Harry's fingers fumbled with the laces of his Quidditch armor, his mind still replaying the events from two weeks ago. The memory of the three Gryffindor Chasers—their bodies, their moans, their promises of "training sessions"—had been both a blessing and a curse. While the encounter had been the most incredible experience of his young life, it had also made concentrating on anything else nearly impossible.

Merlin's beard, focus, Potter. This is Slytherin we're playing today.

"Alright team, gather 'round!" Angelina's voice commanded attention as the Gryffindor team huddled in their locker room.

Harry's eyes met Katie's, who gave him a subtle wink. Alicia brushed past him, her hand briefly touching his lower back in a way that sent electricity through his spine. Since their encounter, the three Chasers had been surprisingly professional during practices—almost disappointingly so. A few lingering glances and "accidental" touches were all that indicated their locker room activities had even happened.

"Slytherin's made some changes," Angelina continued, unrolling a parchment with play diagrams. "Malfoy's been kicked off the team. They've got a new Seeker."

This caught Harry's attention. "Who?" he asked, genuinely surprised. Draco's father had bought the entire team Nimbus 2001s to secure his position.

"Greengrass," Angelina replied, looking directly at Harry. "Daphne Greengrass."

The name was vaguely familiar. Harry recalled a quiet, blonde Slytherin girl who kept to herself, never participating in Malfoy's taunting.

"Don't underestimate her," Alicia added. "I've seen her fly. She's good—really good. And unlike Malfoy, she actually earned her spot."

"Apparently Malfoy threw a fit when Montague replaced him," Fred said with a grin.

"Something about his father hearing about this," George added with a matching smirk.

"Enough gossip," Angelina cut in. "We've got the Cup to defend. Harry—" she fixed him with a heated gaze that made his cock get hard, "—keep your eyes on the Snitch, not on Greengrass."

Harry felt his cheeks flush. "Of course."

As they walked onto the pitch, the roar of the crowd washed over them. The weather was perfect for Quidditch—clear skies with just enough cloud cover to prevent sun glare. Harry scanned the opposing team, his eyes stopping on an unfamiliar figure in green.

Daphne Greengrass stood tall among her teammates, her Slytherin uniform tailored to fit her athletic form perfectly. Her platinum blonde hair was pulled back in a tight ponytail, highlighting sharp cheekbones and piercing blue eyes that surveyed the pitch with calculated precision.

Unlike the hulking figures of the Slytherin Beaters or the smug expression Malfoy typically wore, Daphne's face remained impassive—almost cold.

She doesn't look like a typical Slytherin brute, Harry thought. She looks... dangerous.

From the stands, he caught sight of another Slytherin girl watching Daphne with particular interest. Brown-haired and pretty, she cheered louder than the others when Daphne's name was announced. Harry vaguely recognized her as another fifth-year who often shadowed Greengrass.

"Teams, take your positions!" Madam Hooch called.

As Harry mounted his Firebolt and kicked off, he found himself flying parallel to Daphne, who rode her Nimbus 2001 with surprising balance.

"Potter," she acknowledged with the barest nod, her voice cool and controlled.

"Greengrass," he returned. "Didn't know you flew."

A slight curve touched her lips—not quite a smile, but something close to amusement. "There's a lot you don't know about me." Before he could respond, she accelerated away, taking a higher position above the pitch.

The whistle blew, and the game erupted into motion. The Slytherin team had clearly been practicing; their coordination was better than Harry had seen before. Daphne circled the pitch methodically, her eyes scanning for the Snitch.

Thirty minutes in, with Gryffindor leading 70-50, Harry spotted a golden flicker near the Ravenclaw stands. He dove instantly, the wind whistling past his ears. Within seconds, he sensed rather than saw Daphne on his tail, her broom handling cutting through his slipstream.

They were neck and neck now, the Snitch darting erratically ahead of them. The crowd's roar faded into white noise as Harry focused entirely on the golden ball and the girl beside him. Unlike Malfoy, who would have tried to knock him off course, Daphne flew clean—matching him move for move.

As they neared the stands, the Snitch plunged downward. Harry followed without hesitation, Daphne right beside him. They were close enough that he could see the intensity in her blue eyes, the slight flush on her pale cheeks from exertion.

She's beautiful, the thought came as they pulled out of the dive together, skimming the grass.

The Snitch changed direction again, shooting upward. As Harry and Daphne yanked their brooms to follow, their shoulders collided. For a brief moment, their faces were inches apart.

"Not bad, Potter," she said through gritted teeth, her breath warm against his cheek.

"You too, Greengrass," he returned, surprised to find he meant it.

The moment broke as they separated, climbing vertically. Harry's Firebolt had the advantage now, its superior acceleration giving him precious inches ahead of Daphne. The Snitch zigged right; Harry followed and stretched out his hand. He felt Daphne's presence right behind him, her fingers extending alongside his.

His hand closed around the Snitch just as her fingers brushed against his knuckles. The whistle blew, and the Gryffindor section of the stands erupted.

"Gryffindor wins! 220 to 50!" Lee Jordan's voice boomed across the stadium.

Harry descended slowly, the Snitch's wings fluttering against his palm. When he touched down, he turned to find Daphne landing nearby. He expected anger or resentment, but her face showed only calm assessment.

"Good game, Potter," she said evenly, extending her hand.

Surprised, Harry shook it. Her grip was firm, her hand cool against his. "You flew brilliantly," he offered honestly.

"Next time," she replied simply.

"Next time?" Harry couldn't help but grin. "That sounds suspiciously like you enjoyed competing against me, Greengrass."

A hint of a smile threatened the corner of her mouth. "Don't get cocky, Potter. I just prefer a worthy opponent."

"As opposed to Malfoy, you mean?"

This time, the smile actually appeared—brief but genuine. "Your words, not mine." She glanced over his shoulder where the Gryffindor team was approaching. "Your fan club awaits."

Before Harry could respond, she turned and walked toward the Slytherin locker rooms, her posture perfect, ponytail swinging. The brown-haired girl from the stands—Tracey Davis, Harry now remembered—had rushed down to meet her, talking animatedly as they disappeared into the tunnel.

