

As Snape descended the stone staircase leading to the dungeon, the burden of Dumbledore's request weighed heavily on him. The echo of his footsteps reverberated through the empty corridors, each step feeling as though it carried him deeper into the shadows of the choice he had just made.

The flickering torches cast sharp, erratic shadows on the walls, and he felt as though they were watching him, shifting with every movement. He clenched his fists. No one could know of this decision, not even his own mind could be trusted to linger on it too long. The Dark Lord might not have fully returned, but the dark mark on his arm had been growing stronger throughout the year, pulsing faintly but steadily, and it was a reminder that the Dark Lord's power still reigned absolute. It called for his so-called allegiance to remain true, and the truth was immaterial.

Reaching his quarters, Snape shut the door behind him and exhaled, leaning against the cool stone wall. His eyes, normally fierce and guarded, softened in the quiet solitude. The dread he had buried in front of Dumbledore now threatened to rise. He could still hear the echo of the old man's words in his head.

*"We must discover his secrets, and we do not know how long it would take. It is the prudent step at this hour."*

Prudent, Snape thought bitterly. A cruel euphemism. **Necessary**, perhaps, but far from prudent. This decision could be a death sentence. If the Dark Lord sensed even a hint of hesitation, a tremor of doubt in Snape's feigned loyalty, there would be no mercy.

Crossing the room, he slowly unbuttoned the left sleeve of his robes, exposing his forearm. The mark was darker, almost burning, though he knew it was an illusion – the symbol hadn't yet flared with the terrible darkness that meant the Dark Lord was calling. Still, just the sight of it stirred memories he had long since thought repressed, reminding him of every reason he had chosen to align himself with Dumbledore in the first place.

*Lily.*

The name stirred the pain he kept buried in the deepest recesses of his heart, alongside the rage and self-loathing the memory of that accursed Halloween night stirred within him.

Silently, he moved to the desk in the corner and gave his wand a cursory flick, lighting up a solitary candle, and withdrew a roll of parchment. He wrote methodically, organizing his thoughts, his questions, his explanations and thoughts, all while keeping his face impassive as though the Dark Lord himself were watching. Only when he was finished did he sit back, contemplating his reflection in the faint light.

"Fool," he muttered, voice barely a whisper. "You were always a fool."

A chill ran through the air, sudden and inexplicable, and the candle flickered as if in agreement. He raked his eyes over the parchment, committing every word,

every lie and half-truth to memory, making it a part of himself and burying his true thoughts and emotions so deep within himself that only he could ever discover them.

Only when he deemed himself ready did he release a deep breath, burying all the fear and hesitation from the forefront of his mind, submerging himself in his loyalty toward the Dark Lord.

He stared down at the darkening mark on his pale forearm, watching how the dark serpent slowly slithered and coiled around the skull, pulsing like a faint heartbeat.

Contacting Lord Voldemort—the mere thought sent a wave of unease through him. It did not matter how much he tried to prepare himself. The final vestiges of disquiet persisted.

Yet, it was the only way to initiate what Dumbledore had demanded of him, to weave himself into the Dark Lord's favor and gain his trust once again.

Reluctantly, he let his fingers drift over the darkened skin, steeling himself against the familiar tingle of cold that crawled up his arm. Summoning the necessary focus, he pressed the tip of his wand against the coiling mark and let his mind sink into the sensation, gathering his thoughts as though preparing the most volatile and delicate of potions. He knew this could only work if his focus was absolute and his intentions were as clear as possible.

Closing his eyes, he exhaled slowly, feeling the connection flare to life as he concentrated on the mark. It responded with a chill that raced through his veins, an unpleasant but familiar sensation that told him he was reaching the Dark Lord's awareness.

At first, there was only the cold, pressing against his mind like an iron vice, and he steeled himself. It did not take long for a response to reach him.

It was a faint voice—a mere whisper, sharp and cutting—that uncoiled within his mind, and Snape cleared every genuine thought from his mind.

*"Severus."*

The single word, dark and smooth, brought with it a wave of memories and sensations Snape had hoped he'd put behind him: the thrill of power, the heady sense of belonging, twisted with the stark terror that came from knowing he was in the presence of one who could end his life with a thought. He breathed deeply, keeping his mind shielded and his thoughts measured.

