

Partying with Harpies

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Partying with Harpies

by [starcall](#)

Summary

Dennis Creevey, straight out of Hogwarts and a sports photographer for the Daily Prophet, goes inside the Holyhead Harpies' victory party and gets caught up in a very different kind of celebration with their star Seeker and their rookie Chaser.

The Holyhead Harpies knew how to celebrate a victory. Their pavilion, slashed with green and gold hangings, was bursting with cheers, laughter, and the occasional raucous chant. Though very large, the space was crammed with rowdy players, staff and VIPs, so much so that for once Dennis was thankful for his size. He had grown since his Hogwarts days, of course, but he was still small-framed and quite short, especially compared to most of these burly Quidditch players. He clutched his camera close so it wouldn't be knocked out of his hands.

Remembering he had a job to do, he looked around, standing up on his tip-toes until he spotted the League Cup, currently in the hands of the Captain, Gwenog Jones, who was standing on a table and pouring Firewhiskey into the silver trophy.

"Chang!" She shouted. "Where's my Seeker? Weasley, get Chang up here!" The tall and slightly terrifying's witch's voice cut through the din and soon Dennis saw a flash of red hair in the crowd, as Ginny Weasley shoved the Harpies' Seeker up onto the table. Cho Chang was breathless and laughing, and she protested as Jones shoved the Cup in her face, Firewhiskey slopping over the rim.

"Come on, Chang, you wimp, we've won the League!" Ginny slapped Cho on the bottom from next to the table. Cho jumped, yelping, and Jones took that moment to dump the Firewhiskey in the general direction of her face.

The whole pavilion cheered as Cho spluttered, opening her mouth to catch the burning liquid as much more slopped down the front of her green Quidditch robes. Dennis quickly raised his camera and started snapping, bright plumes of purple smoke filling the air as the shutter popped.

"Daily Prophet! Over here, please!" He called as loudly as he could, as Cho, blushing, soaked, and laughing, tried to hide her face from the camera. Ginny hopped up on the table behind her, shoving her forward.

"Smile, Cho! It's for little Dennis Creevey!" Ginny grinned brightly at him through his viewfinder as he took another picture. Chang nearly collapsing beside her, clung to Jones for support as the Captain roared a victory cry and held up the Cup. That would make the front page for sure.

"Little" Dennis Creevey aside, he was a bit shocked Ginny remembered him from their school days. Perhaps his annoying enthusiasm had made him hard to forget. "Congrats, guys! Can I have an interview?" He shouted, lowering his camera and looking up at Ginny and Cho. Jones had climbed down from the table with the Cup, waving it aloft as a small crowd followed.

Ginny leaned towards him. "What? Can't hear you, Dennis!" She shouted back over the noise of the party.

“INTERVIEW!” Dennis bellowed.

Ginny heard him this time and nodded, gesturing to the side of the Pavilion where there was a slit that presumably led off somewhere quieter.

He met them at the opening and to his surprise Ginny pulled him into a hug. She was only a couple inches shorter than him, and her long red hair whipped forward, some of it getting caught in Dennis’s mouth. She smelled of sweat and grass from the match, Champagne from the party, but there was a sweetness to it all. Willing himself not to blush, Dennis extracted himself from her arms, smiling politely.

“Dennis! Look at you, you’re all grown up!” Ginny beamed at him, throwing a punch into his shoulder that stung. She was only two years older than him at 20, but given he’d been 15 when they last saw each other, he didn’t blame her. Both she and Cho seemed flushed with the excitement of victory. “Cho, you remember Dennis? From school?”

Cho nodded, waving, still wiping Firewhiskey off her chin. “Hello! Good to see you again!”

“Congratulations on the big win! That was quite a catch, Cho! Best I’ve ever seen!” Dennis had to lean in a bit closer so she could hear him.

Cho smiled winningly. She swayed a little, whether from the alcohol or simply the haze of victory he wasn’t sure. “You’re sweet! Shall we go somewhere quieter for the interview?”

