

Or so she thinks. As she slides more and more of Harry's dick down her throat, the dark-skinned Nubian Goddess moans wantonly around his length, her eyes threatening to flutter back in her head. It tastes so good. And it feels good too, having his tongue slipping and sliding into her cunt. She's trying desperately to bring Harry to climax before her, but in the end it's just not possible. The young wizard's willpower is stronger than hers, and he has all the advantages.

Angelina cums first with a loud cry that sends vibrations up Harry's length. Her orgasm sends shockwaves through her entire body, and her eyes roll up in her head as she moans wantonly, the sound muffled by the massive thick meat pole in her throat. It feels good... too good. But even if she has cum first, the Chaser isn't willing to give up, not for a single second. She's not winded, she's just a bit more sensitive... and one orgasm doesn't mean she's lost.

No, that's not the deal, is it? The wager that those idiot cheerleaders out in the locker room had made on Harry's behalf had been centered around HIS release. Their boastful claims, that Harry could last for hours without cumming inside of her... that was what Angelina was here to disprove. And with that in mind, she's quite happy to redouble her efforts to get him to blow his load, bobbing her head up and down his cock all the faster as she no longer worries about her own pleasure, merely seeking to bring Harry to the brink... and then over the edge.

Neither of them is even particularly winded at this point. They're like a pair of titans, competing and fucking to see who belongs on top. Each believed deep down in their hearts that it was them and not the other. Only one was undeniably right though. And he was quite eager to show Angelina the error of her ways.

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Hours later, they're still going at it. Harry has fucked her in every hole by this point, not just her mouth. Even now, she's bouncing up and down on his cock as he sits back on the couch. Facing away from him, Angelina rides the young, well-built wizard with all her heart. Even though he's throat-fucked her and plowed her ass and railed her cunt, he STILL hasn't cum.

Angelina on the other hand, has orgasmed around his cock again and again and again. As she moans wantonly, she does so right then and there once more, bouncing up and down on his lap even as she speaks breathlessly.

“You’re not... I won’t lose to your H-Harry. I can feel it. I know, mmm, I know you’re close!”

Her pussy juices make the passage of his dick up into her tightening cunt all the slicker, while Harry snorts derisively at her boastful attitude. He reaches up from behind her and grabs her massive ebony tits with both hands, mauling them for the umpteenth time in the last few hours, as Angelina moans all the louder for it. When he answers her, his words come out in a growl.

“You know... the Captain’s Office is the perfect place to get some exercise done.”

Angelina blinks dumbly at that, not sure what he’s getting at. She’s covered in sweat by this point, giving it her all as she has been for the last few hours. The endless fucking has taken its toll on her, but she’s SURE that it’s done the same to Harry as well. How could it not have? She’s just as strong as he is, n-no she’s stronger!

Still, the most the Nubian Goddess can muster in response to that at this point is a short, one-word answer.

“Huh?”

Harry’s chuckle fills Angelina’s tired mind with a sense of foreboding as he abruptly stands up, his hands sliding under her dark thighs and lifting her with him, still impaled on his massive dick as she is.

“I thought, since we’re here, I might build up a bit of a sweat while you’re having your fun. You know, get a work-out in.”

Angelina still has no idea what he’s talking about. Then she sees it, the contraptions she’d all but ignored when she’d first arrived in the Captain’s Office at the start of all this. Harry had brought in what appeared to be muggle workout equipment once he’d become Quidditch Captain, and that was where he went now. Angelina could only stare in confusion as the beefy stud of a wizard got onto an incline bench, using his magic to summon and add weights while at the same time lifting her up off his cock and spinning her around.

The beautiful dark-skinned witch finds herself facing him again as she watches him add more and more weight. His magic caresses her like it’s a number of extra appendages, even as his real hands and arms finally leave her body, moving to the barbell as he slowly begins to lift it up. Angelina can see the numbers on the sides of the weights he’s adding from where she’s positioned, and she can’t help but be impressed as he lifts more and more, seemingly without issue.

Abruptly, the Chaser realizes she’s bouncing up and down on his cock again, almost instinctively without even knowing it this time around. She pants as she presses her hands to Harry’s chest, watching his muscles flex, counting the weight as he adds more and more after every few lifts. Its... its undeniably hot, even for the witch who had no idea what muggle exercise equipment even looked like.

There was magic after all, and there were plenty of spells that handled athletic training just fine without one needing physical equipment. But Angelina had to admit that it was extremely hot, watching Harry work out with the real thing. She barely even notices when she begins to lick at his face, throat and chest. Beads of sweat finally begins to show on Harry’s gorgeous, masculine body, and Angelina can’t

help but go for them all, like some kind of perverse game.

The buxom Chaser, voluptuous and toned at the same time, a complete contradiction, moans wantonly as she nuzzles Harry's pecs and rides him all the more frantically. She's already lost this little challenge between the two of them, but she has no idea... not yet anyways. It's when Harry, still lifting the barbell up and down, uses his magic to slap her against one of her massive, firm butt cheeks, that Angelina begins to get an inkling of the truth.

"Cum."

That single word, combined with the slap across her ass, sends Angelina through another orgasm. The explosiveness of this release is more than anything she's ever felt before, and the dark-skinned witch howls and shrieks as she shakes and spasms across Harry's body, her pussy walls tightening around his length even as he thrusts up into her from below. She'd thought if she was on top, she couldn't be on bottom... but Harry is introducing the gorgeous, exhausted Chaser to the concept of a 'power bottom' first hand in that moment as he fucks her harder and harder.

"Fuck me Harry, fuck me, fuck me fuck meeee!!! Put that big, fat cock deep inside my tight little cunny! Yes, yes, YESSSSSSS!!!"

Angelina shrieks and babbles and moans wantonly as Harry does just that. The whole thing repeats, with him lifting the heavy weights high over his head, even as he fucks her. His magic comes down on her ass over and over again, and soon enough he's not even having to give her a verbal command. She cums every single time he grunts, his magic stinging her fat, firm behind.

As time goes on, Angelina grows more worshipful of the massive hunky studly man before her. Harry is more than just a man though. He's more than just a wizard. And Angelina whines as she realizes that she doesn't want Harry to cum inside of her so she can win some sort of competition... no, she NEEDS him to cum inside of her, so she can FINALLY feel fulfilled.

Panting heavily, it takes every ounce of Angelina's concentration to lift her head up and look into Harry's beautiful green eyes. He stares back at her, his gaze like that of a ruler looking down on a peasant. She's never felt smaller, but she gets the words she wants to say out anyways, slowly but surely.

"Please... I'm... I'm sorry. I was w-wrong. I need, ooh, I need it... I g-give up... you w-win Harry. Please... please cum. Please fill me with your seed. P-Pump my womb full. PLEA-Mmph!"

Harry cuts her off by dropping the barbell behind his head, one of his hands coming up and grabbing her by the chin. He kisses Angelina deeply, and this time the dark-skinned witch just takes it, barely even resisting as he thoroughly dominates her mouth with his tongue. It's the best thing she's ever felt, this sensation of just letting go and giving up control to the powerful wizard who's so effortlessly enthralled her.

Well, it's the best thing she's ever felt until Harry lets go of her chin and seizes her by the hips. A moment later and he's impaling her womb on his cock, thrusting up into her deeper than ever before. His release starts a second after that, and Angelina's eyes go wide as he blows a load so big that her

muscular six pack ends up bloating outwards, making her look pregnant as he cums more and more and more.

His seed pumps into her right up until he pulls out, and then Angelina is left laying back on the small rest at the bottom of the incline bench as Harry stands, still cumming. His seed paints her face and her tits and she cums even harder than before, her eyes rolling back in her head and her tongue hanging out of her mouth. Angelina instinctively swallows every drop that lands between her plump, open lips, even as she can feel the exhaustion overtaking her.

It's quickly becoming impossible to keep her eyes open, as sleep tries to claim her. She's managed her goal, even if it took giving up the competition to achieve it. His seed fills her womb and paints her ebony body, and all the Nubian Goddess can do is lay there, subservient before her new God. Harry looks down at her and chuckles, even as she smiles up at him rather deliriously.

"I'm thinking the next round will be on the Pitch."

Those are the last words Angelina hears before she finally succumbs to the darkness encroaching on her vision. And they fill the beautiful witch with a sense of perverse anticipation.

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With Angelina unconscious, Harry lifts the bodacious babe off the incline bench, and casually impales her back on his still-hard cock. Breaking the sexy amazon had been quite the endeavor... but worth every moment. Grinning wickedly, Harry holds Angelina's passed out body against his chest, even as he walks out of the Captain's Office, bouncing her up and down on his dick every step of the way.

Arriving back in the Locker Room shows that his girls have been quite busy indeed. Both Alicia and Katie are tied up thoroughly by this point, and from the looks of things, Hermione and Daphne got the drop on the two of them with some cleverly casted magic. Stepping back into the Locker Room, Harry conjures up a chair more comfortable than the benches that both Katie and Alicia are restrained to, settling down into it as he watches the show with some amusement.

Of course, his arrival causes the fun to stop momentarily, as everyone looks to him and Angelina's passed out form. Katie and Alicia both have O-ring gags in their mouth, but their wide-eyed surprise is enough to show their feelings. Lavender, Hermione, and Daphne on the other hand have wicked, knowing grins on their faces. Hermione says what they're all thinking, snickering pointedly.

"Sexy Amazon got her ass OWNED by our Harry!"

Harry chuckles, even as the brunette witch turns back to Alicia and Katie.

"See? This! This is what we're talking about! THIS is what you have to look forward to!"

From the looks of things, Alicia isn't paying much attention to Hermione's words. In fact, the dark-skinned witch is straining against her binds, desperately trying to wrap her lips around one of Lavender's thick, suckable nipples as the blonde bimbo giggles and sways them back and forth just out of reach. It's obvious that the three 'cheerleaders' have been keeping their bouncing breasts out of

reach of the whining, whimpering Chaser for a while now.

Meanwhile, Katie is riding Daphne's digits as the Slytherin Princess finger-blasts her right then and there with a vindictive sort of glee. Hermione harrumphs upon realizing that neither woman is paying her any mind, and she grabs Lavender by the hand, pulling her back for a moment and whispering in the blonde's ear, much to Alicia's whiney dismay.

Eventually, the two 'Gryffindor Cheerleaders' pull back and stand side by side. Then, right before the rest of the Locker Room's eyes, they bounce and jump up and down in near-perfect unison, shouting out a cheer right then and there.

"Harry, Harry, he's our man! If he can't fuck 'em, no one can!"

Katie giggles and then moans when Daphne growls and attacks her all the more viciously, even adding her mouth to one of Katie's tits. It's clear the Slytherin isn't happy that she wasn't invited, but to be fair, she WAS the 'Captain' of the rival team's nonexistent cheer team. Meanwhile, Katie is just glad that Harry's happy. As his 'big sis' she's quite content to watch when he eventually puts Angelina aside, allowing Hermione to tie the beautiful witch up in the same way Katie and Alicia were restrained, even as Harry moved towards Daphne.

She's also quite happy to be the solid surface upon which Daphne is bent over when Harry starts to fuck the dark-haired Slytherin senseless. It's good for morale to have the rival team's 'cheerleader captain' taking a fucking after all. Katie's happy for her Captain and the young man she's watched grow up all these years. He's become a TOTAL hunk.

And honestly... she can't wait for what comes next. Angelina had her turn after all. Hermione, Lavender, and Daphne would probably get some sort of reward for handling Katie and Alicia for the last few hours... but soon, soon it would be THEIR turn. And as much as she tried to put on a brave front, Katie knew that Alicia was in the same boat as her at this point.

They were going to get fucked. Harry was going to take that big, hard, throbbing dick he'd broken Angelina with, and he was going to use it on both of them.

Katie just couldn't wait.

## 7 - Katie Bell & Alicia Spinnet

In the end, Katie's turn comes a lot swifter than she's expecting. Harry barely has to say a word, before Hermione and Lavender move to focus all of their amorous intentions on a half-delirious Alicia, while Daphne unbinds Katie and sashay's her way over to where Harry is standing. Blushing more than a little, the Gryffindor Team's Vice-Captain feels slightly nervous about where they stand, right up until Harry spins Daphne around and bends the Slytherin 'Cheer Captain' over right there in front of her.

Giving his fellow Gryffindor a lopsided grin as he buries his cock in Daphne's cunt, much to the Slytherin's vocal, albeit seemingly reluctant enjoyment.

"Ooh, you big brute, j-just shoving it in I-like that... f-fuck. F-Fuck y-you... un-f, un-f, un-f..."

As Daphne gnaws at her lower lip to try to contain the noises of pleasure Harry is forcing from her, Katie steps forward, naked and not quite sure what to do. Harry nods towards Daphne's head.

"You up for silencing the little tart? You know how Slytherin sluts can be Katie. Don't occupy their tongues with something, and they just run their mouths until you do."

Katie's eyes light up with understanding, and with direction, the Vice-Captain is suddenly feeling a lot more confidence. Stepping up, she laces her fingers through Daphne's dark hair and grips down hard, grabbing up a fistful of the other witch's locks as she forces Daphne's face into her own exposed, dripping wet cunt. It was only right that the Slytherin slut deal with this, in the end. After all, she and the others had teased both Katie and Alicia for the entire time that Harry was in the back with Angelina.

A glance back at the passed-out woman, sprawled atop the comfortable chair that Harry had conjured, only makes Katie all the more aroused, biting her lower lip as Daphne's tongue darts out and slips along her slit. Harry really has proved his dominance at this point... and Katie just can't get enough of it. Moaning as Daphne is jarred deeper into her cunt with every thrust from the Gryffindor Captain, Katie just decides to go with the flow, and really starts getting into the spirit of things.

"Mm, fuck Harry, we should have this slut around whenever there's a Gryffindor vs Slytherin match. That way the Princess can service actual winners for once. And then after the match, she gets a few loads in her for being a good little cheer-whore and backing the right horse, heh~"

Given the way Katie can see Harry's massive cock plunging in and out of Daphne's behind from here, she can't help but put a little more emphasis on horse than necessary, even as she leans over the other witch, getting a bit more handsy. With Daphne's face buried in Katie's pussy, the Gryffindor Vice-Captain licks her lips as she reaches down and around, grabbing at Daphne's fat tits first and foremost.

"We definitely don't have to worry about getting thirsty with these babies, Cap'n!"

Harry watches on amused, continuing to fuck Daphne at a relatively consistent, standard pace as Katie

has her fun. The Slytherin Princess herself isn't nearly as amused by the other witch's fondling of her beautiful bod, but there's not much she can do about it, all but spit-roasted between the two Gryffindors as she is right now. Katie's hands move to Daphne's tight belly and trim waist next as she squeezes and pinches with her fingers, much to the Slytherin's chagrin.

"Heh, fit and perfect in every way. No wonder you're the Cheer Captain, Princess!"

After that, it's onto the dark-haired Slytherin's ass, and once she gets there, nearly doubled over Daphne's bent over body as she is, Katie can't help but play a little more aggressively, smacking her palms somewhat harshly up and down across Daphne's massive butt cheeks before turning those smacks into grips, digging deep with her digits.

"Would you look at all this padding, Cap'n? It's so firm, yet at the same time, it's also so bouncy and jiggy! You made this cunt your anal slut yet, Cap'n? I sure hope so! Heh, knowing you, it's already taken care of."

At this point, Daphne can't afford to even be upset or chagrined by Katie's actions. The female Gryffindor's fingers playing with her sensitive body while Harry's massive cock plunges in and out of her cunt? It's too much for the Slytherin to handle. She's being driven absolutely nuts by not only Katie's words, but also the pure amount of sensation being brought on her by Harry's gigantic dick.

Of course, that only means Katie takes it up a notch, quite enjoying the effect her teasing is having on the Slytherin 'Cheer Captain'. Moving her hand back to Daphne's abdomen, Katie presses down a bit harder, right where she knows the other girl's womb should be. And as expected, she can feel it through Daphne's flesh. Grinning like a loon, Katie practically coos down at the Slytherin witch as she runs her palm over Daphne's stomach.

"Feel that, Princess? Feel all of that Gryffindor Captain Cock buried in your womb? You can't see his face, but I can. Harry looks like a man who's about to breed his woman~ Would you like that? Would you like him to breed you, Princess?"

Katie decides to pull back a bit, wanting to give Daphne the chance to respond... and honestly, wanting to see the other girl's face as Harry fucks her senseless. Daphne's tongue felt good inside of her, to be fair... but something about all of this made Katie want to observe for the time being, more than anything else. Of course, as soon as Daphne's tongue leaves Katie's pussy, the Slytherin is trying to back-talk again.

"Y-You... s-so sure that you'll... beat our team in every match? What if... mm, what if we win, huh?"

Katie laughs at the half-hearted attempt to defend Slytherin honor. Even Harry lets out an amused, derisive snort before bringing a palm down on Daphne's ass, causing the dark-haired witch to cry out from the sudden smack. Adopting the sweetest, friendliest look that she can, Katie bends down to look Daphne in the eye.

"Silly little slut-princess. Maybe we'll keep you around during practice try-outs... mm, maybe you can show the rest of the Slytherin Cheer Team just what they're in for once Gryffindor crushes you lot out in the Pitch."

That's the moment Daphne breaks. The act dissolves and the dark-haired witch milks Harry of his own release even as she cums quite explosively, moaning wantonly at the thought of strutting around the Common Room wearing only her barbarian's seed and scent, taunting those silly would-be princesses vying for her throne all while breathing in his musk, the superiority of HER mate obvious. She'd let them get drunk on the smell of that pure, male scent, and the taste of a true breeder's cum.

It's too much for her, of course. By the time Harry's done filling her with his seed, Daphne is half-passed out, her eyes still a fraction of an inch open, but heavily lidded as Harry holds her up to keep her from falling forward onto the locker room floor. He pulls her up and lays her out over a nearby bench, and Daphne just stays where she is, moaning and mewling as she half-consciously touches her own body, Harry's cream dripping from betwixt her wet, pussy lips.

Laying a deep, passionate kiss on her, Harry then pulls back and gives his Slytherin Princess a kind smile, well-pleased with how she'd felt, wrapped around his cock. But then, Daphne was always a good fuck. Before he can do anything else however, Harry finds himself tackled from the side by Katie, brought to the ground as his Vice-Captain lands atop him with a cheery laugh. Harry laughs as well, even as his hands instinctively go to her waist. The blonde witch licks her lips as she hot dogs his cock with her ass, rubbing it up and down as she undulates her hips back and forth.

For a moment, Harry almost reacts more aggressively, but after everything, he's quite confident that Katie isn't trying to take control. The girl knows already what he did to Angelina. So instead, he lies back and relaxes, allowing her to moan as she humps his dick, her hands rubbing against her muscular pecs.

"Mm, Captain... if I'd ever realized you this was what you needed to unwind and have some fun, I'd have joined you in the shower the day after you were announced as a competitor in the Tri-Wizard Tournament."

Glancing back over her shoulder, Katie gives Harry's three 'cheerleaders' a wide, open smile. Her words come from the heart, earnest and upbeat.

"Thanks for making him happy, girls."

Daphne is still recovering, but even she manages to give a lazy thumbs-up. Meanwhile, Hermione and Lavender look up from a much tormented and teased Alicia with surprise on their faces, visibly touched by Katie's words. Eventually, it's Hermione that says what they're all thinking, the bookish brunette licking her lips as she calls out to Harry.

"Harry... nail her, nice and hard. Fuck her like she's us."

From his spot on the floor, Harry chuckles even as Katie, despite her playfulness and her outward confidence, still blushes at Hermione's words. Giving the brunette witch a nod, Harry grins.

"Sure thing, love."

Then, turning his attention towards Katie, he begins to circle her hips with his thumbs, rubbing the pads



into her pale, smooth flesh.

“You know Katie... you’ll always have a place with me.”

Katie’s blush goes redder still... and the comments from the peanut gallery don’t help either.

“Damn right!”

“Hmph, I suppose even a barbaric wizard warlord needs a dependable bodyguard...”

“I guess that makes three blondes now! Harry has a fetish~”

Hermione, Daphne, and Lavender... Katie is barely able to contain her embarrassment and her pride at all the damned approval from Harry’s women. She’s never felt lighter, but also never felt more... exposed? Curling in, Katie hides her face in Harry’s chest, both to hide the pinpricks of watery joy forming in her eyes, and her atomic blush. Of course, that’s something that Harry is more than willing to take advantage of.