*"My lord,"* he murmured softly, his lips moving but no sound coming out. The words were merely echoes in his own mind, but spoken with a tone of deep respect. *"I felt... the mark. It has stirred lately, and I thought it prudent to reach out, should you require my services."*

A heavy pause ensued, cold and ominous. The voice in his mind went silent, but Snape could feel it waiting, watching. Barely a second later, Snape felt the probing tendrils of Voldemort's consciousness brush against the surface of his own thoughts. He did not know how deep the Dark Lord's Legilimency probe went, but he knew he had to keep his mind open yet impenetrable, focused only on loyalty.

It felt as if an eternity had passed when Snape felt the Dark Lord's probe recede, and his response echoed in his psyche once again.

"*Indeed, Severus,*" Voldemort's voice replied, as silky as he remembered and audibly pleased. "*Loyalty is a rare and precious thing these days. Tell me... your time at Hogwarts has not softened you, has it?*"

Snape felt his stomach twist, but his reply was steady. "*Of course not, my lord. I remain as you have known me. Teaching is but a mask – useful only for what it allows me to observe, to prepare for the eventuality you told me about. I remain hard at work, at your instructions.*"

There was a brief, thoughtful silence, as if Voldemort were weighing his words. Snape could feel the Dark Lord's presence once again—an even more intense and malignant pressure against his mind. His jaw tightened, but he maintained his composure, keeping his head clear and his thoughts firm.

"*Good,*" Voldemort finally replied, his voice a cold caress. "*You may yet be of use to me, Severus. There are matters stirring, even within the walls of that school. Should I require anything of you... I trust you will know where your loyalties lie.*"

"*My loyalties remain absolute, my lord. I remain where you asked me to be, obeying your instructions as I vowed to do.*"

"*Vowed, yes...*" Voldemort whispered.

The connection flickered, and Snape seized the chance to implant the seeds of Dumbledore's plan. "*Indeed. I remain at your service. I dare not be presumptuous, and whenever you deem it necessary to call for me, I will stand ready.*"

The silence on the other end was more than palpable—it was a heavy, expectant pause that Snape could feel pressing down on him.

"*Do not concern yourself with matters beyond your reach for now, Severus,*" Voldemort said at last, the hint of a threat beneath his calm tone. "*Your role remains clear: be my eyes and ears within that castle. And when the time comes, bring with you the new generation of Death Eaters to continue our cause.*"

With a final, cold surge of pressure, the connection broke. The mark's darkness faded, its pulse receding into a dull ache.

Snape exhaled shakily, his composure restored but his nerves frayed. The silence of the dungeon closed around him once more, heavy and oppressive. He knew he'd passed the first test of this plan, but there would be many more, each one more dangerous than the last. The Dark Lord was not a fool. He had given him a

chance, and he would need to prove his loyalty before even expecting to be trusted with any crucial information.

Pulling his sleeve back down over his arm, he allowed himself one brief moment to let the fear ebb away. He had done it. He was in the web once again, both with the Dark Lord and with Dumbledore, and the stakes had never felt more deadly.

But as he turned his gaze to the darkened room, his face settled back into its usual impassive mask. If this was the price to be paid for his treachery, for being the cause of Lily's death, so be it.

XXXXX

"Merlin, that was an unnecessary headache," Fleur sighed, kicking off her heels and stretching her arms above her head. "Good thing we found the Weasley girl right on time."

"Yeah," Daphne nodded, standing in front of the mirror as she took off her earrings, placing them on the vanity. "I can't wait for your repeat performance though, Val," she said with a giggle.

"The real thing is bound to be better, eh?" Valerie agreed with a teasing smirk, joining Daphne.

"All in due time," Harry chuckled. "And I'm sure I'm saying this for all of us, but I can barely wait now."

His voice had taken on a gravelly turn at the end, his eyes darkening, and all three women exchanged amused yet aroused glances.

"You got that right," Valerie whispered. She turned to Daphne who met her halfway, and as their lips met in a hungry kiss, their arms began to move over each other's dresses.

