

Chapter Nine: Quidditch!

“Hey, Golden Snitch!”

He perked up as a friendly, teasing voice called out to him, and he turned his head to see three familiar faces. Angelina Johnson, the oldest woman on his Quidditch team, was dressed in nothing but a Hollyhead Harpies tank top and a shockingly thin thong that rose up her hips. Her dark, toned thighs drew his eye as she sat with her legs crossed on the couch. As did her modest glimpse of cleavage in her loose top.

The other two were with her. Alicia was already in uniform, sans skirt, sitting comfortably close to Angelina. Her own tanned legs were just as killer, and the view of her thighs looked strangely erotic when bared wholly beneath her otherwise pristine uniform and robes.

Meanwhile, Katie looked like she'd just crawled out of bed. But even with a messy ponytail, some plain baggy sweats, and no makeup to speak of... she was an appealing sight to Harry. Her natural charm and pleasant smile gave her a girl-next-door look that he very much felt attracted to.

Harry smiled, both happy to see his teammates again and pleased by their casual attire. When he joined the team, Angelina and Alicia, even Katie, felt nigh unapproachable. They were older, popular girls, experienced Witches, and he was much too shy back then.

But now he enjoyed a sight that no other man in Hogwarts could. He saw the most popular of Gryffindor's bold beauties lounging in their most casual states, lounging in knickers or sleepwear.

Angelina was the one smiling at him, and beckoned him over with a finger and a 'come hither' look. She patted the seat next to him, and as he sat down, she wasted no time wrapping an arm around his shoulder.

“There's our miracle Seeker.” She said playfully and shook his shoulder, “Did you have a lovely Christmas?”

“Yeah...” He said with a light gasp. If Angelina's enticing perfume, close contact, and crack of cleavage weren't enough, the memory of a sex-filled winter break got his blood pumping.

A few months ago, he might've flinched or fled at this older, gorgeous Witch leaning into him whilst hardly dressed, but he kept his cool and leaned back into the couch. He

smiled at Katie and Alicia, who were both happy to see him, "It was bloody amazing, I have to say. Best Holiday I've had. What about you girls?"

"It was alright," Alicia shrugged, and then smirked as she glanced at Katie, "But I'm a little regretful I couldn't stay at the castle. It seems like this year was something special..."

Katie's cheeks were lightly pink as she met Alicia's gaze and glanced at him, "Yeah... It was easily my best Christmas..."

Angelina lightly laughed and leaned into Harry, "...So I heard. I'm surprised, Harry... I thought you were our cute, shy little firstie..." She softly giggled at his side, "But you were a lion all along! I never would've imagined you'd be the one to spoil a lady with gifts."

He raised his eyebrows and glanced at Katie, "Well, Katie's been so good to me since I came to Hogwarts... I wanted to do something to say thanks, so I tried to get her something she liked."

Alicia stared at him with a deadpan, crossing her bare legs, "...with a *Nimbus 2000*? You realise she's the only one in Hogwarts with that kind of broom, right?"

Harry felt a bit bashful now, "Uh... was it too much..?" He glanced at Katie, then Angelina.

He knew the broom was considered to be expensive. At least, too expensive for the Weasleys to afford... But there was no way he could truly understand it. He'd only spent galleons on books, robes, and classroom materials, and had a vault full of galleons suddenly pushed into his hands from inheritance.

Furthermore, Harry's perception of 'gift-giving' was a bit skewed in the first place. After all, his prime example was how the Dursleys spoiled Dudley with mountains of presents every Christmas and Birthday. Compared to that, a single broomstick didn't seem very impressive from his point of view.

"Too much?" Angelina suddenly laughed and squeezed his shoulder. She gave him a bright, pearly white smile, "No, no, no~! Not at all! In fact, I think it was just perfect. I think it passed the message along perfectly, right, Katie?" The older, playful woman pivoted the conversation to Katie with a wink, "You *did* thank him, right..?"

Katie was oddly quiet, looking bashful as she pulled down her ponytail and tried to straighten her hair with her fingers, "Y-yeah." She nodded, then regained her voice, "Of course, I thanked him. I gave him the biggest smooch I could muster!"

Harry smiled, "It was a good smooch."

Angelina didn't seem to want to let this go and grew a coy smirk, "...Well, I think a broom like that... is worth one hell of a smooch."

Harry caught Katie's gaze as she bloomed into a pretty smile. Then she rose from the couch, "You're right..."

Once again, she slipped over and climbed into his lap, and with the other two Quidditch dames watching, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Her soft bum pushed against his swollen bulge, nearly producing a groan from his lips, as she whispered to him.

"Thanks again, Harry... I really do love the gift..." And she leaned down to give him another soulful kiss.

Angelina and Alicia giggled together, sharing whispers as the couple's mouths softly parted to intertwine their tongues in a hot kiss.

Harry didn't know exactly when his hands landed on her soft, round butt. Before he knew it, he was squeezing those firm, pert globes, as Katie softly grinded on his lap and the two swapped spit in a rising passion.

Angelina giggled victoriously, smirking at their red faces and wet lips once they pulled apart, "That's what I like to see..! Our two newest mates getting along with some *spirited* bonding." She shared a coy smile with Alicia and reached over to brush a lock of hair from Alicia's face. Then she leaned over with a softer voice, "You know... us girls should really implement '*kissing practice*' in our teamwork building exercises... don't you think?"

Alicia responded with a slight smile and simply leaned over to close the distance, sealing her lips on Angelina's in a sweeter kiss than what Harry and Katie were currently sharing.

"Mmm..." Angelina softly moaned as her hands slid down to slide into Alicia's robe to leave a lingering touch on her hips. Their soft lips met in gentle kisses as she murmured, "...yeah... I think it'll do wonders for our... teamwork..."

Harry stared at Katie's pretty eyes as she sat on his lap, pulling back with a sweet smile. He glanced over to the two hot Witches cuddling and kissing, and couldn't help but agree with a breathless voice, "Yeah... what a brilliant idea..."

Angelina softly moaned, pulling her lips from Alicia's to send him a saucy side look, "Mmm~" She giggled, flashing another teasing smile with smoky eyes, "Well... I suppose since you're a resident of our dorm... that means you'd be invited too..."

Katie and Alicia grinned at him, as if the idea of him as their kissing partner had just made their morning.

Angelina lightly laughed, placing one last kiss on Alicia's cheek before she pulled away, "Too bad for the other boys, right? They have no idea what they're missing. Oh well."

Then, with all three of them focused on him, and Katie still comfortably straddling his lap, Angelina gave him one last wink, "But that'll have to wait until the season starts properly, right? Mm, I can't wait... With our quick and cute Chaser on a Nimbus 2k, we might just have a new lynchpin. Imagine the look on Slytherin's face..."

As the other girls joined in, Harry paused in thought. Katie made no move to separate from him. In fact, she got quite cosy on his lap, hugging his body tight and occasionally leaning up to peck the sides of his lips.

As much as she was kissing him, Harry was likely to get ideas... but strangely, the shower of kisses and murmured thanks felt affectionate, but not quite romantic. Katie just seemed genuinely over the moon about this gift, and her teammates had given her the suggestion she needed to act on those feelings.

But it made Harry think, *'Damn... they are really making a big deal out of that gift..! Huh... would I spoil it if I showed up to practice with a Nimbus of my own..?'*

He began to worry he'd ruin the 'special' feeling of the gift if he just broke out another broom... So for now, he was glad he hadn't just blindly carried it to the Quidditch Pitch, and decided to get advice from Hermione or maybe Lavender later.

In the meantime...

"Katie..."

