

Cheaters Never Win

Draco Malfoy stormed into the Slytherin Common room and threw himself into the chair by the fire. Staring morosely into the flames, he grabbed some parchment off the stand and flung it into the flames, watching with a small sense of satisfaction as it burned to ash. A moment later, the door opened, and the rest of the Slytherin team trudged in. Draco sneered at the dirty looks directed his way.

It was only the first game of the season, and already things weren't going well. Draco had been sure that with Weasley taking over for Wood, he'd finally be able to put Potter in his place. It had looked to be working, too. Weasley had been so rattled by the song his house was singing from the stands he missed every save. Slytherin had been racking up the points as if he wasn't even playing.

And then Potter happened.

The blasted Half-blood had swooped in out of nowhere and made a dangerous dive. Draco, certain that he'd seen the Snitch, had chased after him. Potter had pulled up at the last second, leaving Draco to plow into the ground.

If father had gotten me a Firebolt, I could've made it, Draco thought angrily.

While he was still trying to get his bearings and get back in the air, Potter had caught the Snitch. Gryffindor had won by a measly ten points. The anger Draco felt burned in his vein as he thought about how close he had been to finally beating Potter.

It's only the first game of the year, he tried to remind himself. Gryffindor still had to beat Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff before facing Slytherin again in the finals. The thought that Slytherin might not win their own games never entered his mind.

"It's your fault we didn't score more!" Derrick Bole yelled.

“I scored twice as much as you!” Adrian Pucey shouted back. “If you hadn’t spent all night fucking that slut Perkins, you might not have had the quaffle stolen from you six fucking times!”

While some of his classmates tried to break up the impending fight, Draco perked up. Slowly, a smirk formed on his face.

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“You want me to sleep with Potter?” Pansy asked incredulously.

“I don’t want you to,” Draco said, rolling his eyes as if she’d said something stupid. “I need you to tire him out before the next game.”

“I don’t know...,” Pansy said, looking reluctant.

“I’ll pay you a thousand Galleons,” Draco said.

Pansy blinked at her boyfriend, nonplussed.

“You’re going to pay me to sleep with someone you hate,” she said slowly to make sure she understood him correctly.

Draco sighed irritably and looked at her like she was being deliberately slow.

“Looks, it’s simple,” he said. “You shag Potter rotten tonight, and tomorrow, he’ll be too exhausted to win against Ravenclaw. He’s probably got a small dick, and everyone knows Granger won’t put out for him. It’ll be easy.”

Pansy bit her lip thoughtfully. As much as she hated to admit it, Potter wasn't bad to look at, and a thousand Galleons was a lot of money. She really didn't understand why Draco was so obsessed with a stupid sport like Quidditch, but if it was that important to him...

"Alright. But I expect at least half the money before I do anything," Pansy said sternly.

Surprisingly, Draco reached into his pocket and pulled out a sack.

"You get the other half after Potter loses tomorrow," he smirked.

Pansy narrowed her eyes.

"You said I just had to tire him out," she said. "I can't control if he loses or not."

"fine," Draco said, rolling his eyes. "You'll get the rest tomorrow."

Nodding, Pansy looked down at the heavy bag of gold in her hand.

"How do I even get him to sleep with me?" she asked.

"I don't know," Draco shrugged. "Make something up. Tell him you need his help. Merlin knows he *loves* playing the hero."

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this," Pansy sighed.

Leaving the common room, Pansy went up to the Great Hall, where the rest of the school was eating dinner. Sitting at the Slytherin table, she ate quickly while keeping an eye on Potter.

At least he didn't want me to sleep with Weasley, she thought with a shiver.

Luck was with Pansy tonight. Potter finished early and left the Great Hall before anyone else. Taking one last bite of chicken, she stood up and cast a Breath-Freshening Charm on herself. Following him at a distance, she took off her tie and opened the top few buttons of her shirt to reveal what little cleavage she had. Pansy waited until he stepped into a rarely used corridor on the fifth floor before finally approaching him.

"Potter," Pansy called out.

Potter turned around and narrowed his eyes when he spotted her. Slowly his hand drifted to his pocket, where she suspected he kept his wand.

"Parkinson?" he asked, checking over his shoulder.

"I'm not here to start anything," Pansy said, holding up her hands. "Actually, I need your help."

"You want my help?" Potter asked incredulously.

"I don't *want* your help. I *need* your help," Pansy said, rolling her eyes.

"Yeah? With what?" Potter asked suspiciously.

"I need you to sleep with me," Pansy replied bluntly.

She had to fight back a smirk when his jaw dropped open.

"What?" he asked.

Pansy sighed and looked down like she was embarrassed.

“I made a stupid bet with Tracey Davis and lost,” she made up on the spot. “Now, if I don’t spend the rest of the night having sex with you, I’ll lose my magic.”

“Is this some kind of joke?” Potter asked, looking over his shoulder again.

“Does it look like I’m joking?” Pansy asked angrily. “You think I wanted this? Well, I don’t, but I don’t want to lose my magic. Do you have any idea what my parents would do to me if that happened?”

Seeing the frown on his face, Pansy knew she had him. Draco was right. Potter did like to play the hero.