Meanwhile, Fleur approached Harry with a purposeful sway of her hips and planted herself on his lap. Keeping her eyes trained on the pair, she whispered, "Undress me, *mon mari*."

"Gladly," Harry said huskily, nibbling on the side of her neck as his fingers worked deftly to take care of her dress. She let it fall off her shoulders and pool by her lap, and to Harry's protesting groans, she stepped away from him. The dress dropped by her feet and she stepped out, standing tall and proud in front of Harry in a matching pair of silvery lace bra and knickers.

She beckoned him toward her with a finger, her lips quirked sexily, and Harry was quick to spring to his feet, closing the distance between them. His lips slammed against hers in a heated kiss that took her breath away, and Fleur found herself at his mercy. His hands grabbed both the cheeks of her arse, mauling and squeezing them fondly before he gave two hard spanks on her skin, making her cry out with lust.

His breath was hot against her skin, and he began to trail kisses down her neck, nibbling on her collarbone as he spanked her hard once again.

Suddenly, he felt the presence of his two other girls behind him. They reached out, making quick work of his clothes as Harry continued to pleasure Fleur, his tongue flicking out to taste her skin. He pulled her firmly against himself once Daphne and Valerie had rendered him naked, feeling her almost nude form pressed flush against his skin. He heard twin snaps behind him, and he deftly reached up, unsnapping Fleur's bra as well. The veela let it drop off her shoulders and Harry quickly threw it away.

For a while, Valerie and Daphne watched Harry pleasuring Fleur as they fondled each other. Finally, the former had had enough and she approached them, pushing Harry's hands away and delivering two resounding spanks on Fleur's arse. The veela cried out in pleasure as she pulled her lips off Harry, turning to her with her blue eyes wild with lust.

"Let's not keep him waiting," the brunette whispered, reaching out and wrapping her hand around Harry's length. Fleur reluctantly allowed her to pull him away, and followed behind them with Daphne as Valerie led Harry over to the bed with his cock.

They all climbed together in the bed, and all three women eyed Harry predatorily from their spot by his legs as they remained on their hands and knees while their husband watched them with sheer lust and desire oozing off him.

"Shall we begin then?" Fleur asked, her voice husky and her eyes dark with passion.

"Yes," Harry managed to say with a nod, his voice rough.

The three young women moved in perfect coordination. Daphne and Valerie knelt on either side of Harry, bending over with their perfectly round rears hiked high in the air while Fleur took her place in the middle, rubbing her cheek against his inner thigh like a cat. The former two moved their hands as one, reaching out to wrap around his cock and they began to stroke him gently, pressing soft kisses against his sides. Meanwhile, Fleur slid her hand up to cup his balls, her thumbs tracing slow circles as she fondled them. Harry's head fell back against the bed and his eyes fluttered shut as he lost himself in savoring the sensation.

"Harry," Daphne's breath ghosted his skin as she kept stroking him. "We can feel how much you want us, my love."

Valerie leaned in with a nod, her lips brushing against the tip of Harry's cock. "We do," she whispered, her tongue flicking out to taste the precum, licking it off the tip.

Daphne eagerly followed suit, her lips wrapping around the base of his cock. She began to swirl her tongue against the sensitive skin, and Harry's hips jerked involuntarily when Valerie slid him in her mouth and descended, her lips mere

inches from Daphne's at the base. His hands gripped the bedsheet tightly as he tried to stave off the pleasure that threatened to overwhelm him.

"Goodness, you three feel so good!" He gasped, his voice strained.

Fleur's grip tightened on his balls, her nails scraping the skin lightly. She leaned closer and pressed her soft, pink lips against them, kissing softly. "Don't hold back, mon cher," she whispered teasingly, her breath hot against his skin. "Let go."

Harry's eyes blearily opened as he pushed himself up on his arms, his eyes locking onto the sight that greeted them. Three beautiful women, naked and bent over, as they pleased him orally. He had no idea how he had gotten so lucky in life.

"Let go, 'Arry," Fleur whispered sexily, and Harry decided holding back was a worthless endeavor. He didn't have to, not with them.