The Gryffindor team swarmed Harry, lifting him onto their shoulders. Fred and George started a victory chant while Angelina, Alicia, and Katie exchanged knowing glances that promised celebration later. But as Harry was carried toward the locker rooms, his eyes kept drifting back to where Daphne had disappeared.

○○ ‘

○○ ‘

Monday morning's Potions class arrived with the usual sense of dread. Double Potions with the Slytherins was never pleasant, but Snape seemed particularly vindictive today, perhaps still bitter about Gryffindor's Quidditch victory.

"Today you will attempt to brew the Draught of Peace," Snape announced, his voice dripping with the implication that most would fail. "The ingredients and method are on the board. This is an OWL-level potion, so I expect..." his eyes lingered on Neville, who shrank in his seat, "...at least some competence. You will work in pairs."

Harry's heart sank. Ron and Hermione had already turned to each other, leaving him partnerless.

"I will assign the pairs," Snape continued with malicious pleasure, dashing any remaining hopes. He began calling names, deliberately separating friends and pairing Gryffindors with Slytherins.

"Potter," Snape's lip curled as he reached Harry's name. His dark eyes scanned the room, clearly seeking the most unpleasant match possible. "With Greengrass."

Harry's head jerked up in surprise. Across the room, Daphne's expression remained neutral, though she too seemed caught off guard. She gathered her materials and moved to Harry's table.

"Potter," she greeted coolly as she set down her scales and knives.

"Greengrass," he returned, unsure how to navigate this unexpected development. Their brief interaction on the Quidditch pitch had been surprisingly civil, but this was different territory.

They worked in silence for the first ten minutes, Daphne measuring ingredients while Harry consulted the instructions. Unlike most Slytherins, she didn't make snide comments or attempt to sabotage their potion. In fact, Harry soon realized she was quite skilled at Potions.

"You need to powder that moonstone more finely," she said, eyeing his work critically. "The texture affects the absorption rate."

Harry looked down at the moonstone he'd been crushing. "Right," he said, resuming his work with more care. "You seem to know what you're doing."

"Some of us actually pay attention in class, Potter," she replied, but without the usual Slytherin venom. There was almost a teasing quality to her voice.

"And here I thought all Slytherins just relied on Snape's favoritism."

To his surprise, Daphne's lips quirked upward. "That only works if you're in Malfoy's circle. Some of us prefer to succeed on merit."

"Is that why you took his spot on the team?" Harry asked, lowering his voice as Snape prowled past.

Daphne measured powdered hellebore before answering. "Montague held open tryouts after Malfoy missed the Snitch three games running. I outflew the competition." She glanced up at him. "His father was not pleased."

"I can imagine," Harry said, stirring the potion counterclockwise as instructed. "Though after seeing you fly, I'm not surprised you got the spot."

Daphne paused, seeming to assess whether his compliment was genuine. "Your Firebolt gives you an unfair advantage," she finally said. "On equal brooms, the outcome might have been different."

"Maybe," Harry conceded with a small grin. "But I don't think it was just the broom."

The two keep working without much trouble. When the professor couldn't find anything to criticize about their potion—which was emitting the perfect silver vapor described in the textbook—he merely scowled and moved on to berate Neville and Goyle.

"He's disappointed he couldn't fail you," Daphne observed quietly, a hint of amusement in her voice.

"Story of my life in this class," Harry replied, carefully adding the final ingredient. "Though usually I manage to give him a reason."

"Perhaps you just needed the right partner," Daphne said, and Harry could have sworn that her eyes were playful, not icy.

Before Harry could respond, she'd gathered her belongings and glided away to deliver their potion to Snape's desk. As class ended and students filed out, Harry found himself watching her go, puzzled by the interaction.

"What was that about?" Ron asked, appearing at his side with a grimace. "Looked intense."

"Nothing," Harry said, still staring at the doorway where Daphne had disappeared. "Just... not what I expected."

By Wednesday, Harry had nearly convinced himself that he'd imagined the strange connection with Daphne Greengrass. In the Great Hall and corridors, she maintained her typical aloof demeanor, barely acknowledging his existence. The brief camaraderie of their Potions partnership seemed forgotten.

That evening, Harry found himself in the library, hidden behind stacks of books as he struggled with a particularly challenging Transfiguration essay. Hermione had gone to bed early, leaving him to wrestle with the principles of Vanishment alone. The library was nearly deserted, with curfew approaching in less than an hour.

"Gamp's Law doesn't apply to Vanishment," a cool voice observed from behind him.

Harry turned to find Daphne standing there, several books tucked under her arm. Her blonde hair was loose tonight, falling in waves around her shoulders instead of the severe ponytail she usually wore.

"What?" he asked intelligently, caught off guard by her sudden appearance.

"Your essay," she nodded toward his parchment. "You're trying to explain why Vanished objects don't violate Gamp's Law of Elemental Transfiguration, but they're separate branches entirely. Vanished objects go into non-being, which is to say, everything."

Harry blinked, processing this information. "How did you—"

"I can read upside down," she said with a slight shrug. Then, to his surprise, she pulled out the chair across from him and sat down. "Your entire approach is flawed."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," Harry said dryly.

"Would you prefer I let you submit nonsense and watch McGonagall eviscerate you?" She raised a perfect eyebrow.

Harry couldn't help but laugh. "When you put it that way... no."

Daphne's lips curved into that not-quite-smile he'd seen during their Quidditch match. "I thought not." She placed one of her books on the table and pushed it toward him. "Page 394. It explains the theoretical difference."

Harry opened the book—an advanced text he'd never seen before—and found the page discussing exactly what he needed. "This isn't in the standard textbook."

"No, it's not," Daphne agreed, opening her own book. "Some of us read beyond the assigned materials."

"Let me guess—you and Hermione have secretly been competing for top marks all along?"

This earned him an actual smile, small but genuine. "Granger is... formidable," Daphne admitted. "Though I'd appreciate if you kept that assessment to yourself."

"My lips are sealed," Harry promised, making a locking motion over his mouth.