With a grunt, the well-built wizard easily gets up off the ground with Katie still in his grasp. His hands shift from her hips to her ass, and he lifts her up with surprising ease as he begins to walk her across the locker room. They end up against the wall of the shower as Harry holds her there and pulls back just enough for his cock to stop hot dogging her ass, and instead press against her ready-and-waiting cunt. And boy is she ready and waiting. Katie’s been waiting for this moment for hours now, as it is... and she’s all too happy to begin.

So is Harry, thankfully. He thrusts into her, even as Hermione and Lavender go back to playing with Alicia. Daphne lays sprawled out on her bench, slowly recovering and watching the debauchery all around her as she plays with herself. But in the end, Katie only has eyes for one person, one very specific man. Staring into Harry’s green irises, the female Gryffindor moans wantonly and loudly as his cock sinks into her, inch after inch.

He buries himself inside of her, and as soon as he hits her cervix, he pulls back to do it again. Katie experiences the behemoth of a bitch-breaker first hand and considering she’s not much of a haughty bitch at all, it doesn’t take much to break HER. Moaning wantonly, the blonde witch soon cums around Harry’s dick, as he batters down the entrance to her womb, over and over again. Her pussy juices slicken the passage and squirt out around Harry’s cock.

It only makes it easier for him of course, her clenching, tightening insides not doing much to stop him or hold him in place for even a single second, in the end. Harry’s massive member finally breaks past her cervix, and at this point Katie has lost count of the number of times he’s thrust into her. Whether it’s the fifteenth pass or the fiftieth, he’s quite suddenly inside of her womb, her most sacred space suddenly wrapped around and squeezing his thick, girthy cockhead.

Katie cries out and climaxes yet again around Harry’s dick, before deciding then and there that she’s not just going to take it like some little spoiled slut. The Slytherin Princess might get away with being bent over and used, but if Katie is going to maintain her position as Harry’s Vice Captain on the Quidditch Pitch she’s going to need to give as good as she gets in the locker room. Groaning, the

blonde witch slowly brings herself under control, even as Harry's cock continues to ravage her insides.

With control comes clarity, and Katie finally reaches out, wrapping her arms around Harry's neck, resting her elbows on his broad, muscular shoulders as she leans in and kisses him heatedly. Their tongues wrestle with one another, and Harry almost immediately has the upper hand, but Katie isn't the type to just roll over and play dead. She fights back with her tongue, all while pushing back against his invading meat rod with her hips as best she can.

Angelina was definitely the most physically fit of the three Flying Foxes. But Katie was no slacker, and she wasn't trying to dominate or control Harry like the dark-skinned witch. She's more than capable of keeping her cool and remaining cognizant, even as Harry brings her to orgasm after orgasm. During one of their times apart as they both take in some much-needed oxygen, Katie looks into Harry's eyes and grins.

"It's not just them and us, is it? Not just the three cheerleader sluts and the Flying Foxes that you've used this massive club of yours on, is it?"

Harry's lips curl up, and Katie knows immediately that she's right.

"Hah! You dog! Mm, tell me... tell me who my amazing Captain has wrapped around his finger?"

Chuckling darkly, Harry just shrugs his shoulders.

"You remember Fleur Delacour?"

Katie definitely did. She wasn't a lesbian (obviously) but she also didn't mind a little fun of the female-on-female variety. And Fleur Delacour? Yeah, Katie may or may not have had a few wet dreams involving the Beauxbatons Champion back during the Tri-Wizard Tourney. Harry grins as Katie's eyes widen in surprise, and he grunts as he speeds up his thrusting a bit.

"And uh... Nymphadora Tonks?"

Oh wow, just barely. They were enough years apart... but Katie knew of the metamorphmagus all the same, having been a first year and then a second year when the other witch was a sixth and then seventh. Still, Katie could easily imagine the things that one could do with a metamorphmagus like Tonks. And the things one could do with a part veela like Fleur...

Laughing and moaning interchangeably, Katie dives in for another deep kiss from Harry, before pulling back to give him a raunchy grin.

"Good on you Cap'n! Defending Hogwarts' honor like that and taming a shapeshifter to boot! Now... why don't you stop holding back like we both know you are and REALLY give it to me, yeah?"

Harry's eyes fill with surprise for a moment before determination overcomes that and he gives her a serious nod. Katie just continues to grin... right up until the point where he does exactly as she's asked and starts to fuck her much harder and MUCH faster than before. The witch moans wantonly as her entire body shakes with each thrust. Her legs are wrapped around his waist, but even they end up

knocked open as Harry pulls back far enough to bury almost every last inch of his cock in her, time and time again.

Finally, the blonde Gryffindor's cunt milks Harry's release from him, and his seed fills Katie's womb even as the same exhaustion that took down Angelina and Daphne begins to fill her being. When Harry's huge balls stop churning and his load is emptied into her, the young man pulls back and Katie slides down the shower wall to her knees, panting heavily and gazing lazily and lovingly at Harry's big cock only inches from her face.

Giving it a nice big smooch, Katie looks up into her Captain's eyes and grins once again.

"Alright Cap'n, you got me... I definitely need to build up my stamina a bit more. You go... have fun with the rest, yeah?"

Harry smirks and nods in agreement, before leaving her there on her knees. As he heads for Hermione, Lavender, and Alicia, Katie crawls over to where Daphne is still watching it all from her bench. Wrapping an arm around the Slytherin 'Cheer Captain', Katie gets the dark-haired witch's attention as she grins and stuffs three fingers into Daphne's cum-filled cunt.

"Hey, Princess... where do you get off calling Harry barbaric anyways? He's my Captain... and I think you gotta apologize for the insult, don't you?"

Daphne blushes at the confident Gryffindor Vice Captain, even as Katie begins to work the exhausted Slytherin over. Tired as she is herself of course, it's slow... but most definitely pleasurable for both of them.

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Harry finds himself amused by Katie's antics, but the majority of his attention is on the trio in the middle of the locker room. At this point, poor Alicia Spinnet is... doing less than stellar. The 'cheerleaders' right in front of her are too busy playing with one another for her to get in on the action, and the dark-skinned witch is still tied up and restrained, unable to move much in any direction as she whines and twists and thrashes.

This is the situation that Harry walks into, stepping in and reaching out to grope his girls quite casually as they continue to makeout. They pull apart for Harry though, and both Hermione and Lavender, still half-dressed in their skimpy cheer uniforms and still completely in character, mold their bodies up against Harry's sides, reaching down to tag-team his massive erection with a hand each, even as Harry leans in and suckles from one of Hermione's teats.

A whine leaves Alicia's lips as she squirms all the harder against her bindings.

"Haaarrrryyyy!!!"

Grinning wickedly, the powerful young wizard pulls back from Hermione's chest and lifts a single eyebrow in Alicia's direction.

“Oh, are you still here? Weren’t you and the others planning on... teaching me something? I suppose you WEREN’T going to teach me how to escape rope bondage, huh?”

Alicia blushes like crazy as her eyes drift to Angelina and Katie both. They really had been shown their place, hadn’t they? Not that she honestly minded it that much. Still, it was incredibly hard for to just watch what was happening in front of her. Hermione and Lavender decide they want a piece of that big, thick meat rod between Harry’s legs, and they descend in unison to their knees to begin wrapping their massive tits around his cock in a double boobjob.

She can only watch... until Harry waves a hand and her bindings unravel, leaving her able to do so much more. However, for Alicia the freedom of movement actually isn’t much freedom at all. Because she knows she should hold herself back. It was easier when she was bound since she was able to strain against her bindings and count on those to hold her back.

Now though... now the poor witch can’t do much but stare, weak-kneed at the sight of those huge tits that had been tantalizing her for over an hour now still not managing to completely smother Harry’s giant cock. In fact, the tip of his dick, less of a tip and more of a massive mushroom head, even now stands out, staring her in the eye almost. How is she supposed to resist an invitation like that?

Diving forward, Alicia finally gives into her lusts, able to grab at Hermione and Lavender’s massive breasts, able to lick and slurp and play with Harry’s thick, hard cock. The dark-skinned witch is practically ravenous as she sexually attacks the trio, playing with every bit of sensitive boob flesh she can get her hands on, worshipping Harry’s cockhead and the first couple of inches of his big, girthy cock.

It was glorious. Utterly glorious. Her eyes are half-rolled back in her head, by the time Harry’s large hand comes down in her hair, gripping tightly and pulling her away from his dick. Alicia’s eyes snap back into place and go wide as she looks up at the amazing wizard, whining profusely for more. But Harry isn’t sympathetic to her ‘plight’, even as he smiles down at her.

“I asked you a question, didn’t I Alicia?”

Blushing deeply at that, Alicia can’t help but be incredibly embarrassed. In truth, she’s ashamed that she ever thought she could possibly teach Harry Potter anything about sex. The young man was a sex GOD as far as she was concerned... and if she wanted more, she’d have to come clean. Licking her lips, Alicia all but blurts out the answer to his earlier question, even as she stares down the barrel of Harry’s truly gigantic dick.

“A-Angelina was going to handle oral and t-titfucks, Katie was going t-to give you her cunt... and I was going to teach you a-anal.”

Alicia hadn’t really been saddled with that last one. She’d been okay with it, when they’d discussed matters beforehand. It wasn’t like she was some sort of freak for anal or anything... she was just the only one of the three who’d experienced it and enjoyed playing around with toys in her ass. In the end, it’d just made sense.

Or it had, before she’d seen the real size of Harry’s cock. As Harry mulls over Alicia’s words, the

dark-skinned witch stares at that cock. She tries to imagine it inside of her ass, and even with the little surprise that not a single one of them knows about back there, Alicia doesn't see how it could possibly ever fit. Harry pulls away from the three of them, and Hermione and Lavender both let out disappointed whines, before practically falling on Alicia.

Even unbound, the Chaser isn't really in a position to resist the pleasure as the girls drag her deeper into their combined tit flesh, the very same breasts that she'd been desperately trying to get at for over an hour by that point. It's enough to distract Alicia until she feels Harry's hands on her perfectly sculpted behind, as the wizard kneels behind her and begins to play with her butt.

Alicia stiffens, but then moans as he pulls apart her ass cheeks and reveals the source of her secret pleasure and shame. There's a pause, of course there is, and then Harry reaches out and grabs the butt plug currently in Alicia's back door by its base, twisting it this way and that.

"Really Alicia? I wouldn't have expected this from you."

The unspoken insinuation was obvious. He was calling her a tight little butt-slut without actually saying it outright, and while Alicia wanted to dispute it... well, there were two pairs of succulent tits right in her face that kept her from articulating her possession in a coherent, eloquent manner. Instead, all she could do was moan and groan in equal parts pleasure and embarrassment, all while shaking her ass back and forth.

Harry plays with her butt plug for a minute or two more before he finally pulls it free of her clean, lubed up ass. She's nice and slick when he replaces the toy with his throbbing, pulsating cockhead a moment later, but while she is loose and ready for penetration, Harry's cock is like a bludger's bat, and even buried in between Hermione and Lavender's tits, the dark-skinned Chaser can't help but be nervous.

But to her surprise, and ultimately her further pleasure, Harry is slow and gentle with her butt. There's none of the fast, brutal, rough pace that he took with both Daphne and Katie. Those were the two that he'd fucked in front of her anyways, though Alicia's imagination had gone rampant with just how hard he must have fucked Angelina to lay out the delicious Nubian Goddess as he had.

Still, Harry works his way into her back door carefully, and Alicia finds herself all the more embarrassed, and quite shocked as well, when she cums from the pressure and pleasure while he's only halfway inside of her. Harry grunts at the tightening of her butt muscles, but he continues on nonetheless, until every last inch of his cock is inside of her lubed up back door.

Then, he begins to fuck her. Alicia isn't ready for it, but not in any painful sort of way. She's not ready for it to feel so GOOD. Even the anal that she'd experienced before now doesn't compare to this, regardless of if she had fun with it or not. As orgasm after orgasm wracks her body, the dark-skinned witch has an epiphany, and finds herself forced to confront the truth. She IS an anal slut... a hot, tight little butt-whore. Or at least, she is for HARRY.

Alicia can't imagine any other man or toy making her feel the way Harry is making her feel. Lost in the pillowy softness of the breasts in her face and the pleasure of her ass being broken in, Alicia can't help but lose herself in it all, her eyes rolling back in her head and her tongue lulling out of her mouth to slurp this way and that at Hermione and Lavender's tits interchangeably.

The two 'cheerleaders' look on in amusement, and Lavender breaks character to comment idly, a giggle coming from the blonde's mouth.

"Hehe~ Harry must really like these girls. Why else would he allow us to play with them before he's even fucked them all?"

Hermione can't help but nod in agreement, even as she watches Harry fuck Alicia in the ass with one-part jealousy, one-part lust. Glancing to Lavender, she also breaks character to confide in her fellow Gryffindor.

"I actually always thought the Chasers would be Harry's firsts... I was surprised when I managed to stake that claim. It was good enough to have him as MY first... but this... this has been a long time coming, I imagine."

Alicia's whine pulls both girls back from their musings, as she begins to grope and squeeze their titties almost frantically. The dark-skinned witch is being fucked silly, and both Hermione and Lavender enjoy watching that happen live as they always do, cooing softly and pressing gentle kisses all over the Chaser's sweaty, shaking form as she cums again and again and again.

Unfortunately, Alicia's strength runs out long before she makes Harry cum. The girl wasn't expecting to be such a butt-slut. Her resolve breaks and the exhaustion overtakes her before her ass can milk a release from Harry. Seeing this, the wizard pulls out of her with his dick still throbbing almost angrily, and Hermione and Lavender slowly set her down on the floor as she whimpers and mewls in protest, even through her clear exhaustion.

Harry leans in and gives the girl a soft kiss, and she whines one last time before catching his wrist with a weak grip.

"You... you promise t-to come back, okay? M-Make me take it... fill me with your cum, a-alright Harry? Make me i-into another one of your cumdumps..."

Harry smiles down at her and nods amicably, before leaving her where she lays. Alicia lets out a shuddering sigh, and then passes out. Hermione ultimately takes her place, and Harry bounces the bookish brunette 'Cheer Captain' up and down on his cock as her boobs bounce and jiggle and she moans wantonly from the penetration finally occurring. Lavender helps of course, pressing up against Hermione's back and squeezing and playing with the bouncing, jiggling titties to her heart's content, even as she eggs Hermione on.

"You can do it Cheer Captain! Ride that behemoth to kingdom cum~"

Hermione just moans. Like Alicia, she's been waiting quite a while for Harry's cock as well. Unlike Alicia, she's got more experience with patience, but also more experience with Harry's dick. This is a double-edged sword in the end, mostly because Hermione's body has been reshaped and repurposed to be a toy for Harry's big dick, her insides sculpted by his cock after repeated fuckings to just take him and take him like the horny little slut she is.

She cums again and again around Harry's massive shaft as the man bounces her up and down on his lap. And in the end, with Alicia's butt having done a good portion of the work, Hermione milks Harry's release from him in record time, before crying out quite lewdly and loudly as an explosive orgasm wracks her body at the mere sensation of Harry's cum pumping up into her womb.

He holds Hermione close, even as she ragdolls a bit in his grasp. His kisses actually revive her, in a rather impressive fashion, and it's not long before she's kissing him back and riding his cock once again. Harry doesn't mind that. Not one bit. All these new women are fine, sure... but Hermione will indeed always be his first.

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Angelina wakes up to the sounds of Hermione reaching yet another climax on Harry's cock. Slowly, the woman gets her bearings straight, climbing out of the comfortable conjured chair she'd been sprawled out in and only stumbling once before righting herself. Then, the dark-skinned, well-built witch's eyes go wide, and her jaw drops open as she looks around the locker room. By Circe's fucking gigantic knockers, he'd fucked them all.

Alicia is still passed out, but her sweaty, naked appearance is enough to show off just what happened to her. Katie meanwhile, is ravishing Daphne, but Angelina can see Harry's cum still dripping from the blonde witch from where she's standing. Lavender seems to be the most cognizant of all of them at this point... except for Harry of course, the young man now staring at her with a casual grin on her face.

Angelina blushes profusely as her hands ball into fists. Right, fine... he'd definitely won Round One. But Angelina had had time to recover, and with that recovery came a return of her confidence.

"So, Potter, are you ready for Round Two?"

All eyes in the locker room turn to her as she crosses her arms under her voluptuous chest, showing off her muscular, toned body without a care in the world. Even now, Harry's white, hot cum drips from between her dark thighs as Angelina stands with her legs spread slightly, but the witch still manages to radiate supreme confidence, even as Hermione climbs off of Harry's lap with the wizard's help, allowing him to stand up with a grin on his face.

"I don't know. Are you, Johnson?"

Gritting her teeth, Angelina bares them at Harry, not so much a grin as she snarls.

"Round One was a warm-up. It's time for my cute little seeker to put his money where his mouth is and show me what he can really do."

Harry takes a step towards her, and Angelina hastens to match him. They end up crashing together in front of everyone, groping and kissing in a dominance struggle that Angelina almost immediately finds herself losing. Her mind might have recovered from Harry's onslaught in the Captain's Office, but her body hasn't. She's sensitive all over, and her cunt yearns for Harry's cock, much to Angelina's chagrin. With everyone watching... she can't simply lose this quickly, before they've even begun, can she?

Pulling away, Angelina adopts a feral grin to cover up her uncertainty.

“If I recall, you promised me the Pitch for our next time.”

Harry pauses and lifts a single brow, as if he can see right through her façade. Then, cocking his head to the side, he simply smiles and nods.

“Very well. Let’s go.”

And like that, they’re all taking a field trip out to the Hogwarts Quidditch Pitch. Luckily, at this time of day there’s no one else using the place. While Harry’s masculine, naked body and massive cock on full display might have actually added to his reputation more than anything else, for the numerous witches trailing after him, it could only be bad for them to get caught in the open like this. Not that Hermione, Lavender, or Daphne care one lick as they saunter out into the open field that makes up the Quidditch Pitch with a confident sort of sway to their hips.

Katie is a bit more nervous, but also far more excited... and Angelina isn’t trying to be sexy or sensual as she stomps out into the middle of the pitch to meet Harry, completely naked and completely exposed. Instead she’s trying to hide her weakness... which is why words that she’ll ultimately regret end up slipping from her lips as she crosses her arms under her chest again and brags emptyily.

“These girls are about to watch me ride and break in a particularly stubborn stallion.”

Harry looks at her with an easy grin. He reaches down between his legs and gives his own cock a couple of pumps, much to Angelina’s chagrin as she has to fight back a blush, and the urge to stare at his crotch.

“No, Captain. They’re here so I don’t get bored.”

The comeback is as brutal as it is quick, and Angelina’s eyes go wide with shock and outrage and a dozen other emotions she doesn’t want to focus on as she tries to calm her rapidly beating heart. Her nostrils flare, while her weakness makes itself all the more known within her... helped along by Daphne, who casually stretches out on the pitch like a posing model, pulling Hermione down with her in the process.

“Granger, tell the silly brute to hurry up and break the amazon. Brown hasn’t even gotten a ride yet.”

Giggling at the mention of her, Lavender flops down atop both Hermione and Daphne, nuzzling the Bookworm and the Princess as she stretches happily.

“Nah, I’m good. This has been the most fun I’ve had in weeks~ Hey Hermione, what’s this I hear about Harry thinking I’m a good girl, eh Miss Lewd Girl?”

Hermione’s eyes widen, and she growls as she reaches over and grabs at Lavender’s fat ass.

“Don’t make me spank you, slut!”



As the three play around, Angelina can't help but watch them, nostrils continuing to flare. They're acting more like a conqueror's queens than cheerleaders at this point. But... But Harry isn't a conqueror! He hasn't conquered her yet! He HASN'T! He- So lost in her own self-denial as she is, Angelina barely registers Harry approaching from the front, until he's holding her close and dominating her mouth with his tongue. His fingers dig into her dark buttocks, and then he lifts her and Angelina instinctively wraps her arms and legs around the wizard's body as he impales her on his cock, right then and there.

Angelina's eyes go wide and her tongue sticks straight out of her tongue for a second as her first orgasm hits her. It's a few moments before she's able to recover enough to begin trying to fight back. He's using her like... like a damn cocksleeve! She won't stand for it! But no matter how much Angelina writhes and struggles, no matter what way the woman tries to take control, Harry's not letting her. When he's not crushing his lips against hers and tonguing her mouth, he's suckling at one of her big, fat ebony tits, leaving her moaning wantonly and crying out with reluctant, overwhelming pleasure as he fucks her standing up in the middle of the Quidditch Pitch.