With a faint growl, he thrust his hips upward, driving himself deeper into Valerie's mouth. The brunette moaned around him, her fingers digging into his thighs as she took him as deep as he could go. Meanwhile, Daphne kept swirling her tongue all over his shaft, kissing hotly as she worked with her sister-wives in perfect harmony.

Suddenly, Fleur's mouth hollowed and Harry's eyes widened when he felt the entirety of his balls be wrapped with the impossible hotness of the lovely veela's mouth.

"Fuck yes," he growled, his eyes locked with Fleur who swirled his balls around in her mouth, her tongue lapping away as she sucked harshly.

Meanwhile, Daphne and Valerie quickly exchanged roles. The blonde beauty took him in her mouth and plunged the entirety of his length in, depthroating him. As she pulled back, Valerie wrapped her lips around the base of his cock and began licking him all over.

Harry's breath came in ragged gasps, his eyes alternating among the three and his body trembling as the pleasure built inside him.

"Almost there," he panted, his eyes half-lidded. "I'm... so close, fuck!"

"Then come for us, 'Arry," Fleur whispered, her lips curled into a wicked smile as she fondled his balls. "Mmm... I can see you've got a lot for all three of us, and maybe seconds as well."

Harry's vision blurred as the tension coiling within his gut reached its peak. With a strangled groan, he erupted, his seed spilling into Daphne's mouth as she continued to milk him dry. Valerie quickly pushed Daphne back and plunged her entire mouth onto his cock just as he shot another load that splattered against the back of her throat. She gulped him down greedily, craving even more, and Harry gave her all she wanted.

"And now it's my turn," Fleur smirked as she pulled Valerie back, and Harry let out another groan when the hot veela wrapped her lips around the crown of his prick and began to stroke him hard and fast.

"Fucking hell," Harry let out a groan, shooting load after load into her mouth and Fleur took everything that remained for her.

As she pulled away, Harry eyed them with a lustful gaze. All three young women swallowed every drop, their eyes never leaving his face. All their lips were slick with cum and Harry's cock lurched when he watched their tongues dart out to lick it all off at the same time.

"That was incredible," Valerie whispered with a grin.

"Agreed," Fleur replied as she sat back, her hand still wrapped around his softening cock.

"But we're not done yet," Daphne intoned huskily.

Fleur nodded, her eyes dark with desire as she began to stroke him back. All three women watched with excited grins as his cock grew to full mast within seconds.

"All right then," Daphne smirked, her eyes meeting Harry's. "Your turn, my love. Show us what you can do."

XXXXX

Harry was the first to stir, blinking lazily as sunlight filtered through the high windows of the Room of Requirement. The space had outdone itself as always, transforming into a luxurious suite complete with a massive four-poster bed that easily accommodated all four of them. Fleur was curled against his right side, her silver-blond hair spilling like silk over his chest, while Daphne and Valerie were tangled together on his left, Daphne's arm draped possessively over both Harry and Valerie.

Harry shifted slightly, his fingers trailing lightly along Fleur's bare shoulder and down her back. She sighed softly, arching into his touch before lifting her head to press a lingering kiss to his chest. On his other side, Daphne stirred as Valerie's hand slid lazily up her thigh, caressing her sensitive skin and drawing a low hum from the blonde. Valerie opened her eyes just enough to catch Daphne's lips in a slow, unhurried kiss, their naked bodies pressing closer under the soft sheets.

"Morning," Valerie murmured against Daphne's lips before turning to glance at Harry with a wicked grin. She reached over to trail her fingers down his arm, her touch light but deliberate. "Looks like someone beat me to waking you."

"Hardly," Fleur replied smoothly, propping herself up on one elbow. Her blue eyes sparkled with amusement as she leaned over Harry, pressing her supple tits against him as her lips met his in a kiss that started soft but quickly deepened. When

they finally parted, Fleur turned her attention to Val with a playful smile, brushing her fingers lightly across Valerie's cheek before leaning in to capture her lips next.

Daphne groaned softly, burying her face in Valerie's neck. "You're all insufferable," she muttered, though the faint smile tugging at her lips betrayed her. Her hand slid over Harry's chest, her fingers tracing idle patterns as she pressed a kiss to his jaw.