"Mhm?" She was leaning her head on his shoulder, sunken onto his lap with her arms wrapped tight around his chest. But when he called, her sweet eyes peered up at him, and a cute smile bloomed automatically.

He leaned down to get another taste of those sweet, soft lips, and to his delight, she didn't even think of rejecting him.

"...damn..."

He heard a soft whisper not too far off, as Angelina's body heat was still so present at his side. He managed a glance and saw it came from Alicia, who was shifting.

She murmured, "...it looks like a whole different experience than with a girl..." As she watched their slower kiss develop. He caught her supple, smooth thighs slightly part as she shifted. Her hips came forward into a more comfortable position... and her fingers pulled up her warm winter blazer to slip down into her knickers and diddle herself as she kept her eyes locked on him.

Harry was feeling hot, teasing the soft lips of his teammate, squeezing her lovely arse. At the same time, the two older idols of his House began to slowly tease themselves on the couch beside them.

'Damn... If Angelina is going to convince Oliver that THIS kind of training is better than freezing my bollocks off on the early morning pitch... then I'm REALLY going to enjoy this semester!'

His mind savoured that minor victory for a brief moment before it naturally swung back to its natural desires. Namely, the three hot witches he'd be soaring through the skies with.

The Winter Holiday had given Harry a taste of genuine excitement. *Real* arousal and desires. He took his relationship with his three sexy roomies across the final threshold, and now... consciously or not, he turned his eyes to these equally as desirable Witches.

He'd considered Parvati and Lavender as his two 'sex-fantasies' since the day he'd been charmed by the lionesses. But these three were not much different. Attractive, intelligent, older Witches with a lion's boldness and a natural charm that would surely charm any wizard who passed them by.

...And Harry had slid into the only place in Hogwarts he could reasonably score regular contact with these older Witches. So naturally, little amorous thoughts had floated about his mind now and then. Locker room fantasies, one might say. The fleeting thought of 'what if..?' focused on the popular trio of sporty, charming Gryffindor Chasers.

Back then, they were quickly dismissed. Such fantasies seemed so unbelievable to him that he didn't even allow them to linger in his head. Back then, he was much too unsociable to be so bold as to ask out any Witch. Much less, older, extroverted women.

But now...

Harry had never thought how much this castle would change him. He had such a pretty girl on his lap, snogging him sweetly, while the other two were trading fleeting kisses in their knickers right beside him.

He wondered how much of this new confidence he could chalk up to the presence of the Ledger? Carrying around an all-powerful artefact that could warp reality to his whim certainly helped... But... How much of it was actually just *Harry* all along? Perhaps it was his true nature, now that he was finally out from under the Dursleys' oppressive thumb.

People had told him that his father was an outgoing man. Both his parents were Gryffindors.

He didn't let those thoughts linger in his mind. He couldn't really, not in THIS situation.

He felt Katie giggle as she rubbed her soft warmth against him and whispered, "...you're a good kisser "

He cracked a grin, "I'm lucky to have such lovely practice partners."

She smiled, accepting his compliment as she went back to pressing her soft lips against his and exploring his chest with her hands.

As he lost himself to the moment of intimacy with one of his closest friends at this far-off magical boarding school... He couldn't help but wonder at the possibilities.

'...damn...' He silently groaned as Katie's every slight shift on his lap felt like heaven. Her softness, her heat, pressing against his stiffness was driving him wild. Beside him, the sounds of soft pants and feminine moans began to play out. As distracted as he was, he couldn't get a good look... But he was sure Angelina had opened up her legs and tugged that little thong aside to join Alicia in some morning self-love.

He groaned, taking a generous squeeze of Katie's cute, round butt and pulling her closer as their kiss intensified. She began to play with his hair, passionate atop his lap as her tongue sought out his own with every kiss.

As passion grew and gave way to lust, Harry's thoughts spiralled with new, exciting ideas, '*Where do I even start..? Post-game showers squeezed between three hot loinesses... Maybe some physical, steamy victory celebrations with all three..? Or on the other hand, some proper good 'warm up' before the big game...*'

He pushed these fantasies further.

'...I want something sexier...' His head filled with thoughts of the hottest older Gryffindor Witches he knew wearing revealing cheerleader uniforms as they bounced and chanted his name. He imagined hosting a private 'Witches only' tourney, where all the girls were riding broomsticks, wearing nothing but some House Scarves.

Those were the kinds of things this book could make a reality.

'It's going to be fun...'

The first week of classes flew by, and before he knew it, it was time for the first game back on the pitch. Of course, it had to be against Slytherin, but Harry wasn't too bothered.

'In fact, this time Malfoy might even enhance the experience.'

He thought as he prepared to head down for the prep.

"Good luck, Harry~ Mwuah~"

Perhaps he should be used to it by now, but getting a good luck kiss from Hermione's soft lips still put a silly smile on his face. He enjoyed the soft, slender figure squeezed against him in a brief hug as she beamed a smile and stepped back.

Parvati's kiss was just as sweet, but it quickly turned a little playful. He couldn't help but take a quick squeeze of her ass. Lavender was much more affectionate and gave him plenty of tongue before they parted ways.

Harry felt a spring in his step as he headed down to the pitch, despite the nip in the air.

But he also felt a little regret, *'Hahah, maybe 'good luck' kisses were a bad idea...'* He thought, trying to ignore the stiffness in his trousers and the urge to pull one of the girls aside for a bit of relief to keep him focused.

Thankfully, the walk was enough to calm it down. And as much as Harry had learned to *love* a good blow from his cute roomies, he was also anticipating today's game. After all, Quidditch was his *second favourite pastime*, and one he'd not gotten the pleasure of enjoying recently!

So, for the first time in a while, Harry restrained himself from some quick pleasure and headed down the path to the pitch. Then, to the Gryffindor Locker rooms.

...

Their Captain Oliver Wood was still singing his praises as the team met up once again. He was thrilled by the good news that Katie was no longer stuck on a creaky, worn-out school broom and had such a massive upgrade. He claimed that the Quidditch Cup was as good as theirs.

Harry had his own Nimbus 2000 in hand after all. He'd gotten some advice from the girls, but in the end, he was just as thrilled at the prospect of flying a shiny new Nimbus as Katie was. There was no way he could resist or wait until a later match. Besides, it only took a little scribble to write the issue away. By *current Account*, Katie's broom was the only special one, regardless of whether Harry held its twin or not.

After a brief round of greetings, Harry began to feel the excitement of the upcoming event start to swell. He was itching to fly, and fly *fast*.

"Right then. Let's get geared!" Oliver broke their brief meeting and sent them off to the locker rooms.

Harry couldn't resist a sly grin.

"Come on, Harry..!" Katie flashed a sweet smile as she clasped his hand, "The Ladies' Lockers are beyond an enchanted curtain. Madam Hooch already keyed you in, so you can take the locker next to mine!"

He heard a pair of whistles and looked to see Fred and George giving him thumbs up as they carried their brooms through to the men's side. He chuckled and shook his head as he followed Katie through the curtain, eyes fixed on Angelina's skirt.

He set his broom against the wall beside Katie's and carried his bag over to the locker. Whilst pulling out the pads and thick jersey of his uniform, the ladies, whose gear was already ready to go in their lockers, shared a little chatter as they began to disrobe.

'...*damn..!*' Harry sucked in a breath, a shameless smirk showing on his face.

He was treated to the sight every morning, but it never once grew stale. In fact, this was even more exciting than usual.

Angelina slipped off that figure-hiding black cloak, revealing the shapely silhouette of a curvy grown woman. Alicia was with her on the other side, bent over stunningly to pick up the skirt she'd just dropped to the floor.

'...*Glory to Gryffindor..!*' He internally remarked as he saw her sexy red lace knickers clinging to that tanned, ample bum.

