

As Harry woke, he felt fingernails grazing gently against his chest and soft lips pressed against the side of his shoulder. Stretching with a yawn, he chased away the last of his grogginess before wrapping his arm around Anya and pulling her closer, "Morning..."

"Good morning to you, too." She giggled as he squeezed her tight, her hand drifted lower to nudge against his stiff manhood, "I thought I'd have to wake you up soon. Can't have you late for competition." Looking over to the clock on the wall, he found that it was a quarter to noon. They'd had a bit of a late night, and much of the early morning too, just hanging out for the first time in quite a while. He'd been thoroughly trounced by Susan in a dozen games of chess, before Ginny took over for him.

Between that and the fact that Anya took the opportunity to paint the scene as it gave her some impromptu inspiration, they'd been at it far longer than they meant to. As a result, they all spent the night at the girls' makeshift flat rather than risking breaking curfew. *Though by the time we went to sleep, it was nearly early enough in the morning that we could've just walked back without problem.*

"Where's Orina?" They'd gone to bed together, but only one of them was there now.

"She went to Honeydukes to help with morning prep," she reminded him, "but she'll meet me down at stadium later."

Anya wiggled her way out of his grasp to sidle out of bed. He couldn't help but admire her beautiful body. The curvaceous veela still slept in the nude even if they hadn't gotten up to any of the more carnal nighttime activities. Leaning over the side of the bed, she placed a kiss on his lips, "Come..."

When she turned, he found himself staring at her peachy bum as she glided over to the door to the bathroom. When she glanced over her shoulder at him with those sapphire eyes, filled with mischief and a promise of pleasure, he hopped out of bed.

Following behind her, he reached the door as she turned the handle on the water. It was hot, steam filling the air as the droplets fell to the floor. It was a standup shower with marble tiles on the walls and floor, with a see-thru glass door that went opaque when closed. *Dobby really made sure everything was perfect.*

As Anya stepped into the spray of the water, her silver blonde hair went slick to her back. She looked back at him again, a little smile on her lips as she beckoned him with one finger, "Come, we don't have much time."

Stepping in close to her, the water washed over his skin. He took her hips in his hands, pulling her close pressing his length against her stomach. She bit her lower lip as she looked up at him with bright eyes. One of his hands skimmed up along her side, he felt her

shiver at his touch, until his thumb stroked against the underside of her full breast, “We might not have enough time.”

“Then we’ll hurry.” Anya told him in a tone that made it perfectly clear what she wanted, “Unless you intend to beat your opponents today with your odor?” She was teasing him, and they both knew it. He didn’t smell, and he didn’t intend to pass up an opportunity to take a shower with his first lover.

“No, I suppose you’re right. That wouldn’t be fair.” Reaching behind her, she picked up a bar of soap over from a small ledge, somehow managing it with an incredible grace given she didn’t ever take her eyes off him.

Despite their time together, this wasn’t something that they’d ever done. Her hands were soft, and smooth, running along the hard planes of his chest and his abs as she lathered him up. Her fingers felt divine, massaging every muscle expertly. There was one place she wouldn’t touch though, not quite, always getting tantalizingly close to it before moving away. As much as he knew that he’d enjoy it, and his desperate cock wanted it, he felt perfectly relaxed as his eyes drifted shut beneath the spray.

They snapped right back open as she slipped around him, dragging her stiff nipples against his arm as she went and gave his bum a hard squeeze. Only giggling at his surprise, she worked her fingers all the way down from his calves up along his thighs, he jumped when she gave a cheeky nip to his cheeks, and then she worked her magic on his back,

In all their time together now, he couldn’t remember a moment when it was just the two of them. Even that first, Lust Potion-induced frenzy they shared was with Orina there. But then he’d never had a moment alone with his second lover either.

As she came back around, he looked down into her gorgeous eyes and took her face in his hand. Leaning down to capture her lips, he put every ounce of affection he could muster into it. He spent every day thankful that he’d found his way back to the World Cup Stadium that night they first met, but he felt poignantly reminded of that fact as she showered him with such wonderful attention and care.