He's not only conquering her out in the open, he's not only dominating her in front of the other women, he's doing it so... calm and casually.

"This ass is mine, Angelina. And so is this cunt."

He says that, as he squeezes her buttocks with his thick, powerful fingers. As he plunges into her tight cunt with his massive, behemoth-sized member.

"See these tits, Captain? I'm going to lick and slurp and suck at them whenever the fuck I want."

Merlin, having him sound so casual, so confident about it... it's too much for her. Angelina shudders as an orgasm wracks her body, but even still, she tries to keep her defiant tone as she growls out a response.

"S-So... my Star Seeker thinks he's going to... going to breed his Captain, does he?"

Harry continues to fuck her, bouncing her tight bod up and down on his dick, but his eventual answer nonetheless throws Angelina completely off.

"No."

Quite suddenly, she finds herself caught in his piercing gaze as he stares at her with those deep, indecipherable green eyes of his. Mouth agape, Angelina can't find the words to answer him, but Harry elaborates a moment later.

"When you have the Captain Jersey on your back and the Quidditch World Cup in your hands, that's when I'm going to breed you. When you've achieved your wildest dreams, I'll put my babies inside of you and remind you that you're MINE, and you always will be."

Angelina's breath hitches, and she tenses up even as Harry continues to bounce her on his cock.

Another shudder runs through her as a rather calm, yet incredibly poignant orgasm overcomes her last defenses. Biting her lower lip, Angelina's voice is uncharacteristically soft as she responds with a questioning tone and a single word.

"... P-Promise?"

Smiling at her, Harry reaches up and grabs a fistful of her hair, holding her head in place even as he holds her entire body up with just his massive cock and his other hand.

"I do."

Then, he's kissing her again, and this time Angelina finally allows herself to let go. Harry pounds her silly, dominating her in the middle of the Quidditch Pitch, conquering her before both her friends and his lovely slutty bitches. And Angelina doesn't mind any of it, one bit. They're two titans, two pinnacles of physical perfection joined together at the crotch, fucking for the entire world to see... but Angelina is no longer fighting back. There's no more defiance, no more struggle, no more insurmountable force to overcome.

Because that's what Harry is, and the Nubian Goddess finally understands that. Harry James Potter is insurmountable. He's overwhelming, he's immovable. He is worthy of her... in truth, it's she who should be worried about being worthy of HIM. As he fucks her, Angelina enthusiastically participates, but not in some kind of power play for dominance or anything like that. Their titanic fucking continues with the beautiful dark-skinned witch fully submitting to Harry's massive, thick cock.

This... this is how it's meant to be. And she understands her place now. She understands her future. It involves an achievement not many will be able to boast. She's going to win that cup... and then she's going to have Harry James Potter's babies. With that thought running through her head, Angelina orgasms explosively once her, her eyes fluttering as they roll back in her head and her tongue hanging out of her mouth as she adopts a purely fucked silly expression right then and there.

Even still, Harry keeps on fucking her and using her... and Angelina wouldn't have it any other way.

-x-X-x-

Later that night, Harry lets out a surprisingly tired sigh. It's been a long day, and while he's not quite as exhausted as he tended to leave the Flying Foxes and his girls, he's still pretty beat. Perfect mood to curl up with his delicious beautiful witches. Lying back, Harry isn't quite surprised when all three of them step into the room wearing lingerie. Hermione in red, Lavender in gold, and Daphne in green.

He is a bit surprised by the atmosphere though, as the three of them move in slowly, rather than quickly. There's no overt fighting over his cock, not outright competition between his bookworm and his conquered princess. Hermione's lips gently caress his, and Harry kisses her back just as gently. Daphne nibbles at his throat, not even raising a fuss over Hermione stealing his lips. Meanwhile, Lavender sinks herself down on his cock reverse-cowgirl and begins to ride him slowly, sensually, moaning wantonly and enjoying every last second of it.

The three aren't putting on a show this go around. It's not about the bimbo, the princess, or the

bookworm tonight. The competition between Daphne and Hermione is still there, but its subtle and in no way heated. When Hermione and Harry part for air, Daphne is quick but gentle in turning Harry towards her waiting breasts, pressing a nipple to his mouth. Hermione sighs in disappointments and flicks Daphne's other tit childishly, but she doesn't throw a fit or try to take Harry's attention back. Instead, the brunette witch takes Daphne's place on Harry's neck, mapping out both it and his muscular chest with her tongue.

Lavender, the only one that hadn't gotten fucked earlier at the Pitch or in the locker room, simply rides Harry slowly and sensually, like a concubine pleasuring her master, rather than a whore seeking to get a man off. The trio of girls are playing at queens even now, each of them equal in stature for this moment, welcoming their conquering king back home after a long day of complete and utter domination. Watching Harry absolutely wreck the Flying Foxes had been both a pleasurable and eye-opening experience for Hermione and Daphne in particular.

Competition was fun... roleplay was even more fun... but in the end, Harry was King. He was in charge, he was in control. They were all his, when it truly came down to it. And not a single one of them minded that one bit. How could they, honestly? He took such good care of them~

-x-X-x-

Fleur bites her lower lip as she stares at the moving photos in her hands. Magic... magic was superb. The veela rests in a very relaxing, very hot bubble bath, and she stares at the evidence of just how virile her new mate is. Of course, Fleur had already known how virile the young, studly wizard was. She'd seen the pictures before these. She'd experienced it for herself by this point.

Harry was a monster with that massive cock of his. He was also a loving, caring, kind wizard. A good man. And Fleur loved him with all of her heart. Mm, but love wasn't what the veela was thinking of in that moment. Oh no, Fleur's thoughts had already turned towards pure, unadulterated lust. To be fair though, she'd been aroused for a while now, in no small part thanks to Tonks.

Grinning raunchily, the blonde veela looks to the letter that the moving pictures had come with. She skims most of what Hermione's written, before reaching the bottom where the bookish brunette witch has attached the date of the next Hogsmeade weekend to the letter. Now THAT had potential. How could Fleur do anything BUT get ready to meet with her beloved mate once again?

Shuddering at the thought of all that Harry could do to her... mm, oh yes, she's excited and extremely interested in attending. Fleur sets aside both the pictures and the letter for a moment. One hand comes up to her chest, where she gropes and kneads her soft, sensitive tit flesh. The other moves down between her legs and she grabs a fistful of the vibrant, purple hair that sits atop the head betwixt her thighs. Tonks' tongue slides deep inside of her cunt as the metamorphmagus eagerly eats her out underwater.

Ah, but then Tonks doesn't have much choice right now, hogtied on the floor of the bathtub as she was. That was fine though, magic ensured that the witch didn't run out of breath anytime soon. Moaning wantonly, Fleur begins to finally move in time with Tonks' ministrations, her hips undulating up into the other woman's tongue as she humps Tonks' face.

In turn, Tonks increases her pace, sensing that Fleur is looking to finish up. In no time at all, the veela is squirting her pussy juices out into the bathwater, coating Tonks' face but not for long as the liquid that the metamorphmagus is submerged in washes it all away. Letting out a shuddering breath, Fleur finally pulls Tonks out from beneath the bubbly water, letting the witch break through the bath's surface for the first time in over an hour.

Panting heavily, flustered and aroused as all hell, Tonks bites her lower lip as she looks into Fleur's grinning face.

"So... have I made up for all that teasing yet?"

For a moment, Fleur just regards her lover in silence. Neither of them can be with Harry twenty-four seven, which in the end means that all they have is each other. Of course, before Fleur had finally been... initiated into the 'harem' that Harry was building, unconsciously or otherwise, Tonks had been quite rude in teasing the poor veela with all those pictures and noises.

Thus, the veela had been in the perfect position to demand a very lewd sort of 'apology' from her metamorphmagus housemate, and now here they were, with Tonks happily submitting to Fleur's deprivations, just to take the edge off until they could both see Harry again. Fleur stays quiet for a moment longer as she stares at the squirming metamorphmagus... and then she chuckles and grabs her wand, releasing Tonks from her bonds.

The witch gasps as she pulls her body out of the position that Fleur had put her in, rubbing at her wrists and groaning as she works out the kink in her spine.

"T-Thanks Fleur... so... I'm assuming Hermione's latest contains good news?"

Fleur glances towards the letter and the photos and waves a hand lazily. Tonks takes the invitation to check both out, eyes going wide as she whistles appreciatively at all the Quidditch fun contained within.

"Oh my god, those girls are so damn lucky to just be able to play with Harry like that, day in and day out... you know, when I went to Hogwarts, I was one of Hufflepuff's best Chasers..."

Fleur blinks in surprise at that.

"... Do you still have your uniform?"

Tonks furrows her brow and considers, before grinning wickedly.

"Oh... Oh I think I do."

Grinning just as wickedly, Fleur begins to stand as Tonks does the same.

"Then I think it is time we begin packing... and you break out that special outfit for our visit to Hogsmeade."

Tonks chuckles and nods, before frowning slightly.

“... You know its not for another three days though, right?”

Fleur lets out a sigh as she grabs a towel and begins to dry off.

“I was trying to ignore that bit.”

Easily able to understand that, Tonks grabs her own towel to get herself clean.

“Sorry. Still, what’re we going to do to kill time?”

The look Fleur gives her at such a silly question actually makes Tonks feel a bit embarrassed as she coughs and blushes, clearing her throat.

“I meant, what specifically are we going to do to kill time? Obviously, it’ll involve sex.”

With that clarification, Fleur gets a considering look on her face for a moment, before shrugging her shoulders.

“I suppose once we are finished packing for the trip, I will give you your turn on top. You’ve more than made up for the initial teasing by this point. Just be advised that I shall give as good as I get from you. Only Harry truly owns me.”

Tonks’ eyes light up at that, and her hair cycles through a dozen bright colors as she begins to make her way to the door at a hurried pace. Just as she’s passing through the threshold, she throws back a correction to Fleur, over her shoulders.

“Owns us, you mean!”

The veela just chuckles at her female lover’s silly antics, before making her way from the bathroom at a more languid, casual pace. It would be a long three days... but she was interested to see what Tonks came up with in order to pass the time. She was... excited, even.

## 8 - Future Interlude Pt. 1

(A/N: Set in the indeterminate future of the story, after Harry has killed Voldemort.)

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Harry wakes up slowly, feeling surprisingly well-rested. Surprising, because he knows immediately that he's not in his bed. At least he's also not dressed in his normal nightclothes. That is to say, nothing. Standing slowly, Harry furrows his brow in confusion as he looks down at himself. Rather than naked, as he normally sleeps, he's dressed instead like... Conan the Barbarian? That's the character that jumps immediately to mind, as Hermione had just gotten done showing him and the rest of the girls that movie last night.

This was... hm, Harry couldn't help but flex just a little. Damn but he pulled off the barbarian look well. His cock, flaccid, still bulged out his loincloth a little bit, but not overly much. Just enough to be ever so slightly noticeable. The rest of his body, beyond the loincloth and some leather footwraps, is completely uncovered, his muscles glistening and bulging in the morning light.

Really though, what WERE those girls playing at? Glancing around a bit, rather than at himself, reveals several things in quick succession. First of all, he's actually right outside Potter Manor. Only a few dozen feet away. That... is the only thing that seems familiar in all of his surroundings. The Potter lands stretched out across acres upon acres of territory, and most of it was untamed... but this? The things he was seeing weren't from the untamed wildlife he remembered.

Either he and the Potter Manor had been teleported somewhere, or... well, in the end Harry didn't have to come up with an 'or' did he? While looking around, not only had he found the Potter Manor in the near-distance, he'd also located some 'gear' much closer to him. Letting out an amused, put-upon sigh, Harry strides over to the mock sword resting atop a wooden shield on the ground only a few feet away. Atop both the sword and shield is a letter from the looks of things, a piece of folded up parchment.

Snatching it up, Harry unfolds the parchment and his eyes quickly begin to track across the page as he reads exactly what he's supposed to be doing. Its written in ye old English and what not, and clearly designed to be some sort of quest for help. Supposedly, the land that Harry now 'finds himself in' is being assaulted by monsters, invaded even, and its up to him, the Hero, to find the source of that Monster Invasion.

Reading between the lines, Harry gets the idea quickly enough. Kinky Roleplay Time. Which meant he and Potter Manor hadn't actually been transported anywhere. These were still the Potter Lands, just transfigured to look like something right out of a fantasy universe. Harry couldn't help but be impressed, even as he tossed the letter away and reached down to pick up his sword and shield. With his shield easily slung on his back and his sword held in his hand, Harry turns in the direct opposite direction of Potter Manor, towards the 'first zone'.

The letter hadn't been too detailed on what his full itinerary was supposed to be. It told him to stop the

Monster Invasion at its 'source' and it told him that he would find the first of the answers he sought in the Forest. Well, there was only one Forest around from what Harry could see. With an exasperated roll of his eyes and an amused smile on his face, Harry headed in that direction, striding across the land with purpose in his step.

After all, even if he didn't have his wand, he was still one of the few people in the world that could boast a true connection to Magic. It infused his every step, his every action. He very well might have been the strongest human the world over. In that way, Harry supposed he surpassed Conan the Barbarian. But for now, he was going to play the game that his girls had made for him. He was sure they'd made something quite enjoyable.

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"You! Intruder! Daring to invade my forest, daring to hurt my pretties!"

Harry lifts an eyebrow as he turns around, pulling his sword free of the latest monster he'd 'killed'. As before, this one bursts into particles easily, proving that it wasn't really anything living. After all, his sword wasn't even metal. It wouldn't have worked on something that wasn't part of the 'game'. Though, while the floating bird-woman before him was certainly part of the game, Harry suspected she was different from the others.

Mostly because he could definitely make out Alicia's features from where he stood, even as the dark-skinned woman flapped her wings, seeming to have turned herself into a harpy for this little roleplaying game. She looked quite spectacular, Harry had to admit. With feathers atop her head and talons for legs, as well as wings in place of normal arms. Her wing arms end in claws rather than fingers... and yet she's still distinctly female.

Grinning ferally, Harry hefts his sword and shield as he takes up what he imagines to be a combat stance of sorts.

"And just who are you supposed to be? This is your forest, huh? Don't suppose you can tell me the source of the Monster Invasion?"

The harpy gives a sort of squawking scoff, sounding immensely indignant as if Harry has ruffled her feathers with his question.

"I am Alicia the Harpy! This forest is under my protection! And honestly, you didn't really think it'd be that easy, did you?"

Harry chuckles at her almost-break in character, shaking his head in the negative.

"No, no I didn't. Well, I'm invading your territory, Alicia the Harpy. And I ain't leaving without answers. So, what're you going to do about it?"

Alicia's eyes go wide and her nostrils flare in rage. A moment later, the harpy swoops down with a cry, aiming to put her leg talons right through Harry from the look of things. With a grunt, Harry rolls to the side, knowing that neither his sword nor his shield would help here. While he knew none of his girls

would ever truly injure him, he also knew that THEY knew he was incredibly durable. This playfighting could get a helluva a lot more serious than most without Harry taking too much in the way of lasting damage.

But that didn't mean he liked the pain. Tossing his mock weaponry away, Harry rises to his feet and takes up an unarmed stance. Alicia the Harpy lets out victorious cry at seeing him supposedly 'defenseless, and she darts in again for another pass. This time Harry doesn't roll away, he simply slips to the side, Alicia's talons coming within half an inch of clawing his bared flesh, even as Harry snaps a big hand out and wraps his fingers around one of Alicia's legs.

The harpy lets out an indignant squawk as her forward motion is abruptly arrested, and then she cries out in honest pain when Harry slams her face down into the ground and pins her here. Unluckily for her, Harry knows how durable his girls are as well. He wouldn't let them go out to play without making sure each and every one of them was protected by his magic. Thus, Alicia the Harpy squirms and squeals beneath him, but they both know she's not in any real pain.

As evidenced by the fact that her cries turn to immediate moans when Harry reaches out and grabs her delicious, feathery behind with both hands, gripping and squeezing her tight little ass with his fingers.

"O-Oh! Oh n-no, you know your M-Monster Lore! A-Ah, despite our swiftness and o-our agility, harpies are immensely weak t-to big, b-burly men! Noooo!!!"

Her words are... Harry can't help but snort in amusement, though he doesn't stop playing with her butt cheeks, even as Alicia's flapping wing-arms stop after a moment and she just lays there, still squirming and writhing in his grasp, but no longer trying to get away. Harry hadn't had to use much 'Monster Lore' for this. More like, he'd used 'Alicia Lore'. After all, if there was any one woman among his girls that could be called a hot little anal slut... it would be Alicia Spinnet.

Not that this was Alicia Spinnet right now. THIS was Alicia the Harpy... but Harry figured the same logic still applied. With a smirk on his face as his loincloth tents, Harry continues to hold down the moaning harpy, even as he slides his thumb between her butt cheeks, right up to her sphincter. To his surprise, she's already lubed up back there. What a little slut. A chuckle leaves his throat, much to Alicia's embarrassment, and she whines needily as she rubs her ass back in his direction.

"So your weakness is Big Burly Men, huh?"

"Oooh, y-yes... I can't... I can't fight back anymore, n-now that you have me, mm, captured..."

Grinning, Harry pushes his thumb deeper into the lubed-up sphincter, the digit slipping inside of Alicia without much difficulty, even as the harpy squawks and then moans all over again.

"You sure your weakness isn't anal instead?"

A whimper is the only response Harry gets, the harpy beneath him seeming beyond words already. With another chuckle, Harry reaches back with his free hand and slips aside his loin cloth, revealing his thick, fat, hardening cock to the open air. A moment later, he's pushing the massive dick tip of his rod in between Alicia's pert little butt cheeks, much to the harpy's shock and trepidation as she whines and



squirms beneath him all the harder.

Not that the 'Monster' is really trying to escape him, Harry can tell that right off the bat. And when his member finally begins to fill Alicia's slick, loosened back door, Harry groans as Alicia moans wantonly, like a bitch in heat instead of the Avian Menace she's pretending to be. Inch after inch of his cock sinks into Alicia the Harpy's asshole, inch after inch of his dick disappearing into her bowels. Its tight, even if the passage is easy, and Harry immensely enjoys the feeling of her inner walls clenching down on him. Alicia's butt muscles acknowledge his length like its an old friend, her body not quite understanding the game that they're playing, trained as it is to instinctively respond to him.

That's fine for both of them though, from what Harry can see. The whole 'fighting' thing had ended quickly, but if Alicia minds, she's certainly not saying anything. Instead, the witch, transformed into a harpy, is beginning to actively push her hips back towards him as best she can, even with him still sitting on her legs and pinning her down.

With that same grin on his face as before, Harry begins to move, sliding in and out of Alicia's asshole, even as he grips her butt cheeks with both hands once more. Kneading and groping and outright mauling her ass to his heart's content as he fucks her back door with increasing strength gives Harry no end of pleasure. Alicia certainly enjoys it as well, and it's not long before the harpy cries out in both a familiar and unfamiliar way.

There's a certain bird-like quality this time around to Alicia's usual orgasm voice, and Harry can't help but enjoy that, appreciating just how much work his girls have put into this whole thing. Such good sluts, such delicious, horny, naughty little sluts. He was going to have his way with each and every one of them, but for now Harry focused solely on the one before him, the harpy squirming beneath him.

"Y-Yes! Yes Hero! Yes, fuck me Hero! Fuck my naughty ass, fuck it, fuck it, fuck iiiiiiit!!!"

Well, Alicia certainly sounded enthusiastic. Harry was happy to oblige her though, his big, fat cock splitting her tight little behind open around it as he thrust forward again and again and again. It doesn't take long for her second orgasm to arrive. Or her third, or her fourth. In fact, as Harry continues to butt fuck the 'monster girl', the time between her climaxes becomes shorter and shorter, until she's almost constantly crying out in that bird-like, slightly melodic voice of hers.

It's clear that she didn't go with the over the top, incredibly annoying harpy voice that most of those creatures had in fiction. Instead, she, or perhaps one of the other girls, has altered her voice to be more like that of a canary... and Harry can't deny that he absolutely loves making Alicia sing. The more he fucks her, the louder the harpy gets.

