

What's Yours is Mine

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Chapter 1: Fleur Goes First

Harry set his glasses down on the desk in front of him and rubbed his temples with his fingertips. He doubted it would do much to offset the headache he could feel forming though.

"You lot really don't even realize why this is a problem, do you?" he asked. He didn't need any of the Weasley men staring at him from across the table to actually respond for him to know their answer.

"Not really, mate, no," Ron said. "It's just gold. You have plenty of it." Of course Ron would feel that way. It was little wonder that he and his siblings had no concept of the value of gold given their upbringing. Harry loved Mr. and Mrs. Weasley; really he did. But parents who struggled to pay for their children's books and school supplies shouldn't have won 700 galleons in a Daily Prophet giveaway and promptly blown it all by taking a trip to Egypt. Their lack of financial sense had obviously been passed down to their children as well.

"We'll pay you back, of course," Bill said. He at least seemed to understand the basic principles of repaying money that you 'borrowed'. Though Harry wasn't really sure it could be considered borrowing when you used a spare vault key your mother had been holding onto all these years and took the money without asking or even letting the actual owner of that money know that you were taking it. He also didn't see any way in hell that he would ever be able to repay the amount of money he'd borrowed. He had a vague idea of the kind of salaries the Gringotts goblins paid to the wizards they worked with, and Bill didn't make enough gold working for them in an entire year to pay back the 'loan' he'd taken from Harry's vault.

"Sure you will," Harry said flatly.

"I'm working on a new product for the shop that's going to be big," George declared, grinning. "I'll get rich off it for sure, and I'll be able to pay back my share easily. I'd probably even make enough to cover everyone else's shares too, but these wankers can fend for themselves."

Harry just shook his head. George was the only one of the four men standing across from him who actually did have a decent amount of income. Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes had remained a success after Fred's unfortunate passing turned it into a solo operation, and if George was actually smart with his earnings he'd be quite well off. Unfortunately he seemed to be obsessed with creating newer and more elaborate products, and he spent every sickle that he made in research and testing. Apparently even that wasn't enough since he'd been 'borrowing' gold from Harry's vault to cover yet more research expenses, which was why he was sitting in this room with Harry. Whatever gold this new product made would immediately be pumped into developing the next thing, and Harry wasn't going to see a knut of any of it.

"I have no doubt we'll be able to work out a payment plan and set up a schedule," Percy said. Even while talking about a debt that he could never hope to repay he still managed to sound pompous.

"I don't think that's really going to be necessary," Harry said, shaking his head. However much Percy would have loved drawing up some kind of schedule, there was no point in working out any sort of plan of repayment when not one of these wizards would ever be able to pay back their share. "Just forget about it. You'll never be able to repay this anyway, and I'm not about to demand a settlement and

financially ruin the lot of you." Maybe it would do them all some good to face consequences for their financial irresponsibility, but every one of them was married. Their wives were innocent in all this, and Harry had no desire to punish any of them for their husbands' theft.

"Oi, I'm not some freeloader!" George said. "I'll pay you back, Harry. Promise!"

"Agreed," Percy said. "I'm a professional man. I *will* settle my debt."

"I don't know what you're all so worked up about!" Ron said, shrugging. "You heard Harry; he's not going to make us repay it. Besides, he's like family! What's mine is yours, right?"

What's mine is yours.

That phrase stuck inside of Harry's head, and even as George teased Ron for thinking he had anything that Harry might want the phrase remained with him. George was incorrect. He didn't want Ron's collection of Chudley Cannons merchandise, Percy's treatise on cauldron regulations, Bill's strange artifacts of dubious origin and safety or George's failed joke products, but there was one thing all four of the Weasley brothers seated across from him had that he saw significant value in.

"What's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine," Harry muttered. "You might just be onto something, Ron."

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"I cannot believe this is actually happening," Audrey Weasley said, her voice sounding faint. It could barely be heard over the sounds of slurping emanating from close by.

"I can believe it," Angelina Weasley said. "I've always known ickle Harry had a dirty mind underneath all that nobility and hero stuff."

"Then perhaps you know him better than I do," Hermione Weasley said. "The Harry I grew up with didn't have the first clue what to do around a girl."

"He talked to you just fine," Angelina pointed out.

"He didn't see me as a girl back then," Hermione answered. Harry didn't think that was entirely true. Maybe he hadn't really thought of Hermione that way when they were younger, and admittedly he'd spent most of his time focused on other girls, first Cho and then Ginny. But he'd been very aware of Hermione's femininity after seeing her in that dress at the Yule Ball, and it had been downright impossible not to see a whole lot of his very female best friend when they spent the better part of a year traveling around the country together and sharing a tent every night. She was his best friend to this day, but Harry also thought of her as a beautiful woman and had done so for around a decade by this point.

He couldn't say any of that though, because the other Weasley wife was making it hard for him to think about anything but her. He was surprised he was even able to follow the conversation the other three were having while Fleur Weasley was sucking his cock; actually participating in the conversation was a step beyond him.

All four Weasley women had been stunned when he came to them with his offer. They were less surprised about the massive debts their husbands had incurred without their knowledge or Harry's permission, knowing the men they'd married as they did. But more than one eyebrow had been raised and more than one gasp could be heard when Harry suggested that each of them could repay the respective debt with their bodies.