Ginny grabbed them both the elbows and steered them through the slit in the pavilion and through a green and gold passageway. Turning right, she pushed them into a round room, with a similarly round bed that took up most of the space, with clothes strewn falling out of an open trunk, a display case of trophies and plaques and a Weird Sisters poster hung up on the wall.

“This is the Captain’s room!” Cho spun in a clumsy circle, spreading her arms wide.

Seeing Dennis's worried look, Ginny said, “She won’t mind. We won her the League, she’d probably let us get away with anything.” She flopped down on the bed, her Quidditch robes splaying out on either side of her. Cho did the same, staring at the ceiling with a dreamy smile on her face.

“Shall we get started? I’ll make it quick so you can get back to the party.” Dennis pulled out a sheaf of parchment, and his Dictation Quill.

“Don’t you want to get some photos first?” Ginny sat up.

“Oh, my robes are all soaked, Ginny!” Cho whined, pouting.

“Dennis is going to need some for his story! Aren’t you? To go with the interview?” She raised an eyebrow at him.

“Oh... Sure!” Dennis said brightly. He thought his editor would prefer the ones with the Captain and the Cup, but there was no harm in it. “How about I ask you some questions while I take a few shots? My Quill can do the rest.”

“No problem, Mr. Reporter! How do you want us?” Ginny stood up on her knees on the bed, grabbing Cho by the shoulders.

Dennis coughed, raising his camera. “Erm... However you like... I don’t mind much.”

“You’re the photographer,” Ginny pointed out, grinning. “Tell us what you want us to do. We’re used to getting ordered around.”

“Well... why don’t you sit side by side on edge of the bed, feet on the floor, y’know?”

“Gotcha.” Ginny and Cho put their legs down so they were next to one another, and Dennis peered through the viewfinder. It was a relatively stiff posture, that didn’t work at all with Ginny and Cho’s current state.

“That might be a bit boring, actually. Just... why don’t you relax a bit more and sort of lounge. Like you’re catching your breath after the match,” Dennis piped up.

“Yes, sir.” Ginny, with a strangely mischievous smile on her face, drew her legs up so she was reclining sideways on the bed, and pulled Cho towards her so the Seeker was leaning on her, her shiny black hair tumbling down onto the redhead. She had cut it shorter since Hogwarts, so it flipped out around her shoulders.

“Oh, but it’s going to look like we’re basking in the afterglow,” Cho said, giggling.

“Aren’t we?” Ginny teased. “When you caught that Snitch I had the best orgasm of my life.”

Dennis nearly dropped his camera. Cho swatted Ginny. “Stop it, Ginny, you’re embarrassing him! No locker room talk. Sorry, Dennis, she’s quite drunk. Go on and ask your questions.”

“Wait, wait, wait!” Ginny said suddenly. She hopped up from the bed and retrieved a bottle from somewhere. Practically bouncing up to Dennis, she waved the bottle of Ogden’s Old under his nose. “You *are* in the Harpies’ private victory party, Dennis. It would be rude not to celebrate.” She looked up at him through her eyelashes.

“Fair enough, I guess,” Dennis stammered. He reached for the bottle but Ginny moved it out of his grasp.

“Open u-up,” Ginny said in a teasing, sing-song voice. “I’ll hold your camera.”

Swallowing, Dennis passed it to her, opened his mouth and for some reason closed his eyes. He heard giggles from Ginny and Cho, and a moment later he felt a shot of burning Firewhiskey splash into his mouth, singing his tongue before he gulped it down, immediately coughing.

“That’s more like it!” Ginny crowed. She raised his camera and snapped a photo of him. “You can leave that one out of the article, eh?”

Dennis laughed in spite of himself. “All right, shall we get back to the interview?”

“Don’t you want some more photos? Maybe a few close-ups?” Ginny peered through the viewfinder at Cho.

The Seeker rolled onto her back, propping herself up on her elbows and giving the lens a smoldering look, full lips pursed, before breaking into a fit of giggles. Dennis’s stomach did a backflip.

“She could be in Gentleman Wizard’s Monthly, don’t you think, Dennis?” Ginny snapped a photo. Cho looked up at Dennis with her large, dark eyes expectantly. When Dennis was in school, nearly all the boys thought Cho Chang was the prettiest girl at Hogwarts, and he could see why. He’d always been in another camp, though, not that it helped him much in this situation

Dennis laughed nervously. “Yeah, sure. She’s, uh, very... photogenic.”