And when he finally nuts inside of her delicious derriere, filling her bowels with his cum just the way he knows Alicia likes, the reaction is glorious, the harpy's back arching and her eyes rolling up in her head as she cums explosively before slumping forward, little more than a rag doll. That won't do of course. Harry still needs to question her for whatever information she might have for his 'quest'. While she might not be able to give him all the answers since she's just the first 'boss monster', Harry can't imagine he has to wander through the forest looking for someone ELSE to guide him along.

Well, nothing to do but wait for Alicia to recover... or perhaps help her recovery along. Pulling his messy,

cum-covered cock out of Alicia's back door, Harry grabs the harpy by her hips and drags them up into the air. In no time at all, the bird-like woman is in a sort of face down, ass up position, and her glistening, sopping wet cunt is quite visible, her mound completely exposed to Harry's eyes... and his fat dick.

With a grunt, the 'barbarian hero' forces his member right into Alicia's cunt. The harpy cries out as he begins to fuck her, just like that. Coming back to life, Alicia's back arches all over again and she flaps her wings as her head comes up off the soft grass that Harry's been fucking her on. Her freshly fucked ass bounces back into Harry's thrusting dick, even as he thoroughly plows her cunt, his hands around her waist.

Listening to Alicia's voice as he makes her sing her way through another several orgasms is as delicious as expected, and Harry lets his eyes drift shut, even while fucking the harpy into oblivion. Groaning, he enjoys the way her inner walls clench and squeeze and tighten around his pulsating cock. He slams home into her hot, velvety pussy repeatedly, until finally he starts to break through her cervix.

Once Harry is through that, the pleasure rises to new heights for both of them. Alicia's eyes go wide, and her mouth drops open as Harry begins to fuck her womb directly. His cock produces a bulge in her taut, dark-skinned belly, even as he pounds her from behind. His hands leave her waist as Alicia begins to cum again, and they move to her lightly feathered tits, covering her breasts. He squeezes and gropes and kneads at Alicia's mammaries with the same ferocity he showed her ass cheeks, and the harpy enjoys every last second of it, moaning and crying out her enjoyment to the trees all around them.

Of course, Harry still needs his information. And he doesn't necessarily want to fuck Alicia to exhaustion... again. Gritting his teeth, he lets himself go. He stops holding back, and the next few moments are filled with some truly ferocious fucking, before Harry's second release arrives, completely unrestrained. Pulling out at the last second, Harry covers Alicia's feathered body in his cum, the sticky, white ejaculate ending up all over her back and her backside, all the way down her legs as well.

When Harry's hands come away, Alicia falls flat on her face again, her wing-arms not doing much in the way of giving her support. She's left panting, heaving for breath, even as Harry wills his cock to calm down once more, so that it'll actually fit back underneath the loin cloth they'd given him. Panting a little himself, Harry regulates his breathing, and then reaches out and grabs Alicia by her feathered hair, pulling her head up so he can look her in her glazed over eyes.

"What can you tell me about my quest?"

A better question than just asking for all of the answers, or so Harry figured. It still takes a little bit of time for Alicia to catch her breath, but when she does she swallows thickly and seems to be getting back into character. Finally, she speaks.

"O-Oh brave h-hero... big, handsome, burly hero. I... I am a creature of the air, not of the trees. I was driven out of my mountains by a nasty griffin. Would you... would you please help me get my home back?"

Harry lifts his brow at that and glances upwards. The clearing that Alicia chose to confront him in actually has a nice view of the nearby mountain range. He was honestly pretty impressed by that most of all, the fact that his girls, probably working together, had transfigured an entire mountain range. Still, since he

can see it, he can go there can't he?

Shrugging, Harry nods his head.

"Sure. This griffin... what can you tell me about her?"

Alicia doesn't question how he knows it's a her, that much is obvious. Harry lets the harpy go and she flops over onto her ass, reaching... somewhere and pulling out a small token with her claws. She hands it over to him and Harry blinks at it before tucking it away. It has the talons of a harpy on it, so he figures it's probably important to his quest somehow.

"Of course, brave hero... when it comes to griffins, there is only one thing you must remember. Griffins respect strength above all else."

Harry pauses for a moment, and then grins wickedly. Ah, he knows exactly who the 'griffin' is now. A chuckle on his lips, the 'barbarian hero' rises to his feet and collects his discarded sword and shield. He gives the thoroughly nussed harpy a friendly nod of his head, which she returns by blushing and hiding her face with her wings. Then, he turns in the direction of the mountain range in the distance and begins walking.

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There's not a single monster attack in the forest as he makes his way to the base of the mountain. Harry figures he's 'cleared' that zone, so that makes sense in the end. Still, oddly enough he doesn't face any monsters in the mountains either. Of course, when he arrives at the bottom of the mountain range, he almost immediately sees an obvious pathway up into it just a hundred feet or so from where he exits the forest.

Taking that path sends him higher and higher into the mountains, at least a fifteen-minute trek with not a single soul in sight, until finally he comes upon a cave. Before he can decide whether to go into said cave or not, a familiar face attached to an unfamiliar body saunters out with a wide smirk on her face.

"So, the hero thinks to topple ME? Heh, you're a ballsy one, aren't you?"

Harry just takes a moment to gaze upon the woman before him. Or he supposes, the 'griffin'. She certainly looks like a cross between a certain dark-skinned witch he knows, and a griffin. Though she's completely humanoid, in the end. Still, she has the griffin's wings, she has a lion's tail swishing back and forth behind her, hell, she even has feline hindlegs. Her fingers end in talons and her hair is like feathers. Even her eyes are transformed into those of an eagle, golden and piercing.

He suddenly wonders if Alicia's eye color was changed and he just didn't notice. Admittedly, Angelina's transformation is, as far as he knows, not directly cribbed from any existing material. This work of art that she's changed herself into is certainly inspired, completely original as far as Harry knows. She's beautiful, absolutely gorgeous, stunning even... and all his to defeat, dominate, and fuck.

The 'barbarian hero' can't help but grin at that last thought, even as he cocks his head to the side.

“Let me guess... Angelina the Griffin?”

Rather than be put out by his words, Angelina preens and flaunts her beautiful body, clad in a sort of sexy amazon look as she is, complete with leather bikini/loin cloth and sandals. She exudes strength and also a sort of sexual ferocity as she stares Harry down.

“Oh? I suppose my reputation precedes me! Mm, I bet that harpy is spreading all sorts of mean lies about me~”

Harry lifts a brow at that.

“What, so you didn’t chase her from her home?”

Angelina’s lips curl into a wicked smirk.

“No, I did do that. But only because she refused to submit! I am a griffin after all, hero! We acknowledge one thing and one thing only! Strength! The harpy was weaker than I, but she was also too proud to serve under me, as was proper! Thus, it was only right that she flee like the coward she was!”

Harry nods slowly, understanding the twisted philosophy of the character Angelina was roleplaying a bit better. And she’d even managed to give him the path to defeating her without having to spell it out or break character. Grinning wickedly as well, Harry hefts his mock sword.

“So then... if I prove that I’m stronger than you, you have to submit to me, do you?”

Angelina goes stock still at that, her eagle eyes wide as she stares at him in shock. Then, she laughs uproariously for a moment before a feral grin spreads across her face. The ‘monster girl’ drops into a combat stance as she licks her lips greedily.

“You’ll make a good pleasure slave when I’m done teaching you your place, hero.”

Harry grins and then tosses his sword and shield aside. There’s really no point in either... this will be a fight of strength, not skill. And it just feels right, taking Angelina down with nothing more than his bare hands and his cock, as he’s done many a time before. Even now, even after how long they’d been together, Angelina still liked to test the boundaries. Out of all his girls, she was the one who chafed the most under his domineering attitude... but she also seemed to enjoy it the most when he brought her low and defeated her in fair combat once more.

He has no doubt in his mind that if she can beat him here and now, she’ll play with him, possibly even for days. But Harry has never been the kind of man to enjoy subbing, even to a woman he loves. Unlike Angelina, who is undoubtedly a switch with a massive masochistic streak to boot, Harry is one hundred percent dom, one hundred percent of the time.

Still, for now he has to focus on the fight. Angelina makes the first move mere moments after Harry tosses his sword and shield aside, leaping through the air as she lets out a vicious roar. Harry dodges to the side, much like he did with Alicia, but Angelina is no weakling harpy, and she’s certainly not been waiting for him to come around and fuck her ass. No, the woman is a warrior, and she immediately

whirls on him, lashing out with her claws.

Harry dodges back with a grunt, and then slips under as the griffin tries for another strike with her other hand. Throwing his shoulder into her midsection, Harry lets out a roar of his own as he slams Angelina down into the ground. From there, the fighting only intensifies, the griffin woman not at all defeated by one single body slam like a certain harpy was.

They roll back and forth, the barbarian hero and the amazon griffin struggling with one another, fighting one another with all their strength. Angelina's claws scratch at Harry's muscular, toned body, but barely do a single ounce of damage. Her tail tries to wrap around him more than once to constrict and hold him in place, but he always wiggles out of her hold.

As is always the case with combat between the two of them, the strength and power disparity readily makes itself apparent. While Angelina is taller than Harry, and just as well-built, even in her current form... she's no match for him. Even as they roll around in the dirt outside of the griffin's cave, Harry controls the pace of the fight with the ease that he always has. His innate magic reinforces his muscles and his physical strength, and no matter how Angelina tries to overwhelm him, Harry gives back as good as he gets.

It starts slow, as he likes it to. First, he gets her in a headlock with one arm, her claws scrambling at his muscular bicep, even as he uses his other hand to grab and grope at her tits. Angelina snarls as she struggles mightily against him, but while her struggles are far more real than Alicia's, with every ounce of strength at the griffin's disposal behind them, they're ultimately just as fruitless.

Harry does eventually let her go, but they both know that's exactly what happens. He LETS her go. Angelina still takes advantage of such mercy of course, aiming to fight him once more, but Harry simply dominates her all over again, this time with one of his feet on the back of her head as he pulls her hips up into the air and slams three fingers deep into her needy cunt, right past her loincloth.

Angelina cries out in a mixture of anger and arousal, moaning reluctantly as Harry forces his digits in and out of her tight, hot, wet pussy. But even that doesn't last forever. Harry lets her go once more, Angelina tries to take advantage once more, and the cycle repeats again and again and again, until finally the griffin says what they both know she always will.

Panting heavily, Angelina kneels before Harry, exhausted.

"I... I submit."

Harry is a lot better off, though he's also panting and sweating. Still, his breathing calms down almost immediately as he grins at the griffin woman.

"Do you now? I suppose that means I can do whatever I like with you."

Swallowing thickly, Angelina blushes in a rather pretty way, before slowly moving onto her back. She presents herself to him, right then and there. Her claws spread open her pussy lips, even as she moves her legs apart to give him access.

“Y-Yes... you have proven yourself worthy. Worthy to b-breed me. Go on hero, take your thick, hard rod of justice and give it to me. Give it ALL to me.”

Harry can't help the amused snort at Angelina's words. She's definitely laying it on thick, but it's still working for him, if the tenting of his loincloth is any indication. Still, the wizard knows his Amazonian lover well enough to know she's not defeated until she's well and properly fucked. Even now, the woman seeks to control him. Even now, she's trying to ensnare him in her own way.

That's alright though, Harry is well-versed in how to handle Angelina the Amazon. Handling Angelina the Griffin will probably be much the same way. Before she even knows what's happening, Harry has knelt down and grabbed hold of Angelina's furred ankles, pushing her legs back as she gasps in shock. Then, his cock is at her cunt and he's thrusting into her without hesitation or foreplay. The griffin woman moans wantonly and loudly as Harry holds her by her ankles and immediately starts to pound into her pussy with all his strength. His cockhead bursts through her cervix far faster than he did with Alicia, but then Harry is REALLY giving it his everything here, just to remind Angelina of who the boss really is, both in the roleplay and outside of it.

Angelina's moans become pleased cries as her tongue hangs out of her head and her eagle-like eyes roll back in her skull. Her hands move from her cock-stuffed cunt up to her chest, and the griffin plays with her fat, dark tits as her entire body shakes and shifts with every thrust up into her. Harry is fucking her hard, and each rapid thrust causes her to be jarred by his pounding, each rough pistoning of his prick sending another spike of pleasure up through her.

He's using Angelina's womb like a condom as he fucks the griffin woman with abandon, and judging by her cries, Angelina is enjoying it very much indeed. Growling deep in his throat, Harry begins to push, slowly but surely. He forces the griffin's furred legs back further and further, his face leaning in as he puts Angelina into a bona fide mating press. Her hands end up having to leave her body, instead clawing at the ground on either side of herself as she writhes and squirms beneath him like a big cat in heat. His muscular, toned, broad chest presses down into her huge tits, and his face is only inches from hers as he looks down into her eyes.

Angelina looks back, her lips parted as she pants needily. She licks at them with her tongue, and takes a moment to collect herself, finally finding the words even as Harry slams into her from above time and time again.

“D-Do it... do it hero. Cum inside of me. Fill my womb with your seed, y-you bastard. Prove... prove your superiority over me, make me yours. F-Fucking do it!”

Harry grins, because he knows that even now Angelina is trying to usurp control. Even this is another attempt at making him do what she wants. And so, as his throbbing cock continues to ram down into Angelina's womb with all the force he can muster, Harry leans in, gives the griffin woman a light kiss on her nose, and then pulls back before leveling a one word answer her way.

“No.”

Angelina's eyes go wide at that, but before she can truly react one way or the other, Harry pulls out of her completely, and she finds herself flat on her face a moment later as he flips her onto her front. Her

ass cheeks part and Harry's cock, lubed up with precum and her pussy juices, slams home into Angelina's back door right then and there.

The griffin roars in response, a mixture of shock and defiance as she struggles once again under the 'barbarian hero' who has her at his mercy. Harry just laughs and holds her down, both physically and with his magic as he gropes and squeezes Angelina's butt cheeks. As usual, they're far bigger and also far more toned than Alicia's. That's fine with Harry, he prefers his woman in all shapes and sizes. Be it Alicia as a slender speed demon or Angelina as a muscular amazon, Harry quite enjoyed them both in their own ways.

Leaning down, Harry grabs hold of Angelina's feathery hair and pulls her head back, whispering in her ear as he fucks her ass. Unlike with Alicia, pounding the griffin woman's ass is not some pleasurable walk in the park, even though Angelina does enjoy it all the same, much to her chagrin.

"Did you think I was stupid? Did you think I would just let you trick me, griffin? I am in control here, and only I decide when I cum and where. You have to EARN my seed, you slutty little whore!"

Angelina shivers and shudders at Harry's verbal abuse, but her resulting orgasm when he rears back a hand and smacks it across one of her butt cheeks shows her true feelings. As much as she might put on a harsh face and the like, if there was one thing Angelina loved, it was being dominated and abused by Harry and his big fat cock. The woman had a masochistic streak a mile wide, and Angelina the Griffin was really no different in that way.

That said, Harry would not cum. He refused to, even as he fucked Angelina's ass as hard as he could. He then returned to her cunt, but no matter her threats or pleas, he still would not fill her womb with his seed. He wouldn't breed the griffin, even as he fucked her every which way for what felt like an eternity to the poor transformed witch. This was Harry's greatest strength. He had complete control of himself. If he did not want to cum, he wouldn't... and there was nothing Angelina could do about it.

Hours later, Harry stood, tall and proud like a conquering hero. Angelina the Griffin knelt, brought low like the defeated monster she was. Her head down and her gaze averted, the beautiful, fat-chested griffin slowly slide her tits up and down Harry's length, still hard and still thick. The sight is gorgeous. She's on her knees, mashing her huge breasts around his cock, trying her best to get him off... and failing utterly.

Grinning, he reaches out and grabs Angelina's head, tilting her back to look up at him.

"You're going to let the harpy come back to the mountains, and you aren't going to try to control her anymore. The two of you are both equals... under ME."

Angelina licks her lips and then lowers her eyes.

"Yes... yes hero."

She's much more docile now. Harry chuckles as he decides to throw her a bone.

"You'll tell me where I need to go next... and when I'm done with this little quest, I'll come back and

give you the breeding you so desperately crave... IF you've followed my instructions to the letter. Understood?"

Angelina's eyes dart up to meet his, filled with hope. She licks her lips and nods her head as best she can in his grip, a bit more energetic now.

"Yes hero!"

Harry just grins.

"Good."

And then he lets loose. His backed-up seed comes out like a tidal wave, nearly bowling Angelina over as he covers the griffin in spurt after spurt of his sticky, white cum. Harry groans and holds Angelina in place, giving the griffin a thorough 'bath' of his ejaculate as he paints her face, her tits, and most of her body white with hot seed.

Angelina shudders in orgasmic delight and moans wantonly as she finally gets the load she's been working on for hours, even if it's not in the place she hopes. Her empty pussy squirts out fresh pussy juices, even as she looks up at Harry through glazed, pleasure-filled eyes. Lifting a single brow, Harry clears his throat.

"I assume you have a token and my next destination for me?"

It takes her a bit to come out of her daze, but eventually Angelina does so, handing over the token with the griffin's claws on it to go along with his harpy token. And then Harry hears her sob story about how she's really 'not so bad', she's just been driven from her home in the desert by a sphinx. With that knowledge in hand, Harry knows where he's headed next. It looks like he has to deal with a particularly ornery sphinx.

-x-X-x-

Harry's actually not sure what to expect this time around. There's a path on the other side of Angelina's cave that takes him back down the mountain and into the desert that lays beyond. While there's still no monsters to fight in the mountains, there's plenty once he enters the desert proper. Luckily, he'd not forgotten his sword or his shield, and in the end the creatures are all fairly easy to dispatch.

Still, he's not quite sure who's going to be playing the sphinx, in the end. He wanders around the desert for a while, but his innate magic keeps him from getting dehydrated or exhausted. Thus, he's just as fresh as he was at the start of this quest, when the 'sphinx' finally appears. Harry blinks as a familiar voice fills his ears.

"Ah, the Great Hero has finally come to visit my humble desert. Truly, this is a joyous day."

Harry blinks and turns around, looking up to find the sphinx or what was supposed to be the sphinx slowly floating down to him from above. It's Hermione of course, Harry recognizes that immediately. And



once he recognizes Hermione, he kind of beats himself up for not figuring that out before. Of course the sphinx would be Hermione.

Though, she's definitely outdone herself with this transformation. If Harry thought Angelina looked good, Hermione is... wowzers. A lot of what she's got going for her is similar to Angelina, but at the same time not. While Angelina's griffin form was a mixture between human, eagle, and lion, Hermione's is more of a mix between human and lion. Plus she has wings, funnily enough.

Regardless, she's got the same tail as Angelina, while her body is much furrier. Her ears are that of a lion as well, and her hair is more of a mane, despite the fact that she's female. Though if Harry is being honest, her clothes are what truly impress him. Unlike Angelina, who was dressed more as a barbarian counterpart to his own barbarian attire, Hermione is attired like an Egyptian priestess... or perhaps goddess.

There's a golden circlet with a snake motif on her forehead, and she's got the ankle, wrist, and neck band that Harry remembers vaguely from history classes. Besides that though, she's not wearing much except for these small pieces of white cloth that do almost nothing to cover her breasts and her crotch, wrapping around her tits to slide over her nipples, and wrapping around her thighs to cover her pussy.

She's exuding feline sexuality as Harry stands there, and her playful smile is no doubt in response to the gob smacked look on his face. The wizard can't deny the facts... Hermione looks absolutely amazing in that moment. Before he knows what's happening, he finds himself laying back on a sand dune that's surprisingly cool, even as Hermione sidles up against him.

Harry allows himself to be disarmed, knowing he has nothing to fear, and once his sword and shield are set aside, Hermione slips her fat tits from their barely-there confines, and moves one of her nipples towards his mouth.

"Brave hero, please. Drink your fill. I know how tough a journey through my desert can be. I know how healthy an appetite a barbarian hero such as yourself no doubt has~"

Well, even if he's not actually tired or that hungry, Harry isn't going to pass up a free meal. Chuckling a little, the wizard leans in and grabs onto Hermione's tit as he begins to suckle from her nipple, drinking her exceptionally sweet milk directly from the source. The sphinx woman moans happily as her fat mammaries jiggle and bounce a little from all of her squirming. Even as he drinks however, Hermione gently undresses him.