When they pulled apart, her eyes were big and she was a little breathless as he told her, “Your turn, love.” Slipping his fingers into hers, he took the soap from her hand.

“No... you don’t have to... I’m not one who has competition... And I missed spot.” Her protests fell on deaf ears as he ran his hands along her arm.

Harry worked the suds along every inch of her perfect body... well nearly all of it. Every touch was meant to tease her, to make her needier. His fingertips grazed along the inside of her

thigh, higher and higher, but stopping just before he ever touched the treasure between her thighs.

When he made her turn around, she gasped as she braced herself against the wall. He worked the soap into her peachy bum, the pad of his thumb nearly touching her tightest hole but not quite. She made a noise of frustration in the back of her throat.

Wiggling her hips, she tried to chase his touch, to get exactly where she wanted, but he retreated away from her every time. There was such obvious desire in her eyes as she pleaded with him, "Harry..."

Hearing his name breathy and needy, almost like a prayer stirred him. His cock throbbed as he stepped up behind her. Anya shivered as he ran his hand along the lines of her water-slick back until it rested on her hip.

Thwop. The wet smack of his length against her firm behind echoed in the small room. Anya reached back and pressed him between the curve of her jutting butt cheeks. Sandwiched in that little slice of heaven, she pushed back and forth as a bead of precum escaped from his cock and landed on the small of her back.

Angling him downward, she nestled him between her plump, bare lips and just left him there, waiting for him to make the next move. Her sheath was hot, ready and so very wet for him. His teasing had left her a dripping, desperate mess and as he filled her with every inch she came, twitching around his cock, before he'd even made it halfway.

Anya clawed against the wall as he kept going until he pressed against her bum. Her legs went weak, and he had to hold her hips to keep her from falling to the ground. Leaning her back against his chest, she pressed soft kisses into the hollow of his neck as he started giving her little thrusts. His fat dome scraping along that wonderful spot deep inside of her.

Her perfect pussy quivered around his cock, again and then again. Her body was on a hair trigger, her eyes glazing over as he drove her into a cum induced haze. Even with all his experience, there was only so long a man could withstand the utter perfection that was a veela's pussy.

Her eyes opened, wild and dark, when she felt his cock buck inside of her. The first rope exploded inside of her, painting them white. But as she pulled off with a pop, the next one covered her bum. In a split second she spun around and started jerking him with both hands right onto her face. Her pouty lips were open, tongue out as she coaxed strand after strand out.

Thick and warm, it covered her beautiful features even as the water cleaned her. She was greedy though, feeding as much of it into her mouth as she could before it was lost. Her body trembled through an orgasm at the taste, but it didn't deter her.

As the last of his orgasm dribbled out to trickle along his length, she took him in her mouth and made sure he was immaculately clean. Licking up every drop of their combined juices, she finally pulled away with a sultry smile, "There... now you're clean."

He could only chuckle as he pulled her to her feet, "You're amazing..."

"I know," she agreed without hesitation, "But so are you." She placed a kiss on his chest, just over his heart, "I don't think I can ever explain to you just how happy I am it was you. That you were there that day... but I try."

"I know, Anya." He kissed her on the forehead, "I know."

It was almost as though she was glowing as she told him, "Now... you really do have somewhere you need to be."

They finished up in the shower quickly after that. He threw on a pair of trousers and shirt before heading out. Anya told him to head down without her, since she preferred to take a bit more time to get ready.

When he made it to the changing rooms, there were far fewer people there than the first time. *But that's what happens when you eliminate two-thirds of the competition.*

As far as fourth years went, there was Neville and Blaise. The others were Sue and Daphne for Hogwarts, Ivar and a girl named Nienke, for Durnstrang with Solen as the lone representative for Beauxbatons.

There were to be a total of six matches per year on the day that would make up the quarter finals and the semi-finals, with the finals of each year to take place the weekend before the last task of the main tournament.

"Cutting it close as always." Blaise commented as Harry passed him on the way to his locker. He started changing without responding.

"Oh, leave him be Zabini," Neville said far too jovially for his liking, "He must've had a long night... because he never made it back to the dorms last night."

"Is that anything new?"