“She’d have to be wearing a lot less clothes, though...” Ginny sniggered.

Cho opened her mouth in playful shock. Ginny looked sideways at Dennis. “Isn’t that right?”

“I-I guess so...” Dennis tried to keep his voice light and casual. “I haven’t really done that sort of photography.”

“Well, no time like the present.” Ginny pulled out her wand and with a flick of her wrist, Cho’s Quidditch robes started tugging themselves over her head, like an invisible hand was trying to pull them off. Cho squealed and fought back, trying to hold onto them.

“No, *Ginny!* Stop it! You’re absolutely mad!” Her voice was muffled as the jersey covered her face.

“You said yourself they’re soaked, Chang! Don’t you want Dennis to get good photos?” She glanced over at him and winked, but he could only stare.

Cho’s long, green jersey had ridden up, exposing the fitted trousers they wore beneath. She had long, slim legs, and Dennis’s eyes couldn’t help but follow them up to her tight, pert rear, which shifted and rolled in an incredible way as she wriggled.

Then Ginny’s charm won out, and the jersey whipped off and landed in a heap at Ginny’s feet. Cho’s shoulders and stomach were bare, toned, her skin a perfectly smooth tan. The only bit of clothing on her from the waist up was a white sports bra that showed off far more cleavage than the Daily Prophet would ever allow.

Ginny whipped up the camera. “There you go! What an exclusive shot. You’ll get loads of Galleons for it.”

Dennis supposed a bit of teasing was normal for celebrating with professional Quidditch players, but this was going a bit far. Sweat was inching its way down his neck, but he couldn’t seem to move or speak, just stare.

Cho rolled onto her front with her arms folded in front of her, covering herself, but her ankles were in the air, crossed rather coyly like a schoolgirl. “Please, Ginny. Dennis is a

professional. He wouldn't dream of selling a photo of me in this state." She said demurely.

Ginny rested an elbow on Dennis's shoulder. "She's such a tease, isn't she? Pretending like she's all shy." She leaned in and spoke in his ear. "If you could hear some of the stories she tells in the locker room..."

Cho clapped a hand to her mouth. "I heard that! Dennis, don't let her besmirch my name like that. You have to defend my honour!"

Ginny bumped Dennis with her hip, and he managed to stop himself from stumbling. "Go on then, Creevey. Want to wrestle?" She grinned, making Dennis flush furiously, but he finally found his tongue had untied itself.

"Maybe I should go... You'll want to celebrate your big win..." He said quickly, holding his hand out for his camera.

"No, don't go!" Cho pouted. "We *are* celebrating. You're having fun, aren't you?"

"Anyways," Ginny said behind him "You've got lots of photos of us. We should at least get a few more of you before you leave. Fair's fair." Ginny pushed him from behind, and he stumbled, turning and sitting down heavily on the bed.

"All right, you've had your fun but that's my camera there and--" Dennis started. If he lost the film in that camera he'd be sacked for sure. Then he felt hot breath on his neck, a soft, warm body pressed into his back.

Cho Chang, 22-year-old star Seeker for the Harpies, rested her chin on Dennis's shoulder. "Hi," She said quietly and he smelled the Firewhiskey on her breath.

"Hi," He squeaked out. There was a flash, a *poomf* and a purple puff of smoke from in front of them, but Dennis was too busy staring at Cho's lips, the dusting of freckles on her nose.

"You want to stay and celebrate, don't you?" She purred, staring back at him. Dennis felt her arms encircle him from behind, fingers idly playing with the buttons on his shirt. "We can take some really great photos."

There was another flash as Ginny snapped another photo, but Dennis didn't see it, because at that moment Cho Chang's tongue was in his mouth, her lips pressing against his and he knew enough to know it was rude to keep your eyes open at a time like this.

He'd never been kissed this way before. She sucked on his tongue and tugged at his bottom lip urgently, her nails digging into his neck as her other hand slipped into his shirt, running down his slim chest, his stomach and then creeping across his belt buckle and into his lap.