Walking up to him, she swayed her hips seductively.

“Look, I don’t like you, and you don’t like me,” Pansy said. “But please, don’t let me lose my magic. You can fuck me any way you want, call me names, anything. Please, Potter.”

Potter swallowed thickly as she traced her nail over his surprisingly firm chest.

“Alright. I’ll help you,” Potter said.

Smiling brightly, Pansy grabbed his hand.

“Let’s go somewhere more private,” she said.

She started to lead him down the hall, but he pulled her to a stop. Turning, Pansy looked at him curiously.

“I know a better place,” Potter said.

He led her up to the seventh floor, where he opened a room she’d never seen before. Pansy knew it must have been the room they hid from Umbridge in the year before. Unfortunately, she still didn’t know how to open it. All Potter had done was pace in front of the wall.

There must be some sort of password, she thought.

As the door closed behind her, Pansy shook off those thoughts. They weren’t important right now. Seeing the hesitant look on Potter’s face, she knew she’d have to be the one to get things moving. Smirking, she strutted forward and dropped to her knees on the pleasantly soft carpet. Reaching up, she began unbuckling his belt.

“I bet Granger never does this for you,” she said.

Potter narrowed his eyes while Pansy tugged his trousers down to his thighs. The superior smirk on her face vanished when his cock sprang up and slapped the bottom of her chin. Her jaw dropped, and her eyes widened as she stared at the long, thick shaft hovering in front of her. Potter was nearly twice as large as Draco, and he was even completely hard, yet.

Instead of feeling intimidated, Pansy felt a rush of excitement as her hand glided up and down his length. Unconsciously, she rubbed her thighs together when he throbbed in her grasp. In moments, Potter was rock hard.

“Merlin,” Pansy breathed. “Fuck Potter, this thing is massive.”

If I’m going to do this, I’m going to do it right, Pansy thought.

Determined to be the best Potter ever had, she laid his cock on top of her upturned face and kissed the base. He was so long his shaft covered the entire length of her face. Staring up into his wide green eyes, she smirked when his member bobbed excitedly.

Slowly leaning back, Pansy kissed her way up to the tip before wrapping her lips around him. Potter groaned and rested his hand on top of her head as her tongue swirled around him. Bobbing back and forth, she gradually took more and more of his length, her lips stretched wide around his girth.

Three-quarters of the way down, she gagged when he hit the back of her throat. Potter hissed, and his hand tightened in her hair, his eyes bright with excitement.

Of course, he likes that, Pansy thought sarcastically.

Sucking hard, she pulled back to the tip before reversing direction and taking him as deep as she could. This time, Pansy closed her eyes and willingly gagged on his cock. Tears ran down her eyes as his swollen head battered the back of her throat over and over again. Potter groaned again, both of his hands resting on her head.

“You know, Hermione can take all of it,” he said.

Opening her eyes, Pansy glared up at him. There was no way she was going to let that Mudblood be better than her.

Grabbing Potter’s hips, Pansy relaxed her throat and pulled herself forward. His hands tightened in her hair and pulled, the two of them forcing a couple inches of his shaft down her throat.

Pansy cursed Potter in her head as her loins throbbed. Here she was, on her knees, having Harry Potter’s fat cocked shoved down her throat, and it was turning her on. Even if Draco were big enough, she would never let him treat her like this. Like a whore.

As Potter began sawing his hips back and forth, shoving himself further down her throat, Pansy let go of his hips and slipped a hand under her skirt. Her fingers traced her dripping folds while her lips stretched and her lungs burned. Eventually, she was forced to pull back to take a breath.

“Take off your shirt,” Potter said.

Panting, Pansy started unbuttoning her shirt while Potter pulled her lips back to his cock. By the time her shirt and bra were on the floor, her small, perky breasts bouncing on her chest, her lips were just an inch from his base. Loud, wet gags and squelches left her mouth as Potter drove himself forward until her nose was pressed against his groin.

“Fuck,” Potter groaned.

Pulling her off, he let Pansy catch her breath before pulling her back down. Again and again, he hilted himself in her throat. Gagging heavily, Pansy pushed two fingers into her depths as Potter fucked her throat. Tears trailed down her cheeks, and saliva coated her chin, dripping down onto her breasts.

Pansy opened her eyes and looked up when she felt him begin to shake. His shaft grew impossibly hard, and his hips bucked frantically as Potter neared his climax. Suddenly, his hips snapped forward, and his hands tightened in her hair as he came straight down her throat.

Three thick ropes of cum shot directly into her stomach before Pansy ran out of air. Pushing against his hips, she pulled her lips back to the head and finished him in her mouth as she gulped in air.

He cums more than Draco, too, Pansy thought.

“I bet Granger doesn’t do that,” she smirked.

“She does, actually,” Potter smirked. “I’m impressed, though. I’ve never had a girl swallow all of me on the first try before.”

Pansy grinned and puffed out her chest proudly, even as she realized Draco had been wrong about how much experience Potter had. It made her wonder just how many of the rumors going around about him might be true. If they were, Potter very well might have slept with half the girls in the castle.

“Hermione doesn’t have to pull back so much, though,” Potter said.