Paying a debt via sexual favors was actually considered a legitimate transaction in the wizarding world. It was one of those old laws that the purebloods had made sure stayed in place since they were generally the ones with the money and thus the ones who might stand to benefit from it. The real question had been whether they would actually consider the offer seriously. Would they agree to take on the repayment of the debts, or would they refuse and trust that he wouldn't actually press the issue and cause serious problems for their families?

If anyone knew him and would call his bluff it would surely have been Hermione, but she hadn't dismissed the legitimacy of the idea. Nor had she tried to talk Fleur out of it when she not only agreed to assume Bill's debts and work to repay every last knut regardless of how long it took but volunteered to get started immediately. There had been an eagerness in Fleur's eyes when she hurried over to him and started tugging his trousers off before he'd even accepted her offer. Seeing how excited she was when she got his underwear down and got her first look at his cock made him wonder if she would have stopped even if Hermione had spoken up to insist that Harry would never actually demand repayment.

It was widely believed that veela were inherently sexual beings who could never truly get enough, and seeing Fleur's excitement about sucking his cock seemed to lend credence to that idea for Harry. He'd had his share of blowjobs and more than one lover had been pleased to be able to show him her skill and listen to his moans of pleasure, but this was different. Fleur didn't seem merely happy to show him what she could do but seemed to legitimately enjoy sucking his cock. She moaned as she slid her lips up and down his shaft, and those moans sounded too thrilled to mean anything other than that being down on her knees was right where she wanted to be and sucking his cock was exactly what she wanted to do.

She was good at it too. No, saying that she was good at it wasn't doing her justice. She was *great* at sucking his cock. Fleur sucked him better than he'd ever been sucked before. She knew just how to use her tongue and lips on him, and she swallowed him without any difficulty or hint of a gag reflex. With Harry's size he hadn't had a single woman yet who didn't struggle at least a little bit or take their time to get used to him, but Fleur apparently had no need for any of that. He knew that she was impressed with his size. She'd cooed with delight at seeing his cock for the first time and came right out and said that his was the biggest she'd ever seen, and he'd seen no lie on her face as she said it.

Since his was the biggest she'd ever had between her lips and yet she still sucked him off so well and so confidently, Harry could only conclude that she was just naturally skilled. Fleur wasn't just sucking his cock; she was worshipping it. The lust evident in her gorgeous green eyes as she stared up at him and slurped on his cock spoke to a woman who craved cock and was thrilled to have found one so long and thick to play with.

If she felt thrilled, it was nothing compared to what Harry felt. He'd had a pretty active sex life after the war, when he finally relaxed and allowed himself to live. With the attention he got from witches after the war, being the Chosen One and the man who beat Voldemort was better than liquid luck. For a few months after the Battle of Hogwarts he hadn't made the most of all the attention. He and Ginny had

given it a real shot at an actual relationship, but that petered out over the summer and they mutually agreed to call it quits shortly before she returned to Hogwarts for her final year.

He had not been in a serious relationship since then. He saw no reason for one when beautiful witches flocked to him without him needing to expend any real effort at flirting. Harry Potter was the most famous wizard in Europe if not the world, and he made the most of that fame and his bachelor status. One beautiful witch after the next had found their way into his bed. Several of them had found their way there at the same time.

None of them had ever sucked Harry's cock like this. No witch had ever been able to swallow him so effortlessly or suck him with such skill. Giving a blowjob wasn't just a sexual act for Fleur. For her it was almost an art form; one that she had long since become the preeminent master of. Her tongue danced across him with grace and precision, slithering against him in ways no other tongue ever had. Did part-veela have longer or more flexible tongues or something? It would explain how she managed to stimulate so many parts of his cock at once.

She showed a keen understanding on how to use her hands as well. They worked in concert with her mouth, gripping his cock and twisting their way up or down his length depending on where her lips and tongue happened to be at the moment. Harry honestly didn't know how he hadn't cum in the first few minutes after she'd taken him into her mouth. It felt like she was trying to drain him and make him lose control right from the beginning, which would make sense given what he knew about veela and about her specifically.

Fleur rather liked having the ability to turn wizards into drooling idiots at her mere presence, even if she tended to look down on those who quickly fell under her spell and didn't give most of them the time of day other than to taunt them. It only seemed fitting that she would seek to turn him into a similarly helpless and pathetic mess as soon as she started sucking on him. A woman like Fleur would love it if she could make him lose it and cum down her throat after just a few seconds. If she'd gotten down on her knees for him at any time in the first six months to a year after the end of the war she probably even would have succeeded.

But not now. Harry was going to make her work for it. It was true that she was sucking his cock better than any woman ever had before. Between her bobbing head, swirling tongue and the wanking she gave him with her hands she was proving herself to be every bit as good as he might have imagined her to be, if not even better. Even for Harry it was only a matter of time before she broke him and made him lose it, but he was determined to get everything he could out of this. He had Fleur Weasley, hands-down the most beautiful woman he'd ever met, on her knees and giving him the blowjob to end all blowjobs. Even if she'd already made it clear that she would happily return for repeat performances until the debt had been settled in full, he wanted to remain in her mouth and continue to feel the magnificence of Fleur going down on him for as long as he could.

Harry had to dig deep to hold out, because Fleur did not make it easy on him. When she realized that her normal flawless technique, erotic slurps and focused eye contact was not going to be enough to break him she took things to another level. She stopped sucking him off and started working his balls over instead. Harry had received some ball sucking in the past, but Fleur's mouth was all over him. She didn't just suck, lick and kiss his balls. She moaned and rubbed her face against them, she kissed them like another woman might kiss a lover she never wanted to be separated from, and she sucked on them as if they were a delicacy that she couldn't get enough of. Harry might have had his balls sucked before but Fleur was setting a standard that would be very, very hard for any other woman to reach.