They worked in companionable silence for several minutes, the only sounds being the scratch of quills and occasional turning of pages. Harry found himself stealing glances at Daphne when he thought she wasn't looking, intrigued by this new side of her.

"Why are you helping me?" he finally asked.

Daphne didn't look up from her parchment. "Perhaps I'm not the heartless Slytherin you assume all of us to be."

"I never thought you were heartless," Harry said honestly. "Just... unapproachable."

This made her pause, her quill hovering over her essay. "That's by design, Potter." She finally looked up, her blue eyes meeting his. "Not everyone in Slytherin subscribes to Malfoy's worldview, but openly opposing it can make life... difficult."

"So you maintain the ice queen persona to keep people at a distance?"

"Ice queen?" Daphne repeated, looking almost amused. "Is that what they call me?"

Harry felt his cheeks warm. "Among other things."

"All complimentary, I'm sure," she said dryly.

"Actually, yes," Harry admitted. "Beautiful but untouchable. The Slytherin princess who's above it all."

"And what do you think, Potter?" she asked, her voice softer than he'd ever heard it.

"I think there's a lot more to you than you let people see," he said finally. "And I think that's probably very smart of you."

Daphne studied him for a long moment, as if seeing him properly for the first time. "You're more perceptive than people give you credit for."

"Don't sound so surprised," Harry said with a grin. "I occasionally have moments of brilliance between my bouts of reckless Gryffindor behavior."

This drew another small smile from her. "Very occasionally," she agreed, the teasing note back in her voice.

Their conversation was interrupted by Madam Pince announcing the library's imminent closure. Daphne gathered her books, but paused before leaving.

"You might want to add something about Inanimatus Conjuration as a theoretical counterpoint to Vanishment," she suggested, nodding toward his essay. "McGonagall appreciates comparative analysis."

"Thanks," Harry said, genuinely grateful. "For all of this."

"This doesn't make us friends, Potter," she said right away.

"Of course not," Harry agreed solemnly. "What would people say? The Slytherin ice queen and the Gryffindor golden boy, actually being civil? Scandalous."

His mocking tone surprised a laugh out of her, a genuine sound quickly stifled behind her hand, but not before Harry caught it. The sound transformed her face, making her look breathtaking.

"Goodnight, Potter," she said, composing herself quickly.

"Goodnight, Greengrass," he returned. "And thanks again for saving me from McGonagall's evisceration."

As she walked away, Harry noticed that her usual rigid posture had relaxed slightly. He returned to his essay with more focus, incorporating her suggestions and finding the work flowing much more easily now.

Definitely not what I expected from Daphne Greengrass, he thought, glancing at the doorway where she'd disappeared. Not at all.

By Friday afternoon, Harry had begun to wonder if he'd imagined the entire library encounter. Daphne had returned to barely acknowledging his existence, though he occasionally caught her watching him.

The day's final lesson was Defense Against the Dark Arts with Umbridge, which put Harry in a foul mood before it even began. Her "theoretical" approach and refusal to let them practice actual spells was maddening enough, but her special brand of antagonism toward Harry made the class nearly unbearable.

"Mr. Potter," her sickeningly sweet voice called out as he flipped through the useless textbook. "Perhaps you'd care to explain why you're not reading the assigned chapter?"

Harry looked up, fighting to keep his expression neutral. "I've already read it, Professor."

"Then you won't mind summarizing the key points for the class," she simpered, clearly expecting him to fail.

Harry was about to admit he couldn't recall the mind-numbing drivel when a subtle movement caught his eye. Three rows ahead, Daphne Greengrass had tilted her textbook slightly, the page visible in his line of sight. At the top of her parchment, she'd written what appeared to be bullet points.

Without missing a beat, Harry began reciting. "Slinkhard argues that counter-jinxes are improperly named, as they're simply jinxes by another name. He suggests that categorizing offensive magic with defensive intent creates a moral ambiguity that encourages dueling."

Umbridge's smile faltered as Harry continued, perfectly summarizing the chapter's main arguments. By the time he finished, her face had pinched into a tight mask of displeasure.

"Well," she said, clearly disappointed she couldn't assign detention. "It seems you have read the material." She turned away, moving to harass Neville instead.

Harry caught Daphne's eye as she straightened her book. He mouthed a silent "thank you," to which she responded with the barest nod, though he could have sworn he saw the corner of her mouth twitch upward.

After class, Harry deliberately took his time packing his bag, hanging back until most students had left. As expected, Daphne was similarly unhurried, her methodical organization of her materials buying time until they were among the last in the room.

"Slinkhard's moral ambiguity argument," Harry said quietly as they reached the door simultaneously. "Bit rich coming from a Ministry-approved text in the current climate."

Daphne's eyes widened slightly at his boldness. "Careful, Potter," she murmured, glancing toward Umbridge's desk. "The walls have ears."

They stepped into the corridor together, maintaining a careful distance as other students hurried past. When they reached a less crowded intersection, Daphne paused.

"That was reckless," she said.

"Gryffindor, remember?" Harry replied with a half-smile. "But thank you. You saved me from another night of detention."

Daphne studied him for a moment. "The scars on your hand," she said suddenly. "That's from her detentions, isn't it?"

Harry instinctively covered his right hand, where "I must not tell lies" was still visible in faint white lines. "How did you—"

"I notice things," she said simply. "What is she making you do?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It does if it's leaving permanent marks," Daphne insisted. "That's not standard punishment, Potter. That's—"

"Torture?" Harry supplied grimly. "Yeah, I'm aware."

They stood in silence for a moment, an unexpected understanding passing between them.

"Be careful around her," Daphne finally said. "She has the Minister's ear, and she's dangerous in ways Malfoy and his cronies could never be."

"I'm starting to realize that," Harry admitted. "Though I'm surprised you care."

"Contrary to popular belief, Potter, not all Slytherins support torturing students, regardless of their house."

"I didn't mean—" Harry began, but she cut him off.

"Yes, you did," she said coolly. "But I'll overlook it this time."

Harry couldn't help but smile at her haughty tone. "Most generous of you, Greengrass."