Pansy narrowed her eyes and stroked his spit soaked length back to hardness.

“She’d probably had loads of practice, the slut,” she said. “With a little more practice, I could do it, too.”

“I’m sure you could,” Potter smirked.

Pansy couldn’t tell if he was being sarcastic or not, but she didn’t have much time to think about it. Potter pulled her to her feet before lifting her up and carrying her over to the bed. As he laid her down on her back, he leaned down and took her red, swollen nipple between his lips. Pansy moaned when he sucked, his teeth gently grazing her sensitive nub.

As he moved over to the other one, his length brushed her folds. Moaning, Pansy rolled her hips while unbuttoning his shirt. Potter straightened up to take off his shirt and trousers, and she removed her skirt and panties. He was much more muscular than she thought he’d be, but, more importantly, his cock looked massive as it bobbed in front of him.

Biting her lip, Pansy spread her legs and planted her feet on the edge of the mattress. Potter took the invitation and lined himself up with her entrance. The first push stretched her more than she ever had been before and drew a gasp from her lips. Slowly, inexorably, he sank into her depths.

“Oh, Merlin,” Pansy gasped, arching her back.

“Fuck, you’re tight,” Potter grunted. “Doesn’t Malfoy fuck you?”

“Not with a Beater’s bat,” Pansy said.

Potter snorted and looked at her in amusement.

“Are you saying I’m bigger than your precious boyfriend?” he asked.

Pansy bit her lips to keep herself from saying any more. That worked for about three seconds until Potter jerked his hips forward and drove the last two inches of his cock into her depths.

“Fuck!” she gasped, quivering around him.

Potter chuckled and leaned over her, his fingers toying with her hard, rosy nipple.

“Say it,” he told her.

Fuck it, Pansy thought; he already knew anyways.

“Yes. You’re bigger than Draco,” Pansy said. “Now, fuck me, you bastard.”

Grinning, Potter drew halfway out before driving back in. Pansy couldn’t stop the whorish moan from leaving her lips if she wanted to. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she looked down and watched as his thick shaft plundered her depths. Her lips clung to his length each time he pulled back, like her body never wanted to let go of him.

Throughout her life, Pansy had always been taught to use sex as a tool. It was something you did to get what you wanted. Before, she'd rolled her eyes and scoffed when girls like Brown talked about how fun it was. Now, she understood why. Sex with Potter was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before.

"Fuck me," Pansy gasped.

Potter sucked at the side of her neck as his hips sped up, his thighs clapping against her bum. Biting her lips, she tightened her legs around his waist and dug her nails into his shoulder. Small, whimpering grunts left her mouth each time his hips smalled forwards, driving his thick cock back into her depths.

For the first time ever, she felt the stirrings of an orgasm that wasn't a result of her own fingers. As it built, she moaned louder, her hips moving in time with his.

"Potter!" Pansy yelled.

Her whole body tightened and shook as she came harder than she ever had before. Even as her folds clamped down around Potter's cock, he continued to thrust into her, his movements growing faster and more frantic. Her climax had barely waned before he exploded inside of her, the feeling pushing her over the edge for the second time.

Why does Potter have to have such a big cock, Pansy wondered as she trembled under him.

Potter panted on top of her as they both came down from their peaks. It wasn't until a couple minutes later, when he shifted, that she realized he was still hard. Lifting her head, she gaped as he pulled out of her.

"You said that bet lasted all night, right?" Potter asked.

"Um, yes?" Pansy said, her thoughts cloudy.

“Oh, good,” Potter grinned.

Grabbing her hips, he rolled her over onto her stomach with her legs hanging over the end of the bed. Grabbing both of her cheeks in his hands, he spread her open and speared into her from behind.

“Oh!” Pansy gasped.

It was going to be a long night.

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The next morning, Pansy trudged into the Great Hall and dropped into a seat at the Slytherin table.

“Did you do it?”

Looking up, she blinked the sleep out of her eyes and focused on Draco’s anxious face.

“Yes,” Pansy said. “I kept him up until around four in the morning.”

“Perfect,” Draco smirked.

Pulling a sack of Galleons out of his pocket, he passed it over to her. Pansy took the money, but it suddenly held a lot less meaning to her than it did the night before. A few minutes later, Potter walked in with his teammates. Apart from a handful of yawns, he didn’t look to be any worse for the wear.

When he looked over at Pansy, she felt her face heat up, remembering the things she'd let him do to her. In fact, she could still feel the reminder of last night slowly leaking out of her.

"Come on," Draco said, standing up. "Let's get down to the Pitch. I want good seats for this."

Sighing, Pansy stood and followed him but couldn't help but look back over her shoulder at Potter one last time.

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"I can't believe they still won," Draco complained.

It had been three days since Gryffindor beat Ravenclaw, thanks to a spectacular catch from Potter, and Draco was still bitching about it.

"It had to be luck," Draco said.

Pansy nodded, but she couldn't really see how it was. Potter had ignored that slag Chang shaking her ass at him and flew at breakneck speed through the stands to catch the Snitch just a few minutes into the match. How any of that was luck was beyond her.