Harry's lips twitched as he leaned back against the pillows, utterly content despite the chaos of limbs and kisses around him. "We should probably make an appearance at breakfast," he said eventually, though he made no effort to move.

"Five more minutes," Valerie mumbled, her hand drifting back to Daphne's waist. Her lips found Daphne's ear, drawing a shiver and a quiet laugh from the Slytherin.

Fleur arched an eyebrow. "We should go. I want to see how many heads turn when we walk in together," she said, her tone light but with a wicked glint in her eye.

"Exhibitionist," Daphne accused fondly, finally opening her eyes. She shifted slightly, leaning across Harry to steal a quick kiss from Fleur before pulling back with a smirk. "Though I suppose the damage is already done after last night."

It took them another twenty minutes to actually leave the bed, delayed by wandering hands, playful kisses, and the sheer warmth of their tangled limbs. Dressing took longer still, as they sorted through their clothes haphazardly tossed across the room the night before.

"That's my shoe," Daphne said, snatching a black heel from Harry's hand.

"Not my fault. You people have too many shoes. It gets confusing," Harry shot back, tossing it to her.

"Well, maybe if someone hadn't been in such a hurry," Valerie teased, straightening her dress and flashing him a grin. She reached over to adjust Fleur's blouse before stealing a quick kiss. "Better?"

"Always," Fleur replied with a smile, slipping her arm through Harry's as they finally made their way out.

They emerged from the Room of Requirement looking remarkably put-together despite their late night, though their smiles and occasional glances spoke volumes. Fleur had her arm linked through Harry's, while Valerie walked on his other side, fingers intertwined with his and Daphne's.

The first sign that something was amiss came as they descended the main staircase toward the Great Hall. A group of third-year Hufflepuffs stopped dead in their tracks, staring openly before breaking into furious whispers. Similar reactions followed them down the corridor – students pointing, whispering, and in some cases openly gapping.

"Did we break them already?" Valerie whispered, barely containing her amusement.

"I think we—" Harry began, but was cut off by a familiar voice.

"DAPHNE!"

They jerked as Tracey Davis strode toward them, waving a copy of the *Daily Prophet* like a battle standard. She came to a halt, fixing her best friend with an exasperated look on her face. "You've got to read what that bloody *Prophet* has published about you all," she said urgently, thrusting the paper at Daphne. "I mean, I *knew* how shit that woman is, but Merlin, this?"

"What are you talking about?" Daphne reached for the paper, the other three crowding around to read over her shoulder. Their eyes widened collectively as they took in the headline and subsequent article.

## **LOVE OR DARK MAGIC? POTTER'S PROVOCATIVE BALL RAISES ALARMING QUESTIONS**

### **Champion's Circle: A Web of Seduction, Strategy, and Scandal**

*By Rita Skeeter*

*Special Correspondent*

*The Great Hall of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry has witnessed countless memorable evenings in its thousand-year history, but none quite like last night's Yule Ball. The traditional celebration, revived this year alongside the legendary Triwizard Tournament, began as one might expect - with sparkling ice sculptures, enchanted snow falling from the bewitched ceiling, and twelve magnificent Christmas trees adorning the walls.*

*The champions' opening dance, a time-honored tradition meant to showcase international magical cooperation, should have been the evening's highlight. Instead, dear readers, it merely set the stage for what would become the most shocking display of impropriety this reporter has witnessed in her distinguished career.*

*The evening began with what appeared to be a promising turn of events: The Hogwarts Champion, none other than Harry Potter, arrived with the elegantly poised Daphne Greengrass, a witch whose refined upbringing and natural grace offered hope that our troubled young champion might finally be receiving proper guidance in magical society. His evident lack of tact during the first interview was condemned by many, and it was hoped that some positive influence would thaw our resident celebrity's brazen attitude.*

*Yet, as this reporter would soon discover, this seemingly appropriate pairing was merely the first move in what would turn out to be an elaborately orchestrated evening of scandal.*

*Enter Valerie Swann, Potter's known girlfriend, whose arrival caused quite the stir - not for her fashionably late entrance, and not because she was not the one to accompany Harry Potter, but for her choice of escort. The muggleborn witch, apparently not content*