He watched, forgetting his bag entirely, as Katie flashed him a smile. Then, standing right beside him, turned toward him and began to chat, "I'm so excited for this game, Harry..! Flying a few laps around the pitch was just *incredible*, so I'm dying to see what this broom is like in a real game!"

He nodded along, watching her undo her tie and toss it to the floor, before she began to roll her snug winter blazer up her modest chest. She then casually began to drop the buttons one by one, seemingly unbothered by the way he was staring. Her pale, smooth skin was steadily exposed.

A fit of giggles made him turn his head just in time to see Angelina drop her skirt and bend over her locker. Standing opposite him, her broad, deliciously thick booty was pointed toward him, all but naked with the thin black thong she wore.

Alicia dropped her red lace bra, treating him to the sight of her full, shapely breasts as she pulled a sports bra from her bag. She caught him staring and simply smiled back at him.

Katie was next, dropping her white shirt and reaching to unclasp her bra. As it fell down, her perky, cute boobs caught his eye.

He appreciated the sight of all three girls, finding each of them incredibly attractive. They were much more fit than the girls he usually spent his time with, and while he loved the bodies of his roommates, it was a different experience. They had enticing, defined abdomens and firmer thighs, which he couldn't help but find sexy.

He must've been staring like a fool, because Katie giggled at him as she pulled her hair into a ponytail, her bare tits teasing his eyes, "Heheh, need help, Harry? You haven't even taken off your robe."

Harry chuckled loosely and began to shrug off his robe, but inwardly, Katie's joke lingered in his mind, '*There's an idea...*' The thought of the three naked, attractive teammates undressing him was a very enticing one indeed.

In the midst of their undressing, there was a sudden knock on the wood, turning their heads to the door.

A mature woman with silver hair slipped inside the curtain, greeting them with a nod, "Ladies."

"Good Morning, Madam Hooch~" The three girls replied together.

Harry was silent as he stared. He hadn't expected the Madam to drop by their locker room, and he wondered if this was a usual thing. At the very least, the girls weren't surprised, even as they greeted her in their knickers.

But the sudden appearance of the school's Quidditch Instructor made certain thoughts spring up in Harry's mind.

Madam Hooch was a mature lady with silver hair, but she wasn't *old*. Nor would he say she was particularly unappealing to the eye.

...But when Harry looked at her, he could only think of Hogwarts' *other* female Professors. Namely, his smoking hot Head of House, Minerva and the flirtatious, sexy Nurse Pomfrey.

To make matters worse, he was already stiff in his trousers, teased by his three attractive teammates stripping down to their knickers.

He couldn't help but be tempted, '*...I wouldn't mind a little extra eye candy on the pitch...*'

Madam Hooch was one of the strictest instructors in the castle. She was stern and intimidating, which had kept Harry from considering something like this in the past... But now...

As the three girls greeted Madam Hooch, Harry couldn't help himself. With an unnoticed snap of his fingers, a large floating tome appeared before his eyes. It opened on its own, fluttering to the appropriate page. On the left, it listed out the Accounts of the Female Locker Room... and on the right, it listed the Accounts of Madam Hooch.

He paused briefly in thought. His initial changes to Minerva had been shocking because all he'd done was slash her age, and she turned out gorgeous. But with Pomfrey, he'd intentionally turned into a sexy, flirtatious Nurse, wanting to see what the Ledger could do with more detailed instruction. The results had been outstanding.

This time, he aimed for something in between. He didn't think a flirtatious, teasing personality suited the strict instructor. Instead, he opted to make her a little less 'scary' while retaining a level of her strict attitude. He figured if she 'loosened up' just a bit, then his time on the pitch would be even more enjoyable.

The ink dried on the page, and when he raised his eyes again, he saw spectacular results!

The years seemed to have disappeared, leaving a youthful, tall woman standing at the door. Her rigid air seemed to subside as she shifted her weight and leaned against the wall, looking at them. She flashed a small smile as she greeted them.

Her hair was more silver than white now, and no longer in a short spiky cut. It was an attractive, wavy bob that suited her well. She seemed to put more care into her makeup, accenting her blue eyes and peach lips.

All in all, she looked much more spritely and energetic... and *much more attractive*. She looked friendly as she greeted them with a smile.

Her figure was eye-catching as well. Hooch was always a slender woman, but perhaps because of her new 'youthfulness', she appeared much better than before. *Or maybe he was just checking her out now that she was hot*. Either way, he found her curves appealing.

She was already in gear, except for her pads and outer robe. Her outfit clung to her shape snugly, particularly the leather trousers that hugged her wide hips. It was apparent she was in good shape, and with her slender waist, the swell of her hips and bust provided an enticing hourglass of a woman.

Harry was pleased, finding her much easier on the eyes than before.

"Do you need something from us, Madam?" Angelina asked as the Ledger snapped closed.

"Came to check on the Lion's Seeker." Hooch said curtly and pointed a raised eyebrow at him, "McGonagall insisted you change with the girls, and I don't see any issue with it... But keep it clean, Mister Potter. No 'foul play' on the pitch, nor in my Locker Rooms, are we clear?"

Harry nodded, still staring somewhat, and responded as he usually would to this strict instructor, "Crystal."

"Good." The beautiful, tall Witch seemed about to turn on her heel and head out.

After he let out a breath, his eyes fell without thinking.

Hooch was already geared up for the game, but she was without her referee's long, black and white cloak. That meant his eyes were attracted to something usually hidden from view.

He stared at the Madam's backside.

The tall and slender woman had a tight, surprisingly shapely bum that was presented enticingly in a tight set of leather pants. He was somewhat shocked by how *damn good* they looked on her, clinging to her fine ass snugly.

Internally, he bemoaned she was already in gear... but only for a moment, before he suddenly brightened up.

“-Now I want to see a good game out there today, girls.” Hooch gave them one last word, her head turned as she stood at the door.

“Yes, Madam~” The young ladies responded perfectly, earning a satisfied nod.

Harry, meanwhile, was crouched over the bench, with a thick, leather tome laid out and a Quill in his hand. He wore a mischievous smirk.

...Madam Hooch addresses the Gryffindor Quidditch Team's members; Female Locker Room...

He shamelessly struck out a particular *Account* and replaced it with something more suitable.

...Madam Hooch is dressed in her standard robes; Female Locker Room...

...Madam Hooch is carrying a bag with her Referee Uniform; Female Locker Room...

And finally...

...Madam Hooch decides to change with the Gryffindor Girls; Female Locker Room...

Just moments after he'd scribbled the last punctuation, and the ink instantly dried, the *Account* became so.

Thump!

A hefty bag was dropped on the bench right beside him, and Harry raised his head to see the usually stern-looking Professor shucking off her plain black robes. She raised a brow, as if she hadn't noticed him, “Sorry, Potter.”

Then she started pulling off her modest wool blouse and warm trousers as she casually addressed them, “Since the lad is here, I figured I might as well bring my bag and keep an eye. You don't mind, do you, girls?” Hooch asked, already pulling off her blouse like she never imagined a negative response.

“Not at all~” Angelina was eager to welcome her and slipped over a little closer in her skimpy knickers and bra, “We'd love for you to join us, Professor.”

Alicia was also interested, as she looked over at Hooch's figure, “You're welcome any time, Professor.”

Katie nodded along, “That's right.”

“Well, thank you.” Hooch nodded as she opened up her undershirt and tossed it to the floor.

Harry was stunned by the sight of her large tits, even if they were decorated by a rather plain black bra.

‘I really underestimated the changes..!’ Harry inwardly thought, spellbound by the sight of a tall, busty older woman’s rack as she bent forward, nearly shoving that shelf in his face as she fished through her bag.