He still didn't cum though. He had to clench his fists and call upon all of the willpower he had, but he managed to resist the nearly overpowering urge to cum even as she sucked on his balls and gave him the best handjob of his life at the same time just for good measure. Harry considered it something of a victory for him when Fleur finally took his balls out of her mouth and gave up. He'd withstood the pleasure that was Fleur Weasley's hot veela mouth all over his balls.

This feeling of victory and celebration was a short-lived one though, because Fleur hadn't stopped sucking on his balls because she was having any thoughts of submission or surrender. She was just moving on to her next attempt. She took his cock back into her mouth this time, but it wasn't so she could return to the same blowjob she'd been giving him before she pulled back. Amazing though her technique had been, it hadn't managed to make Harry cum. That was why she went for something completely different this time. Rather than sucking him off and using her skill to please him she took his cock all the way down her throat in one slow, smooth bob of her head.

"Holy shit," Angelina whispered in awe. "How in the fuck is she doing that?"

"I have no idea," Audrey said. Her voice was still quiet in the background but there was a definite note of arousal with it now.

"It must be a veela thing," Hermione mused. "It's the only explanation that makes any sense."

His brainy best friend might have been onto something, because no ordinary witch had ever even come close to what Fleur was doing right now. He'd had a couple of women deepthroat him, but only after they'd practiced, worked themselves into it and generally after several failed attempts came before the successful one. But even the girls who had managed to deepthroat him had only been able to hold his cock down their throats for a few seconds at most before they had to pull back.

Not Fleur. Harry wasn't too surprised when she held him down for about ten seconds, because given the reputation of veela as well as everything she'd already shown him he'd been expecting Fleur to be able to hold him down longer than anyone previously had. But when ten seconds turned into twenty, and then thirty, he'd been as amazed as her sisters-in-law obviously were. Fleur held his cock all the way down her throat for well over a minute without any difficulty, and Harry shook his head in disbelief.

But even this feat was not Fleur's endgame. She'd held him down her throat for so long merely to demonstrate that she could. She was showing him what she could do, and now that she'd given him that demonstration and blown his mind she was going to go for the kill. While holding his cock so deep in her throat that her nose was pressed into his pubic hair, she shook her head from side to side and hummed.

The moment Harry felt Fleur's throat vibrate around his cock he knew he was fucked. This had been incredible enough as it was but now there was no fighting it, not even for him. His hands flew to Fleur's head and grabbed her hair, which was so silky smooth that he struggled to find any purchase on it. That was no matter because Fleur didn't need him to tug on her hair to get her to do what he wanted. She wasn't going anywhere. She had his cock down her throat, and there it would stay until he'd finished.

That moment was not long in arriving after she'd started humming around his cock, and Harry did not bother trying to hold it back. He couldn't have even if he wanted to, and at this point he was done resisting. He held onto the back of Fleur's head and thrust his hips forward mindlessly even though his

cock was already as deep down her throat as it was going to get, not that Fleur minded. Her hands rested on his legs placidly as she held him down her throat and waited for him to cum.

Harry groaned as he emptied his balls down Fleur's throat without any complaint from her. He tended to cum for long enough that most girls failed to swallow it all if they tried and had to pull back before he was finished, but Fleur held steady and took his cum down her throat without incident until the flow finally stopped. When Harry let go of her head and pulled back he did not see a single spilled drop on her face or the floor beneath her.

"Magnifique, Harry," she said, smiling up at him and wiping her lips with the back of her hand. "I have not had any man who held out for so long while I was trying to make them cum. You are as impressive as I had hoped you would be."

"I could say the same about you," he said. "But I hope you don't think you're done with your first payment. Your husband worked up a lot of debt funding those ridiculous cursebreaking expeditions of his. If you want to pay it off for him it's going to take loads more than that."

Fleur was undaunted by the idea of there being more in store for her. It was the exact opposite in fact. Her eyes lit up and she smiled widely, displaying perfect white teeth as she beamed at him.

"I had hoped you would say that," she said. "Let us continue as soon as you are ready."

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The girls were surprised at just how quickly Harry was ready. Even Harry was surprised, to be honest. He had good stamina and a quick recovery time but he still ordinarily would have needed a couple of minutes to recover before he could get hard again for another round. But Fleur was so sexy and the thought of shagging her was so arousing that he was hard again before he'd even pulled her off of her knees and onto her feet.

Harry didn't bother marveling at his shockingly quick recovery time. He had much better things to do, and he wanted to get straight to them. That was why he used a bit of wandless and nonverbal magic to simply vanish Fleur's clothes in an instant rather than taking the time to undress her, and it was also why he took no time to let his eyes drink in the feast of her naked body.

She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen and there was a strong likelihood that she was the most beautiful woman in the entire world, but Harry wasn't going to spend any time staring at her reverentially when he had a raging hard-on and a place to put it. He pushed Fleur over towards the chair he'd been sitting on when he invited the girls in and bent her over it before lining himself up and pushing straight in.

This wasn't a time for slow teasing or a gentle, deliberate pace. Harry could do both of those things perfectly well, but that wasn't what was called for now. He had Fleur Weasley bent over his chair and was sliding his cock inside of her, and this demanded swift and aggressive action on his part. She'd shown him what she could do with her mouth, and now it was Harry's turn to show off his own strengths. It was time for him to show her how he could fuck.

