

Sitting at the Hufflepuff table across from Susan, Daphne couldn't be happier with the changes that had taken place since the start of the year thanks to Malfoy's fall from grace. In just a few short weeks, she'd rekindled relationships that had really meant something to her as a child. She wasn't sure how understanding Susan would be but ended up having no reason to worry. Her friend's Hufflepuff nature showed through and she'd welcomed her with open arms.

"How are things with the academic team going?" Susan asked as she dropped her goblet down on the table. It was just the two of them, at least nearby. Tracey was still finishing up quidditch practice while Hannah was over at the Gryffindor table with Neville Longbottom.

"Good, but I've never crammed so much information into my head in so little time in my life. Professor Vector and Babbling have been... tyrannical would be a bit harsh, but not that far off the mark," Daphne chuckled, "I'd say our year has a pretty damn good chance of going head-to-head with anyone that the other schools have to offer."

"I'm pretty sure if it was just you, Hermione, and Padma, you lot would have a pretty damn good chance. The rest is just bonus." Susan said it so casually, she didn't realize how much Daphne appreciated the compliment, "Do you know how they're going to be challenging you yet?"

"Well, there are going to be timed and marked tests as well as scholastic trivia teams, four against four where we'll have to buzz in fastest to be able to answer." Daphne explained.

"Oh, so they must have you doing reaction training as well? Not too different from the quidditch and dueling teams I imagine."

Daphne furrowed her brow, "Uh no, we haven't done that yet."

"Well doesn't matter if you know the answer if you can't buzz in faster than the other team." Susan reasoned, "Maybe they just want you to know the information first before they start working on the reflexes. Besides for you, you've gotten plenty of that sort of training during the dueling." That was certainly true, the dueling team had been subjected to spell avoidance training from both Flitwick and Dumbledore. The two professors could fire off spells with ridiculous speed and accuracy. *And even then, I would bet money that they've been holding back.*

A group of people reached the door, Tracey was there with Harry, Ginny, Demelza and the first year, Emma. *It's still odd seeing a Slytherin so openly fraternizing with Gryffindors. But it's becoming more common every day.* Ron came in behind that group with Dean and Inglebee, despite the significant change in the dynamics between the houses since the start of the year, there were still some stalwarts who were struggling with letting go of past anger and Ron was certainly one of them. He was frosty at best toward the newly friendly Slytherins.

Tracey split off from the rest of her teammates as they headed toward the Ravenclaw table to join Hermione where she sat with Padma. Her best friend plopped down next to her, hair still wet from the showers but with a big smile on her face, "I tell you, this is the best year ever at Hogwarts."

Smiling at her friend's joy, Daphne gave her a nudge of the shoulder, "Having that much fun playing quidditch?" She knew how much Tracey loved the sport more than anyone. It frustrated her terribly being unable to even tryout for the house team. But given the way she'd been performing for the school

team, Daphne doubted she'd refused in the years to come. *Snape likes winning far too much to allow her to be kept off in the future.*

"Always," Tracey beamed, filling her plate with quite a lot of food after working up an appetite out on the pitch, "It doesn't hurt that we're getting taught by two of the best professional players in the world at least once a week." She chuckled lowly, and continued softly, "Though I still don't think anything has beaten tryouts yet."

Daphne stepped on her friend's foot underneath the table to shut her up, but it was already too late as she'd peaked Susan's interest, "Why?"

"Oh, I got quidditch and a show." Tracey said with a wicked little smile. Since the tryouts, Tracey had only told Daphne what she'd seen in the showers afterward. *And fueled my fantasies every night since.*

Hearing that her best friend had seen Harry with another girl had done nothing to deter her interest as one might expect. No instead, it had simply left her thinking about what it would be like to be with him... and another girl. *And it hasn't been limited to just Ginny. Susan's featured more than once, and Sue after our tilt during dueling practice and even the new fucking baker at Honeydukes after the Hogsmeade weekend.* It'd been frustrating Daphne in the most wonderful ways to say the least.

"You're only telling me this now?" Susan asked with a slight pout, "It's been two weeks since the tryouts and I've heard nothing about it." The way her eyes lit up gave away her lack of any real anger.