Pansy tuned Draco out as he continued to complain. As they made their way down to the Great Hall for lunch, she spotted Potter wandering down the hall to her right. Glancing over at Draco and realizing he wasn't paying her any attention, she slipped away and chased after him.

"The Snitch must have run into one of the beams and bounced into his hands or something," Draco said. "Potter couldn't catch the Snitch if it was two inches from his face. Right, Pansy? Pansy?"

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“Oh, fuck,” Pansy gasped as Harry sank into her.

“Does your boyfriend know you’re here?” Potter asked with a smirk.

“I don’t know, and I don’t care,” Pansy said. “Merlin, you’re cock feels so good.”

Grinning, Potter pinned her roughly to the door of the broom cupboard and hammered into her.

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“Where do you keep running off to?” Draco asked as Pansy sat across from him in the common room.

“Nowhere,” Pansy said. “I had to use the ladies’ room.”

Draco nodded and looked away, and Pansy rolled her eyes at him. She’d been sneaking off to fuck Harry for months now, and this was the first time he’d even asked about where she was going. With each passing day, she was getting more and more tired of listening to him. It was hard to see Draco like she used to when Harry treated her so much better.

Even when Harry was railing into her harder than a Knockturn Alley whore, she still felt more cared for and appreciated. Besides, it wasn’t like they were actually dating. People might call them a couple – and in the past, Pansy hadn’t discouraged that kind of thinking – but they weren’t officially together. Draco had made sure never to commit so he could keep his options open, and now she was using that to her advantage.

“Listen, Gryffindor is playing Hufflepuff in a few days. I need you to tire out Potter again,” Draco said.

“Again?” Pansy asked in surprise. “It didn’t work out too well last time.”

She certainly didn’t have a problem fucking Harry, but she didn’t want to look too eager.

“Potter’s just in a little better shape than I thought,” Draco said, waving off her concern. “Which is why I want you to get someone to help.”

“What? Who?” Pansy asked.

“That’s for you to figure out,” Draco said. “Both of you get five hundred Galleons and an extra five if Potter loses.”

Pansy gave him a put upon look and sighed.

“Fine,” she said.

Five hundred Galleons to sleep with Harry when she’d been doing it for months for free? That certainly sounded like a good deal to her.

“Good,” Draco smirked. “Don’t worry. Once Potter loses in front of the whole school, I’ll make sure to take care of you. And tell your friend, too. Unlike Potter, I have no problem pleasing two women at the same time.”

“Of course, Draco,” Pansy said, her sarcasm going right over Draco’s head.

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“Daphne,” Pansy called out as the pretty, busty blonde searched the bookshelves in the Library.

“Pansy,” Daphne said.

“Listen, I need your help with something,” Pansy said, looking around to make sure they were alone. “Draco’s offering to pay us five hundred Galleons to sleep with Potter. He wants us to tire him out, so he loses the Quidditch match to Hufflepuff.”

Daphne turned and gave her a calculating look.

“Is he really that desperate?” she asked.

“You know how Draco is about Quidditch,” Pansy said.

Daphne pursed her lips and went back to searching the stacks.

“When do we get paid?” Daphne asked.

“I have it on me,” Pansy said.

“And does this have anything to do with the fact that you keep disappearing, only to come back hours later tired and smiling?” Daphne asked, arching her brow.

Pansy bit her lip and flushed.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Daphne smirked.

“Draco wanted me to do the same thing before the last match,” Pansy admitted. “I... enjoyed it a lot more than I thought I would.”

“Well, at least I know I’ll be able to enjoy myself,” Daphne said. “I expect at least half before I do anything.”

Pansy pulled the sack of Galleons out of her pocket and tossed it to Daphne. Realizing it was the full amount, Daphne looked at her with a raised brow.

“It’s not my money,” Pansy smirked.

Daphne smirked back and pocketed the sack.

“When are we doing this?” she asked.

“Tonight,” Pansy said. “Meet me on the seventh floor after dinner.”

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“You didn’t tell me he was hung like a bloody Hippogriff,” Daphne said, eyeing Harry’s intimidating length warily.

“It’s not that big,” Harry said, rolling his eyes.

“Easy for you to say,” Daphne said. “It’s not going to be going in you.”

“Scared, Greengrass?” Pansy smirked as she reached out and stroked Harry’s shaft.

“I’m not scared,” Daphne said.

“Let’s see if I can get you to relax,” Harry said.

Daphne opened her mouth, likely to argue, but was interrupted when Harry stepped forward and lifted her into his arms. He kissed her heatedly while carrying her over to the bed. Smirking, Pansy followed, stripping out of her clothes on the way. Daphne moaned and writhed on the bed as Harry took off her clothes and kissed her neck. Flinging Daphne’s bra across the room, he buried his face between her large, perky breasts.

Suddenly, Pansy felt a hand smack her bum.

“Don’t pout,” Harry mumbled.

Rolling her eyes, she climbed further onto the bed and decided to wait her turn. Harry could go like a machine when he wanted to, so there was no point in rushing things. Running a hand down her body, Pansy teased her folds while she watched Harry bury his face between Daphne’s legs. The reserved blonde threw her head back and moaned loudly, bringing a smirk to Pansy’s face.