Her pussy felt amazing around his cock. She was like nothing he'd ever felt before, and on every push into her his cock was surrounded with a snug, warm perfection that his body instantly demanded more

of. Much like Hermione had suggested that her ability to hold him down her throat indefinitely must have been a veela thing, Harry would bet the entire amount that the Weasley brothers owed him that this too was connected to her heritage. He'd never felt an all-consuming *need* to fuck a woman as fast and as hard as he could like he felt now with his cock pushing forward and pulling back inside of Fleur's pussy. It was like her cunt was actively working to break him and make him fill her with his seed as quickly as he possibly could, and it made perfect sense that this would be a genetic trait of the veela.

Harry would oblige; he was going to cum inside of Fleur quickly. But he was going to get his money's worth both figuratively and literally either way, because he put his full strength behind every thrust of his hips. There had been times that he'd reached the speed he fucked Fleur with now but it was usually only towards the tail end of a shag when he knew he'd be cumming within a minute or two. This was because taking a full-force fuck for even a minute or two took a lot out of his partner, and expecting them to withstand the brutal pace he could set for any longer than that would have been tantamount to cruelty on his part.

He wouldn't be able to fuck Fleur like this for more than a half a dozen minutes, if that, before he came. Lasting inside of Fleur's perfect veela pussy would have been challenging even if he'd been taking it easy, and the frenetic pace he was setting would make every minute a struggle. But it was a struggle for Fleur too. After what she'd said about his staying power during her blowjob it seemed obvious that no man had lasted long when inside of her pussy, not that he could blame them. Even if Bill or any of her previous lovers had ever had it in their heads to rut against her as aggressively as Harry was now there was no way they would've lasted more than a minute at most.

Harry was fucking her harder than anyone ever had before; he was sure of it. His hips smacked against Fleur's flawless arse and made it jiggle with every thrust, but that wasn't even the half of it. He fucked her so hard that she rocked forward on the balls of her feet and her body got pressed into the edge of the chair when he'd completed his thrust. Fleur's hands held onto the sides of the chair as hard as she could, using them to soften the impact of her body being bumped against the chair.

Any other woman Harry had ever been with would have been whimpering and asking him to slow down long before now, but not Fleur. She was whimpering, sure, but it was out of desire rather than discomfort. The veela *liked* being bent over his chair and having him fuck her brains out, and she didn't want it to stop.

She started babbling in French, and while Harry didn't know more than a handful of French words and thus couldn't make out what she was saying, he didn't need to. It was the tone she used as he fucked her that he recognized and responded to, and he understood what she was begging for even if he didn't know the words coming out of her mouth. She wanted him to keep going.

That was just what he wanted too so Harry was happy to help in this instance. He kept the thrusts coming, bouncing his hips off of her bum and rocking her against the edge of his comfortable chair as he claimed Fleur's pussy like no one else ever had. He was living every man's dream as he nailed Fleur. Even the men who had been lucky enough to shag her couldn't have felt anything that measured up to the satisfaction Harry got now. He didn't care how many times Bill had fucked his wife; there was no way he'd ever been able to fuck Fleur like this or hear her babble, curse and beg in French as the veela side of her got what it had always been searching for.

Continuing with these huge thrusts would have been enough for Harry to leave a mark on Fleur, and he had a feeling she would've come back for more even without any debts to settle. But he wanted to make absolutely sure that Fleur's body remembered his hold over it and that she would come back for more, so he continued to push her buttons. While keeping the thrusts coming as hard and deep as ever he started to spank her as well.

These weren't playful spanks either; he smacked Fleur's bum *hard*. It was hard enough to leave clear red handprints on the flesh of both cheeks, and in between the sounds of his hand swatting her he could hear the three other Weasley wives gasping and murmuring about what was happening. Harry tuned them out though. They would each have their chance to pay their debt. This was about Fleur and Fleur alone.

He grabbed Fleur's hair hard, not allowing the silky strands to slip through his fingers as he yanked her head back and made her gasp. He held her head back and brought his mouth right next to her ear so he could make it clear what he was about to do and how she was going to pay her husband's debt.

"I'm going to cum inside of you, Fleur," he growled into her ear right after yet another spank. "Your husband stole from me, but I'm going to take something more valuable than gold. And that's exactly what you want, isn't it?"

"Oui!" Fleur moaned. "Yes, 'Arry!"

"Beg me for it," he demanded. "Beg me to cum inside of you."

"Give it to me!" she screamed without hesitation. If she'd been feeling any guilt at all about this it was clearly a thing of the past now. "I want it! I *need* it! Please, please, cum in me! Claim me!"

No man would've been able to resist when hearing Fleur Weasley beg for their cum, and not even Harry Potter was strong enough to do so. Not that he wanted to, of course. He'd proven his point and made Fleur beg for him to cum in her, and now it was time for him to finish collecting his first repayment from Bill's sexy veela wife.

He buried his cock fully inside of her one more time and left it there as he came inside of her, groaning with relief while enjoying his release. He'd never fucked anyone that hard for that long before and the semen seemed to flow with a force to match. Or maybe that was just Fleur's veela side at work again, clamping down around him and draining his cum from his balls rapidly. It felt great either way. Fleur obviously agreed since her screams of pleasure as her body trembled through a massive climax against the chair drowned out his groans as well as the comments from the other women watching it all.