"Indeed," she agreed. "Consider it repayment for that spectacular dive during the match. It was... impressive flying."

"Was that actually a compliment?" Harry asked, putting a hand to his heart in mock shock. "From Daphne Greengrass herself? I might faint."

"Your theatrics are unnecessary," she said dryly, but her eyes held amusement. "And unlikely to be repeated if you make such a production of it."

"Noted," Harry grinned. "My swooning shall remain internal from now on."

This earned him another of those small, reluctant smiles that he was beginning to treasure for their rarity. "Good day, Potter," she said, preparing to head toward the dungeons.

The following week passed in a series of similar encounters—brief moments between classes, another Potions partnership that yielded a perfect Strengthening Solution, and two more study sessions in quiet corners of the library. Each interaction revealed new layers to Daphne that fascinated Harry. Behind her icy exterior was a sharp wit, dry humor, and a fierce intelligence that rivaled Hermione's.

He learned that she had a younger sister named Astoria who was in her fourth year. That she excelled in Potions and Ancient Runes but struggled with Divination, which she considered "elaborate guesswork." That she had an owl named Athena who delivered expensive Swiss chocolates from her mother every Sunday morning.

Small details, carefully offered like rare gifts, that gradually built a picture of Daphne Greengrass as a person rather than a Slytherin stereotype.

For her part, Daphne seemed equally intrigued by Harry, asking thoughtful questions about his classes and occasionally his life outside Hogwarts, though she carefully avoided any mention of Voldemort or the Ministry's campaign against him. Harry appreciated her discretion and found himself looking forward to their encounters.

Ron remained oblivious to these interactions, but Hermione had noticed Harry's frequent disappearances to the library.

"Since when do you voluntarily spend this much time studying?" she asked suspiciously after he begged off a Hogsmeade planning session to "finish his Potions essay."

"OWLs year," Harry replied with an innocent shrug. "Just following your excellent example."

Hermione didn't look convinced, but she didn't press the issue, for which Harry was grateful. He wasn't ready to explain his growing fascination with Daphne Greengrass, particularly since he didn't fully understand it himself.

Exactly one week after the Quidditch match, Harry was returning from a particularly grueling Quidditch practice when a small Hufflepuff first-year approached him nervously in the entrance hall.

"Are you Harry Potter?" the boy asked, though the answer was obvious.

"Last time I checked," Harry replied with a friendly smile.

The boy thrust out a folded piece of parchment. "A girl asked me to give you this. She gave me a chocolate frog," he added, as if to explain why he'd agreed to the task.

"Thanks," Harry said, taking the note. The boy scurried away immediately, mission accomplished.

Harry unfolded the parchment, recognizing the elegant script immediately:

Potter,

Your flying impressed me last week. I have a proposition that might interest you. Fifth floor, east wing, third door past the statue of Gregory the Smarmy. 9 PM. Come alone.

—D.G.

P.S. My friend was equally impressed and extends the invitation.

Harry read the note twice, his heart suddenly racing. The formal tone was pure Daphne, but the content... Was this what he thought it was? The postscript mentioned a friend—likely Tracey Davis, who was never far from Daphne's side. But what exactly were they proposing?

Harry glanced at his watch—7:30 PM. He had time to shower and change before finding out what this mysterious invitation entailed. As he headed up to Gryffindor Tower, he couldn't help but remember his encounter with the Chasers after the Ravenclaw match. Surely lightning couldn't strike twice...

Only one way to find out, he decided, tucking the note carefully into his pocket.

○○ ‘

Harry arrived at the specified location five minutes early, his heart pounding as he paced the corridor. He'd brought his wand, of course, and the Marauder's Map tucked in his pocket—just in case this was some elaborate Slytherin scheme.

The corridor was deserted, the only sounds being the distant echoes of students in other parts of the castle and the occasional shifting of the suits of armor that lined the walls.

At precisely 9 PM, the door opened slightly. Harry tensed, gripping his wand beneath his robes.

Tracey Davis peered out, her brown eyes widening when she saw him. "You came," she said, sounding both surprised and pleased. Her voice was softer than he expected, with none of the typical Slytherin sneer. "Come in, quickly."

Harry hesitated only briefly before following her inside. The room appeared to be an abandoned classroom, though someone had clearly prepared it for their meeting. The desks had been pushed against the walls, and several comfortable-looking cushions were arranged in the center of the room. Candles floated near the ceiling, casting a warm glow that felt almost... intimate.

Daphne Greengrass stood by the window, her back to the door. She'd changed out of her Quidditch robes into a simple but elegant outfit—a fitted green sweater that accentuated her figure and a black skirt that ended just above her knees. Her blonde hair fell loose around her shoulders now.

She turned as the door closed, her blue eyes assessing Harry with that same cool calculation he'd noticed during the match. "Potter," she greeted. "Thank you for coming."

Harry nodded, still unsure what to expect. "Your note mentioned a proposition?"

A slight smile played at the corner of Daphne's lips. "Direct. I appreciate that." She glanced at Tracey, who had moved to stand slightly behind her. "We have a... mutual curiosity about you."

Tracey's cheeks flushed slightly.

"What kind of curiosity?" Harry asked, though he was beginning to suspect the answer.

Daphne took a step closer. "Word travels, even between houses. Especially about... exceptional events."

Harry's blood ran cold. "What do you mean?"

"The Gryffindor Chasers," Daphne said simply. "Their... celebration with you after the Ravenclaw match."

Bloody hell. How could they know? Harry's mind raced. The locker room had been locked, privacy charms had been cast. Unless...

"How—"

"The walls of Hogwarts have ears," Tracey offered, her voice gaining confidence. "And eyes, sometimes."

"We're not here to blackmail you, Potter," Daphne clarified, noting his expression. "Quite the opposite."

She took another step toward him, close enough now that he could smell her perfume. "You impressed me last week. Not just your flying, but your sportsmanship. No gloating, no house rivalry nonsense. Just honest recognition of skill."

"I could say the same about you," Harry replied, finding his voice. "Most Slytherins would have tried to knock me off my broom."

"I'm not most Slytherins," Daphne said, a hint of pride in her voice. "Neither is Tracey."