Surprisingly, she was quite enjoying watching Harry thaw the Ice Princess of Slytherin.

It only took a couple of minutes for Harry to bring her to a screaming climax with his skilled tongue. Daphne was still twitching and moaning when he carried her further onto the bed and laid down on his back. Pulling Daphne on top of him, he caressed her body as she calmed.

As she sat up, she ended up sitting on his rigid length. Daphne moaned and rolled her hips, rocking her folds against his shaft. While Harry played with her breasts, she took a deep breath and lifted herself up to place him at her entrance. Pansy licked her lips and slipped a couple of fingers between her folds excitedly.

“Take your time,” Harry said.

Nodding, Daphne slowly lowered herself slowly down on his cock. Her lips stretched around his swollen head, hugging his length as she descended. Mouth hanging open, Daphne tilted her head back and moaned. Leaning forward, she braced her hands on Harry's chest as she rocked up and down, easing herself down onto him until she finally reached the bottom.

Daphne opened her bright blue eyes and moaned as she rocked her hips. Pansy delved her fingers into her depths in time with the blonde's movement, her free hand coming up to twist her nipple roughly.

"Oh, Merlin," Daphne gasped. "I didn't know sex could feel this good."

Pansy giggled, "That's what I thought."

"Are Slytherin boys really that bad?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Pansy and Daphne replied in unison.

"Well then, you'll just have to come to me, won't you?" he asked with a smirk.

"Maybe I will," Daphne smirked.

Raising herself up over half his length, Daphne dropped down quickly. With a gasp, her nails dug into Harry's chest.

"Fuck!" she cried.

Smirking, Harry grabbed her hips and started thrusting up into her. Pansy enjoyed watching Daphne lose complete control of her composure. Her mouth hung open, her breasts bounced wildly, and a constant stream of moans and whimpers left her throat. Quickly, she tipped over the edge into an explosive climax, arousal drenching Harry's lap.

As she collapsed onto Harry's chest, he grinned and rolled her over onto her back. Leaning down, he gave her a kiss before pulling out of her, his cock painfully erect.

"Looks like she could use a break," Harry said.

Pansy grinned as he pulled her over on all fours, straddling Daphne. Harry thrust into her much more roughly than he had Daphne, his cock sinking to the hilt in a single, powerful thrust.

"Yes!" Pansy hissed.

"Daphne, do me a favor and give her nipples a twist. She likes that," Harry said.

Daphne smirked at Pansy as she reached up and took her thick, stiff nipples between her fingers. Teasingly, she rolled them gently for several seconds before abruptly tightening her grip and giving them a sharp twist. Pansy sucked in a breath at the sudden pain, and Harry groaned as she tightened around him.

"Slut," Daphne said, smirking as she tugged her nipples down.

Pansy moaned and trembled, her arms quivering. Behind her, Harry gave her bum a sharp spank before gripping her hips firmly and fucking her harder. Suddenly, Daphne pulled hard on her nipples until they slipped from her grasp. The burning sensation in her sensitive nubs was just enough to send her over the edge.

As she climaxed, Harry buried himself as deeply as possible and erupted inside of her. Each time his cock throbbed, another burst of warmth filled her depths.

A shockingly short amount of time later, he pulled his still rigid length out of her and rolled her to the side so he could look down at Daphne.

“Ready for another go?” he asked.

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The next day, Harry looked a little sluggish as he walked out to the Pitch, but once he got in the air, he looked as good as ever. Pansy and Daphne had a hard time not smirking when Draco stormed from the stands when Harry caught the Snitch just a few feet away from them.

It took him a week to stop bitching about it.

As the weeks went by, the two Slytherins continued sneaking off to see Harry. There were times they would go see him together, but usually, they sought him out separately. Pansy even stopped spending so much time with Draco and more time with Daphne. That led to her making friends with people outside of her house for the first time.

Everyone, including Harry, remarked positively on the change in her. Pansy found herself feeling much happier about life and, for the first time, realized just miserable she'd been.

Of course, none of that stopped Draco from coming to her just days before the final match of the year, Gryffindor versus Slytherin.

“Here,” Draco said, tossing a sack of Galleons into her lap. “Four thousand Galleons. I want you to find any girl you can get to fuck Potter the night before the final match. I want him so tired he can't even get on his broom.”

Looking up at him, Pansy saw a spark of insanity in her eyes.

“Alright,” she said, anxious to get away from him.

Standing from her seat, she made eye contact with Daphne and nodded towards the stairs. Nodding back, Daphne met her in their dorm, and Pansy quickly explained what Draco had told her.

“Sounds like he’s getting desperate,” Daphne said.

“He is,” Pansy agreed. “I’m worried he might try something when Harry beats him to the Snitch again.”

Daphne nodded and sat down on the bed thoughtfully. Neither of them thought the chances of Malfoy beating Harry were worth mentioning.

“I don’t like the thought of tiring Harry out before his match,” Daphne said. “If Malfoy wants to beat him, he needs to do it on his own.”

“Should I give the money back?” Pansy asked.

Daphne smirked, “I have a better idea.”