Harry smiled, feeling in that moment that he'd gotten everything he could want out of this. He would never say a word to Bill about needing to repay the massive amount of gold he'd taken from his vault. Fuck, he'd empty his vault altogether to keep cumming inside of Fleur like this. That wouldn't be necessary since she still had plenty more 'payments' to schedule, not to mention he was convinced she was just as eager for more as he was.

She might even be more eager considering how tight her cunt felt as he finally pulled out of her when he was all done. It was like she was trying to hold him in place and stop him from escaping, but he eventually escaped from her tightness. As he did so he saw some of his excess cum sticking to her inner

thigh, and some had dripped onto the chair and the floor beneath her as well. Harry didn't mind. It could be cleaned up easily enough with magic, and even if it couldn't have it would've been worth it.

"Fucking hell," Angelina whispered. The room had fallen mostly silent aside from Fleur's panting as the two of them settled down and recovered from their climaxes, but that whisper reminded Harry that he had more company. He turned to face them, and grinned when he noticed all three pairs of eyes linger on his dick.

"Now you've seen what working off this debt is going to look like," he said, looking between each of them in turn. "Can I count on you three to work just as hard to settle your husbands' debts?"

Chapter 2: Angelina's Post-Match Payment

Harry watched the Dorchester Dragons take on the Eastwood Eagles from the back of the stands, remaining under an invisibility spell for the duration of the Quidditch Second League match. Being who he was, he would have drawn a great deal of attention onto himself if he'd allowed the others in attendance to see him. That would have been counterproductive, as it would have made it very difficult for him to slip away as soon as the snitch was caught and the match was over.

It was an enjoyable enough match, and it had drawn a more than respectable crowd for a Second League competition. Harry focused mainly on the play of Angelina Weasley nee Johnson, and he had to admit that his former captain still knew how to find the hoop. The Dragons were right at the top of the British QSL, and the fluid teamwork between Angelina and her fellow chasers Katie and Alicia was a major reason why. The three girls had carried their teamwork from their Hogwarts days into their professional careers; the manager of the club had been wise to reunite the three ex Gryffindors on his team. Through their teamwork, they had the Dragons leading by a wide enough margin that there wasn't a great deal of drama left in the match when the seeker, a bloke named Connor something or other, caught the snitch and ended the match.

The Dorchester supporters around him clapped and cheered their victory, but Harry was in a celebratory mood for a much different reason. As soon as he'd seen the seeker's hand stretching out to grab the snitch, he'd already been getting up out of his seat and walking swiftly towards the female locker rooms. It was time for him to carry out the real reason that he'd shown up to watch today's match in secret.

There were detection charms on the locker room door, intended to block anyone from entering unless they were authorized. But for a wizard with the power and training that Harry possessed, it was simple enough to slip right through them undetected. There was no one else in the locker room currently, so Harry took a seat on the bench and waited. It shouldn't be too long now before Angelina entered, perhaps side by side with Alicia and Katie. Both beaters and the seeker were men, so it was just Harry's three former Gryffindor teammates who used this locker room. Whether Angelina came alone or was accompanied by the other two, it made little difference to him. He was going to collect his first repayment of George's debt either way, and he wouldn't mind putting on a show for Alicia and Katie in the process if it came to that.

He heard the three girls talking and laughing as they walked in together, obviously in high spirits after their win. Harry undid his invisibility spell and waited to see whether Angelina would unknowingly come towards him, or whether he would need to seek her out.

"Nothing like a nice, hot shower after a win," Katie said.

"You said it," Alicia agreed.

"I'll join you in a minute," Angelina said. "Just gonna sit on the bench and use my leg massager for a bit." Harry grinned. While the communal shower was in the opposite direction, Angelina was going to be headed right towards him. This couldn't have worked out any better.

Her teammates rounded the corner and started stripping out of their quidditch uniforms so they could hop in the shower, but Angelina followed the same path Harry had. She was looking down and didn't see him at first, but eventually she noticed him sitting on the bench. Initially she flinched at seeing someone unexpected, but she stared at him warily once she realized who was there.

"I'd ask how you got in here, but there's no point in asking," she whispered, standing right in front of him. "You should go, Harry. You don't want Alicia and Katie to catch you in here."

He laughed, a sound which Angelina's teammates might have heard if they hadn't turned the water on just a few seconds earlier. "I don't give a fuck if they hear me or not," he said. "I know how professional quidditch locker rooms work. There's a code that what's said and done in here stays in here, unless it's an urgent situation or something. And I doubt Katie or Alicia would consider it urgent even if they do catch us fucking."

"Harry!" Angelina whispered harshly. "You can't be serious!"

"I'm very serious," he said, shrugging his shoulder. "You seemed perfectly willing to use your body to repay George's debt to me after you watched me collect my first payment from Fleur. Or are you going to pretend that you *didn't* all but beg me to fuck you that very night, in front of all of the other Weasley wives?"

Angelina looked away, embarrassed and unable to deny it. She, like Hermione and Audrey, had agreed to work off her husband's debts the same way Fleur had, but she'd been the only one of the three to suggest Harry make his first collection with her immediately. He'd turned her down, saying instead that he wanted to savor the first debt collection with each of them, and would approach them one by one on his own time. It had been nearly three weeks since that night, and while he'd found the time to play with Fleur on no fewer than half a dozen occasions since, this was his first time going after one of the others. He'd been biding his time, waiting for the right moment to catch Angelina off guard before he acted, and he'd found it.