Tracey moved to stand beside her friend now. Up close, Harry could see how pretty she was—not with Daphne's striking, cold beauty, but with a warmer, softer appeal. Her brown hair framed a heart-shaped face, and her eyes held a mischievous gleam.

"What we're trying to say," Tracey said, her voice taking on a husky quality that sent a shiver down Harry's spine, "is that we're... curious... about what made those Chasers so enthusiastic after your victory."

Harry swallowed hard. "And if I told you it was just Quidditch talk?"

Daphne's laugh was sweet. "Then you'd be lying, Potter." She reached out, her cool fingers tracing the line of his jaw with surprising gentleness. "And I think we're past that, aren't we?"

Harry's body responded instantly to her touch, memories of the locker room with the Chasers flooding back. "What exactly are you proposing?" he asked, his voice lower than before.

"A continuation of your... victory celebration," Daphne said, her fingers trailing down to his collar. "With some new participants."

Tracey stepped closer, her body almost pressing against his side. "I've always wondered what it would be like to be with a Gryffindor," she admitted, her hand resting lightly on his chest. "Especially one who can make three experienced Chasers so... satisfied."

Harry's heart hammered against his ribs. This was madness—two Slytherin girls propositioning him based on rumors about his encounter with the Chasers.

"Why me?" he managed to ask. "Why not someone from your own house?"

Daphne's eyes flashed with something like disdain. "Slytherin boys are either brutes with no finesse or pampered princes who've never had to work for anything. You..." her gaze traveled down his body appreciatively, "...you're different. You have something to prove, always. And from what we've heard, you prove it quite... thoroughly."

"Besides," Tracey added, her fingers now playing with a button on his shirt, "house rivalries make everything more exciting, don't you think?"

Harry looked between them, the reality of the situation finally sinking in. Two beautiful Slytherin girls wanted him—Harry Potter—and were being remarkably direct about it.

"No strings," Daphne clarified, reading his hesitation. "No expectations beyond tonight. Just three people enjoying each other's company in the most pleasurable way possible. Unless..." a slight smirk curved her lips, "...you're afraid of a little inter-house cooperation?"

That was it—the challenge in her voice, the same competitive edge he'd felt during their Seeker battle. Harry felt something shift inside him, confidence flooding through his veins.

"I've never been afraid of a challenge, Greengrass," he replied, reaching out to tuck a strand of blonde hair behind her ear. The slight widening of her eyes at his boldness was immensely satisfying. "Especially one as... intriguing as this."

Tracey's breath hitched audibly as tension crackled between Harry and Daphne.

"Well then, Potter," Daphne whispered, her cool demeanor slipping just enough to reveal the heat beneath, "show us what those Gryffindor Chasers found so... rewarding."

Harry didn't hesitate. He closed the small distance between them, his hand sliding behind Daphne's neck to pull her into a kiss. Her lips were soft. Then, as his other arm wrapped around her waist to draw her closer, she melted against him with a small sound of surprise.

The kiss deepened, Daphne's initial restraint dissolving as Harry's tongue swept past her lips. Her hands gripped his shoulders, nails digging slightly through his shirt. When they finally broke apart, her ice-blue eyes had darkened with desire, her cool composure noticeably cracked.

"Impressive opening move, Potter," she breathed, a flush spreading across her pale cheeks.

Harry turned to Tracey, who watched them with parted lips and eager eyes. Unlike Daphne's calculated approach, Tracey practically launched herself at him, her kiss immediately passionate. Where Daphne had been ice slowly melting, Tracey was already fire. Her body pressed against his without reservation, soft curves molding to his lean form.

When he pulled back, Tracey followed briefly, as if reluctant to break contact. Her brown eyes were half-lidded with desire, a small, breathless "wow" escaping her lips.

"The rumors didn't do you justice," she murmured.

Daphne circled behind Harry, her hands sliding up his back to his shoulders. "We've only just begun," she said, her voice carrying a promise that made Harry's arousal strain against his trousers. "Tracey, why don't you show Potter how eager you've been for this moment?"

Tracey's eyes lit up with anticipation. She dropped to her knees before Harry, her hands moving to his belt. The sight of the pretty Slytherin girl looking up at him as she unbuckled his belt sent a jolt of pleasure through him.

"She's been talking about this possibility for days," Daphne murmured against Harry's ear, her breasts pressing against his back as she slid her hands down his chest. "Especially after watching you fly."

Tracey worked his trousers open, drawing them down along with his boxers. Her eyes widened appreciatively at the sight of his erection, already fully hard and impressive in size.

"Merlin," she whispered, wrapping delicate fingers around his shaft. "The Chasers weren't exaggerating about this either."

Harry groaned as she stroked him slowly, her touch teasing yet confident. Behind him, Daphne's hands had moved to unbutton his shirt, her cool fingers tracing each newly exposed inch of his chest.

"I want to taste you," Tracey said, looking up with an expression of such earnest desire that Harry felt his cock twitch in her hand. "Please..."

Harry nodded, one hand gently threading through her brown hair. "Go ahead."

Tracey didn't need further encouragement. She leaned forward, her pink tongue darting out to lick a slow, deliberate stripe from base to tip. Harry hissed in pleasure, his fingers tightening slightly in her hair. She smiled at his reaction before taking him into her mouth, enveloping the head of his cock in wet heat.

"She's been practicing that technique for months," Daphne whispered, her breath hot against Harry's ear as she finished removing his shirt. "Though never on someone so... substantial."

Harry couldn't respond, too lost in the sensation of Tracey's mouth sliding further down his length, her tongue swirling expertly. His head fell back against Daphne's shoulder, giving her access to his neck, which she immediately took advantage of—trailing kisses along the sensitive skin there.

Tracey worked him with enthusiasm, one hand stroking what wouldn't fit in her mouth, the other gently cupping and massaging his balls. The wet, slick sounds of her movements filled the room alongside Harry's increasingly ragged breathing.

"Look at her, Potter," Daphne commanded softly. "See how much she's enjoying herself."