Neville snorted out a laugh, "No... it's about a fifty-fifty chance these days."

“As a prefect, I’m going to pretend as though I didn’t hear that.” Cedric cut in from the other side of the room.

Harry snickered, “Good, that’ll make life a lot easier for both of us.” He’d been breaking curfew since his first year and didn’t plan on stopping anytime soon. *My reasons are much more compelling these days.*

“Since you patrol with Cho half the time anyway, I doubt you’d have much time to look for him.” Cedric didn’t dignify Blaise’s very accurate assessment with an answer.

“So...” Harry grabbed their attention in the hopes of changing the subject, “Who do you have in the first round?”

“You... you sod.” Blaise said without any actual irritation, “I expect it’ll be a rather short day.” Patting him on the shoulder, he requested, “Just do me a favor and don’t make it too embarrassing.”

He shrugged his shoulders noncommittally, “Or I could really knock you around and maybe Fay’ll nurse you back to health.”

“That... is a terrible idea, Potter.” It was said with absolute certainty, “No girl wants to watch their bloke get his arse handed to him.”

“Maybe you’re right... can’t make any promises though.”

“Some friend you are...” He grumbled.

“Hey, it could be worse.” Neville commiserated, “At least you’re not going to get tossed around by a French witch that’s half your size.”

That brought a smile to the Slytherin’s face, “You’re right, Longbottom, that’s much worse.”

“And the others?”

“Daphne has Nienke, Sue has Ivar.” Neville told him.

The door opened as Professor Flitwick joined them. The diminutive professor looked them all over before nodding his head, “Good, you’re all here. If you’ll just follow me.”

Following Flitwick out into the tunnel, they joined the girls just like their last time. In total, across all years, there were twenty-two Hogwarts students that made it into the elimination rounds. One of them wasn’t Roger and he’d been the lone champion to fail in the task.

Cedric was one of only two sixth years. There were three fifth years in Katie, Higgs, and Fred, while George had been knocked out. Five from their own year, and three more from

the third years: Ginny, Luna, and Colin. The first years had four, the second years two, and the seventh years three.

Harry stood with Sue. She was looking straight ahead, laser-focused on the task at hand. Her back ramrod straight, posture perfect with hands tucked at the small of her back. Giving a nudge to her shoulder, she turned to him, "Give 'em hell, yeah?" It was only then he got a small smile and a nod of her head.

"Alright, everyone's ready... with me." As they emerged from the tunnel, the stadium looked slightly different than the first dueling event. There were understandably far fewer dueling circles, just twenty-eight of them, each one was larger and the stands around each one were as well.

In the center of each, the names of the competitors meant to participate at each circle were suspended in the air in a silver script with the current tally beneath it, "If you could make your way to your circles, ladies and gentlemen."

The competitors from Beuxbatons and Durmstrang arrived at the same time, all of them making their way to their respective dueling circles. The referee at their circle was a woman with olive skin and dark hair up in a high ponytail. Both he and Blaise went to shake her hand, before making their way to their respective sides.

Things didn't begin immediately though, and Harry found himself looking at the crowd. Anya was sitting with Remus, Sirius, and Iliyana. His godfather had gone for the same garish outfit that he'd sported at the first event, and all it did was make him smile. He knew that the rest of the girls were in the stands for Daphne, Sue, Ginny and Fleur and would do their best to support all of them equally. There were plenty of other faces in the crowd, the stands were almost full after all, but he recognized very few of them.

That was when Dumbledore's voice came over loud and clear, echoing in the stadium, "Welcome, yet again, to this the Dueling Tournament. Today our fifty-six competitors will compete until just our final fourteen remain. Duels will play as the first to six... Referees, you may begin!"

The stands cheered as the Headmaster finished and it was only then that the referee spoke up, "Zabini ready?" The Slytherin across from him nodded, "Potter ready?" Harry did the same, "Bow." They both followed her command before pacing away. As they turned to face each other once more, the referee said clear and sharp, "Begin!"

Blaise immediately went on the offensive, trying his damndest to catch Harry off guard. His spells were quick, but he wouldn't call them accurate. He was fighting outside of his comfort zone trying something different just to try and create an advantage of some kind.