"That's not the point, Harry," she hissed. "I'll fuck you whenever you want—hell, I'll apparate away with you right now, and you can spend the rest of the night fucking my brains out! But we can't do it *here!*"

"We can, and we will," he said calmly. "The deal was that I would come to you whenever and wherever I chose to claim my first payment. I'm choosing right now, and I'm choosing this bench. You can come and make your first payment here and now by getting me off while I'm sitting on this bench. I'll even let you choose how you do it, Or you can decide to go back on our agreement, leave George's debt untouched and *hope* that I won't financially ruin the both of you. But if you do plan on following through, Your choice, Angelina."

It was a bluff, and Harry knew that Angelina was well aware of that. He wouldn't put her in a state of financial hardship that would nearly equal an entire year's salary for a QSL player just because she refused to shag him in the locker room. But then again, she'd known all along that he wouldn't put her in that situation, and it hadn't stopped her from readily agreeing to his little proposal in the first place. She bit her lip, looking like she was trying to decide if she really wanted to go through with this in this situation.

“If you *do* intend to repay me, I’d suggest you get started,” he said casually, giving her a little nudge. “Alicia and Katie might enjoy a hot shower after a match, but they’re bound to turn the water off and come over here to get dressed before too long. Personally, I don’t care if they see us or not. But you seem pretty worried about it, so the more time you waste, the worse the odds are that you’ll actually be able to make me cum before they finish showering.”

Angelina licked her lips, knowing that while the threat of financial ruin wasn’t real, the possibility of being caught by her teammates absolutely was. It motivated her to drop to her knees and undo his trousers quickly, and she yanked both them and his underwear down around his ankles in one tug.

“Choosing to try and get me off with a blowjob, huh?” Harry asked. It was obviously a rhetorical question, since she had already circled her tongue across his cockhead several times and was now licking him up and down. “Interesting. Let’s see how good a cocksucker you are, Angelina Weasley.”

He’d used her married name to tease her, and to throw it in her face that if she wasn’t quick and efficient in making him cum, her teammates and best friends would inevitably come out of the shower and see her sucking the cock of a man who was not her husband. Angelina seemed to take the teasing to heart, because she took his tip between her lips and got to work.

Harry would give Angelina credit; she gave a great blowjob. She spent an ample amount of time licking, kissing and sucking on his sensitive tip before she started to bob her head and take more of his cock between her full lips. Angelina was able to take more than half of his cock into her mouth, and she could even do it at a fairly steady and consistent pace. She made sure that the base of his cock got plenty of attention too, because she accompanied her steady sucks with a firm two-handed stroking. She gave a very good blowjob, and with a performance like this, not to mention the visual of that beautiful face stretched around his cock and those brown eyes staring up at him, it would have been perfectly understandable if Harry had groaned and filled her mouth with his cum. He assumed that she would have been able to pull it off with her husband, and likely most men.

But Harry was not most men. He had enjoyed a very adventurous and enjoyable sex life ever since his attempted relationship with Ginny ended, and he’d been with many women who could suck cock well in that time. Angelina was good—very good, even. But Harry had gotten his cock sucked by several witches who were as good or better at this. Even Angelina herself had seen what her fellow Weasley wife Fleur could do, and the longer she sucked his cock without any real sign of getting him close, the more desperate she became. Eventually she tried pulling her mouth off of his cock and focusing on his balls, much as Fleur had. Harry groaned and gave her a pat on the top of her head as she took his nuts into her mouth and sucked on them, but this wasn’t going to be enough to get him off either. Not unless Harry allowed it to be, and he did not intend to make this easy on her.

“Time’s running short, Angelina,” he pointed out as she stopped sucking on his balls and leaned back on her knees. She gasped for breath, seemingly trying to decide her next step. It was only a matter of time before that shower turned off and Katie and Alicia came out to get dressed. If she wanted to make him cum before then, she would need to try something more drastic.

Angelina hopped to her feet, grabbed her wand and vanished her quidditch uniform off of her body, apparently not wanting to even take the time to remove it by hand. She quickly straddled him on the bench, lined his cock up and sank down onto it. Harry could feel how wet and aroused her cunt was as he entered her, and it made him laugh.

“If you got this wet while you were down there sucking my dick, can you really even pretend that doing this in here didn’t turn you on?” he teased. She glared at him, but seeing as she started to grind in his lap at the same time, he didn’t take her anger very seriously. Maybe she really was nervous about Katie and Alicia possibly catching her fucking him, but not so nervous that she was willing to back out of the unusual repayment plan he’d offered her. She’d wanted this, and even if she hadn’t necessarily planned to do it here on the bench of her quidditch locker room right after a match, that didn’t stop her from getting wetter or letting out grunts of pleasure as she rocked back and forth on his cock.

“Now this was a better idea,” Harry said, reaching around Angelina’s body to grab her arse cheeks and give them a nice squeeze. “You should have done this from the start.” As a young wizard going through puberty at Hogwarts, one of his first explicit sexual thoughts had come as he walked behind Angelina after practice one day and saw her big arse moving from side to side. Her hips and arse had only gotten wider and thicker in the years since, and the confident adult wizard Harry had become was more than happy to finally get his hands on his former captain’s big bum.

Those thick cheeks soon started to smack against his thighs as she adjusted her approach, moving from a back and forth grinding to bouncing straight up and down on his cock. It was a wise idea if she was hoping to get him off quickly, because what had already started as a very pleasant shag for Harry rapidly turned into something truly special. Harry was used to being in the dominant position and doing the fucking himself more often than not, but he didn’t mind it when a witch climbed on top of him and showed him what she could do. If the witch soon found that she wasn’t up to the task of bouncing on his big cock and making him cum, it was amusing to watch her energy deplete before he reversed their positions and took back over. And if she was capable of riding him and matching his intensity, that was going to be an enjoyable experience for both of them.