*with having captured the attention of the famous Harry Potter, appeared on the arm of none other than Fleur Delacour, the bewitching Beauxbatons champion. The pair's entrance sent shockwaves through the Great Hall, their complimentary rose and silver gowns leaving little doubt about the deliberate nature of their coordination.*

*But the true scandal, dear readers, was yet to unfold.*

*What followed was nothing short of a carefully choreographed display of what can only be described as collective courtship. Throughout the evening, this reporter observed no fewer than seventeen partner exchanges between the four students, each transition more brazen than the last. Potter, who one might expect to show some discretion given his position as a Tournament champion, seemed to revel in the attention his unusual arrangements attracted.*

*The question on everyone's minds remained the same: What exactly is the nature of this peculiar quartet?*

*Let us examine the evidence. Miss Delacour, whose Veela heritage makes her naturally predisposed to attracting admirers, appears to have set her sights on not one, not two, but three Hogwarts students – all younger than her. Is this perhaps a strategic move to gain an advantage in the Tournament? Or something more sinister? The timing cannot be ignored - with the Second Task approaching, one must question whether Potter's involvement with a competitor serves any legitimate purpose.*

*More concerning still is the obvious influence Miss Delacour wields over her chosen companions. Witnesses report seeing Potter and Greengrass hanging on her every word during several intimate conversations in darkened corners of the Great Hall. Even more telling were the lingering touches exchanged between the French champion and Miss Swann or how the former kept her arms around the latter, almost as if trying to separate themselves from the rest. It is to be noted that it was the muggleborn witch who seemed unusually susceptible to the Veela's charms.*

*The evening reached its crescendo during a particularly provocative waltz where all four participants exchanged partners with such fluid precision that one might suspect the use of choreography charms - or perhaps something more potent? This reporter's quill barely kept pace with the rapid succession of intimate moments: Potter whispering in Delacour's ear while Swann and Greengrass shared knowing looks; Delacour's hand trailing along Greengrass's arm as Potter led Swann in a rather close embrace; all four disappearing onto the moonlit balcony for suspicious intervals between dances.*

*Most alarming is the potential influence this arrangement might have on the Tournament itself. With Potter and Delacour both competing, one must question whether their intimate association violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the competition's rules. Has Potter's notorious penchant for breaking school regulations finally extended to international magical law?*

*The involvement of Miss Swann raises its own set of troubling questions. How does a witch of such ordinary beginnings find herself at the center of this web of influence? Her rapid ascent from an unknown muggleborn student to being intimately connected with both Tournament champions suggests capabilities beyond those typically taught in standard curricula. This reporter has been told she has been close to Potter since arriving at Hogwarts*

*– something that has raised suspicions amongst several students. Perhaps certain enchantments or potions have played a role in facilitating these unusual bonds?*

*And what of Miss Greengrass? Her willing participation in this unconventional arrangement marks a striking departure from her previously impeccable reputation. Has she too fallen under the influence of whatever magic binds this group together?*

*As the evening drew to a close, this reporter observed all four leaving the Great Hall together, their departure marked by such casual intimacy that one might think they were merely heading to a private study session - though their flushed cheeks and disheveled formal wear suggested otherwise.*

*The implications of this development cannot be overstated. Not only has Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived, apparently established what can only be described as a harem, but he has done so with a competing champion, adding an international dimension to this scandal. The presence of both Veela magic and potentially questionable enchantments raises serious concerns about the welfare of all involved.*

*This reporter calls upon the Department of Magical Law Enforcement to investigate whether any illegal love potions or enchantments have been employed in the creation of this unusual arrangement. The magical community deserves to know whether their young champion has fallen prey to dark influences, or if he himself is wielding inappropriate magic to maintain this web of relationships.*

*One thing is certain: the Yule Ball has exposed far more than new dress robes this year. As we approach the Second Task, the magical community must ask itself: Is Harry Potter's heart leading him astray, or is there something more nefarious at play in this dance of deception?*

*For an investigation into illegal love potions in competitive sports, see page 4*