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On the day of the Quidditch final, a few of the Slytherin girls walked in, looking tired and worn. Pansy and Daphne slouched in their seats, Lilith Moon laid her head on her arms, the Carrow twins leaned against one another to keep themselves upright, Tracey Davis yawned widely, and Julie Runcorn’s eyes drooped as she ate a bowl of oatmeal.

When Harry walked in a short time later, he yawned widely and looked like he hadn’t slept. Malfoy grinned widely as the twins shook him awake and waved a cup of coffee under his nose.

“Perfect,” he smirked. “Potter won’t stand a chance. That cup is mine.”

Pansy and Daphne exchanged a smirk. Once the Slytherin and Gryffindor teams got up and left for the Pitch, the girls straightened up and grinned.

“Did we fool him?” Hestia asked quietly.

“It looks like it,” Daphne nodded.

“And you promise we get to sleep with Harry after the match?” Flora asked.

“Yes,” Pansy assured her.

“You two will have to get him away from his team after the match,” Daphne said. “Here’s what you need to do...”

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Pansy watched Harry search for the Snitch from the stands nervously. Malfoy had Crabbe and Goyle focusing their bludgers on him while he committed every foul in the book. Harry outflew them at every turn, but it was nerve wracking to watch.

As he dodged another Bludger, Harry and Malfoy spotted the Sitch sitting high in the middle of the field. Both of them took off as fast as they could, rocketing towards the Snitch and each other.

“They’re gonna crash,” Tracey said worriedly.

“Come on, Potter,” Daphne muttered.

Closer and closer they flew at breakneck speed. Just before impact, Malfoy panicked and covered his face with his arms. Harry kept his eyes open and was able to see the Snitch twitch up at the last second. Yanking hard on his broom, he h flew up and over Malfoy, rolling as he did.

When he didn't feel the impact he was expecting, Malfoy dropped his arms and looked back. Harry smirked before holding up his hand, two gold wings fluttering on either side of his closed fist. The crowd exploded with cheers while Malfoy reddened in rage.

Landing on the ground, Harry was swept up in celebration before being carried off to the locker room.

"Go, you know what to do," Daphne said to Flora and Hestia.

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As Harry reentered the castle, Flora and Hestia Carrow walked up on either side of him and took each of his arms.

"Sorry, but we need to borrow Harry," Flora said.

"We bet him a blow job he would catch the Snitch," Hestia said.

Harry blushed while Ron gaped at the two girls.

"Er, I'll see you late," Harry said.

"Uh, sure, mate," Ron muttered.

Smiling brightly, Hestia and Flora waved to the flushed redhead before leading Harry down the hall. Taking him to the seventh floor, they guided him to the Room of Requirement, where Pansy and the other girls were waiting for him.

“So, I take it this is the surprise you were talking about?” Harry asked.

Pansy smirked while the girls giggled.

“I take it your little trick worked,” Harry said as the twins led him over to a chair and took off his shoes.

“We fooled that little shite, alright,” Julie grinned. “Get those pants off, girls. I want to see what has Pansy and Daphne limpin’ back to the common room every night.”

“Not every night,” Pansy said.

“I wish,” Daphne muttered.

Harry took off his shirt while Flora and Hestia each pulled on a leg of his trousers. His erection sprang free, bobbing between the twins’ faces.

“Cor,” Julie breathed.

“I told you,” Pansy said smugly.

“It’s so big,” Lilith said quietly.

Gaping, Hestia and Flora reached out to wrap a hand each around his length. Even together, a few inches of his cock extended up above their hands.

“Am I the only one getting naked?” Harry asked, smiling.

“I ‘spose it would be fair,” Julie grinned.

All of the girls stood and stripped out of their clothes. Hestia and Flora were the first to get naked, both of them tall and thin with long dark hair, pale skin, and small breasts capped with pale pink, puffy nipples. Tracey, while similarly thin, had dark skin, slightly bigger breasts, and a much larger, rounded ass. Lilith was even paler than the Carrows but had curves to rival Daphne’s that she struggled not to cover shyly. Julie had wide shoulders, massive breasts capped with wide areolas, and thick nipples. Her wide chest narrowed to a thin waist before flaring out to her wide hips and thick bum.

Hestia and Flora knelt back down on either side of Harry, giggling as they each leaned in to kiss one side of his length. One of them took the head between her lips while the other continued kissing and sucking at the side of his shaft. A few seconds later, they switched places, then they did it again, seesawing back and forth over his cock.

Smirking, Julie marched forward and knelt between the twins, directly in front of Harry.

“Let me show you how it’s done,” she said.

When Flora and Hestia moved out of the way, Julie leaned forward and took his head between her lips. Looking up at Harry, she winked before swallowing his entire length.

“Holy shit!” Harry gasped, bucking his hips.

Julie bobbed her head rapidly, easily taking him into her throat over and over again. Holding herself at the base, she looked up at him with smiling eyes and extended her tongue to lick his

balls. Harry leaned his head back and groaned, one of his hands resting on the back of her head while he humped her face.

“How the fuck do you do that?” Tracey asked.

Pulling slowly up Harry’s length, Julie looked deservedly smug as she pulled off of him.

“I don’t have a gag reflex,” she grinned.