Angelina could ride his cock, and she quickly proved that to him. She grabbed onto the back of the bench with both hands for balance and leverage as she put everything she had into the rise and fall of her hips. She had more strength in her lower body than any of his previous sexual partners, so far as he could remember, and he felt that strength in each bounce. A woman had never fucked herself on his cock with as much strength or urgency as Angelina did there on the locker room bench, and it was a potent combination.

In terms of sheer speed and force, Angelina’s ride was better than any he’d ever been on. If she’d done this right from the start, it was entirely possible that she might have been able to make him cum before the shower turned off. If nothing else, she would have made Harry have to work hard to try and hold his orgasm back long enough for Katie and Alicia to come out and see them, which had been his goal from the moment that the chaser trio had split off into different directions upon entering the locker room.

And Harry could tell that there was even more to it than her fear of being caught. There was a reason Angelina had gone along with this whole repayment business in the first place.

Her eagerness to fuck had been apparent on the very night that she’d agreed to the proposal and offered to make her first payment immediately. Now that she was finally going through with it, now that they were finally fucking, she was really getting into it. Harry was positive that those grunts she kept letting out as she bounced in his lap were as clear an indication of her rising pleasure as moans of delight would have been coming from another girl. She was probably at least as focused on hitting her swiftly approaching peak as she was on making him cum at this point, and ironically, it brought her closer to

actually finishing him than she'd gotten before. If she'd had a bit more time to bounce on him like this, Harry honestly wasn't sure if even his determination could have held out.

Unfortunately for Angelina, her time had run out. No matter how hard she'd been driving her cunt down onto his cock for the last several minutes, she couldn't stop time, nor could she stop the water from shutting off. They both heard it, and she started fucking him with even greater urgency after that. She grunted with the exertion she put into each bounce, and even Harry had to groan and hold on tight with how aggressively Angelina's powerful body slammed down onto his cock and smacked against his legs. The shower was off, and now she was throwing everything she had at him to try and wring an orgasm out of him before her friends stepped out, put their towels on and came over here to get dressed.

But she failed. No matter how hard she tried, Harry wasn't going to break. This was the moment he'd been waiting for, and nothing was going to stop it now. Angelina continued bouncing as frantically as ever, but it didn't stop Katie and Alicia from rounding the corner on the way to their lockers.

They had towels wrapped around their bodies, and their cautious footsteps and blushing faces as they rounded the corner revealed that they already had a good idea of what was going on over here. And how could they not? Angelina was bouncing on his cock as hard as she possibly could, and the sound of their bodies slapping together had to reach Angelina's teammates as soon as the water was no longer running. Hell, Angelina was fucking him so hard that they might have heard something even while the water was still on.

Angelina's back was to them, so she didn't actually know they were there at first, and was so focused on trying to make him cum that she hadn't heard their light but not completely silent footsteps.

But Harry could see both of his former teammates over Angelina's shoulder, and he smirked at their blushing faces. He'd pulled his hands off of her when he heard them approach, so they could see clearly that Angelina was the one doing all the work. Short of her being imperiused, they knew that she was doing this of her own free will.

Harry had left an opening to see if Katie or Alicia might say something on their own, but they were evidently too stunned to speak up. Not wanting to risk them trying to walk away without Angelina noticing, he decided to speak to them, and also reveal their arrival to Angelina.

"Hi, girls," he said. "Congratulations on the win. That was a good match." Angelina let out a squeak as his words broke her concentration and made her realize that her efforts had failed. She stopped bouncing on his cock, but interestingly enough, she didn't try to get off of him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face in his shoulder like she was trying to hide from the reality of the situation.

"Uh, thanks?" Alicia said faintly. It was obvious that both she and Katie had no clue how to react to what they'd walked in on, which meant it was up to Harry to direct this where he wanted it to go.

"Sorry if we disturbed you," he said lightly. "Angelina and I were just settling a debt." He put his arms around Angelina, partly in case she suddenly tried to bolt, and partly so he could reach down and grope her big round arse right in front of her teammates.

"Debt?" Katie said, frowning.

"Yeah, old George *borrowed* a significant amount of gold from my vault without my knowledge," he explained. "I offered Angelina a way to work off the debt, and maybe even have some fun at the same time." He laughed. "Between you and me, I think she was *really* close to cumming before you two came over and she got too shy to keep going."

"Right, yeah, we should get going," Alicia said quickly. "Sorry to interrupt. We'll just, uh, leave you to it."

"Oh, there's no need for that," Harry said, shaking his head. "I'm not going to chase you out of your own locker room. I don't mind if you guys wanna stay and watch."

"*Watch?*" Katie said.

"Yeah, why not?" Harry said, smiling. "I know how pro quidditch locker rooms are. You're not going to say a word about anything that happens in here, are you?"

"Well, no," Alicia admitted. "If you were forcing her or putting her in danger or something, the code wouldn't stop us from doing what we needed to do. But as long as Angelina's choosing to do this, we won't say anything to anyone about her...repayment."