Tracey shrugged her shoulders unrepentantly, "You and I were friends for barely a week at that point. Now it's been nearly a month, that's quite the difference." Her best friend wasn't a gossip by nature but would happily do it with her closest friends.

"Tracey..." Daphne warned but her friend paid her no mind. *Why? Why must she be this way?*

Shushing her, Tracey leaned over to whisper quietly to their redheaded friend. While she was more than happy to tell Susan, she didn't intend for it to be spread all around the school, "I saw Harry and Ginny having a bit of fun in the showers after tryouts. They put on... one hell of a show. Honestly, the blokes not my type, well any bloke, but Ginny... Merlin, I could've watched her all afternoon."

Susan's face flushed immediately as her blue eyes found Harry at the Ravenclaw table across from them, "Wh... what?"

"He had the poor girl shaking and shuddering like a leaf, and he didn't even fuck her." Tracey giggled, still careful not to be overheard, "And I tell you, he was big. It would've broken her in half if he did." She went to hold her hands apart to show just how big it had been.

With a harsh whisper, Susan stopped her, "Don't! I know how big he is!"

That brought both Slytherins up short. Daphne's eyes narrowed as she understood, "Seems Tracey's not the only one who's been keeping stories to herself."

Susan blushed an even deeper red. Thinking it best if this conversation was had in private, Daphne threw her bag over her shoulder and stood, grabbing both girls' hands. Tracey squawked in protest, "Hey, I've barely eaten."

"You can have a house elf bring you food later if you don't make it back in time." Tracey grabbed a handful of crisps before getting dragged away. The three left the room as inconspicuously as they could manage and went to the nearest unoccupied room outside of the Great Hall.

Closing the door behind them, Daphne looked at her Hufflepuff friend expectantly, "No more potentially prying ears, so have something to tell us Susie?"

For a brief moment, Susan looked anywhere but Daphne until she took a steadying breath. The blush had left her cheeks somewhat, "After I got hurt at the dueling tryouts, Harry took me up to the hospital wing to get me patched up."

"I remember." Daphne ground out, fighting off equal measures of frustration and arousal.

Susan didn't seem to notice as she thought back wistfully on the events of the day, "Well we went down to the Hufflepuff Basement after that, we were going to go to the kitchen. I've always liked Harry... and fancied him since before the start of the year... I was just happy to be alone with him."

A tiny crunch caused Daphne and Susan's eyes to snap to Tracey who only looked between the pair, "What? I'm listening."

Both Susan and Daphne giggled slightly at that before the former continued, "Anyway... he was walking behind me when something the air just... shifted. And when I looked back at him, he was hot and hard in his trousers and... so big." Susan was obviously excited just at the memory, "I... helped him take care of it."

"You slag..." Tracey chuckled though there was no heat in the jibe.

"I'm not a slag!" Susan refuted, "Harry's only the second bloke I've ever done anything like that with. And..."

"She's teasing you, Susan." Daphne cut her off, "She doesn't really think you're a slag. If you are, you're the most subtle one in the school because you certainly don't have Pansy or Lavender's reputation." Looking at the other girl, she was honestly confused about something, "So... why aren't you angry?"

"What?" Susan was now just as confused as Daphne, clearly not expecting the question.

"Tracey just told you that the bloke you fancy... and fooled around with... was with another girl. Why aren't you angry?" She desperately wanted to hear her friends answer if for no other reason than to justify her own feelings on the matter. *I should be angry or devastated or both, but I'm just... not.*

"I..." Susan struggled to find the words, her brow furrowed, "I told him I fancy him, and he told me he thinks I'm pretty great, too. And I believe him."

"That's it?" Daphne said a bit louder than she meant to, "Harry's not the sort to lie, I know but..."

"He wouldn't be the first wizard with more than witch," Susan said with a small frown, "It's been common in the past for particularly powerful wizards to take more than one... wife... or lover... It's only been the last three truly powerful wizards that have been an exception." *Voldemort, Dumbledore and Grindelwald.*

Blushing a bright red again, she continued quietly, "Besides as the last Bones, my future husband will have to be willing to let me pass on my name to one of our children. If Harry had a wife for the House of Potter..."

Snorting, Tracey ate the last of her crisps, "You haven't been giving that any thought, eh Susie?"