Summoning one of the disks that resides at the edges of the dueling circle, Harry transfigured it before it reached him. A vicious wolf appeared snarling and snapping, charging at Blaise.

But his friend didn't panic, causally banishing the creature as quickly as it arrived. Harry didn't hesitate to summon more of them, each of them turning into another wolf. But this time they weren't made of flesh and blood. The spells bounced away harmlessly.

Blaise erected a wall of stone, high and thick, between him and the pack that Harry created. It came crashing down from a reductor right at the wall's base. It crushed some of his transfigurations, but in the chaos of that moment, he lost track of Harry, his offensive completely forgotten. He never saw the Stunning Spell that shot toward him from the right. He fell to the ground in a heap as the red light suffused into his chest.

"Point, Potter!" The referee announced and above them, the zero beneath his name ticked over to a one. Heading over to Blaise, she reenergized the young man, who looked over at Harry and shook his head with a wry smile.

As they both returned to their side, the referee returned to the center. And looked to them both to ensure they were ready, at their signals she said again, "Begin!"

As their second bout started, Harry took an entirely different approach. Instead of relying on transfigurations, he bombarded Blaise with an all-out assault of charms... just charms: no hexes, no jinxes, and no curses. It was a little challenge that he set for himself.

They both knew that Harry was better, leagues better, but that didn't stop Blaise from competing at his very best. He shielded, dipped, and dodged around everything that came his way, until Harry caught him with a deluge of water that left him absolutely sodden and followed it up with a freezing charm that had him encased in ice.

The referee was quick to free him from his predicament. His opponent and friend subtly threw him a two-finger salute as he shivered from the extreme cold. It only stopped when he thought to cast a Warming Charm on himself.

The third round was hexes, the fourth jinxes, the fifth curses, and finally the sixth, where he gave himself no restrictions. And each one ended the same as the first, with a victory for Harry. The Slytherin put up a good fight, and Harry managed to not make it too embarrassing, as requested, even if it did finish with a six to nothing tally.

The spell that finished it was a Banishing Charm that caught him as he tried to avoid a Bone-Breaker. It sent him hurtling sideways out of the circle before he hit against the barrier between them and the spectators. He popped back up to his feet without any struggle, and as much dignity as he could muster, as the referee announced, "Winner, Potter."

The crowd cheered, and he wasn't sure who managed to do it the loudest but it was a close thing between Sirius and Orina. At some point during the duel, the girls switched so they could see a little bit of each of them. He smiled in their direction before heading over to Blaise, "Not a bad match, mate."

He snorted at his own expense, "You decimated me, which I expected. I've been to enough practices with you to know it was finished before it started. Still, I put up a good fight... didn't make myself look too bad in front of the ladies."

"Yes, you looked very suave at the end there, flying through the air." Harry managed to say it with a straight face, "At least you didn't scream."

"Oh, piss off." Blaise shoved his shoulder, "You know, I was half expecting you to start throwing potions at me in the sixth round. You were being a right prat changing up your spells **every** round."

"Do you think you could've managed a win if I did?"

Blaise stopped and tapped his chin in thought, "Maybe... it would've been closer at least. You'd still be hard as nails to hit, so..." They shared a laugh before Blaise left to head back to the changing room. Only a few of the spectators filtered out after his loss, a woman he'd guess was Blaise's mother, and Fay. The many unfamiliar faces there were mostly interested in him. *That's what I get for being the talk of the tournament, I suppose.*

Harry was the first competitor to finish, so he took a seat on the bench to wait for his next opponent. He was of a half mind to go and watch the other matches, but decided against it to relax for the short while that he had instead. That didn't stop him from hearing the cheers all around the stadium as people from every year competed.

He had to wait about fifteen minutes before the stadium shifted. It was a smooth transition, as the stands turned to blend together. Those people who'd been watching Daphne and Nienke duel merged with their spectators, as did the dueling circle.

Making her way over to him, Daphne had a light sheen of sweat on her brow as she sat down with huff, "Well, I made a good run of it... but she was too good for me." Nienke was on the other side of the circle, speaking quietly with one of her professors.