After Harry’s little tryst in the Nurse’s Office with Lavender, and the radical change he’d given the Madam of the Ward, Poppy Pomfrey, Harry had *thought* he’d been restrained with the wording this time. Partly, to test a more subdued *Account*, since Poppy’s ‘Sexy Nurse’ was the complete opposite.

...But the Ledger surprised him!

Hooch was hot as hell!

Harry swallowed his saliva as Hooch pulled out a familiar pair of brown pants and turned away from him. There really was no reason for her to turn and thrust out her bum as she wiggled wide hips and dropped her winter windbreakers, but...

...Women around the castle occasionally flash Harry Potter...

One of Harry’s oldest ‘Accounts’ still served him faithfully.

It let him see the sight he was yearning for, as Hooch’s tight, shapely ass as she bent forward. Her womanly backside was firm and eye-catching. Perfectly smooth, pale skin was revealed in twin slices that peeked out of her black knickers. Truly a sight to showcase how her newly rejuvenated figure was worth his undisguised attention.

Then suddenly, Madam Hooch straightened her back. She turned her head over her shoulder, peering at him with a stern look that made him jolt in place.

He nearly forgot all about his ‘Accounts’ and feared she’d beat him with a broomstick for checking out her ass.

Then she cocked her hip and snorted with a brief chuckle, “Not that I don’t appreciate the stare of a young wizard... but you should keep your head on the upcoming game, Potter.”

“..!” Harry blinked in a momentary stupor, then slowly grinned, *‘...oh right...’* He’d been a bit intimidated by this woman from the start, which put him on the back foot. But her

curious statement reminded him of what his reality was. He chuckled, feeling a rush of excitement and confidence.

Then he flashed her an unrepressed smirk as he said, full of spirit, "Sorry, Professor... I was just appreciating your ass. Those robes really don't do your figure justice, Madam."

The Professor looked a bit taken aback by his sudden compliment, "...Really? Heh, some loose flattery won't score you any extra points on the Pitch, Mister Potter."

He wore an honest look of interest and insisted, "That wasn't my intention. Believe me, your ass is fantastic~" He laid it on thick, enjoying just how brazenly he could talk to strict, well-feared Quidditch Madam with such sexually provocative words. Then, feeling fearless, he looked to the side, where his bare-chested teammates were dropping their bras to the floor.

While he admired Angelina's large, teardrop breasts and dusky nipples, he pulled her in on the fun, "Don't you think so, Angelina? Mm, I'd say it's at least as good as yours, and you've got the best ass in Gryffindor."

Angelina sent him a sudden raised eyebrow and a flirty smile, then turned to Hooch, "Oh yes, you're absolutely right." She insisted, strutting her wide hips over to the half-naked Professor, "It's just a perfect bum..! I think mine's a bit bigger, but yours is so firm... I hope I keep my shape half as good as you, Madam Hooch."

Then it seemed like Harry cracked the shell. He managed to drag the Gryffindor girls and their penchant for 'admiring each other' to pile on the appreciative comments of Hooch's tight buns.

Hooch grew an amused smile and rolled her eyes, "It's not magic, girls. Not all of it anyway. Even as a Witch, the trick is just an active lifestyle..." She turned her hips toward the girls, reaching back to slip her fingers under her half-exposed cheeks and give them a little bounce for demonstration. The shape of that tight peach truly was worth appreciation.

Harry grinned as Alicia and Katie joined in, swapping compliments and idle talk about the shapes and sizes of their boobs and butts with the Professor.

At the same time, Hooch didn't forget about him and urged him to drop his trousers already.

And as he did...

“Heheh, you really are honest, Harry...” Katie giggled as the other girls looked on appreciatively.

He shrugged with a smirk, not minding his erect cock as he pulled off his boxers.

They all just took it as flattery.

Whizzing through the air, Harry enjoyed the loud cries of the crowd. After a long break and a busy first week of classes, the castle was spirited for the game. The Quidditch Stadium was full of spectators, more packed than it had been on the first game of the season, as Gryffindor faced off against Slytherin.

Harry enjoyed the thrill of flying for the first time in weeks.

Over the break, he’d discovered something equally as magical and even more enjoyable than flying on a broom. But as good as sex was, he got a different kind of thrill from the flight and competition, and there was no reason to trade one for the other.

After all, why couldn’t one enjoy both?

Harry’s complete focus had been on the game, as his eyes ran practised patterns looking for a golden, whizzing target. But, understandably, he was distracted as his eyes swept past the stands not too far off from him.

There in the front row were three familiar girls. They were clapping and waving at him, one particularly more energetically than the other. Harry would’ve felt touched by how emotive they were... if not for how distracting Lavender’s figure-hugging sweater was in her ‘emotion’.

They were bundled up warmly in the crisp January chill. Still, somehow Lavender’s sweater emphasised the shelf of her big, plush tits clearly to his gaze. He nearly flew into a post as he caught her with both hands up, bouncing on her feet in mesmerising motion.

“As awful a sight to see in the air as ever Potter!”

Harry’s wonderful distraction was disrupted in the worst way possible. By an ugly mug. He scowled deeply at the sound of Malfoy’s voice.

“I suppose you must’ve taken it easy over break, if you’ve forgotten how to fly straight.” Draco remarked with a chuckle as he floated in the air beside him, “Not that you managed much better before!”

“Oh sod off, Malfoy..! I was enjoying the view before your mug spoiled it for me.” He felt oddly confident in his response, chuckling as he surprised himself. He wore an unshakable grin, one that pissed Malfoy off at the sight of it, “And I did enjoy my break, thank you. It was a much-needed relief of your presence!”

“..!”

He'd always been a bit snarky with Malfoy, but it was apparent there was something different this time. The blonde snake seemed to shrivel into a scowl and opened his mouth to retort.

But Harry wasn't finished quite yet. His grin twisted with a bit of deviousness.

'I feel a little bad for how quickly I broke this out, but...'

He hadn't *really* intended to use it. He'd just jotted it down as a joke with himself, and as an experiment. But since Malfoy felt like stoking the fire himself...

“...Flying must just not be in your genes.” He baited, with a smirk that dug deep under Draco's skin. To throw fuel to the fire, he added with a pompous drawl, “Perhaps it's too *simple* a sport for the *noble* House of Malfoy.”

Draco looked as if he'd just been slapped, clearly not expecting Harry to suddenly drag his family into the quibble, “How dare you..! Who are you to speak of House Malfoy..? I'll have you know that my *Fath-*”

'Too easy...' Harry's sudden smirk went unnoticed by Draco, because before he even finished that particular word, his broom betrayed him.

Draco took a sharp, sudden dive, with a shriek truly unbecoming of the Malfoy's young scion.

Harry looked down, delighted, as Malfoy clung to his broomstick as it spun with a mind of its own and veered off his path. Then there was a lightness in his own flight as he shot off to hunt the snitch.

Internally, he snickered, *'It was supposed to just be a test to see how long Malfoy could last without spouting his line, but... that was fun too.'*

...Draco Malfoy's Broomstick will do a sudden barrel roll when he says the words 'My father'...

With a light heart, Harry enjoyed the rest of the game, ignoring the withering looks of his confused opponent.

While the snitch was his primary focus, Harry's keen eyes did wander on occasion. He was watching the other players... though his focus was certainly skewed towards a certain few.

'...Damn... Katie's on fire...' He wore a fond smile as his fellow Gryffindor dominated the pitch, bolting like a Thunderbird on her new, polished Nimbus 2000. She was already a deft flier, but now she was flying circles on bewildered Slytherins on her top-of-the-line racing broom.