Swallowing, Susan replied, "I... It's something that I've always been aware of so, I've always given it some thought. I'm sure the same is true for Daphne."

Tracey turned a questioning eye toward her, "Yes, it's something that I've had to consider as well." Daphne confirmed absently. Her mind was filled with the image of her friend on her knees for Harry, worshipping his cock. A cock that she knew thanks to Tracey's perving was... large to say the least.

"Huh, that's definitely one advantage of being a half-blood without an important name."

Ignoring her friend's comment, Daphne continued her questioning, "Don't you think it's odd that you're so accepting of this?" *I know that's what I think for my own part...*

"A little... but, it's the way I feel. So long as he tells me about it at some point, doesn't try to lie about it. I don't think I would want to stop him."

Daphne felt like she wanted to scream. It was infuriating and brilliant to have her own thoughts reflected in the other girl. She wanted to feel justified, and she did, but at the same time she knew that it was absolutely mad. *Almost any other girl in the school would be heartbroken or furious or something... but all we seem to feel is accepting... and aroused.*

Noticing that Susan was staring at her intently now, she tried to hide those emotions, but it didn't seem to work, "What?"

"You just seem to care a great deal more about what I think of Harry with someone else than I would've thought. I can't help but wonder why?"

"I just want what's best for you." That was true but only a half-truth at best.

"Well that... and she fancies the pants off of him as well." Tracey added. Daphne turned a bone-chilling glare toward her best friend that she just brushed off with a smile and a wink.

Looking back at Susan, she was met with a beaming grin, "I knew it!"

Knowing that there was no use lying, she confirmed, "Yes, that's true too." Susan looked like the cat that caught the canary and that only caused Daphne more frustration, "Why are you happy?! We fancy the same bloke!"

"I just told that I don't see that as a problem." The grin didn't leave Susan's face.

"You're barmy."

"I'd say that we're both a bit barmy. You're just having a harder time accepting it than I am." That sent Tracey into a fit of giggles. *I'm going to rip my fucking hair out... this is ridiculous.*

Throwing her hands up in frustration, Daphne moved toward the door. Susan spoke up before she could open it, "I wanked him off with my tits by the way... and his cum was fucking delicious." That image sent Daphne's mind racing and she had to fight the blush that came to her cheeks.

She turned back to look at her friend to see a smug smirk on the other girl's face. Even Tracey's mouth was even open in shock at what Susan had just said. Opening the door, Daphne needed to get out of that room and hopefully clear her head. As she closed the door, she heard Tracey and Susan burst into laughter.

Hurrying toward the staircase, she was met by the person she least wanted to see in that moment, "Hey, Daphne... you alright?" Harry was there with Sue Li as the enchanted staircase turned with them on it.

"Fine," she said hurriedly, "just... just need to get to the library, I'm meant to be studying for the academic tournament tonight and I'm not sure I'm in the mood." It was true, they would do an hour of study in the library before the professors joined them and ran them through questions.

"Oh, right," Harry glanced to the pretty Asian witch with him, talking louder as he drifted further away, "We're just going to go work on silent casting... for the dueling tournament. I was going to say you're more than welcome to come along but you're clearly busy." Daphne looked at the other witch and she couldn't help but feel that the usually unflappable girl looked equal parts eager and nervous. *I'd wager my entire vault that she fancies him too. That makes at least four. Sodding mad, the lot of us.*

Despite her frustration, she didn't have it in her to take it out on Harry, "Thanks, but uh... maybe next time!"

He gave her a roguish smile that she wanted to kiss right off his handsome face, "Definitely!" With that they headed up the staircase while she waited for it to come back. She tapped her foot impatiently, her mind far removed from the studying she was going to be doing. *Wonder if Sue's going to get a bit of Harry as well while they're practicing.*

By the time the staircase returned Harry and Sue had disappeared somewhere on the fourth floor. Alone, she made her way up to the library. When she reached it, she went straight over to the section that had been set aside for the fourth year academic team. She was surprised to see that Hermione wasn't already there, only Padma was waiting there.

There were books that had been recommended by Professors Vector and Babbling stacked on the table that hadn't been moved since they started studying. They spanned the full range of magical topics, but she couldn't remember either of the professors recommending the book that Padma was reading. She could just make out the title on the spine that was tilted toward her, "Wizarding Laws of Britain?"