Harry looked down to find Tracey watching him through her lashes, her eyes shining with unmistakable pleasure as she took him deeper. The sight was almost unbearably erotic—this pretty Slytherin girl on her knees, servicing him with such obvious delight.

Daphne moved from behind him, coming around to kneel beside Tracey. "My turn," she said, her voice carrying that same authoritative tone she'd used on the Quidditch pitch.

Tracey reluctantly released him with a wet pop, a string of saliva connecting her lips to the head of his cock. "He tastes amazing," she told Daphne, her voice husky with arousal.

Daphne's cool composure had transformed into something equally controlled but far more predatory. She maintained eye contact with Harry as she leaned forward to replace Tracey's mouth with her own. Where Tracey had been enthusiastic and eager, Daphne was methodical and precise—taking him in measured increments, her tongue working with deliberate skill.

Merlin's beard, she's good at this, Harry thought, fighting the urge to thrust into her mouth. *Different from Katie or Alicia... more controlled but just as intense.*

While Daphne worked her magic, Tracey stood and began removing her clothing. She pulled her green sweater over her head, revealing a lacy black bra that contrasted beautifully with her creamy skin. Her skirt followed, pushed down over shapely hips to pool at her feet, leaving her in matching black panties.

The visual stimulation of watching Tracey undress while Daphne's mouth enveloped him was almost too much. Harry groaned, his hand finding Daphne's silky blonde hair.

"Careful," he warned, feeling his control slipping. "I don't want this to end too soon."

Daphne released him slowly, looking up with a smugness that somehow only made her more attractive. "We're just getting started, Potter. Don't worry."

She rose gracefully, stepping back to begin her own disrobing. Unlike Tracey's eager undressing, Daphne made a performance of it—slowly drawing her sweater up, revealing inch by tantalizing inch of her flat stomach before pulling it over her head. Her skirt followed, unzipped with slowness and allowed to slide down long, toned legs.

Harry drank in the sight of her standing proud in emerald lingerie that complemented her pale skin perfectly. Her body was athletic yet distinctly feminine—full breasts straining against delicate lace, narrow waist flaring to shapely hips, long legs that seemed to go on forever.

"Like what you see?" she asked, her voice carrying a hint of genuine curiosity beneath the confidence.

"You're beautiful," Harry answered honestly. "Both of you," he added, including Tracey who beamed at the compliment.

"Show us the rest of you," Tracey urged, helping Harry step out of his trousers and boxers that had gathered around his ankles.

Now fully naked, Harry stood before them, his lean seeker's build on full display. Years of Quidditch had honed his body into corded muscle without bulk, his shoulders broad, his abdomen defined. His erection stood proudly from a nest of dark hair, impressive in both length and girth.

Tracey approached him first, pressing her nearly-naked body against his, the lace of her bra rough against his chest as she kissed him deeply. Harry's hands found her waist, sliding down to cup her ass through her panties. She moaned into his mouth, grinding against his erection.

"The bed," Daphne directed, gesturing to what Harry now noticed was a transfigured four-poster in the corner of the room. "I want to see what else you can do with that mouth of yours, Potter."

The three moved to the bed, Harry in the middle with a Slytherin girl on either side.

"Lie back," Harry said, surprising both girls with his sudden assumption of control. "I want to taste you both."

Daphne's eyebrows rose slightly, but she complied, stretching out on the bed. Tracey followed suit, lying beside her friend. Harry positioned himself between Daphne's legs first, his hands running up her thighs to hook into the sides of her emerald panties.

"May I?" he asked, his voice low with desire but still seeking permission.

Daphne nodded, lifting her hips to help as he slid the delicate fabric down and off. The sight of her exposed sex, already glistening with arousal, made Harry's cock throb with anticipation.

"You too," he said to Tracey, who eagerly wiggled out of her panties.

Harry started with Daphne, knowing instinctively that making the ice queen lose control would be a victory all its own. He began with gentle kisses along her inner thighs, moving slowly toward her center. Her breathing quickened, her usual composure slipping as his mouth neared where she wanted it most.

When he finally licked a slow stripe through her folds, Daphne's sharp intake of breath was immensely satisfying. Harry worked methodically, drawing from his recent experiences with the Chasers. He found her clit with his tongue, circling it lightly before applying more pressure, gauging her reactions to learn what she enjoyed most.

"Merlin," Daphne breathed, one hand finding his hair. "That's... yes, right there."

Encouraged, Harry intensified his efforts, alternating between broad strokes and focused attention on her most sensitive spots. He slipped one finger inside her, then two, curling them to find the spot that made her thighs tremble.

Beside them, Tracey watched with fascination, her own hand drifting between her legs. "Is he as good as he looks?" she asked Daphne breathlessly.

"Better," Daphne managed, her hips now moving subtly against Harry's mouth. "So much better than Sus— *ah!*" Her words cut off as Harry sucked her clit gently while pressing his fingers deeper.

Harry continued his ministrations until Daphne's thighs began to quiver more noticeably, her breathing turning to shallow pants. Then, just before she reached her peak, he withdrew—earning a frustrated sound that was so unlike her usual controlled demeanor that he couldn't help but smile.

"Patience," he told her, moving to Tracey, who opened her legs eagerly.

"Please," Tracey whimpered, already worked up from watching. "I need your mouth."

Harry didn't make her wait. He dove between her thighs with enthusiasm, finding her already soaking wet. Where Daphne had responded to methodical precision, Tracey reacted to passion and intensity. Harry licked and sucked with abandon, his fingers pumping into her as she writhed beneath him.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," Tracey chanted, her hips bucking against his face. "Yes, Harry, please, *please*!"

The use of his first name, spoken with such desperate need, spurred Harry on. He doubled his efforts, determined to make her come undone completely.

Beside them, Daphne had recovered enough to watch with heated interest. She sat up, removing her bra to free her full breasts before moving behind Tracey to cup them, pinching her nipples lightly.

The dual stimulation pushed Tracey over the edge. "I'm coming!" she cried out, her internal muscles clamping down on Harry's fingers as waves of pleasure washed over her. "Oh Merlin, I'm coming!"