It wasn't just the broom working, of course, whether it was due to Slytherin's stupor or Katie's overflowing excitement and energy on her broom, she was at the top of her game. She scored over half of Gryffindor's points herself. Angelina and Alicia gave her centre stage, feeding her frenzy of points with ample passes, while Fred and George were twisting daggers into Slytherin's morale with harassing quips.

Harry was just admiring that charming smile on her face as she flew... and couldn't help but notice how she would look in his direction every score, no matter where he was cruising on the pitch.

He was a bit distracted, but his attention was brought back when he saw Malfoy swerve off in a sudden dive.

'Whoops..!' He shot off after the snobby snake, hot on the trail of dark green robes.

Then he saw the glint of gold and grinned.

"Gah...! Potter..!" Draco fumed as Harry shot past him in a silent streak of red and gold.

In just a short minute later, Jordan announced, "Potter's got the snitch! Gryffindor Wins!"

He lifted it up to the roaring crowd, sending one last look toward Draco.

But he didn't care to steal the glory. The truth is, even if Draco had caught the snitch instead, it would've ended just the same. Gryffindor's score was soaring well enough over the Slytherins.

He looked over to the beaming smile of the cute brown haired Witch, trading high fives with Angelina and Alicia in the air.

This was Katie's victory.

...

Shortly later, the team all flew down to the centre of the pitch, where Madam Hooch was waiting.

“Great game, loins!” She congratulated them first with a broader smile than he’d ever seen, “I’d say that’s the best your team has flown this Season..! A great performance after the break!”

Of course, Katie was the centre of the praise, being sandwiched by Angelina and Alicia while their Captain was going on about her excellent manoeuvring and killer scores.

But when they all touched the grass, she broke away from that tight formation.

“..!” Harry, who had been a comfortable distance away, was surprised to see her rush over in his direction.

Her Nimbus 2000, her newly prized broom, was dropped to the grassy pitch without much care.

Then she jumped him!

“!?!”

It was only the fact that his reflexes were still wired from the game that Harry reacted so well. As Katie jumped into him, he dropped his broom and reached out in a smooth catch. His hands caught onto something soft as a pair of slender legs wrapped around him, and a sudden pair of fierce lips sealed onto his!

He hobbled back a half step, utterly stupefied, while Katie’s tongue playfully slipped inside his lips in a hot kiss.

“!!!” After a short moment of silence, the entire stadium blew up into even louder cheers and cries from the students. The young men whooped and blew wolf whistles, while the female students squealed with excitement.

“Mmmm~!” Katie kissed him in a hot frenzy, like all the wild adrenaline from the game was vented through her soft lips. Her slender body squeezed him tightly.

Harry was shocked speechless... as was the entire pitch.

He’d kissed her before, certainly. Many times, much longer, more passionately and intimately than this... But that was in the dorm! That was *because of Rules!*

This was out on the pitch, where the whole castle had come out to watch.

There was nothing in the Ledger that would suggest this to Katie. Nothing he wrote or recalled.

In other words... this was just Katie snogging the life out of him because she *wanted to*.

“Oh, Harry..! Uhm...” Katie panted, her lips wet as she pulled back. Her face was burning red, but not from the flush of sport. She was thoroughly embarrassed as she glanced toward the roaring stadium, but didn’t seem in too much of a hurry to let him go.

Instead, she ignored him *and his hands on her tight bum*, as he held her there. She pressed her forehead against his and panted, “Heheh, sorry if I surprised you..!” She seemed at a loss for words, leaving him to wonder if she was breathless from the game or the kiss.

Then he sent him a pretty smile, “I hope you don’t mind... I was just excited and... sort of went for it.”

“Yeah...” He smartly agreed.

Katie flashed a brilliant grin and pecked his cheek once again, “...thanks, Harry...”

“...For Christmas..?” He murmured, wondering how long this gift would keep giving!

She smiled prettily and shook her head, “Heheh, no... that kiss wasn’t for Christmas.”

She pulled away from him, slightly red in the face as they stood under the attention of the stadium.

Harry was still surprised, looking at her as he thought. He saw the rest of his team smirking and cheering at the two of them... As well as the cluster of Slytherins on the other side of the pitch. Draco was scowling in distaste, a sight that made the experience a little better in his mind.

Harry was similarly embarrassed by the attention, but not as much as he thought he would be. In fact, the cheers that erupted from Katie’s public display of affection filled him with a surprisingly good feeling.

As the rest of the team surrounding the two of them, poking fun or celebrating their victory, Harry slipped his hand into Katie’s and gave it a squeeze. She smiled at him in response.

As Harry walked back to the locker rooms, he hovered behind the tall, beautiful and sweaty Chasers Angelina and Alicia.

His appetite for flying was satisfied by the intense game... leaving only one thing on his mind.

With the promise of three attractive Chasers and a locker room shower ahead of him, Harry summoned the Ledger and quickly jotted down a few lines.

His eyes lingered on Katie Bell's unshakable smile as he remembered her intense kiss just moments ago.

He knew the perfect way to celebrate their first game back from break.

...

After heading onto the pitch from the locker rooms of Gryffindor's sexy Chaser trio, Harry was excited. Now, after the game was finished, his libido freshly invigorated by a searing kiss with Katie, and the promise of an after-game shower with the three gorgeous Quidditch Girls, Harry was painfully aroused.

He was once again treated to the gorgeous sight of teammates stripping down. While it took longer to unstrap pads and shuck off their bulky jerseys, there was something oddly sexy about some sweaty, dishevelled young women shedding unflattering gear to reveal their stimulating feminine figures.

Harry unfastened his buckles in record time and eagerly followed the bouncy, bare butts of three fit Witches into the women's showers.

Of course, he'd made similar changes as he'd done to the showers in his dorm. Since their team was small, it only made sense that the girls would all squeeze together under a single large shower head, right?

Angelina's bigger, round booty led the way, with Alicia's only slightly smaller hips a step behind. Harry followed the more petite, cuter bubble butt of Katie as the three girls slipped under the spray.

"Oooh~!" They all let out attractive moans as the water hit their beautiful naked figures.

"That's nice~" Katie moaned, leaning into the spray as the water doused her face, hair, and perky breasts.

“Come on, Harry, don’t be shy~” Angelina seemed to think he was standing back out of awkwardness and grabbed his arm to pull him in.

Harry groaned, not just because of the wonderful feeling of hot water after the game, but because he was squeezed between three naked, gorgeous teammates.

With them in a tight circle, Harry was surrounded by three beautiful pairs of ripe fruit. Angelina’s enormous melons with dusky nipples, and Alicia’s stunning, tanned teardrops. Of course, Katie’s smaller, modest tits were no less appealing to him, and her fairer skin looked marvellous beside the other two.

The girls giggled at him with coquettish smiles, and he couldn’t help but notice the way their eyes glanced down.

His cock was stiff as a beater’s bat, so close to three lovely, toned sets of shapely thighs under the shower’s spray. It filled him with wild desire.

He watched as Angelina turned to wave her hand, summoning a bar of soap to her grasp. Then she slipped up beside Alicia and began to slide it across her teammate’s smooth skin. Bubbles and suds slowly spread across her naked figure as Angelina giggled, paying extra attention to the lovely, full breasts of her teammate.

Alicia was happy to reciprocate and slipped her soapy hands across the chest of her busty companion. Soon they were both utterly irresistible, softly teasing and giggling, all covered in bubbles, soap and water. Like any good Gryffindor girls, they were physically affectionate and flattering with each other.

“Mmm~ Your tits are always so juicy, Alicia~” Angelina purred in a husky tone, releasing the floating bar of soap to squeeze Alicia’s tanned jugs with her bare hands.