Not that there's much to undress as she runs her claws along his pecs, tracing patterns through his muscles. She actually spends quite a bit of time simply touching him, before she finally does get to his loincloth, pulling it aside to reveal his growing, hardening cock. Letting out a delighted gasp and a cooing sound, Hermione takes his member in her palm, stroking his shaft up and down as it gets harder and harder.

"Ooh, is this poor thing needing some relief as well? Mm, perhaps I was wrong about what sort of appetite our brave hero has."

Slowly, Hermione slides away from Harry's mouth and down his muscular body. He lets her do so,

watching as she wraps his dick up in her large, lactating tits. Savoring the scent of his musk, the sphinx rubs her face all over his massive member, worshiping him in every way as she moans wantonly.

“A-Ah, you have such a big, fat cock, hero... and while I want nothing more than to stretch my lips, mouth and throat along your sheer girth, taking in the praise in your eyes when I kiss the very base of your member, I must have the answer to my riddle first.”

Harry snorts at that, but just grins as he shrugs his shoulders, playing along.

“Lay it on me then.”

Licking her lips, Hermione looks up into his eyes as she intones the words of her riddle.

“What is the creature that walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three in the evening?”

Harry’s grin grows wider as he plays with Hermione’s mane of hair.

“Ah, an easy one then.”

Hermione looks affronted, but before the sphinx woman can get upset, Harry answers her promptly.

“Man. The answer is man.”

Letting out a sigh, the sphinx shudders in orgasmic bliss, almost seeming to gain true pleasure from having her riddle answered. Then, she turns a smoldering gaze on Harry, even as she continues to give him a truly spectacular titjob.

“That you are hero, that you are. One hundred percent big, strong, manly man. That’s you, isn’t it? Mm, you’ve answered my riddle correctly, and now I am beholden to you. I’m quite happy though, I’d rather be yours than have to fight.”

Finally, Hermione slips her mouth over his cockhead. Then, she keeps going as she swallows more and more of his member, taking him into her throat just as she said she would. Harry groans at this, his hands moving to slide through Hermione’s mane as she swallows him, inch by inch. Her tits fall away from his cock and Hermione begins to choke and gag as she forces herself deeper and deeper. She bobs up and down on his length, trying desperately to accomplish her original goal.

“Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!”

She’d said she would reach the base of his member. And so she does, little by little, bit by bit. The sphinx woman swallows every last inch of Harry’s length over the next few minutes, until finally, with her eyes watering but triumphant, she manages to kiss the base of Harry’s shaft, her lips pressed down against his crotch. Then, with her goal reached, she pulls back... only to do it again.

Over and over and over again, Hermione deep throats Harry’s member. Eventually, the choking and gagging fade away as she gets a rhythm going. She begins to swallow continuously, and with that, she

manages to get to a point where she's resting her nose in his pubes and his balls against her chin for a good ten to fifteen seconds at a time, just holding herself there with every inch of his member getting massaged and pleased by her constantly swallowing throat.

Looking up into Harry's eyes proves to be his undoing. Its just too much pleasure, and Harry groans loudly as he begins to cum down her gullet right then and there. Luckily for Hermione, she's already ready for that. Her swallowing simply collects his seed and takes it down her throat. She drinks every last drop of his cum without hesitation or issue, and when she's finally done, she pulls back with a wicked smile on her face and a needy look in her eye.

"Did you like that, hero? Mm, there's more where that came from, isn't there?"

Of course there is, even then Harry is still unbelievably hard. The sphinx woman moves back away from his cock for a moment, but only so that she can crawl up him again. Even as she lowers her tits back to his face, Hermione places the tip of his member at the entrance of her cunt, and slowly, inch by inch, finally begins to sink down on his cock. An actual, honest to god purr emits from the sphinx woman's throat as she slides her way down his member.

"Ooh, to have such a big, heroic, barbaric cock splitting my tight little pussy... mmmm..."

Eventually, Harry finds himself completely and utterly sheathed in Hermione's womb. His cockhead pushes past her cervix without much trouble, and Hermione's pussy lips end up pressed down to the base of his member as she shudders and shivers atop him, doing interesting things to her breasts. Harry can't quite resist, with those tantalizing orbs right in front of his face. Reaching out, he grabs hold of Hermione's fat ta-tas and begins to grope and knead them, even as her sweet milk flows from between his fingers.

"A-Ah, y-yes hero... thank you, thank you for enjoying me. Mm, I s-shall... I shall explain what is happening in the world right n-now, why you are so desperately n-needed."

Harry only really listens with half an ear as Hermione starts to bounce up and down on his cock. Still, his memory is pretty damn fantastic, and even as Hermione turns into Miss Exposition all while riding his big fat dick, Harry doesn't have much trouble multi-tasking, listening to her all while enjoying the beautiful body she was currently in.

"You see, mm, hero... it's the job of big, strong, heroic men I-like you to plow troublesome m-monster girls into the ground. Ooh, but I'm not like that. I'm, mm, it's my privilege to h-help a hero on their journey... e-especially one so strong, and big, and virile... like you..."

Hermione continues to ride Harry's cock, and as much as he wants to take control and really give it to her, he simply enjoys the slow, sensual sex as she practically makes love to him right there against the sand dune. Hermione moans and mewls as she works herself to orgasm after orgasm, while Harry simply lays back and relaxes, enjoying the sex for what it is... honest, devoted worship of his body and his cock... of HIM.

"Your q-quest... your quest is v-very important, mm, hero. Something is m-making us m-monsters abandon our n-natural habitats. Something has d-disrupted the normal order of t-things... we need you,

hero. We need you to s-set things, ooh, right...”

Well then, that explains it, doesn't it? Harry supposes he knows what he needs to do then. Hermione falls silent for a time, besides her moans and mewls as she cums again and again around his cock. But Harry wants more, admittedly. He wants to really give it to Hermione. The slow sensual stuff is nice and all, but... with a growl, Harry begins to actively participate, thrusting up into Hermione's womb to meet her every time she comes down onto his cock.

The sphinx gasps as he fills her in such a way, as he FUCKS her in such a way. Her moans and mewls become louder and louder and each time Harry drags another climax from her, he speeds up a bit, causing her to bounce up and down on his cock even faster, even harder. This continues for quite some time as Hermione gets more and more vocal. Harry delights in forcing the volume increase out of his first love, even if she is a sphinx right now, rather than the witch he knows every last inch of.

Finally though, as her eyes roll back in her head and her tongue hangs out of her mouth, Harry begins to cum. Of course, that immediately catches her attention, and Hermione's eyes snap back around as she climaxes one last time right alongside him, roaring up into the open air like the triumphant lioness she currently is.

Then, she slumps forward onto his broad chest, panting and mewling as she squirms and writhes atop him. Harry just chuckles, hold the sphinx close even as her tail flicks back and forth along his balls, almost as if her subconscious is TRYING to rile him up all over again. Before that can happen, Harry ultimately pulls Hermione off of his dick with a grunt, lifting her up and setting her down beside him, even as his seed leaks profusely from her cum-stuffed womb.

“So then, I assume you've been displaced by another monster as well, hm?”

Hermione looks at him with a tired, lazy smile, even as she curls into his side, cuddling close and drawing out their time together. Harry doesn't mind though, not one bit. Even now, the sand dune they're resting against isn't that hot, despite the supposedly blazing sun high overhead. Harry doesn't feel uncomfortable by any stretch of the word, and to top it all off, Hermione's furred body is nice and soft against his side.

He could stay like this forever... but of course, they both know that wouldn't be fair to the other girls. Hermione wiggles a little more, before eventually letting out a sigh and speaking.

“Mm, yes... there's a minotaur making a ruckus down near my real home, and I've just come to the desert for some peace and quiet, you know? Of course, that big mean griffin thought that she could control me, and then when I beat her in a game of wits, she ran off rather than submit. Mm, but if a big, strong hero could make that silly cow leave, I wouldn't need to stay in the desert anymore. I could go home... ah, where the big strong hero might be waiting for me?”

Harry chuckles at that and leans over to give Hermione a deep, tongue-filled kiss. The sphinx woman moans wantonly against his lips, but before she can do much beyond make moves to slide her hands down to his cock again, Harry pulls away and finally stands. He fixes up his loincloth and grabs up his sword and shield as he looks down at the sprawling, satiated sphinx, smirking at her lazy grin and shown off beautiful body.

“No, I think you know that this big strong hero will be long gone by the time you return to your home. Mm, but that doesn’t mean you can’t be waiting for ME.”

Pointing his sword at Hermione, his smirk widens into a grin as he gets a bit more into character.

“Not to worry love. When I’m done with this quest, I promise to come back to you. And then I’m going to fill you up with an entire litter of strong, healthy cubs.”

Hermione’s eyes go wide at that, and a blush comes over her light-furred face as she moans at the mere suggestion. Her body writhes, but Harry turns his back on her before he can be enticed into staying longer by her seductive, delicious form. For now, he’s got a ‘quest’ to complete, and thanks to Hermione the Sphinx, he has some more information on just what his end goal here is.

Though he can’t help but wonder who he’s going to go up against next. There’s plenty of women left. Harry was a hard man to satisfy, and the harem he’d inadvertently made had grown even after Voldemort’s defeat. Still, he suspected that this wasn’t the work of ALL his girls. There probably wouldn’t be too many more ‘monsters’ to defeat before he was done.

For now though, Harry would focus his attention on his next ‘foe’. The minotaur. Heh, Harry could already guess just who the minotaur would be. It wasn’t like it was some big mystery, to be fair. With Alicia playing a harpy, Angelina playing a griffin, and Hermione playing a sphinx... yeah, there was only one of his girls who could possibly be the minotaur.

This whole venture had already proved itself immensely fun, but that didn’t stop Harry from anticipating how much he was going to enjoy this next part. Oh yes. Fucking a hot and ready to plow cowgirl would certainly make his day...

## 9 - Future Interlude Pt. 2

As Harry leaves Hermione behind and enters the next area, he's got a big, shit-eating grin on his face. Hermione the Sphinx had been fun, but he was definitely excited to play around with the 'minotaur'. And it seemed she was excited to play around with him too, because it wasn't long at all before Harry heard the stomping of hooves and saw the minotaur walk into view.

Lavender Brown looks quite delicious as a cowgirl, Harry can admit that right off the bat. She's absolutely gorgeous, with dark skin and curved horns and a flicking tail behind her. Her hair is still blonde, but it's a lot longer and a lot less tamed now, completely wild as she rests a club on her shoulder and plants her free hand on her hip, looking at Harry up and down appraisingly.

The furred bikini she's wearing does nothing to cover her fat ass or her massive thighs, and it can barely contain her truly gigantic tits as they jiggle for a moment and then fall still when she stops walking. She's clearly trying to pull off the stereotypical bandit queen persona. Harry can tell even before Lavender opens her mouth. But he also knows the truth.

She's no minotaur... she's nothing more than a cow, and Harry can tell it's going to be his duty to 'teach' her that. Pointing her club in his direction, Lavender grins wickedly.

"You! Human! If you want to get to the next level, you have to pay the toll! Mm, and I doubt you can satisfy me in bed, so that'll be gold! Ten THOUSAND pieces!"

Harry lifts a single brow at that. It's not like he's even got pockets for that sum of gold to be hiding out in. At his incredulous expression, Lavender's grin just grows wider still.

"Oh? Can't pay? That's too bad! I guess that means I get to punish you!"

As she steps forward, Harry steps forward as well. Lavender's grin doesn't falter as she does it again, while Harry makes sure to match the approaching cowgirl step for step. It's only as they close in on one another that Lavender's smile finally begins to slip off her face as she looks up into his. Only belatedly does the Minotaur Queen seem to realize that Harry is bigger than her.

"You, s-stupid human... think that a few inches are enough for you to beat me?"

When Lavender swings her club at him, Harry doesn't bother with his sword or shield. He tosses them aside and catches the big wooden stick barehanded in his grasp. The cowgirl's eyes go wide as she presses in, but Harry gives nothing away... and after a moment, he lets go of the club partially, leaving only one hand holding back all of Lavender's considerable strength.

With his other hand now free, and Lavender's both taken up grasping her club, Harry has free rein to reach out and smack one of her titties. This draws a surprised gasp from the cowgirl, which she tries her damndest to turn into something affronted sounding, even as her face blushes under his gaze.

“Fancy yourself a big, strong minotaur, do you? Heh, I don’t see a minotaur, when I look at you. I see a cow, with big tits meant to be milked, and hips meant to be bred!”

His hand comes back down again, and Harry grasps and squeezes the same tit he slapped. Before Lavender can stop herself, a plaintive moo escapes her throat, clearly meant as a whine. She immediately clams up after that, whimpering through clenched teeth instead, but the truth is in her body’s reaction, even if she’s stifling the noises trying to come from her mouth.

Within moments of Harry squeezing one of her jugs, it begins to leak. Lavender moos again as a trail of milk streams down from her nipple. As soon as Harry sees this, he wrenches her club from her grasp and tosses it aside the same way he had with his sword and shield. His other hand then comes down on her opposite jug, and soon Lavender finds herself pushed up against the nearest surface as Harry looks down into her eyes, grinning wickedly all while squeezing and kneading and milking her big, fat titties.

“N-No... noo, mooooo!!!”

The cowgirl throws her head back and forth in denial of what Harry’s doing. After all, big strong minotaurs weren’t meant to get their huge jugs squeezed and milked. And heroes were certainly not supposed to drink fresh from the teat, as Harry had suddenly taken to doing! He could tell it felt good, even as he nibbled at Lavender’s nipples, one after the other. When he isn’t biting and suckling at one titty, he makes sure to pull and twist the nipple in such a way as to make Lavender feel every last bit of what he’s doing to her.

Of course, he’s far from done. Drinking some cowgirl milk is a delicious, invigorating experience, but Harry wants every part of the cow, so to speak. Finally releasing her tits, Harry reaches up and grabs Lavender by the curved horns atop her head. Using those, the ‘barbarian’ wrestles his prey to the ground and lays himself across her in the opposite direction.

Releasing her horns, Harry kneels over Lavender as he instead grabs onto her thick thighs next. Forcing her reluctant but ultimately too-weak legs apart, Harry dives down into Lavender’s cunt, eating the cowgirl out right then and there as his tongue elongates and slides through her pussy, back and forth along her insides.

“Moooo!!!”

Lavender isn’t trying to deny it anymore, and she’s having a harder and harder time holding back her moos. His loincloth still contains his member for the moment as Harry eats her out, but it doesn’t contain his musk, and the busty, fat-assed blonde cowgirl gets a nice, long whiff of that, even as Harry rubs his chin against her clit in just the right way, while penetrating as deep as he can into her cunt.

After a moment, Harry gives another show of his physical strength. His hands slide down from Lavender’s thick thighs and around to her absolutely massive posterior. His masculine fingers squeeze into her fat buttocks, giving away even more of the lie. She’s not some big strong minotaur, not with a soft, malleable bubble butt like this one. But then, Harry already knew that, didn’t he?

Heaving, Harry forces Lavender’s ass into the air, causing most of her weight to be supported on her shoulders as he lifts her cunt to him, sitting up on his knees. Lavender moos in surprise, and then she

moos in wanton lust and enjoyment as Harry's tongue brings her to an explosive climax. She cums all over his tongue, her pussy juices squirting outwards and upwards like a fountain.

Harry catches some of it, but the majority falls back onto Lavender as he pulls away and grins down the length of her body, looking into her eyes. When he drops her, he sits back on the ground with a plop and eyes her consideringly, his loincloth bulging but still concealing his member. Slowly but surely, Lavender the 'Minotaur' pulls herself up onto her hands and knees, turning to him as she glares, but also gazes upon his form seductively.

"N-Not, bad, h-human. But if that's how you want to play it, it's my turn now. And we all know that a silly human like you can't have nearly enough hiding beneath that loincloth to satisfy a minotaur like... me?"

Lavender had been getting progressively closer as she spoke, but now she's between his legs, and she's just pulled his loincloth away. Said loincloth clearly has some magic to it, magic that Harry has abused just a bit for this 'round'. Because even soft, his dick wouldn't normally fit under it... but hard? Hard, it would have burst out a dozen times over if he'd not been careful to keep it hidden.

As it is, Harry's erect pecker springs forth when Lavender releases it from its seemingly meager confines. It doesn't quite smack her in the face, but that's because the cowgirl has approached from an angle. Instead, it straightens up and pushes out PAST her face, which was inches away from his crotch already when she pulled his loincloth away. Slowly, Lavender turns her gaze to look at the massive, bitch-breaking meat rod next to her cheek.

Her hot breath brushes over Harry's erection in a way that has him hissing with delight and taking matters into his own hands once again, even as Lavender stares at the cock before her in abject stupefaction. Reaching out, Harry grab the cowgirl by her curved horns once more. Her eyes snap back to his at that, filling with faux indignation, but when Harry then proceeds to simply rub his cock across her face, Lavender can't control herself one bit.

The blonde cowgirl almost immediately breaks, moaning and mewling as she rubs her cheek against his member, her eyes gazing at it with some serious adoration. Harry lets her do so, chuckling darkly and enjoying the show of the cowgirl, who'd tried so hard to be an uppity minotaur, worshiping and praising his member with her tongue and her fat, pouty lips, mooing every once in a while, almost instinctively.

However, when she goes for his cockhead, when she goes to take him into her mouth, Harry uses his grip on her horns to stop her.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Lavender blinks at that, taken a bit out of the moment as she stares at him in confusion.

"I..."

He cuts her off there, grinning wickedly.

"You want a taste of this cock? You ask for permission, you filthy cowgirl slut. Tell me what you want.



Tell me how much bigger my dick is than any other you've ever had before. And most importantly, tell me what you ARE."

A shudder runs through the blonde cowgirl, and Harry can tell the moment that Lavender 'gives in'. Not that she was ever going to not give in, especially since this was always a little... out of character for her. But that's fine, Harry doesn't begrudge letting his blonde fuck pet do a little roleplaying. Now though, now it's time for his delicious cowgirl to tell him the truth.

"I want it... I want your dick, you big, bad barbarian hero! I want your massive, fat cock inside of me! It's big, it's so much bigger than any before it! Please, hero! Use me, use me as your personal cowgirl onahole! Use me and f-mmph!"

Harry's heard enough, and honestly, he's already immensely turned on as it is. Lavender's eyes glitter as he cuts her off and stuffs his cock right into her open mouth. The blonde cowgirl transitions from begging to sucking immediately, slurping at the underside of his dick with her tongue, even as her cheeks suction in around his big fat cock.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

The 'barbarian hero' wastes no time in fucking Lavender's face, not that the cowgirl minds one bit. Her mouth stretched wide around his cock and her throat bulging, Lavender truly is the perfect blonde cowgirl onahole as Harry takes out his lusts and his arousal on her, thrusting into her esophagus again and again and again.

As he looks down into her eyes however, Harry is struck by what he sees there. There's hearts where Lavender's pupils should be, and he blinks at that, before groaning and going at her throat all the faster. Must be a bit of extra magic, given the amount they girls have already used to set all this up. Far from ruining the immersion however, it only really enhances the experience as Harry forces the blonde cowgirl to deep-throat his big fat pecker again and again, watching her throat bulge every single time as a result.

All the while, Lavender is doing her damndest to participate in the face-fucking. She gives the best blowjob she can, a world-class in any definition of the phrase. Her tongue writhes back and forth along the underside of Harry's dick, and her hands come up to rest on his thighs as she kneels over him. His grip on her horns means Harry controls the pace of things, but that doesn't mean Lavender can't contribute, can't participate.

Eventually, one of the blonde cowgirl's hands moves to Harry's balls. Her fingers slide over his nut sack, and she massages and kneads his churning genitals, even as Harry grunts, throbbing inside of her throat. That's what ultimately tips him over the edge, and Lavender lets out a muffled moo around his dick before swallowing as best she can. Some of it, she can't keep down. It spills out of her stuffed cheeks, the sides of her mouth leaking sticky white cum. But she drinks the majority, as much as she possibly can get down her throat. And when he pulls back, she's quick to scoop up whatever's slipped out as well, slurping that back up into her mouth like a woman possessed. Or, as the case currently was, a cowgirl possessed.

Harry can't help himself. He chuckles a little at the sight of Lavender being so very Lavender, even if

she's currently dark-skinned and horned, with a cow tail swishing back and forth behind her. The chuckle causes the blonde cowgirl to freeze up, as if she's just realizing he's still there. Blinking at his mirth, Lavender blushes and sticks up her nose in the air.