*For a detailed analysis of a Veela's influence on wizards, see page 7*

*For an examination of unconventional magical bonds and their dangers, see page 13*

*“A web of seduction, strategy, and scandal’?” Valerie read aloud, her eyebrows climbing deliberately higher with each word. She remarked mockingly, “Well, she certainly has a way with alliteration.”*

*“Flushed cheeks and disheveled formal wear,” Harry quoted, his lips twitching. “She’s not wrong there.”*

*Fleur’s laugh drew even more attention from the gathering crowd. “‘It was the muggleborn witch who seemed unusually susceptible to the Veela's charms.’ Why, I didn’t know you were so taken with me, my love. What me to take care of you?” She asked, reaching out and caressing Valerie’s cheek with a sexy smirk dancing on her lips.*

*“You’d love that, won’t you?” Daphne said dryly, though her eyes sparkled with amusement. “At least she approved of me initially. Small mercies.”*

The whispers and stares intensified as more students gathered around, the air thick with curiosity and speculation.

“Well,” Harry said loudly enough for most of the gathered observers to hear, “I suppose we don’t have to worry about how to announce this anymore, if it was even needed after last night.”

With a smirk, he pulled Daphne closer, pulling her into a passionate kiss while keeping his other arm around Fleur. Daphne pressed herself against him firmly, her arms wrapped around his neck as she kissed him back with equal fervor.

Valerie grinned wickedly before turning to Fleur. “Might as well give them something new to talk about.”

Just like her two other lovers, she reached out and pulled Fleur into a thoroughly inappropriate kiss, drawing gasps and a wolf whistle from the crowd. Their onlookers kept staring at them, wide-eyed, feeling their own blood rushing as the foursome made out passionately in the middle of the corridor.

Meanwhile, Astoria and Tracey stood dumbly to the side, but the smiles they were sporting were unmistakable.

When the four separated, Fleur’s eyes sparkled with mischief. “You’re terrible,” she said fondly, giving Valerie’s rear a gentle smack before turning to Harry. “But you can’t let her have all the fun.” She kissed him soundly, followed quickly by Daphne.

“Merlin’s pants,” Tracey muttered, watching the display with wide eyes. “The article actually understated things.”

This prompted another round of laughter from the quartet. Ignoring the crowd that parted as they began walking, they finally made their way into the Great Hall. Once again, they ignored the hush that fell over the room as they entered. Instead of going with Astoria and Tracey to her house table, Daphne walked alongside them and they sat down together at the Ravenclaw table, maintaining their casual intimacy.

“So,” Valerie said, buttering a piece of toast with deliberate nonchalance, “who wants to bet on how long before we get Howlers from concerned citizens about corrupting their precious Boy Who Lived?”

“Two hours,” Fleur said immediately.

“Optimistic,” Harry countered, handing Fleur a croissant while accepting a bite of Valerie’s toast. “I give it thirty minutes.”

Daphne hummed thoughtfully, leaning against Harry. “The real question is how long before Skeeter writes a follow-up article about this morning’s display.”

Their laughter rang out across the Great Hall, drawing every eye in the room.

“Let her do whatever she wants. It ain’t as if it affects any of us,” Valerie smirked. “And I don’t know about you, but I feel like kicking some ass tonight.”

“After getting your ass clapped like that last night? I’m not surprised you want to let it out in some manner,” Fleur teased, and Daphne almost spat her juice out. Laughing, she leaned against Harry who was not any better.

“As if you were any better,” Valerie retorted, smirking. “If you look closely, you’ll find hand prints all over your cheeks, and not just Harry’s.”

“Souvenirs from a splendid night together,” Fleur replied unabashedly.

Her response made them all laugh out loud again.

Throughout the Great Hall, students, staff, and guests alike kept eyeing them as they ate and laughed together, and the foursome could really not care any less.

“All right then,” Harry smirked as he gazed at Valerie. “We can get *that* out of the way tonight. A PoV is nice, but I want to be in person when you put the fear of the devil in those assholes.”

A teasing grin appeared on Valerie’s face as she leaned over, giving him a quick kiss.

“If you insist...” She smirked, eyeing Davies and his group of thugs who were sitting at the far end of the table.

To be continued...