“Thanks~ But I’ve got nothing on you, girlfriend... I mean, at least not down here..!” Alicia slipped her hands around Angelina’s waist and grabbed two big handfuls of a soft, plump backside. Her fingers looked small, sinking into great slopes of Angelina’s booty.

Spank~!

Alicia and Angelina giggled as the former swatted her shower partner’s ass with a wet spank.

It was a sight Harry could watch all day.

But he had his own partner, who made her presence known by bringing her hands to his naked chest.

Harry looked down, feeling something warm, and seeing Katie's pretty smile slide in close. She stared at his chest, her cheeks flushed with a hint of a smile, as she slid her hands down his chest. "...You've really got into shape, Harry..." She murmured, as if she was admiring his physique.

Harry's eyes and hands were likewise drawn to Katie's own slender, lovely figure. He slid his fingers up her smooth sides until they crested up the curve of a pair of shapely breasts. She wasn't nearly as stacked as Angelina or Alicia. Still, her perky boobies were just perfect handfuls, with a pair of bubblegum pink nips. He gave her chest a gentle squeeze as he 'washed' her, and complimented them.

"...You too, Katie..." He began gently as he admired her, "Your tits are just lovely... and you have such a good bum too. You're bloody gorgeous..."

She smiled adorably, beaming under his compliments of her tits and ass, "Thanks, Harry~"

Harry dragged his hands across her feminine figure, focusing on her soft, modest boobs and her firm bubble butt.

Katie softly giggled, chatting about the game as she enjoyed his caresses, "Mm..! It's really a different experience when a guy does it..! Your hands are so firm..."

It was an innocent statement, but to him it sounded coquettish. When combined with her pretty smile, he felt like she was egging him on. His hands reached down to 'wash' her pert backside, and grabbed a forceful squeeze of her two perfectly round cheeks.

"Mmm~" Katie was pleasantly surprised as he squeezed her ass and pulled her closer, and she found her lips taken in a hot kiss. Her momentary stupor only lasted for a second before she simply closed her eyes and joined him in the kiss, teasing his tongue with hers.

She wiggled in his arms, and after a few hot kisses, she broke off with a gasp, "H-harry..! It's poking me..!"

He grinned and looked down. His prick was still full mast, standing tall like a flagpole to Gryffindor's glory. With her body so close, it squeezed up against her belly, twitching against her.

He felt a slender set of fingers slide around his sensitive length, drawing a gasp from his lips.

Katie smiled with pretty white teeth as she sent him a playful look, "...do you need some help, Harry? I know you can't help it... showering with us girls... but being so excited must be distracting... want me to give you a wank?"

She asked him in a perfectly level tone, but in his excitement, it was unbelievably sexy. Her hands squeezed him with a gentle pressure, sliding up and down like she was 'washing' his rigid pole.

A moan caught his attention for a brief instant, and he saw Angelina and Alicia much more intimately engaged. The soap and sponges were floating aside, forgotten, as the two girls squeezed and slid their soapy, slippery breasts together, grinding together in a steamy embrace. Moans fell from their lips, as their sensitive tongues toyed with one another, drawing them into aroused excitement.

Harry's swollen rod twitched in Katie's hands, enjoying the erotic show of his two hot older teammates Frenching naked under the shower spray.

"...Let's get cleaned up first..." Harry said to Katie with a barely contained desire in his tone.

As much as he wanted to keep Katie's wonderful hands on his prick... he had something else planned.

Right on cue, Angelina broke off her kiss with Alicia to quip, "Heheh, that's right... Don't be shy, Katie and give him a good rub. Don't miss a spot~ Make sure he's clean everywhere~"

Katie's eyes fell to his prick as she gently rubbed it with her hands.

Alicia joined in, winking at him, "That goes for you too, Harry~"

He smirked, "Of course... in fact, I've got just the perfect idea."

"Huh..? Ooh..!" Katie softly squeaked as his hands once again dug into her doughy bubble butt and lifted her up a bit. She stood on the tips of her toes, clinging to his neck in surprise.

Then she softly moaned as she felt his rigid erection slip perfectly in the crack of her thighs, and he settled her down just a bit. She let out a gasp, as did he, as Katie's hot, slick cunt nestled atop his hardened prick. Whether it was intentional or not, Katie's legs shut, giving him a jolt of pleasure as her soft thighs squeezed his prick wonderfully.

"I-I see..!" Katie softly gasped, then looked up at him.

He didn't need any explanation as she leaned up on her own to take another kiss, her soapy tits squished against his chest. Together they began to rock, as his cock slid between her slippery thighs and brushed against her hot nethers. The feeling of his erection sliding against her lower petals, combined with the stimulation of a deep kiss, made Katie's body quiver. She moaned into his lips, being swept into pleasure.

Katie's thighs were providing the stimulation he was aching for. He felt a budding satisfaction and an intense desire for more. He squeezed her bum greedily, while trading wet kisses.

Katie responded enthusiastically, murmuring sweet words between intimate kisses as she began to rock her hips. She whimpered, her legs like jelly, as she rubbed her sex against his with growing passion.

The signs that she was feeling similar pleasure excited him. He wanted to tease her more. His lips broke away from hers as he muttered, "...It feels a little different from the one you gave me before..."

Instantly, Katie's calm, but eager demeanour collapsed into a rosy-cheeked fluster. He'd never seen a girl so quickly overcome with embarrassment. He drew her thoughts away from their 'showering' and back to the Quidditch Pitch, and the moment she'd jumped him with a kiss.

To Katie, their showering and 'kissing practice' was nothing unusual, but the circumstances on the pitch were not! The difference was that 'kissing practice' was something reserved for the Gryffindor Dorms, *and recently the locker rooms*, not the pitch. Thus, Katie's impromptu kiss was nothing but a sudden impulse caused by her excitement and adrenaline from the game.

"I-I..!" She began to stammer, fluttering her eyes cutely as she tried to look away, but with his hands firmly on her tight bum, there wasn't anywhere to go.

This brought a playful smirk onto Harry's face, "...I quite liked it, you know."

To his delight, this brought out an even more intense energy from Katie. She moaned and grinded against him, humping his stiff prick between her legs. Her sweet tongue coiled desperately with his, driving her into pleasure.

Soon enough, she was quivering in his arms, gasping his name as she buried her face in his neck, "...H-harry..! H-harry..!"

Harry softly grunted, letting himself go.

White ropes of seed shot out from between her clenched thighs. They splattered on the naked, well-toned thighs of Angelina and Alicia who were still sharing their oversized shower head.

The two kissing girls had reached their own tremendous peaks, humming into each other's lips and sharing a sweet, lingering kiss. They broke into giggles as they looked down and saw the proof of his pleasure splatter against their legs.

"Oh my..! Looks like we weren't the only ones blowing off steam after the game..." Angelina looked at him with a tempting smirk and shared a glance with Alicia.

...The Gryffindor Quidditch Girls unwind with at least one orgasm in the showers after each game...

Harry created a new Account in the Girls' Locker Room, starting up an exciting new tradition. He expected it to follow his previous changes, with teasing, body appreciation and masturbation, but left the details open-ended. He hoped to see some exciting *interpretation* of the words take shape in future matches. Already, he got to enjoy Angelina and Alicia sucking each other's magically sensitive tongues to orgasm!

The sexy pair of older girls traded a few tender kisses, hands slipping between each other's legs, before they broke off. They giggled and rinsed the mess he'd made off their legs. Then they turned their attention to him.

"I'm impressed~" Angelina giggled as he separated from Katie, making room for her to slide in close. Her darker, fuller breasts pressed into his chest, while her slender fingers teasingly dragged across his still-hard cock, "You must really be worked up, Harry. Heheh, don't worry, we'll help you *cool down* after the big game..."