"Oh god," Dennis murmured into her lips, and Cho answered with a girlish *mhmm* that sent a shiver up his spine as her hand started to play, insistently rubbing, squeezing, and kneading the quickly hardening bulge in his trousers. He groaned and leaned back against her, feeling her breasts flatten against his back as she coiled herself around him.

“Merlin, Cho. Give the boy a chance.” He looked up from Cho’s work and Ginny grinned at him over the flashbulb. “Told you she was a slag, didn’t I? Smile.” *Poomf*. Went Dennis’s camera.

Cho stopped nipping at Dennis’s neck for long enough to reproach Ginny, but not for calling her a slag as Dennis expected. “Don’t call him a boy. Boys don’t have *cocks* like this.” She gave him a rough squeeze, and he knew he’d remember that sentence being murmured in his ear for the rest of his life.

“Let’s see it, then.” Ginny said daringly.

“Hold—hold on,” Dennis said, as Cho went for his belt. “You’re with Harry Potter,” He said to Ginny. “Aren’t you?”

“I’m not the one touching your cock, am I?” Ginny said slyly. “I’m just taking pictures.”

“O-okay,” Dennis said, his body more than willing but a nagging part of his mind worrying that this was very, very wrong.

“Come on, Dennis... I won us the League... don’t I deserve this?” Cho pleaded in his ear and Dennis’s brain shut right up. He nodded vigorously and Cho smiled her perfect smile, unbuckling his belt and yanking down his fly with nimble fingers. Dennis felt like pinching himself to make sure this was really happening.

The drafty tent brushed his naked cock with cool air as she brought him out, and Cho cooed. “Look at it, Ginny...”

Dennis could barely think with her soft hand on his rock hard shaft, but he wasn’t sure how exactly she meant that. He glanced at Ginny for her reaction, and she looked up from the viewfinder with an eyebrow raised.

“Who would have thought...” She said softly, and snapped a photo. Dennis thought that had to be good, but while he was busy paying attention to Ginny, Cho had slipped out from behind him. He looked down just in time to see Cho crawl towards his lap and lower her head.

Dennis thought he’d have a heart attack as he watched Cho slide her full lips over the head of his cock. “Bloody hell, Cho... Oh my...”

He stared at the domed tent ceiling, willing himself not to explode as Cho sucked down half of his shaft and started to bob, slowly, letting the achingly tight seal of her lips massage the sensitive purple crown each time.

Once, during his short-lived Seventh Year relationship with Orla Quirke, she had attempted this for him, but to compare her to Cho was like the difference between reading a book about Quidditch and getting knocked off your broom by a Bludger.

It was so wet, and sloppy, and dirty. Cho’s tongue must have touched every inch of his cock, swirling around the head before licking him up and down, suckling at the base, lathering him

all over. The loud sucking and smacking, the wet noises, scandalized and thrilled him at the same time. With one hand she held his cock firmly in place for her sucking mouth, and with the other, she played with his balls, gently cupping and rolling them in her palm.

All the while, she even *moaned* with her mouth full of his cock, looking up at him with those almond-shaped dark eyes like she was getting as much pleasure from this as he was.

Ginny snapped photos the whole time, and Dennis knew he had to develop these ones. He'd put them up on his wall and stare at them every day so he never forgot this.

"Having fun yet?" Ginny grinned from behind the camera. Dennis nodded, words failing him. "What about you, Cho?"

Cho let his slick cock escape the sucking embrace of her mouth and nodded, panting. "So much fun. He's so cute when you suck it." Dennis felt his cheeks redden as she smiled up at him, rubbing the wide head against her pursed lips

"If you keep being cute the photos are going to get boring," Ginny said matter-of-factly. "You want to be *dirty*, Dennis, not cute." She waved the camera as if she was an artsy photographer on a shoot. "I'll give directions. First--Touch her, for God's sake."

Dennis almost asked where, but then his eyes flicked back to her round, perky breasts, brushing his thigh inside her bra, and following his first urge, he cupped one of them, squeezing through the material.

