

### Chapter 3

Harry leaned back against the smooth tiled wall of the pool, the warm water lapping gently at his chest. His arms rested along the edge, his fingers gripping the cool marble as he tried to play it casual. However, there was nothing casual about the sight in front of him.

Angelina and Alicia moved through the water like they owned it, their bodies cutting sleek paths just beneath the surface. The bubbles from the taps swirled around their skin, hiding and revealing their curves in teasing flashes. He could make out the curve of a hip here, the sway of a breast there as one of them twisted underwater. His cock throbbed steadily under the water, still half-hard from the sight of them stripping earlier and now fully awake again.

Angelina dove deeper, her long legs kicking out behind her in a powerful stroke that sent her ass flexing just visible through the foam. Alicia followed, laughing, bubbles rising as she chased her friend in a lazy circle. Their athletic Quidditch forms looked even better like this, all toned muscle and soft feminine curves moving together. Harry swallowed hard, his eyes tracking every ripple.

The girls had been swimming for a few minutes now, giving him space but clearly aware of his gaze on them. He shifted his weight, the water making his wet boxers cling uncomfortably to his erection. Fuck, this was not how he expected his Gillyweed test to end up.

A minute later, they both angled toward the surface at the same time. Angelina came up first, breaking through the surface gracefully. Water streamed down her face and dark hair as she wiped it back with both hands, arching her back so her full breasts lifted out of the water for a moment. The dark nipples were tight from the contrast of warm pool and cooler air. She shook her head once, sending droplets flying, and let out a soft satisfied sigh.

Alicia surfaced right beside her, doing the same. Her brown hair clung wetly to her shoulders and neck as she wiped her face, pushing it away to reveal a flushed smile. Water cascaded over her fuller tits, tracing shiny paths down the soft undersides before rejoining the pool.

Both girls stood in the shallower section near the center, the water just below their chests, glistening on every inch of exposed skin.

Harry stared, openly aroused now. His breath came a little quicker. The way their bodies moved, the shine on their skin, and those knowing little smiles that had started to form... His cock gave a hard twitch, pressing insistently against the wet fabric.

Their eyes met his across the water, and matching smirks slowly spread over their faces at the exact same time, full of mischief. Without a word, they started

swimming toward him with smooth strokes that brought them closer with every second. Harry's heart picked up the pace. He stayed put against the wall, not sure what else to do but watch them approach.

Angelina reached him first, sliding in on his left side. Her shoulder brushed his arm as she settled against the wall beside him. Alicia took the right, her thigh grazing his under the water before she leaned in close. They had him neatly between them now, their warm bodies on either side of him and the heat of their skin cutting through the water.

"So," Angelina started, her voice low and playful. She reached out and trailed one finger lightly down his forearm, just a teasing touch that sent sparks straight to his groin. "Tell us about this underwater idea of yours, Harry. Second task sounds proper mad."

"Yeah," Alicia added from his other side. Her hand found his knee under the water, giving it a gentle squeeze before sliding up a few inches along his thigh and back down again. "But first, we've been dying to ask about the first task. That dragon? Bloody hell, the way you flew."

Harry let out a short laugh, trying to keep his voice steady even as their touches made his skin prickle. "It was mental, that's what it was. Didn't have much of a plan going in. Just knew I needed to get the egg without getting roasted." Angelina's finger was still tracing lazy patterns on his arm, moving up toward his shoulder now. He could feel the side of her breast brush his bicep every time she shifted.

Alicia leaned in closer, her breath warm against his ear. "We were watching from the stands, you know. When you shot off on your Firebolt like that, dodging the flames? Got me proper worked up." Her hand squeezed his thigh again, a bit higher this time, then retreated teasingly. "You looked so focused. So confident out there."

"Confident?" Harry repeated, shaking his head with a grin. "I was shitting myself half the time. That Hungarian Horntail was no joke. One wrong move and I'd have been barbecue." He turned his head toward Angelina, who was watching him with dark eyes full of interest. She smiled wider and let her fingers drift across his collarbone, her touch light and teasing.

"Could've fooled us," she said softly. "The way you pulled those turns, diving straight at it then veering off. Pure Seeker instincts. Made the rest of us look slow." She glanced down at the water between them, then back up, her smirk deepening. Her knee bumped his under the surface, lingering there.

Harry felt heat creep up his neck. Their praise mixed with the touches was doing dangerous things to him. His cock stood fully hard and aching. "Thanks. Coming from you two, that means something. You're both brilliant on brooms. Been seeing you practicing those Chaser formations for years now, how tight and fast you are."