Turning, she looked over at Lillith and waved her over.

“Come on, Lils,” Julie said. “Get that pretty little arse over here.”

Blushing lightly, Lillith walked over to Julie and knelt down next to her. When she looked up at Harry shyly, he gave her a comforting smile and ran his fingers through her hair.

“Don’t let her shyness fool you,” Julie said. “Lils likes it rough, don’t you, babe?”

Raising an eyebrow, Harry looked at Lillith, who looked away and nodded blushing. Chuckling, Julie shuffled back and moved Lillith in front of her. As she stared at his throbbing length, eyes wide, Harry reached up to brush her dark brown hair away from her cute face. When his fingers brushed her cheek, she closed her eyes and leaned into his touch. A moment later, she pulled back and looked over her shoulder at Julie nervously.

“S’alright, love,” Julie said, surprisingly soft. “Just enjoy yourself. I won’t get upset. With a cock like that, I certainly will. You want to see him stretch my tight little cunt, don’t you?”

Lillith’s breath sped up as she turned back to Harry’s glistening length with a lustful look and nodded.

“Are all Slytherin girls this kinky?” Harry asked amusedly.

“Oh, you have no idea,” Julie grinned.

Sticking her index finger in her mouth, she coated it liberally in saliva before moving it down between Lillith’s cheeks. Harry looked over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow as Julie sank her finger into Lillith’s bum. The shy girl gasped and trembled before letting out a sensuous moan.

“I can’t wait to watch him ruin this arse,” Julie smirked.

“Really?” Harry asked excitedly. “I’ve always wanted to try that, but Pansy and Daphne won’t even let me try.”

“There’s no way that’s going anywhere near my ass,” Pansy said firmly.

“And I told you, I’m willing to try, but only if you let me make a replica of your cock, and I can fuck you with it first,” Daphne said.

The twins and Lillith giggled when Harry pouted exaggeratedly.

“Don’t worry, Potter,” Julie smirked. “Lils love takin’ it up the arse, don’t you?”

Lillith blushed, then gasped loudly when Julie pulled her finger back and slammed it back in. She continued doing that while Lillith reached out and wrapped his small hand around Harry’s length. Biting her lip, she moaned while leaning down to rub her cheek against it. Closing her eyes, she panted and trembled, a low moan escaping her lips.

Suddenly, Lillith’s body stiffened. With her lip trapped between her teeth, she let out a series of cute little grunts as she came. As she relaxed, her cheeks turned bright red.

“Nothin’ to be embarrassed about,” Julie grinned. “Look how hard he is for ya.”

Grabbing Lillith’s chin, Harry tilted her head up and kissed her with a smile.

“Why don’t we take this over to the bed,” he said.

Nodding shyly, Lillith stood, along with the other girls, and followed Harry over to a massive bed at the back of the room. Even with all of them on it, there was still room for everyone to spread out however they wanted.

“Come on, girls,” Julie grinned, straddling Harry’s waist and grinding on his cock. “Let’s show Potter why Slytherin girls are the best.”

“You sure you can handle all of us, Potter?” Tracey asked with a smirk.

“I don’t know,” Harry smiled. “But it’ll be fun finding out.”

The girls giggled as Julie mounted his cock with a moan. Reaching up, Harry groped her breasts, the huge, soft mounds spilling out around his fingers. While Julie began bouncing up and down on his length, the Carrow twins moved to either side of her and bent down to suck on her nipples.

“That’s it. Give me that fat Gryffindor cock!” Julie grunted.

The whole bed rocked as the large girl practically jumped up and down on his cock. One hand went to the back of each of the twins’ heads as she pulled them firmly against her bust. When Harry planted his feet on the bed and hammered up into her, the tops of her soft breasts rippled and wobbled alluringly.

Meanwhile, Daphne leaned down and kissed Harry passionately. When she pulled back a short while later, Tracey grinned and straddled his head. Harry drove forward, his tongue attacking her clit.

“Oh, yes,” Tracey hissed.

“I told you he was good,” Daphne smirked.

Tracey’s only response was a wanton moan as she ground her folds against Harry’s lips. The other girls chatted and joked, sometimes playing with themselves, while they watched him pleasure two girls at once. Pansy even brought herself to a small climax a few minutes later when Harry managed to send both Julie and Tracey over the edge at the same time.

“Move over, would ya,” Julie said before collapsing to the side with a huff.

Hestia and Flora giggled as Harry’s hard cock bobbed in the air before bending down and licking the sides of his shaft. Julie grabbed Lillith and pulled her on top of her with a loving kiss.

“You ready?” Julie asked.

Looking excited and nervous, Lillith nodded.

“Come on, Potter,” Julie said, grabbing two handfuls of Lillith’s pale cheeks and spreading them apart. “Claim this arse.”

Throbbing excitedly, Harry sat up and got on his knees behind Lillith. Taking himself in hand, he lined himself up with her puckered entrance. With a firm push, her tight ring gave way, and he slipped inside. Lillith and Harry both gasped at the feeling.

“That’s it,” Julie grinned.

Rocking his hips back and forth, Harry sank halfway into her clutching depths before Lillith reached back to stop him.