Harry didn't let up, working her through her orgasm until she weakly pushed at his head, oversensitive. He sat back on his heels, his chin glistening with her arousal, his cock achingly hard from the erotic display.

"Impressive," Daphne said, her voice husky. "But I believe you left something unfinished with me."

Harry's grin was wolfish as he moved back to her. "I didn't forget."

This time, he positioned himself above her, his erection pressing against her entrance. Daphne's usual cool demeanor had all but vanished, replaced by unmistakable want. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him closer.

"Show me what you've got, Potter," she challenged.

Harry pushed forward slowly, watching her face as he entered her inch by inch. Daphne's eyes widened, her lips parting in a silent gasp as she accommodated his size. When he was fully seated within her, they both stayed still for a moment, adjusting to the intense sensation.

"Fuck," Daphne whispered, the crude word sounding strangely elegant in her refined voice. "You're so deep."

Harry began to move, establishing a rhythm that had Daphne gripping his shoulders, her nails digging into his skin. Each thrust drew a small sound from her—not the loud moans of Tracey, but soft, controlled expressions of pleasure that somehow felt more significant coming from someone usually so composed.

"Harder," she demanded, her legs tightening around him. "I won't break, Potter."

Harry complied, driving into her with increased force that made the transfigured bed creak beneath them. Daphne's control finally began to crack, her sounds growing louder, less restrained.

"Ohh, Fuck!"

Beside them, Tracey had recovered from her orgasm and was watching with rapt attention, her hand once again between her legs. "Kiss me while he fucks you," she urged Daphne.

Daphne turned her head to capture Tracey's lips in a passionate kiss that made Harry's rhythm falter briefly at the erotic sight. The two Slytherin girls kissed deeply, their tongues visibly intertwining as Harry continued pounding into Daphne.

When they broke apart, Tracey's eyes were dark with renewed desire. "My turn soon?" she asked, looking between Harry and Daphne.

"Soon," Harry promised, feeling his own release building. "But first..." He shifted his angle slightly, hitting a spot inside Daphne that made her cry out.

"There!" she gasped, abandoning her usual reserve. "Right there, don't stop!"

Harry maintained the position, thrusting steadily as Daphne's internal muscles began to flutter around him. Her breathing grew erratic, her usual eloquence reduced to fragmented pleas.

"I'm going to— Potter, I'm—" Her words dissolved into a long, keening cry as orgasm overtook her, her back arching off the bed. The sight of the normally controlled Slytherin girl coming apart beneath him was intoxicating.

Harry slowed his movements, helping her ride the waves of pleasure until she collapsed back onto the bed, her chest heaving. He carefully withdrew, his cock still rock hard and now glistening with her arousal.

"Merlin's beard," Daphne breathed, a rare, genuine smile softening her features. "That was..."

"Worth crossing house lines for?" Harry suggested with a grin.

Daphne's laugh was unexpectedly light. "Definitely."

"My turn," Tracey said eagerly, moving to take Daphne's place. Instead of lying back, however, she got on all fours, presenting herself to Harry with an inviting wiggle of her hips. "Like this," she requested, looking back at him over her shoulder. "I want to feel how deep you can go."

Harry positioned himself behind her, running his hands appreciatively over the smooth curve of her ass. "You're sure?"

"Please," Tracey whimpered, pushing back against him. "I need you inside me, Harry. Please..."

The pleading in her voice sent a fresh surge of arousal through him. Harry lined himself up and pushed forward, groaning as her tight heat enveloped him. Tracey was incredibly wet from her earlier orgasm and her own anticipation, allowing him to slide in fully with one long thrust.

"Oh fuck!" she cried out, dropping to her elbows as her back arched. "So big, so good!"

Harry established a steady rhythm, his hands gripping her hips as he drove into her from behind. Each thrust pulled increasingly vocal responses from Tracey, who seemed to have no inhibitions about expressing her pleasure.

"Yes! Harder! Fuck me harder!" she begged, her face pressed against the mattress. "Please, Harry!"

Daphne, recovering beside them, moved to lie where Tracey could see her. She spread her legs, beginning to touch herself as she watched Harry pound into her friend. "Give her what she wants, Potter," Daphne encouraged, her own fingers circling her still-sensitive clit. "She's been fantasizing about this for weeks."

Harry increased his pace, the sound of skin slapping against skin filling the room alongside Tracey's increasingly desperate moans. Her internal muscles clenched around him with each thrust, the sensation threatening to push him toward his own release.

"Tell him what you want to call him," Daphne said to Tracey, a mischievous glint in her eye. "What you told me you wanted to say."

Tracey's cheeks flushed even deeper, but her eyes glazed with lust. "Please, Master," she moaned, the title sending an unexpected thrill through Harry. "Fuck your Slytherin slut harder, Master!"

The words, so filthy and submissive coming from the sweet-faced girl, triggered something primal in Harry. He tightened his grip on her hips, pulling her back to meet each powerful thrust.

"You like that?" he asked, surprising himself with the dominant tone. "You like being fucked by a Gryffindor?"

"Yes!" Tracey cried, her fingers clutching the sheets. "Yes, Master! I love your big Gryffindor cock stretching me out!"

Daphne watched the exchange with obvious arousal, her own fingers moving faster between her legs. "She's always been submissive," she told Harry, her voice breathy. "Loves being taken control of."

Harry reached forward to tangle his hand in Tracey's brown hair, tugging gently but firmly. The action drew a long, keening moan from her as her back arched further.

"Oh god, I'm going to come!" she warned, her internal muscles beginning to flutter around him. "Please, Master, can I come on your cock?"

"Come for me," Harry commanded, maintaining his relentless pace. "Now, Tracey."

His use of her name alongside the dominant tone seemed to trigger her release. Tracey screamed, her entire body shuddering as orgasm tore through her. Her inner walls clamped down on Harry's length in rhythmic pulses that nearly triggered his own climax. He gritted his teeth, determined to hold back.

As Tracey collapsed onto the bed, spent and trembling, Harry carefully withdrew. His cock stood proudly, glistening with her juices, his release still held at bay through sheer willpower.