Jumping slightly at her voice, Padma clearly hadn't noticed her arrival, "Hello Daphne." She closed the book quickly, more quickly than she would have expected of someone who was just studying.

"Hello. Again, Wizarding Laws of Britain?" She didn't let the topic go.

"I uh... realized that no one on the team was focusing on the topic. I figured at least one of us should have a rudimentary knowledge of the subject." Padma threw her long braid over her shoulder, and only

briefly looked Daphne in the eye as she reached for another tome about the history of Goblin Rebellions.

Something made Daphne think that wasn't the whole truth, but took her at her word, "Hopefully, we should be fine if anything like that comes up. Both Hannah's father and mine are on the Wizengamot, and in my case at least I've had to attend multiple sessions and learn the history. But I imagine they'll mostly avoid the topic. They wouldn't want to appear biased toward the host country."

"Still, Professor Vector did say we would all need to be well rounded for the individual testing. During the team competitions, we'll be able to rely on our areas of expertise but that won't be the case when we're by ourselves." That was true, Professor Vector wanted all eight of them to be as knowledgeable as they could be across disciplines, though there were obviously some things that they each had more interest in than others.

"Well... if you have any questions, you're more than welcome to ask me. Hell, Susan Bones has been to more meetings than some of the actual Wizengamot members over the years because of her aunt, so you could always ask her as well." Daphne sat down across from the Indian witch and grabbed a book from the stack as well. It was a book on obscure charms and their uses.

Over the course of the next five minutes, they were joined by the rest of their teammates. Usually, Daphne loved the serene quiet of the library, but as she tried to focus on the text in front of her, her mind kept going back to what Susan had said. She couldn't help but imagine her childhood friend with her beautiful bust wrapped around Harry's cock, thrusting it between them until she made him explode. *I bet he fucking covered her. There is that rumor about powerful wizards.*

As the minutes ticked by, she never once turned the page. She looked at the book without seeing. All the while her face was lightly flushed as she rubbed her thighs together subtly beneath the table. Her imagination only made her pussy wet, and needy. Her lack of focus didn't go entirely unnoticed. Her roommate Lily Moon, was next to her and whispered quietly in her ear, "Are you alright, Daphne?"

Startling slightly, she looked around the table to find that no else was paying them any mind, "I... uh..."

"You look a bit flush, do you have a fever? Maybe you should go see Madam Pomfrey?" Lily asked, "Vector and Babbling would understand if you missed one practice."

"You're right," Daphne was happy for the out and started gathering her things, "I'm just not feeling quite right, tell them for me?"

Lily nodded her head, "Of course, I'll see you later." Daphne gave her dormmate an appreciative smile before making her way out of the library. When she reached the entrance, she stopped for a brief second. *Maybe I should go see Madam Pomfrey, just make sure there's no... magic or potions affecting me.*

Making her way to the Hospital Wing took no time at all, there was a first year there with a bloody nose and a sixth year with a singed robes and a mild burn on their hands, but most of the beds were empty. The matron came and escorted her toward a bed, "Something wrong Miss Greengrass?"

"I'm... I'm not sure, Madam Pomfrey."

Her cool, comforting hands checked her forehead and cheeks. "Bit warm, dear, but certainly not a fever."

"Do you think you could just check to make sure there's no spells or potions affecting me," Daphne said quickly, "I'm not sure if I've been quite myself lately."

"You think someone has cursed you or given you a potion without your knowledge?"

"Honestly, no. I just want to be sure."

"Alright, dear." The matron's wand weaved through the air, and Daphne's body glowed with a faint white light, "No spells," another spell and she glowed again, "and no potions either. You're fit as a fiddle."

She didn't realize she'd been holding breath and let it out with a sigh of relief, "Thank you, Madame Pomfrey." *I knew he wouldn't have done anything like that, but I'm happy to be sure.*

"Of course, I'm here to help, Miss Greengrass." She gave her a kind smile, "Is there anything else?"

"No, I think I just need some rest." she stood from the bed, "Have a good night."

"You too, dear." Daphne knew she could go back to the practice if she really wanted, but was also aware that she would still be distracted. So, as she left the hospital wing she decided to head down to her dormitory, so that she could find some privacy... and some relief.