Alicia laughed softly, the sound husky. She let her hand wander again, this time brushing the outside of his hip before pulling back. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Potter. But seriously, when that dragon breathed fire right at you and you rolled under it? My heart stopped. Then you flew away for so long with that dragon right on your tail. And when you finally returned, grabbed the egg and zoomed away like it was just another snitch..." She bit her lip, her eyes sparkling. "Dead sexy, if we're being honest."

Harry's breath hitched. He shifted again, trying not to press his obvious erection against anything. Or anyone. "Sexy? Trust me, I wasn't thinking about that at the time. All I could think of was just surviving somehow."

He tried to concentrate, but their words were sinking in, and with their touch, they were warming him more than the pool water. Angelina's fingers had moved to his chest now, tracing a slow circle around one nipple without quite touching it. The tease made him tense.

"You make it look easy though," she murmured. She leaned in so her breast pressed more firmly against his arm for a second. "Most people would've frozen. Not you. You just... went for it. You made the whole school proud, Harry. Especially the Gryffindors."

Alicia nodded, her thigh pressing along his again. "Yeah. Your performance got us all talking in the common room after. About how our Seeker's got balls of steel." Her hand returned to his thigh, higher this time, her fingers kneading the muscle lightly before she withdrew with a coy smile.

Harry chuckled, the sound a bit rough. "Balls of steel? Try luck and a fast broom. But I'll take it."

He looked between them, hyper aware of how close they were. He could feel the soft press of their bodies and smell the scent of their wet skin mixing with the bath oils. His pulse hammered.

"I wonder what it'd be like to ever face anything like that in a match. Things feel different when something's trying to kill you and your focus is on survival instead of just scoring points."

Angelina shook her head, her wet hair brushing his shoulder. "Got that experience, haven't you? That Bludger two years ago went haywire for you. Curse Lockhart for being such an incompetent buffoon. Still, I think I can relate slightly. After all, we've had some rough games too. Bludgers coming at you from nowhere, and there's the dirty tactics those bastards from Slytherin use. After a time, you learn to trust your instincts, right?"

Her finger finally flicked lightly over his nipple, a quick teasing touch that made him inhale sharply. She grinned at his reaction.

“Exactly,” Alicia agreed. She mirrored the move on his other side, her touch lighter but just as effective. Harry’s cock jumped. “And yours are spot on. The way you read that dragon’s movements? Like you knew what it was gonna do before it did. It was proper impressive.”

They both watched him closely now, waiting for his response. Harry ran a hand through his damp hair, buying a second to collect himself. The teasing touches were driving him mental, keeping him on edge without giving him anywhere to go. “I don’t know about that. I just... reacted. I felt the wind and watched its wings. In a way, it was the same as catching a Snitch really. But with bigger stakes.”

“Mm, bigger everything with you lately,” Angelina said under her breath, her smirk flashing as she let her hand drift down his arm again, closer to the waterline this time.

Alicia laughed quietly. “She’s not wrong. You’ve been stepping up, Harry. First the dragon, now prepping for the lake like this. Makes a girl curious what else you can handle.” Her fingers traced his ribs under the water, her touch featherlight, sending shivers across his skin.

Harry’s jaw tightened, a low groan almost escaping before he caught it. He turned to look at Alicia before looking at Angelina, his voice a bit thicker. “Curious, huh? Well, the Gillyweed worked like a charm earlier. It felt weird as hell growing gills, but I could breathe down there no problem. I guess it’ll give me the edge I need in the lake.”

Both girls reacted with genuine interest, their eyes lighting up even as their touches continued. Angelina’s hand squeezed his shoulder. “Gills? That’s wild. Didn’t think Herbology could ever come clutch like that.” She leaned closer, her body heat pressing in against him.

“Yeah, everyone considers it a throwaway subject, but maybe there’s more to it, like Potions,” Alicia added, her thigh sliding along his once more, holding contact a little longer this time. Their smirks stayed in place, full of promise, as the water swirled gently around the three of them.

Harry felt the tension coil tighter in his gut, every teasing brush of their hands and bodies keeping him rock hard and focused on nothing but them. He wasn’t sure how much longer he could keep talking like this without something giving.

The water kept swirling gently around them, and it was warm and scented, but it did nothing to cool the heat building between the three of them. Angelina’s fingers traced slow circles on his chest while Alicia’s hand rested high on his thigh, her thumb brushing back and forth in a maddening tease. Their bodies brushed against him with every small movement, their soft breasts occasionally pressing into his arms, their wet skin sliding slickly against each other.

It was Angelina who turned toward him first. She leaned in, her full breasts pressing against his arm. Harry's breath caught as her face drew near, his eyes widening. He was still in disbelief that everything around him was real.

Angelina stopped mere inches from his neck, her nose brushing just above his collarbone. She inhaled deeply, her eyes half-lidded. Harry furrowed his brows in confusion, his body tensing.