"H-Hmph! That doesn't count as a win or anything, I won't just give in b-because... oh."

As she talks, Harry reaches out, grabs her by the wrist, and places her hand back on his cock. Lavender immediately clutches at his still-hard member, and her eyes gaze down at it as she ceases her boasting to stare at his length instead.

"Oooh... mooooo..."

"You want more, don't you slut? Well then, why don't you get me ready again, yeah?"

Still mooing, Lavender finally surrenders completely. Harry grins as the cowgirl uses her tits to envelop his cock. Her breasts are huge, and they actually do manage to fully encapsulate his thick girth, but not his entire length. The top of his dick, the first few inches, poke out of Lavender's cleavage, forcing the cowgirl to once again suck him into her mouth, slurping at his member even as she slides her breasts up and down his dick.

The face-fucking earlier produced more than enough saliva to make the passage slick and easy, even as Harry luxuriates in the feel of those fat, milk-laden ta-tas wrapped around his member. It's good... it's very good... but as he leaks more and more precum into Lavender's waiting mouth, Harry knows he wants more. So, without further ado, he grabs Lavender by the horns and forces her back, finally taking full control over once again.

Lavender yelps and then moos as she finds herself forced onto her back. Harry grabs at her tits harshly for a moment, before grabbing her by her thick legs and pulling them up and over her body. This lifts her ass off the ground, and coincidentally, puts her cunt right in line with his cock. Or perhaps not so coincidentally, as the next thing Lavender feels is Harry's prick buried deep inside of her sopping wet quim.

The blonde cowgirl moos long and hard at that, her eyes very nearly rolling back in her head then and there. She keeps her cool though, which gives Harry a bit of an idea as he sinks deep inside of Lavender's cunt, only to stop and lean forward, his hands squeezing at her lactating tits.

"Lavender..."

Realizing he's not fucking her, the blonde blinks and focuses on him.

"Y-Yes?"

Grinning wickedly, Harry produces a very special ornament, seemingly from nowhere. The golden cowbell glistens in sunlight as he holds it up before her eyes.

"Are you ready for your new role as my tamed cowgirl?"

Flushing with embarrassment, the blonde nevertheless nods as she stares almost transfixed at what is essentially a collar... the end of her existence as a 'big strong minotaur'. But then, they both know she was never one of those, not really. Bereft of her fur bikini by this point, impaled on Harry's cock as he grips and mauls her fat milk-laden breasts, Lavender the cowgirl is summarily collared with the golden cowbell... and only then does Harry begin to fuck her with nice, long, powerful strokes of his massive cock.

She moos the entire time of course, completely giving in to her new role now. Nothing of the minotaur she'd been playing at being remains as the busty cowgirl's entire body bounces and jerks with each thrust of Harry's dick. He fucks her and fucks her, and then he fucks her some more... and alongside the constant mooing as she cums over and over again around his member is the jingle of the cowbell as it's jostled by Harry's feverish pace, his thrusts causing it to bounce against her upper chest time and time again.

Eventually, Lavender's eyes roll up in her head. When her tongue wags out of her mouth, Harry reaches out and grabs her by the horns as he leans forward and kisses her fully on the mouth. He dominates her tongue with his own, even as he grinds his muscular, broad chest down on Lavender's lactating titties, his pecs rubbing against her nipples in a way that just drives her plain wild. But then, everything Harry has been doing has been driving Lavender wild for quite some time now.

When he finally cums, it's because Lavender's umpteenth explosive orgasm finally milks his release from him, his seed spilling out into her womb as she moos noisily and sluttily. When he pulls free of his cowbell'd cowgirl, Harry grins as Lavender immediately moves to take his cock in her mouth, sucking and slurping at it until it's clean. Unlike some of his other girls however, Lavender knows her place... and now, so does Lavender the cowgirl. Rather than try to take more of his time, the blonde sits back in a kneeling position the instant she's done cleaning him off, her fat ass resting on her hooves as she looks up at him with a wide smile.

Chuckling, Harry runs his hand through Lavender's untamed blonde mane, sliding his fingers along the base of her horns.

"Now then. Who's next?"

Blinking, as if just remembering the entire point of this game, Lavender flushes as she gets back into character for a moment.

"There was an, um... big mean dragon who took over my cave! Could you get it back for me? Or at least teach that dastardly dragon a lesson! She's a giant jerk!"

Harry just smiles. Oh, he knows exactly who's playing the part of a dragon. It's even more obvious than Lavender the Cowgirl was.

"Sure, darling. I'll teach her a lesson for you. While I'm doing so, why don't you go apologize to the Sphinx for stealing HER home, alright? After all, kitties love milk."

Lavender's eyes sparkle as the blonde cowgirl gets Harry's intentions immediately. She bobs her head up and down in agreement, and Harry pulls away from her as she stands and goes back the direction

he's come. It's clear she understands him perfectly... and Harry almost wishes he could follow her, just to watch Hermione's reaction when the blonde cowgirl launched herself at the Sphinx and smothered the transformed girl with her fat, lactating titties.

But alas, there's a dragon that Harry has to see about a cave. For a moment, Harry looks at his discarded shield and sword. Does he really need them at this point? No, no he does not. With a chuckle, he turns and heads in the opposite direction of Lavender, leaving the weapons behind.

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When he finally arrives at the cave, the dragon is nowhere in sight. But Harry can tell he's come to the right place, what with the massive amount of treasure, and the extravagance of the area. The 'dragon' has certainly spruced up the place, making it more fit for a queen or a princess rather than a beast... if it were not located in a cave. Of course, there's also the natural hot spring pool that Harry finds deeper in.

He's not at all begrudging of the way his girls have left him sweaty over the course of the day. Most of them have been pretty good about cleaning up after themselves, so any stickiness he's feeling at this point is dried saliva rather than other things. Still, Harry's not about to pass up the chance at a nice, warm bath. Especially one that looks like it'll be quite luxuriating.

Discarding his loincloth on the side of the pool, Harry steps down into the water without pause or hesitation. There's no second thoughts, no concern to be had. Honestly, what does he have to fear? The warm water feels amazing, as expected, and Harry lets out a pleased sigh as he dunks his head beneath the surface for a moment, before coming back up and running his hands over his face.

As he's standing there in the middle of the pool, he feels the presence approaching from behind. How can he not, given how in tune Harry is with all his girls? Still, to reveal her before her time would be the height of rudeness, and it would also ruin the little game that they've been putting on for him. So, Harry keeps up his oblivious act, all while staying in the middle of the pool for a while longer than he would have normally.

The 'dragon' takes her time creeping up behind him underwater, before slowly cresting the surface, silent but also so obviously there. Still, Harry doesn't do anything until she slides her slender arms along his sides and wraps them around his muscular abdomen. A chin comes up to rest on his shoulder and wings flare out on either side of him. But most importantly, another set of spectacular milk jugs ends up pressed against Harry's back as a familiar voice fills his ear.

"Mm, so then, a hero has come to the dragon's lair, has he? One must wonder what he hopes to accomplish here... not even a knight, but a barbarian brute without so much as a weapon. What chance does a barbarian hold against ME when even the best knights have failed?"

Harry grins, but doesn't react. In fact, he continues to clean himself, cupping water and pouring it across his grimy form as he stands there in Daphne's embrace. The dragon-girl growls a little at his silence, at the way he seems to ignore her.

"Maybe you're here to avenge that silly cow I played with once before! Or perhaps you've come across that uppity kitten who's tongue I thoroughly enjoyed! Well, barbarian?! Did they not see fit to mention

that I am now Queen of these lands?! Did they not tell you to be wary of me?"

Harry finally makes his move, and it's simply to turn around. Her grip on him broken, Daphne steps back, serpent-like eyes flashing as she looks upon him, and he looks upon her. She's gorgeous of course, even as a dragon girl. Though, her scales don't really reach her actual body. She's got the tail, and she's got the wings, and she's got some delightful patterns across her arms and her lower legs... but her breasts are completely exposed, and her very human crotch is covered with a lacy black pair of panties.

Daphne's dragon form is every bit as thought-out and well-fashioned as Hermione's Sphinx form, perhaps even more so. With her buxom chest, her wide hips, her toned belly... she's giving off the same air that the others did. One that practically screams 'made for breeding'. Or maybe that's just Harry being Harry?

Eh, it doesn't really matter. Back to the game. Harry grins as Daphne preens under his gaze, smirking wickedly as she flaunts her beauty this way and that.

"Hmph, it's only right that a hero such as yourself marvels at the perfection of the greatest of all monsters. Perhaps I won't eat you after all. In fact, I may very well allow you to leave once you're done pleasuring me."

Sauntering right past him without a care in the world, Daphne wades easily through the hot spring pool. He could grab her then and there, dominate her and fuck her into oblivion without a care in the world as she passes within arm's reach of him. But where's the fun in that? Instead, Harry enjoys watching the bounce of the dragon girl's ass, the sway of her hips, even the way her tail swishes through the air behind her as she reaches a rock and climbs atop it.

Perching there, Daphne turns back to face him and spreads her thighs wide open, a lust-filled grin on her face.

"Barbarian brutes such as yourself must pay homage to the queen. Get over here and put that tongue of yours to work."

He's got no problem with that. Daphne's legs rise up to rest on his shoulders once he's in position, and her thighs close around his head. Her clawed fingers slide through Harry's messy black hair, but he's more focused on her dripping little cunt than anything else. The dragon girl is completely bald down there, but then of course she is. Slipping his tongue from his mouth, Harry presses the tip of it to Daphne's clit. Hissing, she curls her claws harsher through his hair, and Harry responds by sliding his tongue all the way down the length of her slit.

"Y-You... d-don't you dare tease me, you b-barbarian. L-Lest you lose your head!"

Chuckling darkly, Harry nevertheless obeys the haughty dragon princess, his tongue finally pushing through her pussy lips and into her cunt itself. As with the others, he elongates his flexible mouth muscle, much to Daphne's moaning delight. She humps at his face as he eats her out, and Harry's hands come up under her to squeeze at her ass cheeks, lifting her partially up off the rock in order to get his tongue even deeper inside of her.

Needless to say, Harry soon has her mewling. Of course, when his bright green eyes slide up the length of her beautiful form and lock with her own, she immediately stops... or tries to, anyways. Harry's tongue goes to work and the 'barbarian brute' proceeds to do what he does best. Bring one of his lovely girls to multiple, satisfying orgasms. Even if Daphne is a dragon right now, this is no different, in the end. She still cums around his tongue, again and again and again. She climaxes across his face, but Harry could care less.

He's enjoying every moment of this, every moment of her extremely vocal ecstasy as she inadvertently praises him with the resulting screams that erupt from her throat as the pleasure builds and then crests over and over again. Only when Daphne's grip on his hair finally begins to loosen, only when her thighs stop pressing against the sides of his head, does Harry begin to slow down. Not that he stops even there, as Daphne slowly falls back onto the rock, moaning and mewling pathetically, her legs no longer wrapped around his head, merely draped over his shoulders.

Even then, Harry drags another orgasm or two from the dragon princess, before finally pulling his elongated tongue from her cunt, and his head from betwixt her thighs. Grinning wickedly, he lifts an eyebrow as Daphne sits up on her elbows and looks at him with a tired, satiated gaze. After a moment, she waves one of her clawed hands dismissively.

"You... you may go. I find your worship... satisfying. Be gone with you."

Harry doesn't move. In fact, his other eyebrow lifts to meet the first one as he stares at Daphne, as if to ask 'really?'. Daphne flushes, but stays in character all the same, despite the fact that she HAS to know what's coming next.

"What are you waiting for? You can't... you can't expect me to lower myself so far as to mate with a human, can you? I-It's not like your big, fat cock entices me o-or anything. N-Not like your member is bigger than my forearm, thick and girthy for the sole purpose of... o-of..."

Daphne trails off, seeming at a loss for words. Or perhaps she second guessed herself and decided not to finish that statement, given where it was clearly headed. All the same, it won't save her. So far, Harry has been moving pretty quickly. He's not yet devoted the true length of time that would be needed to fully screw the monster girls he's fucked right and proper. Otherwise, that lovely sphinx would already be bred, tamed, and wearing his collar like the cowgirl. And that griffin? Addicted to, drunk on, and begging for his cum on her hands and knees until he fathered strong children on her.

But the dragon princess, with her attempts at arrogance, even as she stares at his hard member, licking her lips subconsciously... she's earned the full barbarian experience. Reaching out, Harry grabs hold of Daphne by the leg and pulls her off the rock without an ounce more of ceremony.

"B-Brute! A-Ape! Beast! Ooooh~"

Harry's hands slide down Daphne's back as he lifts her in the water. Her legs instinctively wrap around his waist, and her arms move around his neck as he lowers his mouth to her titties, presented before him as they are. Dragon milk is a delicacy better than the best ale, as Harry quickly discovers. Whatever magic has been worked on Daphne's breasts, the white fluid lactating from her teats is absolutely

delicious, and he's happy to swallow it down, gulp after gulp.

"Oooh, you brutish barbarian s-scum! D-Don't do that, stop it! Don't suck like that! A-And don't you dare bite down! Ah, you did it! D-Damn you! You're not... n-not going to get away with this! I w-won't be some kind of conquered dragon-wife, b-begging for you to drink from my breasts! N-No! I don't w-want it, I s-swear I d-don't! Why are you stopping?!"

Harry finally pulls away, even as he takes her constant stream of words to heart, sucking and licking and biting down on her nipples as he drinks from her. But now, now he wants more. Spinning Daphne around, he pushes the dragon princess up against the rock. She instinctively grinds her ass back against him, all while further denials slip from betwixt her lips. She's twerking against his cock, undulating along his length as she hot dogs it between her massive buttocks, even as she tells him she wants no part of this.

Chuckling darkly, Harry decides then and there that simply taking her from behind to start with isn't on. Instead, his hands slide down off of her bouncing ass and in between her legs. Getting a right and proper grip, Harry suddenly lifts up, and Daphne's lower half comes out of the water as he holds her aloft, basically presenting her to the empty treasure-filled cave. But more than that... he's holding her just above her doom.

Daphne realizes this when she looks down and sees Harry's massive member sticking straight up between her legs. A little further, and she'll be right atop his cockhead, ready to be impaled. Even then, Daphne does her best to remain in character.

"N-No... d-don't you dare! You can't... you wouldn't dare mate with me! I am a dragon princess! I am the queen of t-these lands! This is my domain, and y-you're nothing more than a human a-and... and... oooooooh!!!!"

As Harry slowly lowers her down onto his huge pecker, his massive cockhead slowly spreading her tight little pussy wide open, Daphne finally gives in. That's not to say she breaks character or anything like that. No, it'd be more appropriate to say Daphne the dragon princess gives in. Her eyes roll back in her head and she lets out a full body shudder as inch after inch of Harry's member slides up inside of her.

She's speechless, but that's just fine with Harry. While listening to her trying to be arrogant while he manhandled her into position was nice, now is the time for her to be a good little slut and break for him. With that in mind and a massive grin spread across his face, Harry begins to bounce Daphne up and down on his cock.

The dragon princess climaxes immediately, and she does so repeatedly as well, even as a wild hair has Harry slowly making his way out of the hot spring pool. He carries the dragon girl on his dick all the way through her treasure-filled cave and out onto the cliff that it's set into. Looking out upon all of the 'lands' before them, Harry leans in to Daphne's ear as he fucks her and bounces her again and again on his cock.

"Is this your kingdom, dragon slut? They're watching you. They're all seeing you lose to barbarian cock. Perhaps I'll be king from now on."

Daphne moans pathetically, shaking her head in denial... but that's all the dragon princess can truly muster in response, especially with Harry's cockhead now ramming against her cervix, slowly but surely making headway into her womb itself. Even now, several inches of his member stick out of her. Even at the entrance to her womb, Harry is not fully sheathed inside of the dragon girl.

He's not going to stop until he is. And Daphne knows that, even as she climaxes again and again around his prick, making it easier and easier for him to fill her with his man meat. In the end, he breaks through and enters her womb, and that's the moment the dragon princess truly breaks.

"Y-YESSSSSS!!! YES, YOU BARBARIAN BASTARD! FILL ME, FILL ME WITH YOUR GLORIOUS COCK! TAKE ME, BREAK ME, WRECK MEEEEEE!!! I WANT IT, DAMN YOU! I WANT IT SO BADLY! YOU'VE DEFEATED ME! I'M POWERLESS BEFORE YOU NOW! YESSSSSSSS!!!"

Let it not be said that Daphne doesn't have a set of lungs on her. Harry refrains from snorting in amusement, and he buries his face in her hair to hide his chuckles, even as he gives her exactly what she asks for. Gone of the haughty dragon princess. In that instant, she's been replaced by a conquered, bound, dragon-wife.

Not that that means Harry stops. He's far from done with her, and what follows is certainly enough to break and wreck Daphne the dragon girl. Eventually, he takes her back inside the cave, and back to the hot spring. There, he stands her up and fucks her over the water's surface, allowing her to watch as her proud features and body contort and twist into something that craves being conquered by human cocks.

He spans her thick, bouncy ass, telling her all about how he loves her junk in the trunk, how she has so much more than regular human girls, and he loves that about her. He also fucks her atop her throne, because of course a dragon princess, a self-proclaimed queen of all she surveys has a throne atop a mountain of treasure.

They destroy the throne, an extravagant golden chair with red cushions that ends up warped by their fucking, the cushions torn to shreds by Daphne's claws. In the end, when Harry finally finds himself growing close to climax, he pushes Daphne face down atop her own treasure and pounds into her above, even as he holds her by her hair and leans in close.

"I've already got a pretty little sphinx who wants to be my wife. But I bet you want to be my wife to, don't you, slut? That's okay. She can be my sphinx-wife, you'll be my dragon-wife. The two of you can take turns being the good girl and the lewd whore, alright?"

Daphne just moans in the affirmative, far past the point of being able to articulate herself in any way Harry can understand. With a growl, Harry finally busts his nut, his seed pouring into Daphne's unprotected womb as he makes the conquered dragon girl's belly swell with cum. When he's done and finally pulls out of her, Daphne just twitches, and a quick look at her fucked silly face tells him she's all but passed out.

With a snort, Harry lays down and pulls Daphne back atop him. He stuffs her cum-filled quim back up with his prick so that not a lot of it leaks out, and then he relaxes atop the treasure pile, a triumphant smile on his face. Bout time he took a nap. He's had a long day of conquest and debauchery so far, hasn't he?



It's a little while later when he eventually wakes up. Harry doesn't bother using magic to check the time, but he knows it's been long enough for Daphne to recover, because the reason he wakes up is that he's being given a world-class blowjob-titjob combo by the conquered dragon-wife as she slurps at his cockhead and slides her breasts up and down his dick, massaging and pampering his member.

As soon as Daphne realizes he's awake, she slides her mouth off of his cockhead with a pop, blushing mightily as she finds herself unable to resist licking at it for a moment before finally speaking.

"N-Now that you've m-mated me, you better... you better take responsibility! S-So um... f-feel free to stretch my jaw and throat with your big f-fat dick! D-Drain your huge balls of that thick, t-tasty cum so that I'll be sated. H-Honestly, you should be pleased that I've deigned to allow myself to be mated by a rough, brutish barbarian man I-like you."

Harry chuckles and gives her what she's all but asked for.

"Gagkh! Gagkh! Gagkh!"

Daphne chokes on his dick quite happily, until finally he cums and fills her esophagus with his seed. She swallows down every last drop before pulling back, panting heavily as she still continues to worship his member with her hands, tits, and tongue. Harry allows this to go on for quite a while, maybe because he's just a little biased in Daphne's favor... but ultimately, he DOES know that there's more to this than her. She's not the final boss, so to speak.

Eventually, Harry grabs a fistful of Daphne's hair and drags her head back. She grimaces, slightly breaking character, her eyes showing she knows exactly what he wants as he stares her down.

"L-Look... sure, I left my old mountain home because of a pair of silly, squabbling spirits, but they were just annoying me. I don't need you to stop them or anything, I c-could have done that myself. I like it better here, in my treasure-cave~ Why don't you just stay here with me, hm?"

Harry gives Daphne a look, and she eventually caves with a low sigh, before pulling away from his crotch. Standing up, Harry puts his loincloth back on, even as he looks down at the blushing dragon princess he's just conquered and turned into his new dragon-wife.