There were a few people in the Common Room when she stepped inside, and she could feel Malfoy's eyes on her as she crossed the room, but she paid none of them any mind and Draco even less. He spent most of his time secluded in the dungeons since his punishment, at least when he wasn't in detentions.

The last thing Daphne wanted to do at that moment was think about Draco, she had far more enticing thoughts that had her hurrying to her bed. When she reached her dorm, there was no one else inside. Curfew was less than an hour away, so people would probably be coming back soon, but she would already be comfortably sequestered by the time the others arrived.

Stripping out of her uniform, only her knickers remained as she climbed into her bed. There was a noticeable wet spot on the emerald-green, satin fabric. She leaned herself back against her soft pillows and closed the curtains behind her. No one would be able to disturb her now, and she couldn't be happier with that about it.

Skimming her fingers down her belly, she wasted no time getting her fingers beneath the band of her knickers and plunging one of them into her dripping core. She gasped low in her throat at the lewd squelch that came from between her thighs as she started chasing her peak.

Her thoughts instantly went to Harry and what he might be doing. *Sue Li most likely.* While Daphne was a bit vain, and rightfully proud of her looks, she couldn't deny that her Ravenclaw year-mate was stunning, and exotic. *I certainly wouldn't kick her out of bed.* A few short weeks ago, the thought wouldn't have even crossed her mind, but now it seemed to be as natural as breathing.

Daphne pictured the slender girl bent over and inviting her lover to take her from behind. Her long, slim legs spread and her pale, pink pussy wet and ready. While the girl was a menace in a duel, she always

looked delicate, and Daphne imagined Harry's fat cock would split her in half and have her fucked stupid within a couple strokes.

"Fill that... little pussy." Daphne murmured to herself, caught up in the picture she was painting for herself. She wanted to be there with them kissing the other girl's porcelain skin, and licking the sweat from every crevice formed by Harry's hard muscles. She wanted to kneel between where they were joined and let them drip onto her face with every thrust. She wanted to lick at his bollocks and Sue's little slit, until they both couldn't take any more of it and just exploded. *I bet they would taste fucking amazing. Merlin, why didn't I just take them up on the offer.*

It wasn't lost on her that she had manufactured this entire scenario in her own head, and that they could simply be practicing dueling, but her lust-addled mind didn't care about that fact. It was as real to her in that moment, as the digits digging into her pussy.

Shlick. Shlick. Shlick. A second of her fingers joined the first as she kept sawing away at her own dripping quim. *I'm so tight. Even that's a bit of a stretch, how am I going to take Harry?* The stain on the front of her tiny undergarments was growing bigger with every plunge and prod of her fingers. She scraped against the sensitive walls of her tunnel as she imagined Harry and Sue shaking and shuddering against each other. *I'll make him fucking fit.* Her thoughts were erratic and broken, but all focused on her lust.

"So much... cum." It would drip out of Sue, her little hole couldn't possibly handle all of that cum, and Daphne would be right there to lap up every drop that she couldn't take. And then Harry would slide in behind her, stretch her lips on his bulbous head and fill her up with every inch of his stupidly big cock. *Because of course he can stay hard for a second round... or five.* Now that had her absolutely gushing, and her beautiful, nubile body flushed as she reached her peak.

She filled her other hand with the soft, pillowy flesh of her tit and tweaked at her hard nipple. Her hips popped off the bed as her toes curled in pleasure. Her pussy flooded with more of her arousal and it gushed around her fingers and leaked to her bum cheeks. The entire front of her knickers were soaked in her juices. Her thighs quaked as she gasped and mewled through her climax.

Eyes heavy with pleasure, she stared up at the ceiling, fingers still gently toying with the lips of her pussy, "I'm **not** going to be left out. If Susan and Sue, and sodding Ginny Weasley are happy to go after what they want, why should I be any different. I'm Daphne Bloody Greengrass!" For the first time since this desire, this need, had started, she resolved herself to get Harry.

By the time she fell asleep that night, she'd gotten herself off three more times. To thoughts of her and Harry, and Susan, and Ginny, and even the girl at Honeydukes. *It'll be reality sooner rather than later. I refuse to live through fantasies alone.*