"You know how good you smell, Harry?" she murmured, her voice hot and dripping with want, low enough to send a shiver down his spine. The words wrapped around him like smoke.

Before he could even process it, she leaned forward and dragged her warm tongue slowly up the side of his neck, tasting the mixture of pool water and his skin there. Harry jerked in surprise, a sharp inhale escaping him. "Fuck, Angelina..."

Alicia clicked her tongue playfully from his other side. "Merlin, Angie. You're so impatient. We've been holding ourselves back for so long and you just dive straight in like that?"

Angelina ignored her completely. She pressed an open-mouthed kiss to Harry's shoulder and another just under his ear, licking again, slower and wetter this time, savoring it. Her hand roamed lower, her fingers grazing his abs under the water.

Alicia watched for only a second before she let out a soft, husky laugh and joined in. She nipped lightly at Harry's jaw before soothing the spot with her tongue, her hand sliding up his side to explore his chest.

Harry's mind reeled. What the fuck was going on? One minute they were talking about the tournament and now this? Their hands were everywhere, teasing, stroking his skin, and even brushing dangerously close to his aching cock but always pulling away at the last moment. He groaned low in his throat, his body responding even as his brain tried to catch up. "Wait, what... are you two...? This is..."

Alicia shut him up by slamming her lips against his. The kiss was fierce and hungry, her tongue pushing into his mouth without hesitation to tangle with his. Harry froze in shock for a split second, stunned completely.

By the time he truly registered what was going on, the throbbing in his cock had become truly impossible to ignore. He kissed her back just as furiously, one hand coming up to tangle in her wet hair, the other sliding down to grip her waist. She tasted like the bath oils and something sweet, and she moaned into his mouth when he pulled her closer.

Angelina kept working on his neck and shoulder, kissing and licking with growing hunger, her hands roaming freely now over his chest and down his back. "He's so fucking irresistible," she breathed against his skin between the licks. "I've been wondering what it'd be like to taste him for so long now."

Harry's other hand moved to Angelina's hip, squeezing the firm curve of her arse as he deepened the kiss with Alicia. The girls pressed tighter against him, their wet bodies flush against his sides. He broke the kiss with Alicia only to turn and claim Angelina's mouth. She met him eagerly, sucking on his lower lip before their tongues battled. Alicia moved to his neck, licking and sucking marks into his skin while her hands explored his chest, pinching one nipple lightly. Harry groaned into Angelina's mouth and let his hands grow bolder. He cupped Angelina's heavy breast, squeezing the soft, warm flesh, rolling her hard nipple between his fingers. She arched into his touch with a needy sound.

They kept switching him like that. Alicia pulled him back into a deep, messy kiss while Angelina licked down his chest. Her tongue circled his nipple before she sucked it into her mouth, flicking it rapidly. Harry's hips twitched forward. His free hand slid down Alicia's back to grip her firm arse, kneading the muscle as he pulled her tighter against his side. Their wet bodies slid against him constantly, their breasts pressing, their thighs brushing, and their skin hot in the water.

"Fuck, Harry," Alicia whispered hotly, her mouth moving to his neck now. "Never thought you'd kiss this good. So intense."

"Yeah?" Harry growled between kisses. He cupped one of her full breasts, squeezing the soft weight, his thumb brushing over her pink nipple and feeling it tighten even further under his touch. She moaned into his mouth. His other hand slid down her back to grip her arse, pulling her tighter against him.

Their hands roamed everywhere. Fingers traced his abs, stroked his thighs, and gripped his arse. They teased around his cock relentlessly, brushing the heavy bulge in his boxers but never giving him what he needed. Harry's breathing grew ragged. He was rock hard and leaking, trapped between them.

"You're so hard for us," Alicia purred when she broke the kiss, her eyes dark with lust. "Been like that since we walked in, haven't you?"

Harry could only nod, his breathing ragged. "Can't help it. You two are fucking gorgeous."

She smiled against his skin and finally let her hand drift lower. She cupped him through the wet fabric first and squeezed gently, feeling his thickness. Harry hissed in pleasure.

Angelina joined her a moment later, both girls teasing his cock with light strokes over his boxers, feeling how hard and thick he was.

"Bloody hell," Angelina murmured appreciatively. "Feels even better than I imagined."

They worked in sync, teasing him until Harry was panting, and only then they hooked their fingers into the waistband of his boxers. With a shared look, they tugged

it down just enough underwater to free his cock. It sprang up, hard and leaking, the head already slick with precum. Harry groaned deeply as their hands wrapped around him at last.

Angelina wrapped her hand around the base first, stroking slowly from root to tip while Alicia cupped his balls, rolling them gently, tugging just right.

“Fuck... yes,” Harry breathed, his head falling back against the tile.