“Wait, you’re too dry,” she said.

“I got it,” Flora said as Harry pulled out of her.

Bending over Lillith’s bum, she worked her cheeks and spit on her stretched hole. Lillith gasped, shivering as she buried her face in the crook of Julie’s neck. Smirking, Hestia did the same as her sister. Shaking his head with a grin, Harry sandwiched his cock between Lillith’s cheeks and lubed it up before sliding back into her.

This time, he didn’t stop until his entire length was buried to the hilt in her depths. Lillith moaned long and low as he started pumping his hips. He started slowly at first, gradually working up to a brisk pace.

“I can’t believe you’re taking that thing in your bum,” Tracey said, shaking her head. “How’s it feel?”

“So good,” Lillith moaned.

“I’m still not letting you near my ass with that thing,” Pansy said.

Harry shrugged and gave Lillith a sharp thrust that made her arch her back with a gasp. Harry reached around and gripped both of her large, firm breasts while slamming his cock into her.

“She’s getting close,” Julie said.

Sliding her hand up Lillith's thigh, Julie teased her folds for a moment before slipping two fingers inside. With a whimper, Lillith threw her hips back at Harry roughly while her body tensed. A moment later, she came with a scream, her body writhing uncontrollably. Harry and Julie continued stimulating her, prolonging her climax to a ridiculous length.

"I'm close," Harry grunted.

Julie wrapped her arms around Lillith and lifted her out of the way. Rolling over onto her stomach, she took Harry's cock straight into her throat. He grabbed her head and groaned as he fucked her throat just as hard as he had Lillith's bum. When he came with a groan, Julie grabbed his ass and held him in place, sucking him dry as he came directly into her stomach.

"Bloody hell," Harry said, collapsing onto his bum.

Julie smirked as she licked her lips before rolling over to share a kiss with Lillith.

"I'm next," Tracey said.

The rest of the night was filled with debauchery. The Carrow twins lay on top of each other, snogging as Harry took turns between fucking them. Tracey was held up in the air as Harry bounced up and down on his length. Pansy was bent over the bed and fucked from behind while he tugged on her hair. Daphne preferred something more gentle, hugging and kissing Harry as she sat in his lap and rode him to a slow but powerful climax.

Tracey was even brave enough to take him in her bum. Harry pinned her prone body face down on the bed as he thrust down into her. They started out slow, but within minutes Harry was slamming his cock into her as she screamed out in pleasure.

To finish off the night, Julie sucked on his head while his shaft was trapped between her huge, soft breasts. When Harry came, she made sure he did so all over her face and chest. Harry fell asleep with a smile on his face, Pansy and Daphne cuddled up to his sides while Lillith licked Julie clean.

~

“You’re still tired?” Malfoy asked Pansy incredulously as she and the other girls sat down for breakfast.

“Yeah,” Tracey said, looking at him like he was an idiot. “Harry made me cum four times last night.”

“You fucked him again?” Malfoy asked. “Why? The match was yesterday.”

Daphne rolled her eyes.

“We didn’t fuck him to help you,” Julie said. “We did it because we wanted to.”

“Why the hell would you want to do that?” Malfoy blinked.

“‘Cus he’s got a big cock and knows how to use it,” Flora said.

“He’s a really good kisser, too,” Hestia added.

“Not bad with his tongue either,” Tracey smirked.

As the girls talked, Malfoy’s cheeks went from pink to red as his anger built.

“You’re not seeing him anymore,” Malfoy growled.

The girls turned to glare at him, and Julie reached over to grab his bits tightly. Malfoy paled, looking at her fearfully as he squirmed.

“You don’t tell me what to do,” Julie growled menacingly while tightening her grip. “Got it?”

Malfoy nodded frantically.

“Good,” Julie said.

Letting go of him, she looked down at her hand in disgust and wiped it on a napkin.

“Hey, girls,”

The witches in question looked up and smiled at Harry while the Slytherin boys looked on with malice.

“Some of us are going for a swim in the lake. You want to come?” he asked.

“Sure.” “Alright,” they agreed.

“Pansy!” Malfoy gasped when she stood.

“Bye, Draco,” she said, following the others.

Cheeks going pink with anger and humiliation, Malfoy stood up and all but ran from the hall.

~

Eighteen years later

Harry smiled as he watched his sixteen children rush to meet their friends at Platform Nine and Three-Quarters. With him was his wife, Daphne, and their mistresses, Pansy, Lilith, Julie, the Carrow twins, and Tracey. Seeing his kids talk to their friends from all houses filled him with a sense of pride.

It was a running joke amongst the adults in their family that Harry had fucked the house rivalry out of Hogwarts. As much as he rolled his eyes at that, it wasn't entirely untrue.

Smiling, Harry wrapped one arm around Daphne and the other around Lillith as he watched his kids, all belonging to a mix of houses, board the train.

"You know, with the kids gone, we don't have to worry about anyone walking in on us," Daphne smirked.

Harry grinned as the final whistle blew, and the train pulled away from the station. Waving as a few of his kids hung out the window and waved wildly, he turned and kissed the side of Daphne's head.

"Let's go home then," Harry said.