Wrapping an arm around her shoulder, he assured her, "I know you were brilliant..." he gave her a cheeky wink, "promise I'll get her for you."

Daphne rolled her eyes, "Oh yes, I'm sure you'll be doing it for me. It has nothing to do with you wanting to win and her being in the way."

"That just mean I have to reasons." He grinned.

The referee came over then, “Mr. Potter, if you’re ready.”

Patting his thigh, Daphne said, “Good luck, don’t finish it too fast or I’ll miss the whole thing.”

“Well, we can’t have that.” They stood, sharing a brief hug, before heading in different directions.

Making his way to the center of the circle, Nienke met him there. She was a dark-haired girl with grey eyes, and a sharp chin. She was short but looked strong, with a gymnast’s body.

Their referee was the same from his first round. The woman looked between them and went through the same process, “Potter, ready?” He nodded, “Van Ouffen, ready?” She did the same, “Bow.” They made their bows and turned on their heels and made their paces. As they turned back, wands at the ready, she barked, “Begin!”

Nienke was quick and agile, she dodged spells almost exclusively rather than shielding them. *I think gymnast was a fair guess.* She manipulated the architecture of the arena, and managed to climb it with an impressive level of fluidity and athleticism. She was trying anything to give herself an advantage, making it harder at every turn for him to reach her.

Everything she did made sense and played to her strength. But Harry was no slouch when it came to agility either, and as she tried to create obstacles on the playing field, he was able to demolish them without a problem.

He could see where Daphne would’ve struggled. While she had plenty of spell power, and a solid repertoire, she wasn’t as athletic as him or Sue. It meant that Harry had to predict Nienke’s movements, always aiming for where he thought she would be rather than where she actually was.

With her speed she tried to maintain distance and did an impressive job of managing it. It led to a long and drawn out round of dueling. He rarely got a clean shot off on her, and when he did, she dipped out of the way thanks to the distance between them.

The end started when he filled the entire space with a dense, dark fog. It pressed against the barriers around the dueling circle but didn’t pass through them. It was nearly impossible to see through, without a spell anyway. He used the Dark-Vision Charm, a rather uncommon spell that could only be cast silently.

It allowed him to see the heat of his opponent even in the haze. Unable to keep him back, he flanked her from the right as she fumbled in the darkness. She cast a ball light that hung in the air, but barely cut through the darkness. She showed off her incredible reflexes again as she dropped flat to the floor beneath a stunner at close range. But in the dark of the fog,

he was nothing more than a shadow and her returning stunner went harmlessly over his right side. She tried to run, but her shoulder smacked against a pillar that she raised.

That little hinderance was all that he needed to pounce. Thick ropes wrapped around her ankles and sent her tumbling to the ground. She spun around, trying to bring up a shield, but it buckled to the strength of his spell. Her head dropped to the ground unconscious as the red spell hit her upper arm. With a wave of his wand, the fog dissipated. There was a smattering of applause, but he couldn't really blame them for their lack of enthusiasm. *They didn't see the end of it.*

The dueling platform returned to its original state, and the referee helped Nienke up. She looked tired, and a little defeated as she glanced in Harry's direction. Much like Daphne in the group stage, it felt like that was her best attempt.

The next five rounds were quicker as Harry maintained a stronger offensive. He used transfiguration, and fire to keep her at the edge of the arena and away from the center where she had more options for evasion.

He nearly lost the fourth round when she managed to catch one of his fireballs on the tip of her wand and hurl it back at him twice as quickly. It was a difficult thing to manage, and nearly threw himself out of the ring as he tried to avoid her following stunner. But he got back on his feet before she could press the advantage. He caught her in the shoulder of her wand hand with a Bone-Breaker. He summoned it as it fell, ending the round.

The sixth round finished with Nienke tired and trying to take him head-on. It was a losing battle from the moment it began, her shields were lacking and without her speed, she simply had no hope of prolonging the event. When she fell to the ground unconscious, he was the one who went over to wake her as the referee announced, "Winner, Potter!"