"Impressive control, Potter," Daphne noted, her eyes fixed on his still-hard length. "But I think it's time we took care of that."

She crawled toward him, beckoning Tracey who shakily pushed herself up to join her. The sight of both Slytherin girls approaching him on their knees, naked and flushed with pleasure, was something Harry knew would feature in his fantasies for years to come.

"Together?" Tracey asked Daphne, who nodded with a smile that was both wicked and affectionate.

They positioned themselves on either side of Harry's cock—Daphne on the left, Tracey on the right. In perfect synchronization, they began licking him from base to tip, their tongues occasionally meeting at the head in brief, teasing kisses.

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned, one hand finding each of their heads—fingers tangling in blonde and brown hair. "That's incredible."

Tracey giggled, the sound vibrating against his shaft, before taking the head into her mouth while Daphne continued licking along the shaft.

The girls alternated, one sucking while the other licked and kissed his length or gently massaged his balls. The dual stimulation, combined with the visual of two beautiful Slytherin girls pleasuring him so enthusiastically, quickly brought Harry to the edge.

"I'm close," he warned, his fingers tightening in their hair.

Daphne released him with a wet pop. "Where do you want to finish?" she asked, her tone making it clear all options were available.

The question nearly undid him. "Your... your breasts," he managed, remembering how Alicia had enjoyed that during their locker room encounter.

The girls exchanged a quick glance before positioning themselves side by side, their breasts pressed together to create an inviting target. Daphne took him in hand, stroking firmly as Tracey leaned forward to give one last lick to the sensitive head.

"Come for us, Harry," Tracey encouraged, her brown eyes looking up at him with such eager desire that it pushed him over the edge.

With a guttural groan, Harry's release erupted in powerful spurts, painting white streaks across both girls' breasts. Daphne continued stroking him through his orgasm, milking every last drop until he was completely spent.

The sight of his seed glistening on their skin—stark white against Daphne's pale breasts and slightly darker against Tracey's—was incredibly erotic. Even more so when Tracey ran a finger through a streak on her chest and brought it to her mouth, sucking it clean with a pleased hum.

"Sweet," she commented, smiling at Harry's stunned expression.

Daphne's approach was more practical. She reached for her wand on the bedside table, casting a quick cleaning charm that removed all traces of their activities from their bodies.

The three collapsed onto the bed, Harry in the middle with a Slytherin girl on each side. For several minutes, they simply lay there, catching their breath and processing what had just occurred.

"That," Tracey finally said, "was even better than I imagined."

"Agreed," Daphne added, her usual composure returning though her expression remained softer than Harry had ever seen it. "You lived up to your reputation, Potter."

Harry chuckled, still somewhat amazed by the whole situation. "I didn't realize I had a reputation."

"You do now," Tracey said with a giggle, snuggling against his side. "The Chasers weren't very discreet in the prefects' bathroom. Apparently, they thought they were alone."

"But they weren't," Daphne continued, propping herself up on one elbow to look at Harry. "Myrtle overheard everything and was only too happy to share the details with anyone who'd listen."

Harry groaned, covering his face with his arm. "Moaning Myrtle? Bloody hell."

"Don't worry," Daphne assured him, surprisingly gentle as she pulled his arm away from his face. "The story hasn't spread beyond a select few. And those who know are more impressed than scandalized."

"Including you two?" Harry asked, glancing between them.

Tracey nodded enthusiastically. "Especially us. We've been trying to figure out how to approach you ever since we heard. Today was a perfect opportunity."

"So this was all planned?" Harry asked, not sure whether to be flattered or concerned.

"Not entirely," Daphne admitted. "I genuinely earned my spot as Seeker. Malfoy's performance has been lacking, and Montague finally had enough. The rest..." she shrugged one elegant shoulder, "...was fortuitous timing."

Harry absorbed this information, trying to reconcile the Daphne and Tracey he'd known as distant Slytherin classmates with the passionate, complex young women now lying naked beside him.

"Why tell me about Myrtle?" he asked after a moment. "You could have let me believe this was our secret."

Daphne's expression turned serious. "Because I don't play games with information, Potter. Not like that. You deserved to know."

"And," Tracey added, her fingers tracing patterns on his chest, "we're hoping this won't be a one-time thing."

Harry's eyebrows rose in surprise. "You want to do this again?"

"Is that so hard to believe?" Daphne asked.

Harry considered the question. "No," he decided. "Just unexpected."

"The best things usually are," Tracey said, pressing a soft kiss to his shoulder.

"This stays between us," Daphne said, her tone making it clear this was non-negotiable. "For various reasons."

Harry nodded. "Of course. I wouldn't tell anyone anyway."

A comfortable silence fell between them, the only sound their gradually slowing breaths and the occasional distant echo from elsewhere in the castle.

"We should go," Daphne finally said, sitting up reluctantly. "Curfew soon, and Slytherins in the corridors after hours attract more attention than Gryffindors."

"Same time next week?" Tracey suggested hopefully as she pulled her sweater back on. "We could meet here again."

Harry found himself nodding before he'd even fully processed the suggestion. "I'd like that."

Daphne, now fully dressed and looking every bit the composed Slytherin ice queen again, approached Harry with unexpected gentleness. She reached up to straighten his collar, her touch lingering just a moment longer than necessary.

"You surprise me, Potter," she said quietly. "In many ways."

"Good surprises, I hope," he replied.

The smile that curved her lips was small but genuine. "Very good."

She stepped back, her mask of cool indifference sliding back into place with practiced ease. Only her eyes, still holding a warmth that hadn't been there before.

"Tracey and I will leave first," she said, all business now. "Wait ten minutes before following."

Tracey approached for a final goodbye. She threw her arms around Harry's neck, kissing him deeply before pulling back with a radiant smile.

"Until next week," she said, giving him a playful wink.

The two Slytherin girls slipped out the door, leaving Harry alone with his thoughts and the lingering scent of their perfumes in the air. He sank onto the edge of the transfigured bed, running a hand through his perpetually messy hair.

First the Chasers, now this, he thought, a grin spreading across his face. *Quidditch really is the best sport in the world.*