Harry grinned as Angelina slipped down in a squat, brushing her wet hair back as she looked up at him with sultry eyes. Then she gave his rigid shaft a few pumps before she lowered her lips to give it a kiss.

Alicia took her place on his other side, "Can't blame him for staying hard..." She agreed with a teasing grin, "After sharing a locker room with some attractive Witches. Heheh, frankly, I'm happy to see it..."

Alicia pulled his head to the side, taking his lips in a kiss. Harry groaned, feeling Angelina's tongue circle his tip as he squeezed Alicia's juicy bum and gave her a deep kiss.

Then he looked down to see Katie, still flushed, kneeling next to Angelina. A moment later, Alicia joined them with a giggle, and Harry was amazed at the sight of three sexy,

fit teammates naked and kneeling around his cock in the shower. Alicia leaned down to kiss his balls before rising up to join Katie in sliding her tongue around his shaft. At the same time, Angelina focused entirely on his tip.

“Damn..! You girls are bloody amazing...” He couldn’t help but gasp, surprised by how far these three were taking their post-game fun in the shower. He was surprised they all turned their attention to him at once, and wondered if his erection just made it readily apparent that he was still aroused, or if this was due to his appreciation of their bodies.

Angelina grinned at him, pumping his slick shaft, “You like that, Harry? Heheh, you’re so lucky, getting to share the locker room with us ladies. I can tell how much you like looking at us... while we’re changing... *and washing...* heheh~”

Angelina leaned back just a bit, one hand pumping at his cock while she pushed out her chest, emphasising her large, chocolate breasts. The other two saw what she was doing and joined her, baring their naked, wet breasts for his appreciation.

“Do you like our boobs, Harry?” Alicia held an arm under her tanned titties and pushed them up.

Katie silently looked at him, cupping her more petite tits in her hands.

“Yeah...”

“Mmm, that’s good to hear... Heheh, not that I couldn’t tell already. You’re twitching like crazy in my hand💕” Angelina giggled at him. Then, smiling sensually, she leaned forward and enveloped his prick with her tits, “How about this then..?”

“That’s good...” Harry groaned, rocking his hips as Angelina squeezed her tits firmly around his throbbing erection. He enjoyed a nice, warm titty fuck, with Angelina gasping and egging him on.

“Mm, that’s so hot...” Alicia murmured, slipping a hand down between her legs, “Fuck her tits, Harry...”

Katie watched enthralled, squeezing her own breasts and pinching the perky nipples.

With the three of them teasing him, he didn’t last long.

The girls giggled with excitement as he erupted between the chocolate mounds, shooting his sticky ropes on Angelina’s dark titties and collarbone. She gasped with pleasure and squeezed her tits together, giving him the perfect target to paint with his seed.

Then he drew back with a gasp and watched with excitement still in his eyes.

Katie and Alicia marvelled at Angelina's cum-splattered tits before they both leaned forward. Katie slid a finger, collecting the sticky fluid before she pulled it into her mouth. Alicia was more direct and sent him a smirk before she leaned down and directly licked some of his seed off Angelina's tits.

Together, the two cleaned off her buxom chest, moaning with delight. Due to the magic of the Ledger, his seed was delicious to women, so they had no hesitation licking it up.

Harry sighed with satisfaction as the girls rose to their feet once again, giggling and chatting while Angelina rinsed off her tits once again.

But their fun wasn't finished yet...

Angelina flashed him a sexy smirk and turned her attention to Katie, "You know, Harry, I don't think it's right we've been focused so much on you... After all, Katie's our real star today, wouldn't you say?"

"H-huh..?" Katie seemed a bit embarrassed as she was suddenly the focus of her naked teammates.

Harry grinned, looking at her with a stiff prick, "I'd say so, for sure."

Alicia sent a pointed look to his cock, still erect after two orgasms, and grinned, "Good thing he's still hard~"

Angelina shared a silent look with her partner, and together she and Alicia rose up and flanked Katie on either side.

"W-wha..?" The shorter, slender girl barely had time to squeak before they grabbed her, "W-what are you..?"

Katie's legs flew up into the air as they lifted her naked figure in their arms. They held her soft, pale thighs open wide in an M shape, with Katie's exposed, dripping snatch pointed directly at him.

Katie flushed, surprised but not opposed, as she wrapped an arm around each girl's neck for balance. Then she looked at him with a silent anticipation, "O-Oh... I see what you mean..." Her eyes fell to his hardened prick, which was eagerly pointed directly at her moistened sex.

Alicia beckoned him over, "Come on, Harry... Give our new ace a proper victory romp! She deserves one hell of an orgasm after flying like that!"

Alicia's sudden proposition left Harry breathless with excitement.

Katie didn't even blink at the sudden suggestion for Harry to fuck her, something far beyond their brief snogging sessions or mutual masturbation. She grew a somewhat modest smile, as if a little shy, she was once again the centre of attention.

Then she looked into Harry's eyes, and slowly grew into an excited grin, "...do you want to, Harry..?"

"Oh, I'd love to." He firmly agreed as he took a step closer, bringing his hardened prick toward the pretty pink slit between Katie's open legs.

...After every game, Gryffindor's female Quidditch Players celebrate their best player with sex in the shower...

His written rule was finally coming to life, with Katie as its target. The three girls were all eager to participate, as if this were a long Gryffindor tradition. Angelina and Alicia held Katie's legs open expectantly, giving Harry the honour of bestowing Katie's 'reward' for her exceptional flying.

Harry knew she was a virgin, but she had no hesitation or nervousness. In fact, she seemed more bothered by the fact that she was held aloft in two other girls' arms, clinging to their necks, than the prospect of losing her maidenhood.

Harry slipped his cock across her slick petals and leaned in, "Do you want it, Katie..?"

"Yes..!" She quickly replied with a short gasp. Her baby blue eyes focused on him. She wore a flush on her cheeks, not from embarrassment but arousal.

Harry didn't waste another moment. He slipped his swollen tip against the tender, hot womanhood and prodded himself forward.

With a matching pair of gasps, the two became one.

Harry's stiff prick, even fresh after two climaxes, was hard as a flagpole. The feeling of Katie's small, *tight* snatch enveloping his rigid length was intensely satisfying. He pushed his hips forward, groaning as every last inch was buried inside tight, warm pleasure.

"Oooh..!" Katie's body flexed, but she was held firmly in the grasp of two giggling girls, as the older ladies watched her lose her precious purity.

“That’s so hot...” Alicia breathed. With a feather-light charm, Katie was as light as could be, so she didn’t need to be too careful supporting her. She peered over Katie’s shoulder, watching as his stiff prick disappeared between soft pussy lips.

“Mmm~” Angelina hummed in agreement, looking utterly pleased as she smiled at Katie’s pleasure-twisted expression, “How’s it feel, babe..? Heheh, I can’t believe our youngest Chaser became a woman right here in our locker room! It feels so naughty~”

Harry noticed the sultry, sensual expressions on the other two girls. They were obviously in a randy mood, with Alicia biting her lip, while Angelina was shooting him steamy eyes. She looked ready to be the next one taken for a ride.

It was a stark contrast from some of his other experiences with the book, where Hermione, Lavender and Parvati either diligently ‘tended’ to his erections or ‘assisted’ in his routine masturbation at night. In many of those circumstances, while the girls felt aroused, curious or excited, it was more subdued.

But this time, there was no excuse of ‘relieving his erection’ or otherwise. There was no guideline established by McGonagall as with their ‘kissing practice’. This was a secret, fun little tradition the girls had in the privacy of their locker room after a big game.