"R-Right... f-fine. Just keep taking the cliff outside of my cave, and you'll eventually run into it. But... but you better return! And when you do, I expect more than just a few measly hours of mating! After all, even if you are nothing more than a weak human, you better take responsibility for what you've done today! Y-You brute!"

Chuckling darkly, Harry just shakes his head in amusement and heads out. Daphne was fun. That was for sure. But this game isn't over just yet. Honestly, he has no idea how much longer it's meant to go. There's a lot of women who might be playing.

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About an hour of traveling along the cliff face later, Harry arrives at what has to be his next destination.

The mountain shrine he finds himself staring at is spooky for all of one second, a cold wind blowing through it, before it suddenly becomes warm and sunny. Blinking dumbly, Harry watches with a raised brow as the weather at the shrine changes another ten times in half as many minutes.

Daphne HAD mentioned spirits... so he could guess at just what was waiting for him inside. Grinning a bit, Harry steps past the shrine's entryway, and makes his way into the courtyard fearlessly. He's still weaponless, but then, so long as he has his dick, is he ever truly without a weapon with which to break a belligerent monster girl?

The weather changes abruptly cease as Harry practically stomps through the shrine, drawing the attention of both it's inhabitants. A moment later, and the two 'spirits' are standing before him, both eyeing him up and down with differing smiles on their faces. Harry in turn studies both of them... and he does not find them wanting.

Katie Bell is very clearly meant to be a nine-tailed kitsune, with how her blonde tails swirl about behind her. She's svelte and lithe as she flaunts what little she does have in his direction, her kimono doing very little to cover up her flesh, despite her slender status. She's nowhere near as voluptuous or bodacious as the others before her, but that's perfectly fine by Harry. He's not the kind of guy who has just one type... oh no.

And to that end... Harry's eyes drift over to who can only be Cho. The Chinese witch is now playing at being a Yuki-Onna, and though she's not quite as obvious about her attraction as Katie is, she's still gazing at him with undeniable lust, even as she stands beside the kitsune. With her blue skin and her own lithe form, the dark-haired 'spirit' is hidden beneath a far more modest kimono, though it does give hints to the delicious body that hides beneath it.

"Hero! I'm so glad you finally arrived!"

Katie practically dances over to Harry's side, latching onto his left arm as she wraps her meager chest around it. Cho though, not one to be out done, is quick to join her on his right, also wrapping herself around him and sculpting her gorgeous body to his side. Harry realizes belatedly that Cho isn't speaking, and probably isn't GOING to speak... though she proves to be quite expressive with nothing more than her face as she looks at him imploringly.

"Don't let her puppy dog eyes fool you, hero! This damn bitch is a conniving one! We've been fighting for what feels like an eternity!"

Harry lifts a brow and turns his attention to the more talkative one of the pair, at least momentarily.

"About what?"

Katie blinks and then gives him a vulpine smile.

"About what, he says! Hah! Isn't it obvious? I want the shrine to be a sunny, welcoming place, so I can play tricks on humans passing through all day long! Meanwhile, SHE wants the shrine to be cold and windy, so that humans don't spend so much time here! Can't you see the impasse we're at! Won't you help us break this stalemate, brave hero?!"

Harry lifts his other brow as he looks between the two 'spirits'. Honestly, it feels like he's been lifting his eyebrows a LOT today. But then, to be fair, his girls had been doing a spectacular job so far. This whole adventure was just... absurdly fantastic. And now it was very clearly up to him to break up the argument between Katie and Cho. Their soft tits, smaller than the others but no less delectable, press into his sides as they both give him big, puppy dog eyes, begging for his help.

Katie is the only one who actually vocalizes it in an unending 'pweeeeeease' but Cho might as well be saying something similar, with just how expressive the silent Yuki-Onna was managing to be with her face. All in all, it was clear that Harry had his work cut out for him. But that was A-Okay with the 'barbarian hero'. He was happy to... help.

A slow, wide grin spreads across Harry's face as he slides his arms around Katie and Cho's waists. This? This was going to be fun.

## 10 - Cho Chang

Harry lets out a satisfied little sigh as he leans back and relaxes across the stands he's sat upon. There's no one else around... save for the three delicious witches kneeling between his spread legs. It's after Quidditch Practice, so the majority of the team is gone. There's no official game, so none of Hogwarts' students are around either.

Katie's somewhere nearby, Harry knows that much, but she's finishing up with some inventory, and while she might show up later on for some fun, right now it's just Harry and his three favorite cheerleaders. And they are dressed up as cheerleaders. Hermione, Daphne, and Lavender all kneel before him, lavishing Harry's big fat cock with attention under the cover of a powerful disillusionment charm, visible only to Harry.

Each of them is in their slutty cheer uniform. Hermione and Lavender are in gold and red, while Daphne is wearing black, green, and silver. All is well with the world, and Harry is perfectly content to just sit back and relax, letting his three cheer sluts do the work for him. Lavender, Bimbo that she is, has his Princess and his Slut working together of all things. Hermione and Daphne are currently slurping at Harry's balls while Lavender holds them there with a hand atop each of their heads.

Meanwhile, the blonde bimbo is sucking at his cockhead all on her lonesome, a lewd smile on her face as she stares at him with glazed over, pleasure filled eyes. Hermione and Daphne are kissing just as much as they're slurping at his balls, and it's oh so fun to watch as they're incredibly flustered by their own behavior.

They're supposed to be rivals, but in this moment, Lavender isn't allowing that to happen. And they can't quite stop themselves from making out while they suck at his nut sack, because those lips are right there and... heh, Harry can only imagine the sorts of things going through their mind. Grinning wickedly, he just sits back and continues to enjoy it all.

"Harry!"

Well, he does until a familiar voice calls his name. Hermione and Daphne both pause at hearing the same, but Lavender, dear sweet Lavender, does her job well. She doesn't miss a beat, continuing to hold her fellows in place, even as she sucks and slurps and bobs up and down on Harry's knob. Sending an appreciative glance Lavender's way, the well-built young man finally looks up towards the owner of the voice, watching as one Cho Chang waves at him from down below on the pitch, a smile on her face.

He smiles and waves back, and Cho takes that as permission to climb up into the stands and slowly make her way up to him. She stops a little ways down though, thankfully, suddenly seeming a bit nervous.

"H-Hey Harry. I, um... I just wanted to talk. Is that okay?"

Harry cocks his head to the side, noting the way her eyes ghost over his form. Of course, she can't see the sluts currently working hard on his shaft. Nor can she see his shaft. The disillusionment charms won't let her. All she sees is what he wants her to see, and that's him, a fit Quidditch Player resting after a long practice. Still, they hadn't parted on the best terms last they spoke, that much was true.

Cho had still been suffering from the loss of Cedric and Harry hadn't been equipped to help her deal with that grief. Add on to that the fact that Cho only wanted to get close to him to feel close to Cedric again, since Harry was the last person he saw before he died and well... yeah, they hadn't parted on the best terms last they spoke.

But now it was obvious that Cho was doing a lot better. The pain of her loss would probably stay with her for quite some time, but she was no longer letting it define her, that much was clear. And best of all, she was no longer a snotty, blubbering mess. She was also seeing him for the first time since that had all taken place, and Harry could tell Cho liked what she saw. He WAS built like a tank now after all, and he wasn't shy about hiding it.

"It's perfectly fine Cho. What did you want to talk about?"

"I... well, first I wanted to apologize. I wasn't myself, back when we had our d-date in Hogsmeade. I didn't really treat you well, and for that I'm sorry."

Harry nods his head in acknowledgement of Cho's words. He can't quite bring himself to apologize in return. He doesn't feel like he has anything to feel sorry for. But he's perfectly willing to accept her regret, and magnanimous enough to forgive her.

"Don't worry about it, Cho. Let's just put it behind us and start over, alright? I'm Harry Potter, Seeker of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team."

Cho smiles at that introduction and gives a small curtsy.

"And I'm Cho Chang, of the Ravenclaw Quidditch Team."

That leads the conversation into some small talk about Quidditch teams, as Cho stands there fidgeting and checking him out, and Harry continues to lounge back and receive a hidden triple blowjob from his three slutty cheerleaders. Of course, Cho works in some light flirting as they discuss Quidditch and their respective teams, and Harry is happy to flirt back.

Cho gets more and more flustered as time goes on, while Harry... Harry ends up a little distracted. It's not his fault, Lavender and the other two are stepping up their game, clearly not liking that he's ignoring them in favor of Cho. In the end, Cho begins to notice his distraction, she starts to become suspicious of the way he's sitting, of how his hands are clenching and unclenching again and again.

Harry notes this suspicion, but there's nothing he can do to stop her from pulling out her wand. Well, that's not true. He could have stopped her... he just doesn't care enough to.

"Finite Incantatem!"

While it's a powerful disillusionment charm over his girls, Cho is a strong witch in her own right, and Harry doesn't really fight to keep the magic up against the general counter-spell. Cho's spell ends up dispelling the charm and revealing Lavender, Hermione, and Daphne in all their slutty cheerleader glory. The trio of girls don't stop though, or rather, Lavender doesn't let Hermione or Daphne stop even now, even with Cho staring at them in abject shock.

The Asian witch's jaw is dropped open, her eyes are wide, and her face is absolutely red in moments as she stares at the scene before her. Harry watches as all sorts of emotion flash across Cho's face, wondering just where this is ultimately going to end up going before it's all done. He watches, and he waits, having no care in the world for how Cho is going to react, in the end. Whatever she does, whether she runs away or something else, Harry doesn't mind. Not one bit.

Of course, he's altogether pleased when Cho lifts her wand again and recasts the disillusionment charm over him and his girls, this time including herself as well as she carefully makes her way up the rest of the stands and to where Harry is sat. As she closes in on him, Harry lifts a brow but doesn't stop her from sitting next to him and scooting closer until she's all but snuggling into his side.

Instead, he chuckles and wraps an arm around the Asian witch, very aware of her fit, athletic body pressed up against his as she watches his cheer sluts at work. She's a very healthy witch, that much is for sure... and Harry can't deny that he feels attraction to her, even as she murmurs under her breath beside him, her tone one of reverent awe.

"T-That's not a cock, that's a bitch-breaker, a-a veela-tamer. How does it even fit? E-Even all together, the three of them are struggling to handle the entire t-thing..."

Cho is clearly utterly mesmerized by the events going on beside her. She doesn't even notice as Harry's hand goes from her shoulders to around her body, or the way he casually gropes one of her breasts through her robes. Or maybe she does, and she just doesn't care. She DOES shift into him, pushing against his grasp as if she wants more, but Harry's not sure whether that's instinctual on Cho's part or not.

What he does know is that Cho is just as much of a lewd, naughty slut as the others, judging by the way she's panting breathlessly by now, her nostrils flaring for breath time and time again. He can almost imagine her thought processes, can almost hear the words that AREN'T coming out of her mouth. What she's watching is lewd and naughty, to be sure. It's a huge stud's immense, intimidating cock being worshipped and adored by three gorgeous, curvy witches in cheerleader outfits.

The sounds of Lavender, Hermione, and Daphne smooshing and slurping at Harry's shaft like they're his own private, perverse orchestra cause Cho to slowly lean in closer and closer, before she's half bent over Harry's lap, watching the trio of sexy cheerleaders from inches away while Harry continues to knead her clothed chest.

Her nostrils flare even wider as his musk tickles her nose, and her blush travels down the back of her neck as the throbbing heat of his member washes over her. Cho is beside herself with lust by the time Harry comes close to blowing his lid. But of course, his three lovely witches who have brought him to this point know when their darling master is getting close. They know when to back up and kneel side by side, shoulder to shoulder as they frame their breasts for him, tilt their heads back, and open their

mouths wide with tongues lulling out lewdly to eagerly await his impending gift.

Of course, this time, with Harry so close to blowing and their mouths and tongues no longer on his massive cock, Cho is close enough that she gets to take over. The Asian witch does without even really thinking her actions through. Her hands wrap around the root of Harry's cock quite suddenly, and she slowly jerks him off with a two-handed grip while marveling at just how small her hands look around his member. They're so tiny, and he's just so big and so hot in her grip.

Harry's pretty sure Cho feels the moment when his churning balls finally begin to release their treasure. She gasps as his cum races up the length of his pulsing prick, and then she helps guide the flow as his load hoses down Lavender, Hermione, and Daphne just like that. The trio of cheerleader whores don't so much as flinch as they get covered in Harry's cum. Mouths are filled, faces and tits are coated, and even hair ends up sticky from the deluge of seed that explodes out of Harry's shaft.

Cho meanwhile... Cho is absolutely flabbergasted. She's completely amazed. Still panting, she stares at the sheer amount of cum to erupt from Harry's cock. Men... men weren't supposed to cum this much, Cho knew that from her small amount of experience on the subject of sex. It was like... she couldn't help but fantasize about what it would be like if Harry were stuffed in one of their holes instead. O-Or, even more scandalous... one of HER holes.

If he filled her cunt with this much cum, he'd be breeding her, sure as anything ever. He'd fill her womb with his seed, and she'd end up heavy with his child as a result. Nostrils flaring with want, but mind still somewhat resistant to the idea, Cho slowly pulls back and releases Harry's giant prick from her small hands as she instead rests her head on his shoulder.

She watches as the girls clean themselves off with lips and tongue, she watches as Daphne and Hermione hungrily swap cum in a domination struggle that begins and ends at their lips, and she watches as Lavender drags both of the witches down to clean her tits. A-All those yummy gulps, all those licks and slurps and lewd kisses, which eventually return to Harry's still-hard cock... it's amazing.

It's amazing, but it also feels so very taboo. It f-feels like she's encroaching, even though she had so much time before now to pull back and to flee the scene. But now, now as she slowly stands up and places a chaste kiss on Harry's cheek, she doesn't necessarily feel like she's fleeing anything.

"T-Thank you... Harry."

He gives her a knowing smile, and Cho blushes deeply, even as she rubs her inner thighs together as subtly as she can manage. Then, his hand is in her hair and he's dragging her down for a not so chaste kiss that leaves Cho with a stunned smile as she departs from the stands, heading back out of the Quidditch Pitch. Her disillusionment charm fails as she leaves the area, but she's sure Harry will put it back up if he truly cares to.

As such, Cho doesn't worry about a thing as she struts off back to Hogwarts, passing Katie on the way. And if she's licking her fingers clean as she slips past the Gryffindor Chaser, who seems to be on her way to the Quidditch Stadium... well, who cares, right? And it's not like Cho is going to warn Katie of what she'll find in the pitch's stands. They're not friends... they've always been a bit like rivals though. Let Katie find out what her Seeker is up to on her own time. If she doesn't already know, that is.

-x-X-x-

“You want to make a what?”

“A bet, silly. A simple bet on the outcome of this upcoming Quidditch Match. Real simple. If Gryffindor wins, you have to show Harry what those pretty lips of yours can really do.”

“I... I...”

In the end, Cho doesn't even bother asking what happens if Ravenclaw wins. Katie's lewd wager is completely inappropriate and Cho's a proud girl, all graceful and dignified... and yet, she says yes, all the same without even trying to work out the details any further than that. Of course, in the end she doesn't have to know what she'd get if Ravenclaw won. Ravenclaw doesn't win. SHE doesn't win. Harry beats her handily, and if that's because she's distracted or because she secretly wants to lose or s-something like that... well, no one has to know, right?

-x-X-x-

By the time Katie leads Cho into the Gryffindor Locker Room after the match is over and the winner is determined, the same three witches from before are hard at work at playing with Harry. Cho honestly isn't that surprised to find Lavender, Hermione, and even Daphne already there, already in their slutty cheerleader outfits. She'd seen them in the stands during the game after all. She'd seen the bulky robes they were wearing to cover up what they had underneath, and she'd seen the lust in their eyes that gave way to their true intentions.

They're all over the Quidditch Captain as Harry just sits back and enjoys. Their kissing at his neck, smooching at his lips, working his massive veela-tamer cock out of its tight confines. Cho can't help but stare at it. She can't help but stare at Harry's giant pecker, his big, thick, bitch-breaking club marbled with veins. It's just so lewd, so powerful, so MANLY. Like it's meant to remind women of all ages that they were made to be bred.

That's why he has four girls already, that Cho knows of anyways. They're his breeding stock, and now Katie has... t-tricked her, yeah, she tricked her into coming here a-and... and...

“Cho.”

Cho finds herself torn out of her delicious, perverse fantasies by Harry's concerned tone. The activity before her has frozen without her even realizing it, and she blinks as she realizes Harry is actually frowning. All of his girls can feel it too, even Katie... even Katie looked chagrined, stricken even as she stands there at his side, having just leaned in to whisper in his ear. Katie Bell fidgets, while Lavender, Hermione, and Daphne pull away, recognizing the tone of Harry's voice as not something to be ignored.

“H-Harry...”

Frowning at his counterpart, Harry looks between her and Katie for a moment.



“Cho, you’re not... I didn’t know about the bet Katie made between the two of you until now. I don’t want you to feel forced. I don’t want you to feel pressured. It’s not Katie’s job to go out and coerce witches into being my playthings. I’ve got plenty as it is. As you already know. So if this isn’t something you want, you don’t need to...”

Harry trails off as Cho grows redder and redder but manages to take a step forward nonetheless. She’s blushing deeply, still staring at his cock, and Katie’s chagrin is turning into a wide, wicked, knowing smile as Cho smells that same musk from the other day once again. It feels like her damn WOMB clenches needily at the thought of Harry fucking her.

“I-I... I want... I want...”

Everyone watches in surprise as Cho sinks to her knees right then and there, still a few feet from Harry. And then she begins to crawl, and it’s like the world stands still for her as she places herself between Harry’s legs, kneeling there and looking up into his gorgeous, bright green eyes. There’s nothing but lust in her face, nothing but need in her tone. She’s not a graceful Asian beauty, to be put on a pedestal and treated like a princess.

No, Cho is an exotic, foreign whore. And there’s only one thing she wants at that point.

“I want *cock*.”

The way she says it, and the way she immediately attacks Harry’s member afterwards causes everyone in the locker room to feel immense arousal as they watch the Ravenclaw Captain go to work on pleasuring Harry with her small hands and her cute tongue and her pouty lips. Harry is surprised most of all, even as he instinctively reaches out and slides a hand through Cho’s straight black locks.

What Cho doesn’t have in skill, she makes up for with pure, whorish enthusiasm. She’s far too green to take all of Harry’s cock, but she slurps and sucks on what she can, like the slutty whorish cum dump that she is. What she can’t handle with her mouth, Cho eagerly takes up in her hands. The Asian witch places both of her tiny feminine hands around the base of Harry’s length, attacking the issue from both ends with her mouth suckling at his cockhead, and her palms sliding up and down his lower shaft.

Off to the sides, Hermione and Daphne are far too turned on to do anything but fall back on their asses and begin to touch themselves. If either was paying enough attention to the other to realize they were basically mirroring one another in that moment, it would probably have ended in them participating as well in an attempt to compete once again... but they were too focused on Cho and Harry, and in the end, they masturbated not more than a few feet apart from one another, moaning and touching themselves in the exact same ways as the similar little slutty cheerleaders they were.

Katie and Lavender on the other hand... well, Lavender always likes to help. Katie, meanwhile, feels bad for what she’s done, and she knows that despite Cho’s desire making it mostly all right, Harry will still be a bit upset with her after all of this is said and done. So, the two of them sink down on either side of the beautiful, slutty Asian witch, and they help her out a bit.

Katie helps by pulling at Cho’s quidditch gear. Lavender slips down below to work at Harry’s balls, happily slurping at his nut sack and collecting both the sweat off of her beloved master and Cho’s saliva

as it drools down onto her face from above. Katie, meanwhile, manages to unclasp Cho's chest piece, and pull the gear off of her. She grabs at Cho's bra next, and tears that away as well.

For an Asian, Cho has sizable breasts. She's not at all flat, and though she's still smaller than most of Harry's witches, that makes her tits no less delectable as they bounce free of their confines, jiggling from their release. Once she has those exposed, Katie reaches around Cho from behind and grips and kneads at them, all while whispering sweet nothings in the Asian witch's ear.

Harry doesn't know what his second in command says to the other Quidditch Captain, but whatever it is definitely has Cho all the more enthusiastic to suck his cock. Their eyes connect, and Harry can see just how much his rival Seeker wants this. Had she thrown the game, just so this would take place, just so she could suck his cock?