The crowd cheered as he helped his opponent to her feet, "It was a good match."

She gave a tired smile, "It was as good as I could hope for... I was just trying to win a point off you, honestly."

"You nearly got me twice."

"And you nearly got me half a hundred, plus the six times you actually did." She shook her head, "I don't envy anyone that finds themselves against you in a fight."

A hand on the small of his back drew his attention, it was Orina with Padma beside her, "Come... Sue's not done yet."

With a quick goodbye to his competitor, he followed the girls over to the other fourth year match. The other girls, even Fleur and Ginny, were already there sitting in the front row.

They made space right between the two of them as he approached. Luna, Chloe and Gabby were there too, sitting just behind the others.

“So... how’d you do?” He asked the two of them as he watched the fierce duel taking place in the circle. He looked up to the tally above, it was five to four, favoring Sue, but even as he turned back to look at the duel, Solen managed to catch Sue with a Cutting Curse to the thigh. It slowed her enough that she was vulnerable to the following Disarming Charm that followed, “Point, LeClaire.”

“I made it to ze final,” Fleur told him, “6-1, 6-1. I got sloppy in ze second round of both matches.”

“Well done.” He hugged her as the two competitors made their way back to their starting positions.

“Zank you, mon amour.” She leaned her cheek against his shoulder.

“Luna beat me in the semi-final” Ginny wasn’t upset about it, but she still wasn’t a girl who liked losing, even to one of her closest friends, “It was damn close though, 6-5.”

Pressing a hand to her hip, he turned back to Luna to tell her, “Congratulations.”

“Thank you, Harry... I really thought Ginny had me.” Both girls looked knackered from it still.

“I missed with a Jelly-Legs Jinx, and she hit me back with a Bat Bogey Hex...” Ginny grumbled even as she couldn’t help but smile, “I got beaten with one of my favorite spells.” Harry couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Begin...” They all went quiet as the last round of the match began. Harry had to admit, Solen was good, exceptional even, far better than the average fourth year and a good deal better than the average duelist in general. Nothing less would’ve gotten her that far in her bout with Sue.

As good a job as Fleur could do in replicating her style during their practices, there were obvious nuances to it that she simply didn’t have. The way she moved, the rhythm of her spells, her use of the space was all different to Fleur.

Her greatest strength seemed to be her spellcasting time. They left her wand in such rapid succession that it was hard to believe, even wordlessly, that she could manage it. Still, Sue held her own at every turn. She was used to the sheer might of Harry’s spellwork, and he would wager his spellcasting time was nearly on par with Solen’s.

Transfigurations were dispelled, jinxes dodged, hexes shielded. Both girls breathed deeply from the effort as they pushed themselves hard. Solen sent a ripple through the ground, trying to force Sue off her feet but it didn't work. She'd seen that trick before from him.

There was a moment, where it looked like Harry would never have his chance to face the French champion in the tournament. Sue shattered her shield following it up with a Bone Breaker that made an audible snap as it hit her on the elbow.

Solen barely made a noise as her offhand hung limply at her side. Sue could've pressed but she didn't. For some reason, she hesitated. Harry furrowed his brow as he watched the end play out.

It was a simple spell that Solen used to put Sue in a vulnerable position. She raised the ground where Sue was about to step, and she went tumbling to the ground. *Instead of rolling out of it, hmm?* With a well-placed Disarming Charm, the match finished, "Winner, LeClaire."

The Beauxbatons contingent from her year cheered as Sue went over to her to retrieve her wand. There were some words said that they didn't hear, but from the scowl on Solen's face, and the glance in his direction told him that she didn't like it.

As she hurried off to her friends, Sue did the same. The girls comforted her first, rightfully telling her how brilliantly she'd done. Harry was the last to pull her into a hug, not minding her sweatiness one bit. Quietly, so only she would hear, he asked her, "Did you lose on purpose?"

She tried to give nothing away as he pulled back to look at her, but she couldn't hide the little upturn at the corner of her lips, "I'd never."

"Sue..."

"It just means you'll have to be the one to beat her." Her wolfish grin only made him chuckle as they walked together to the changing rooms.