In other words, this time it was purely about sex. It showed through the behaviour of these amorous Witches! They freely showed their aroused mood, drawing him into the mood.

‘This is pretty fun too..!’ Harry silently remarked. Angelina was always a fun-spirited woman, and he felt that this casual, teasing behaviour suited her personality well. It had him looking forward to all sorts of fun with her in the future.

He joined the two older ladies in teasing their cute, energetic teammate. Katie gasped erotically, looking up at him with steamy eyes as he slowly pushed into her sex from the front. She looked so charming, with her pert chest slowly moving with her quickened breaths.

With the youngest of the three female chasers held in the embrace of the other two, and Harry standing at her front, Katie was entirely surrounded by the warm, naked bodies of her teammates.

She released gentle, whimpering cries of building pleasure as Harry reached down to hold her trim waist and thrust into her quivering sex from the front. He let out a gentle groan of his own, absolutely taken by the experience of Katie’s snug, silken tunnel squeezing his cock.

Angelina giggled as she watched the two youngest of their team lose their words as they indulged in the pleasure, “That’s it... Now you’re getting into it..! Don’t hold back, Harry. Remember this is Katie’s reward~ I want to hear our MVP really start to scream!”

Harry couldn’t help but smirk as Angelina cheered him on, urging him to fuck Katie faster. He sped up his tempo, beginning to piston her clenching cunt as Katie’s voice rose in pitch. As he moved with greater energy, the two grinning older girls held the whimpering Chaser steady, letting him pound into her as roughly as he liked.

“Ooh..! Nngh..!” Katie’s voice echoed in the large, tiled shower chamber reserved for their team, “Oh H-harry..!” Her words came out in short exclamations, as her arms tightened around the necks of the other two girls, clinging to them for support.

Alicia smiled teasingly, “Does it feel good, Katie..? I hope our star Seeker is up to the task.”

“Oh yes..!” Katie gasped with eagerness, once again looking into his eyes with a pretty flush on her cheeks as he fucked her, “It does... It feels really good..! M-much better than just my fingers..!”

Harry smirked with a bit of self-pride as he fucked her with a steady pace, causing her voice to rise with passion. With Minerva’s ‘lessons’ on pleasing a woman, and frequent practice with the three irresistible ladies that stripped in front of him, shared his showers, and joined him in bed, Harry had practised sex far more than spells or Quidditch as of late. He was happy to hear a positive response from another woman.

That bolstered his pride, and at the same time, made him want to give this cute, slender Chaser even more pleasure. He groaned with satisfaction as his cock plunged into her sex and cast a glance at the other girls. Angelina and Alicia were watching with rapt attention, holding her steady, but he wanted more.

So he said to them with a similarly teasing chuckle, “Ladies... you don’t just plan to watch, do you..? This is a team effort after all...”

Immediately, the look in Angelina and Alicia’s eyes shifted. The former brightened up in a brilliant, pearly smile as she nodded to him, “Of course~”

Then an irrepressible gasp slipped from Katie’s lips as the tall and sexy older girl stroked a finger under Katie’s chin and turned her head to the side.

“Mmgh~! Mmnn..!” Katie’s moans sharply rose in pitch, her body tightening, as Angelina stole a kiss from her soft, peach lips.

Harry groaned, feeling Katie's cunt give him a snug squeeze while his arousal flared from the sight. The sexy, dark skinned tease of their team pulled the younger, more innocent Katie Bell into a naughty, horny kiss, full of erotic moans and tongue.

Not to be left out, Alicia slid to Katie's other side, easily holding the girl aloft with one hand due to the feather-light charm. Then she leaned down to playfully pepper Katie's slowly bouncing boobs with gentle kisses. She flicked her tongue around the pink areola before sealing her lips over Katie's perky nipple.

Assaulted from three spots of pleasure, the younger woman couldn't contain herself as she quivered and moaned between them. Voices were drowned out by the rising moans of pleasure between the four of them. Katie was trembling like a leaf, squealing loudly, as her hot inner walls squeezed him delightfully through deep strokes.

The playful giggles and sultry moans of the other two echoed in their shower chamber. Angelina swapped with Alicia, parting from Katie's wet lips to let Alicia have a taste. Then, as the two girls hungrily kissed, Angelina gave him a saucy smirk and leaned up.

He grunted with satisfaction, feeling his peak draw near as he bucked his hips deeply into Katie's snatch. Angelina's lips hotly met his, gasping and giggling through a playful tongue kiss. She pulled back for just a moment, sending him a naughty grin.

"Hehe~ Come on, Seeker..! Fuck her💕!"

He let out haggard breaths. Angelina's encouragement spurred him on, quickening his pace as his hips smacked into hers. The kissing girls broke apart, as Katie looked up to him with a pleasure-stricken face. She was panting roughly, lips wet as she clung to the other two girls for support. Her voice was echoing loudly now and moments away from satisfaction.

"Ooooh..! H-Harry..!" Katie's expression was cute, but also utterly sexy to him, flushed, aroused and filled with desire for him. She nibbled on her lip like she was trying to control her whimpering moans, as her body quivered under his every thrust. Her two cute boobs gently bounced on her chest before they were each teasingly grabbed and squeezed by Angelina and Alicia.

Angelina smirked at Katie leaning over to kiss her cheek, "That's it..! Let him hear you moan..!"

Katie moaned uncontrollably as she was stimulated on all sides, clinging to the other girls.

“I’m about to finish..!” Harry roughly said, as he thrust hard into Katie, rocking her body against the two older girls.

They shared teasing grins and knew just what to do!

“Ooooh..!” Katie’s voice built into a crescendo as she felt the two caress her body. With Harry’s prick plundering her sex, Angelina slipped her nimble fingers down to rub her clit. Alicia playfully pinched her stiffened nipple. Both girls held their faces close to hers as she reached her peak.

Harry saw Katie’s eyes squeeze shut as her body clenched up. She broke out into a loud squeal in the tight embrace of the girls, while her sweet pussy squeezed down suddenly. He grunted and thrust a few more times as he erupted inside her, pressing his hips firmly against hers as he let himself go.

Angelina and Alicia pressed their cheeks against Katie’s as they looked up to him. They smiled enchantingly, realising the two were sharing a big climax, and that their MVP was receiving her ‘reward’.

Katie’s eyes fluttered in ecstasy, her voice locked in a drawn-out moan as she felt his warmth inside her. The two girls held her quivering figure in their arms and eased her down from the big climax with gentle caresses.

“Haaah... Haaaah...” Katie’s flushed expression looked exhausted after the long game, the shower, and finally the sex. One big orgasm was enough to drain the rest of her energy.

Angelina giggled and kissed her cheek again, before flashing Harry a wink, “I think she’s satisfied~”

Katie let out a giggle, “Definitely... but oh man, I’m going to fly even better next time if I have this to look forward to..!”

The girls all giggled together at the idea.

Harry was already looking forward to the next game.

End of Chapter - Thanks for Reading!

A/N: Here it is!

As I said before, I'd love for this one to get more frequent updates so I might try to squeeze it a regular spot in the schedule... we'll see. My schedule is already stuffed.

I appreciate the feedback from last time!

This one was pretty simple as far as reality bending powers go. As we continue, we'll escalate things. I'd like to add some sexy mechanics to the game, but tbh there's not too much room for sex stuff when zipping around on fast racing brooms. Penalties and punishments will be a focus I suppose. In the future(probably a while away) I think it'd be fun to have Angelina and girls wager sexual stuff with female opponents.

Next one will either be some experimentation with the girls in the dorm, or some more fun in classes with the professors. (Aurora Sinistra, Mirabel Garlick, and of course Minerva!)