He didn't think so. While she hadn't played at his best, the fact of the matter was, Harry WAS better than Cho. They weren't necessarily equals in any way that mattered, though he did respect her as a player and as a Seeker. Hell, she was certainly a better Seeker than Draco Malfoy, that much was for sure. Ugh, and now he was thinking about Malfoy. Shaking his head clear of such thoughts, Harry refocuses on the matter at hand.

Cho Chang is sucking him off. One of his first crushes, a beautiful Asian witch, has half of his cock in her mouth as she works to take him as deeply as she can. She's not getting any further than that of course, on account of his cockhead hitting the back of her throat and her pulling back as her gag reflex activates... but Harry just can't bring himself to take the lead and face fuck her right and proper.

This is Cho's time right now. It's her first sexual experience with him, and Harry finds himself wanting to make sure she enjoys it. He wants... he wants her to come back for more. Of course, one look down at her lewd face, with her lustful eyes and her flaring nostrils and her stuffed, puffed out cheeks as she suctions her lips down around his cock makes it clear that she's enjoying herself.

Harry's enjoying himself as well. In the end, he can't contain his lust forever. With Lavender working her mouth over his balls, with Katie whispering sweet things in Cho's ears as she stares at Harry's cock transfixed, hell, even with Hermione and Daphne touching themselves on the floor of the locker room... all of that combined with Cho's enthusiasm and her desire to suck him off is just too much. Harry goes right over the edge and fills Cho's whorish little mouth with his seed, pumping it right down her throat.

Of course, she's not ready for it. His seed explodes out of her nostrils and the sides of her mouth, making a mess of her pretty, foreign face as her eyes widen in surprise. When Harry pulls out of Cho's mouth, she looks like an utter mess, but it's Katie who leans in and whispers something that truly sets Cho off in her ear.

The next thing Harry knows, Cho is cumming right there on the spot as she moans out words he never would have thought she'd say.

"Yess... j-just a slutty little Asian whore. T-That's all Cho is. Mm..."

And then it's over. Well, it's not really over. But Katie does pull Cho away after that, while the sexy

cheerleaders who had been waiting their turn all this time to congratulate their Captain on his latest victory move in to pleasure Harry and be pleased in turn. Harry doesn't pay much mind to Cho after that. After all, the witch had just been there to fulfill a wager, right? It wasn't... there was no reason to read any further into things.

But then, that doesn't explain what Harry notices happening later on. Somehow, somehow, Cho manages to always be there whenever one of his girls is giving him a blowjob. Be it at Quidditch Practice or elsewhere, Cho shows up and she watches... she watches, and she touches herself beneath a disillusionment charm. Never hiding from him of course, not once, but definitely hiding herself from others.

When Harry confronts her about it, not actually mad but just curious and a little amused, Cho explains only that she's learning how to properly give him a blowjob. After all, Katie hadn't said anything about it only being one blowjob, so it's perfectly alright for her to suck Sir's cock until next match, right? As soon as she realized she'd called him 'Sir', she'd blushed crimson... but then dropped to her knees and proceeded to suck him off anyways.

And she was getting better. His little Asian whore. She was embarrassed about it, but immensely turned on. She never got paid, but the 'whore-talk' continued anyways, and Cho seemed to fall into the role of being exactly that. A slutty, whorish cum guzzler. She sucked him and sucked him, and she learned how to deep-throat him and swallow his length to the base all the way to the next match between Gryffindor and Ravenclaw.

And then he won again. Gryffindor won again, but as far as Harry knew, the bet hadn't been remade or anything like that. No wager had taken place. But much to Harry's surprise, Cho was waiting for him in the Captain's office the day after all alone. That wasn't too surprising... but HOW she was waiting was.

"Sir... s-sir has earned the right t-to a special offer for C-Cho's favorite customer. O-One hundred percent off the Bareback Special~"

Harry blinks at that, even as Cho stands there, naked, balanced on one foot and doing an absolutely effortless vertical split. Seriously, the Asian beauty wasn't as voluptuous as his other girls, but what she didn't have in bounce and heft, she more than made up for in fitness, athleticism, and sheer flexibility. With her hand wrapped around her ankle and her foot behind her head, Cho was showing off her entire body, with only a tiny little thong on to not even remotely cover her modesty.

As Harry steps closer, Cho does this strange maneuver that results in her spreading her pussy lips wide as her thong slips to the side. She's ready and waiting for him, he can see her wetness from here as she moans wantonly.

"Please sir~ Please let this whore-slut satisfy you~"

Harry contemplates asking Cho if this is for another bet. If Katie went behind his back again, she would have to be punished most severely, the naughty wench. But that would ruin the mood. And he's not going to bother asking whether or not Cho wants it this time. Her face is flushed, her pussy is drooling, and her eyes speak for her. She DOES want this. There's no doubt about that, no doubt in Harry's mind as he makes his way closer and closer.

Once he's in range, he works the bottoms of his Quidditch gear open and pulls out his cock. Cho, who is still doing a vertical split, trembles as he grabs a fistful of her hair and drags her in, planting his forehead against her as he looks into her eyes. She's holding her pussy lips open for him... so it's not hard at all for Harry to thrust forward into her exposed, naked cunt right then and there as she's still on one foot.

His hand in her hair keeps her in place as he does so, and Cho moans loudly and lewdly as she takes his massive cock halfway inside of her tight cunt in one go. She's no virgin, but it's also clear that Cho has never had any cock that's as big as Harry's before. Well, it's not very nice to think poorly of the dead, so Harry stifles down the bit of satisfaction he feels at outpacing Cho's previous boyfriend and focuses instead on the present.

He pounds into the Asian whore standing on one foot before him, and in response Cho cries out in a lewd manner and hops up and down on that foot, almost treating it like a pogo stick as she bounces on his cock all the while. His length spears deeper and deeper into Cho's cunt, and eventually Cho has to let go of her ankle, the leg that she has up against her body falling forward to land across her shoulder.

It's at that point, with his member buried deep inside of her and already battering at the entrance to her womb, that Harry shifts his hands to Cho's buttocks. Her tight, firm butt is dense but still quite pliable in Harry's hands as his fingers dig into her packed behind and he lifts her up off the ground to drop onto the desk that's right behind her.

They're still touching foreheads at this point, even as one of Cho's legs dangles off to the side and the other hangs over Harry's shoulder. He fucks the flexible Ravenclaw with all his might, and Cho squeals as a result, her eyes rolling around in her head and her mouth opening as constant noise comes out of it. She's the perfect Asian whore, the perfect slutty foreigner wrapped around his cock. And she knows it too, judging by the way her body spasms and shakes as he forces Cho through orgasm after orgasm.

Harry fucks her, and he fucks her good. Eventually, he even makes it right past her cervix and into her womb, allowing his cock to finally go the rest of the way up inside of the athletic witch, filling her to the brim and then some as her eyes completely roll back in her head, her tongue lulling out of her mouth. It's that constantly cumming slut that Harry eventually cums inside, filling her with the first of many loads of his seed.

He pumps his cum into her womb... and then he pulls out, spins Cho around, and bends her over his desk next. He fucks her again like that, pushing her face down, whispering degrading things about how much of a whore she is into her ear. It's what he figures Katie was saying, and by the time he's done with her that second time, Harry is pretty confident he was right. Cho is eating up his words like the slutty little deviant he knows she is. Every time he calls her a whore, every time he makes some allusion towards paying for her sexual services, she tightens up around him.

Sometimes she even cums around his cock from nothing more than his pistoning prick, his rough treatment of her body, and his demeaning words in her ear. Harry uses and abuses the Asian witch to his heart's content, and they both enjoy themselves immensely in the process, even as Cho absolutely loses it at the end of his cock.

That second load he fills her with isn't the last either, but the two of them sort of lose track of time after that, and it's not until Harry is cuddling with Cho on the cot he keeps in his office for late nights that he's able to calm down again, even as Cho does the same. They've fucked for what feels like hours, and Cho has taken just as many loads of seed down her throat at this point as she has in her leaking, drooling quim.

"I'm... I'm not r-really a whore, Harry."

Harry lifts an eyebrow at that, even as the unsure words reach his ears. Instinctively, he flexes his cock inside of her, and she squeals atop him as another orgasm wracks her body.

"Y-yes, just like that sir! Sir fucks Cho so very g-good!"

An amused snort leaves Harry before he can stop it and when Cho comes back down from the pleasure, she blushes and averts her eyes as she mumbles to him.

"O-Okay, maybe I am... b-but I'm j-just your whore... you're my best and only c-customer, o-okay?"

Harry just smiles and nods, his fingers sliding through her silken black locks as he holds her close. After a few moments of companionable silence, it becomes clear to both of them that they aren't going to fuck again. Harry's member finally goes soft, and he lets it slip out of Cho as the two of them just cuddle together, not bothering with anything sexual.

A bit after that, and their previous encounter in fifth year comes up again. They didn't really get a chance to talk about it in detail that day on the pitch when Cho found him with his cheer sluts. Or maybe they just weren't ready to talk about it. There's a bit more conversation, a bit more apologizing, and by the time they're done with their heart-to-heart, Cho is emotionally and physically exhausted as she finally begins to pass out in Harry's arms.

Not before mumbling one last sentence beneath her breath though, the words holding more meaning than Harry could ever expect to them.

"W-Wouldn't... wouldn't mind being a concubine t-though..."

-x-X-x-

After that night together, Harry barely sees Cho in the days that follow. He doesn't mind all that much though. He's got so many witches hanging off him day in and day out as it is, and it's not like Gryffindors and Ravenclaws see much of each other anyways. All the same, it is a bit of a startling change, going from Cho being around almost every day to watch his other sluts blow him, to suddenly not seeing her at all.

In the end, the reason for her absence becomes abundantly clear a week later, when the girls lead him up to the Room of Requirement on the Seventh Floor, before pushing him inside, telling him to have fun, and shutting the door behind him. Harry almost stumbles as he finds himself in a strange place, but not quite. Straightening up, Harry takes in the very... Asian motif that the Room of Requirement has right now and lifts a single brow as he smiles.

There's Cho. There's his girl, his slutty foreign whore. Stepping forward, Harry pauses as he actually takes her in for a moment. She's not dressed like a whore, in actuality. She's dressed more... like a concubine. She's gorgeous, in fact, and as she turns around, Harry's other eyebrow rises to join the first as he takes in the beautiful makeup on her face. He smells the perfume wafting through the air, and he can feel a sort of... something filling the room.

It's indescribable, but Cho is all demure and dignified in her movements as she runs the back of her hands down her arms one after the other, slowly rising from the gorgeous, ornate pillow she's been sat upon and turning to face him. Only then do her eyes widen in surprise at the sight of him, and she gasps before seeming to remember her place and lower her gaze to the floor.

"G-Great Khan... forgive me, I just... I just did not expect the Great Khan to be a Westerner..."

It's rather hard for Harry not to just go over and plow Cho right on the spot. She's so damn sexy like this, and it's clear that's what she's going for. But he also... he also wants to see more of this little game she's playing. While he COULD go ahead and pin her down on that pillow right here and now, fucking her until she screamed his name at the top of her lungs... perhaps he'd wait for a bit.

So, standing still in the center of the transformed Room of Requirement, Harry does just that. He watches as Cho approaches, once more demure and a lot shyer as she blushes and smiles prettily.

"G-Great Khan... may this one help you get comfortable? This one would like to make up for her momentary lapse..."

Harry considers the request for a moment, before inclining his head in general agreement. Cho sees this and gasps with delight, before slowly reaching up and beginning to undress him. It starts with his robes, and only continues from there as she pulls off piece after piece of his garments. Her antics throughout the undressing make it even harder for Harry not to fuck her immediately though.

Especially when she gasps and mewls pathetically at the sight and feel of his muscles, gently tracing them with her fingers before retracting the offending digits and apologizing for acting out of turn with a bright blush on her face. After all, according to her, she was trained to be an Imperial concubine, silent and there for the master's pleasure and nothing more.

"I-It's just... we've never had an Emperor like you b-before, Great Khan. Not only have you conquered us, you're... so pale. So big. So... so muscular. You are unlike any Emperor I've ever served."

Harry can't quite hold back when she says things like that. A quick slap to her perky little ass has Cho squealing but also cooing as she shakes her rear a little from the contact.

"I prefer my concubines vocal and craving my touch, sweetling. But that does bring to mind a question. How many Emperors have you served, concubine?"

Her eyes wide, Cho blushes even deeper... before averting her gaze.

"J-Just one other, Great Khan. This one apologizes. She is not untouched. She is dam-gah!"

Another slap across her ass silences Cho as Harry shakes his head.

“SHE is beautiful and gorgeous... SHE should act more like it. Do not ever call yourself damaged goods in my presence, concubine.”

He keeps his tone strong and powerful, but there is an underlying note to it. Honestly, it's clear they have a lot of work to do if Cho is projecting her own insecurities into the roleplay. Still, Cho accepts his words with a demure nod and a small, real smile as she finally pulls down his boxers. That small smile turns into a wide O and Cho gasps at the sight of his massive shaft.

Sinking to her knees in utter shock, the Asian witch really plays up this concubine character as she looks between Harry and his member in abject fear.

“G-Great Khan... I must apologize a-again! I... I wasn't trained to pleasure such a b-beast and... and a concubine should not be m-moaning or squirming at the sight of such a monster. But ooh, I j-just can't control myself. This one is a fool to have thought she was worthy of the Great Khan. P-Perhaps this one should-mmph!”

Harry stuffs just the tip of his massive member between Cho's lips for a moment to shut her up. Then, he pulls back and gives her a nice meaty cock slap across her face.

“While I said I wanted my concubines vocal, if all you're going to do is degenerate yourself, then you can be silent. I chose you, concubine. Keep that in mind.”

Not exactly true, since Cho had arranged all of this and everything that had occurred between them so far had happened because of her initiative, but in a way, Harry saying the words was him claiming her right then and there. He sees Cho realize this as her eyes widen a bit, and her nostrils flare with arousal. He smirks and rubs his shaft all over Cho's face.

“Lick it, slut. Lick it and suck it and slurp at it, my darling concubine. Show me what you can do.”

“Y-Yes Great Khan...”

This is how things continue on for quite some time. Mostly because Cho is very clearly acting like she has absolutely zero experience dealing with a cock as large and as thick as his, and Harry keeps having to smack her across the face with his length and 'discipline' her so that she's properly 'retrained'. But in truth, Harry doesn't mind all that much. Cho the Concubine might not be nearly as skilled as Cho the Whore had become, but all in all, the ambience, the atmosphere, and being called Great Khan is doing wonders for Harry's libido.

Of course, eventually he cums. Here, Cho lets a bit of her true skill shine through as she swallows his load without gagging or choking on a single drop. She drinks down his seed like it's nothing, and then she pulls back and rises to her feet once more, moving away from him even as she does a little twirl and sways her hips. What follows is a sexy, sensual strip-tease as Cho remains as shy and demure as ever, with just the right note of lustful need to go along with it.

When she's finished slipping out of her admittedly skimpy, see-through clothing, she blushes shyly, covers her breasts and the front of her crotch with her hands, and bats her eyelashes in Harry's direction.

"Does this please the Great Khan? Does this please... master?"

She's near breathless as she says it, while Harry strides across the room in a second. He takes Cho by the arm with one hand and spanks her tight little naked behind with the other, even as he drags her close and growls with clear lust down at her. His hard cock is between their bodies as she trembles against him, but it's obviously not from fear judging by the sheer arousal in her eyes.

"Only experienced, naughty concubines who don't want to walk straight for a week should try such things like teasing their master in such a way, sweetling..."

Cho freezes for a moment at the reverb present in Harry's deep dark voice, but in the end, she bats her eyelashes again, licks her lips meaningfully, and gives Harry the answer he wants to hear.

"M-Maybe I don't want to walk straight for a week... Great Khan."

That's more than enough for Harry to spin his precious Asian concubine around and bend Cho over the large pillow she was kneeling on when he first entered the room. It seems to be what it's there for, given the way it immediately pushes Cho's hips up into the air. Grabbing hold of her tight ass with both hands, Harry is reminded of the truth of his delightful concubine. Cho is no soft whore, no... she's a fit, athletic young witch with a booty to match her exercise regimen.

That doesn't stop him from spreading her ass cheeks apart and splitting her back door on his massive, lubed-up cock though. Cho squeals as he anally penetrates her, but then this was what she'd basically asked for by being such a tease. Luckily, Cho the Concubine would be no more prepared to have such a massive barbarian cock as her Great Khan's take her posterior's hole and make it his own anyways, so she's not really breaking character as she cries out and whines and whimpers, clawing at the pillow beneath her even as Harry buries inch after inch of his member in her asshole.

Eventually, he pulls back... but it's not the mercy Cho's relieved whimper seems to think it is. Harry thrusts back in, and then he truly begins to fuck Cho's unbelievably tight, virginal ass. She might have had sex before this, but she'd definitely never tried anal. Not with anyone. This... this hole was Harry's and Harry's alone. Or perhaps, as Cho said, it was the Great Khan's. He was her first, at least in this manner, and Harry would relish in that as he plundered Cho's back door to his heart's content and to her ever-increasing moans.

The pleasure soon drowned out her squeals of discomfort, and it wasn't long before Cho the Concubine was begging her Great Khan for more, more, MORE! Harry was happy to give it to her. He was happy to fuck her as hard as he possibly could, taking her to pound town right there in the middle of the orientally decorated Room of Requirement. He was the conquering barbarian, she was the imperial concubine trained to serve at her Emperor's pleasure.

And in the end, that's exactly what Cho did, happily and needily, lovingly and devotedly. Harry enjoyed every last moment of it, and Cho did as well. By the time they were done... well, it was obvious that this



was going to be a long-term thing, to the both of them. And that suited them just fine.

-x-X-x-

Katie hums in the shower as her fingers push through her shampooed hair, massaging her scalp. Her eyes are half shut and she's smiling slightly as she relaxes under the hot, beating water that's running off of her body. She's quite proud of herself, in the end. She'd seen the way Cho looked as they passed each other in the hall that day. She'd been on her way to the Quidditch Pitch to join in on the fun that Harry and his three slutty cheerleaders were no doubt having, while Cho... Cho had clearly been coming FROM the Quidditch Pitch.

All it took was asking Lavender what happened to find out about what Cho had done. What she'd been WILLING to do. Needless to say, Katie had decided then and there to try and get her Captain and the Ravenclaw together. The bet had just been a means to an end in that way, and it was obvious what Cho wanted from the way she'd haltingly agreed to the bet without actually even deciding what the terms would be if Ravenclaw WON.

Of course, Katie had always expected Gryffindor to win, they had Harry after all, but that simple lapse of focus, that simple overlooking of her side of the wager had only confirmed for Katie that Cho had it bad for Harry. She wanted to be with him, and all the Asian witch needed was a push in the right direction for everything to go exactly as it needed to.

Of course, Katie hadn't expected Cho to act like such a hot little whore. That was wonderful... but also maybe not what Cho truly wanted. It hadn't been longed before the other girl came to Katie about her plans to draw Harry to the Room of Requirement for some... interesting fun. Once Cho explained what she wanted through her stutter and the blush across her face, Katie had dragged the witch over to Lavender, Hermione, and Daphne, and she'd enlisted their help in making things a reality.

Then, they'd dropped Harry off at the Room of Requirement, and given that he hadn't turned right back around and come out afterwards... the rest was clearly history. Katie felt good, having gotten her Captain another slutty witch to enjoy his cock. She felt really good. So good that maybe she'd reward herself with a bit of-

Before Katie can reach down between her legs and begin masturbating right there in the shower, there's suddenly a presence behind her as another witch slides into the shower stall with her. Katie's eyes go wide, but then she sees who it is, and her scream dies in her throat, transforming into more of a squeak as Cho slides her arms around Katie's taut, athletic body and rubs her breasts against the young woman's back.

A kiss presses into Katie's throat, and then Cho's soft tones fills her ears.

"Mm, I owe you much thanks, Katie. You set me on the right path."

Her fingers glide across Katie's slick flesh, and then slide down between her thighs.

"The Great Khan has tasked this unworthy concubine with learning how to pleasure and be pleased by his favored women. Shall we begin?"

And then her fingers were inside of Katie, and all she could really do was yelp at the unexpected... everything. But her initial reaction of squeaking and yelping soon turns into moans as Cho shows that she's already quite skilled at bringing a woman pleasure. What follows... is absolutely delicious for both witches involved.