The girls took turns kissing him while the other worked his cock. When Angelina claimed his mouth in a filthy kiss, her tongue tangling with his, Alicia pumped him firmly, her thumb swirling over the head. Then they switched. Harry’s hands were busy too, fondling their breasts, squeezing and kneading the soft flesh, and pinching their nipples until they moaned against him. He pulled Angelina closer and latched onto one of her tits, sucking hard on the dark nipple while flicking it with his tongue. Alicia kept stroking him hard and fast, her other hand massaging his balls.

“You like that?” Alicia asked, her voice husky with arousal. “My hands on your cock while you suck her tits?”

Harry moaned around Angelina’s breast in response, sucking harder. He switched to Alicia’s full tits next, burying his face between them, licking the soft undersides before sucking a nipple into his mouth. Angelina took over stroking his cock, her grip perfect, and Alicia joined in, both the girls jerking him off.

Harry’s hips thrust into their combined grip. They worked him perfectly together, one stroking the length while the other teased his balls or rubbed the sensitive head. The water made everything slick and smooth, and pleasure coiled tight in his gut.

Harry kept feasting on Alicia’s full breasts, licking and sucking while his hands gripped both girls’ arses, kneading the firm flesh as they pressed closer, their bodies rubbing against him. Their hands never slowed on his cock, stroking in perfect rhythm, twisting slightly at the head on every upstroke. One hand jerked him off while the other focused on the sensitive head of his cock, spreading his precum. He could feel his orgasm building fast.

“I’m close,” he warned, his voice strained. He kept thrusting forward into their grip.

“Good,” Angelina whispered hotly in his ear. “Cum for us, Harry. We want to feel it.”

Alicia nipped at his neck. “Give it to us. We want this.”

They pumped him harder, faster, their bodies pressed tightly. Harry groaned loudly, thrusting furiously into their fists. Pleasure coiled tighter and tighter in his gut until it finally snapped.

His cock pulsed hard as he came, the first thick spurt of cum shooting into the water and over their hands. Wave after wave of pure pleasure crashed through him. The girls kept stroking him through every pulse, milking every last spurt, drawing out the intense waves of orgasm until his hips jerked and his breath came in harsh gasps, his legs shaking.

When it finally eased, they slowed their movements but still held him gently, squeezing the last drops from him. Both girls lifted their hands out of the water. Harry stared, dazed, as thick strings of his cum glistened on their fingers and palms.

Angelina looked at Alicia with a wicked, satisfied smile. She brought her cum-covered fingers to Alicia's mouth. Alicia licked them slowly, tasting him, savoring each drop, her eyes locked on Harry's. Then she did the same for Angelina, sucking her fingers clean while the other girl moaned softly.

Harry watched, stunned and impossibly turned on once again by the sight. "Fuck... what the fuck just happened?" he muttered, still catching his breath. "Is this real or another dream? Don't tell me I'm dreaming again..."

The girls turned to him with matching smirks on their faces. Alicia leaned in and kissed him softly. "Dream about us a lot, do you, Potter?"

"Not exactly like this," Harry admitted, still stunned but grinning now. "Though maybe I should start now. But the real thing is way better."

Angelina laughed and gave his softening cock one last soft squeeze under the water. "Good answer. We don't have time to do more right now though. Classes and all that. But maybe something else will come your way soon if you keep being such a good boy."

Harry's eyes widened at the implication, and they smirked at the look on his face.

They kissed him again, one after the other, deep and promising more. Slowly, they separated and swam back a little before climbing out of the pool. Harry stayed where he was, watching hungrily as water streamed down their naked bodies as they walked. Their arses flexed with every step, their breasts bouncing slightly, and their skin glowing and wet. They didn't bother covering up, moving with total confidence.

They retrieved their wands and dried themselves with quick spells before they started pulling on their clothes over smooth skin, much to his disappointment. Once they were fully dressed, they turned back to him.

Alicia blew him a hot, teasing kiss, her eyes still full of heat. Angelina gave him one last sensual look over her shoulder.

"See you around, Harry," Angelina called. "Don't forget about us."

With that, they left the Prefect's bathroom, the door clicking shut behind them.

Harry stayed in the pool for another minute, his heart still pounding. He finally climbed out, water dripping everywhere. As he reached for his wand, he glanced at the mermaid painting on the wall. She winked at him and struck a flirty pose, one hand trailing down her curves and coming to rest on her waist.

Harry shook his head with a disbelieving laugh. "Completely mental."

He dried himself quickly, pulled his clothes back on, and made his way out of the bathroom. The corridors felt too normal after what had just happened. His body still tingled with the aftershocks, his mind replaying every touch, every moan, and every stroke.

It had really happened. It was not a dream this time.

He wasn't sure what it meant or what would come next, but as he headed back toward the common room, a small, satisfied smile tugged at his lips.