Perhaps his expression looked uncertain when she met his eye, because she smiled, sighing with contentment. "You can touch me anywhere, Dennis." She dropped back down to envelop his cock and Dennis groaned, pulling her bra up to her collarbone and desperately fondling her soft tits, twisting and tugging on the nipples, until Cho moaned around his dick.

She arched her back, lifting her arse into the air, and Dennis palmed it roughly, fingers slipping on her trousers.

Ginny laughed. "Try this." She waved her wand and Cho's belt shot from the loops, her trousers yanking themselves down around her knees. Gratefully, Dennis sank his fingers into the smooth, firm cheeks of her arse, entranced by the way they spilled out from her panties, a narrow strip of satin that ran up the cleft dividing the perfect curves.

"Look at how wet she is." Dennis thought Ginny's breath was getting shallower, and she was definitely getting closer than she was before. "Finger her, Dennis."

Hesitating for only a moment, Dennis pulled her panties aside and sank a finger into Cho's wet cunt. Cho whined, his cock pressing out her cheek lewdly. She wiggled her hips, working back onto his finger, her walls grabbing hold of him. Dennis added another and began to stroke her pussy rather than stabbing in and out, just as Orla had showed him.

"How's he doing, Cho?" *Poomf* went the camera as Ginny took another step closer. Cho let out a muffled moan as she bobbed furiously on his cock, looking up at Dennis with pleading eyes.

Dennis himself moaned, barely containing himself from the waves of pleasure Cho was drawing out of his cock. She was taking him deeper and deeper, nearly gagging as her lips stretched around his thick shaft, the tip bumping against the back of her throat. He had done his best, but he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

"Make him come, then..." Ginny's voice was hoarse. "Make him come down your throat."

That nearly made Dennis explode right there, but a moment later he was very happy he hadn't. Cho freed her mouth for a moment and looked up at Ginny. "Help me, Ginny," She panted. "Please."

Dennis's eyes went wide as Ginny hesitated, and then held out the camera to him. "It'll be a better angle anyway, I suppose." He took it in one hand, while Ginny brushed Cho's hair back from her face and, gently at first, started to guide her head, helping Cho suck him faster and faster.

Grunting hoarsely, Dennis looked up into Ginny's face. The red-headed girl from so many of his fantasies was breathing hard, looking down at Dennis's painfully hard cock as she used it to fuck Cho's mouth. "Is this the best thing that's ever happened to you?" She whispered.

Dennis nodded, thrusting his hips up to match Ginny and Cho's relentless pace.

"That's right. Fuck her mouth, Dennis. Give her what she wants." Dennis couldn't believe the filth that was coming from Ginny Weasley's lips. "And take some photos! Don't you want to remember this?"

Dennis had to use two hands to use the camera, so he reluctantly slipped his fingers out of Cho, who whined in protest. To his surprise, Ginny replaced his fingers with two of her own. Cho moaned louder than her ever as her teammate petted her dripping cunt, while Ginny forced her to swallow Dennis's thick hardness again and again.

It was unreal. Unbelievable. *Poomf. Poomf. Poomf.* Purple smoke rose into the air of Gwenog Jones' room as Dennis clicked the shutter button over and over. His fingers shook, wobbling the camera and then he felt his balls tighten and he unleashed the most violent torrent of cum of his short life. He shuddered, crying out as his cock throbbed two bursts straight down Cho's throat.

"Yes... fuck," Ginny gasped, hurriedly pulling Cho back off Dennis's cock by the hair. "Give it to her!" Then Ginny reached out, grabbed Dennis's pulsing cock and pumped the rest onto Cho's pretty face.

"Holy shit..." Dennis groaned, watching his hot cum shoot onto Cho's outstretched tongue, splatter her chin, and paint a white line across her smooth cheek. At the same time, Ginny drilled Cho's pussy with her fingers, making the Seeker moan wantonly as Dennis covered her with his seed.

As Ginny milked one final load out of him and onto Cho's perfect lips, Dennis remembered to take a photo. *Poomf.* It was just as well. Some things were better experienced outside the viewfinder of a camera.

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