"That's good to hear," Harry said. "And I can assure you that, while she didn't choose the time and place, Angelina is *very* willing. In fact, I think I'm going to prove it." He gave Angelina's arse cheeks a little slap, and she groaned into his shoulder. "Angelina, I'll give you two options. You can get off of my lap right now, get dressed and get out of here. Since you were such a good sport about it and put in such an effort to try and make me cum before Katie and Alicia came and joined us, I'll even wipe out half of George's entire debt, which is far more than you really could work off in one session. But that'll be the end of it. We'll never talk about this again, and we'll never shag again."

Angelina's whine was loud and pitiful, and Harry grinned when he heard it. The prospect of stopping here and never having this again was not an appealing one for her, and now Katie and Alicia knew that as clearly as he did. This was going perfectly, and he was even more confident now that this minor gamble he was taking was going to work out in his favor.

"Or you can start riding my cock again, we'll finish our first session while Katie and Alicia watch, and maybe we'll make our next one more private," he said. He gave the other girls a grin. "Or maybe we'll see if Katie and Alicia want to join in next time." Alicia gasped, and Katie blushed, but he didn't hear an immediate refusal. "Just like before, the choice is yours, Angelina."

There were a few moments of hesitation, but Harry was not surprised when Angelina's arms slowly let go of his neck and reached out to grab the back of the bench again. As embarrassed as she'd been and likely still was about getting caught by Alicia and Katie, she was too horny and had come too close to stop now, especially since he'd given her an ultimatum and let her know that if she stopped now, she was stopping for good.

He wasn't sure if he would have actually held her to that if she'd stopped, but luckily that wasn't a question that would ever need to be answered. She resumed her bouncing, and it didn't take long for her to pick back up at the same pace she'd been going before she was surprised and embarrassed into

stopping. Soon she was letting out those same grunts of exertion, and Harry could tell that it wouldn't be long until she got off.

"I don't think you can have any doubts left about whether or not this is something Angelina was forced into, can you?" Harry asked, having to raise his voice a bit to be heard clearly over the smack of Angelina's thick cheeks hitting his legs repeatedly. Alicia just shook her head, watching with wide eyes as her teammate's arse jiggled each time she dropped down onto his cock. But Katie had a more entertaining reaction.

"Fuck no," she said breathlessly. Her cheeks were flushed with what was unmistakably arousal. "She looks like she's having the time of her life."

Katie was right, and never was this more obvious than moments later when Angelina's grunts turned into something between a squeal and a growl as she came. George was never shy about telling stories about his sex life, much to Percy's disapproval. Unless he was holding back the juiciest stuff, which sounded very unlike him, he'd never heard his wife make a sound quite like this. Harry squeezed her arse cheeks together and smiled with satisfaction as Angelina came on his cock and squealed her pleasure for all four of them to hear.

"She's certainly enjoyed herself so far," Harry said to the pair of towel-clad quidditch girls who were standing and watching, rooted to the spot. There was nothing holding them here; they could have left at any time. But they hadn't. They were watching the show, and so long as they were watching, he was going to give them plenty to enjoy, and to think about long after it was over.

"But I've let her handle everything so far, and I think it's time I show you what *I* can do," he said. He used his grip on Angelina's cheeks to lift her up with him as he got up off of the bench and stood on his feet, slipping his trousers and underwear off entirely when he stood. He considered putting her down on the bench so he could stand and fuck her, and then thought about walking her over and fucking her up against the lockers. But he ultimately decided to just hold her in his arms and give her a standing fuck. It was lined up perfectly to let Katie and Alicia watch, he didn't have to worry about repairing any equipment that might get damaged, and what better way could there be for him to show his strength?

Angelina was not a petite woman. She was an athlete, a quidditch player, and she worked hard to maintain her physique. That made it all the more impressive that he could not only hold her up off of the ground like this without straining, but fuck her hard. He could have given it to her even harder in a different setting, of course, but that wasn't the point. He wanted to show off, and making Angelina grunt and cling to his neck as he held her by the arse and pumped his cock into her was definitely leaving a lasting mark on Katie and Alicia. He glanced over at them often enough to see that they were paying close attention, and this standing fuck was making an impression on them.

But he could only spare them the occasional glance, because now that he was doing the fucking, Angelina commanded more of his attention. He wasn't going to stand and fuck her like this for very long, nor did he need to. Per the deal he'd first proposed when she saw him sitting on the bench, their first session would come to an end once he came, and that wasn't far off. But he wanted that end to be suitably memorable, for her and for Katie and Alicia too. That meant thrusting into her with enough force to get those grunts out of her, regardless of the position he was fucking her in.

Harry wouldn't have chosen to attempt this if he wasn't confident in his ability to carry it out. He could feel Angelina's tits rubbing against his chest as he drove his cock up into her pussy, and she held on

tight and took everything that he had to give her. She was exhausted from her ride, but that was fine, because Harry had it from here. He held her up securely and hammered into her, keeping his cock moving at a quick pace as he pushed towards the end.

Along the way, Angelina held him even tighter and let out that same sound as before. It wasn't quite as loud as it had been the first time around, but it was still accompanied by quite a powerful climax.

"That's it, Angelina," he said. "Cum on my dick. Let Katie and Alicia see what a slut you are. *My slut.*" Angelina said nothing to contradict him as he delivered several more hard thrusts, barreling towards the end of his first time with his former captain. "And now they're going to see me fill your pussy up with my cum, and they're going to know that you *liked* it."

Angelina just groaned faintly as he made good on his promise and came inside of her. She'd seen it when she watched him fuck Fleur, but now she felt it rushing into her, and she knew that there was no turning back. She, like Fleur, was fully committed to the repayment plan now that he'd pumped her full of his seed.

She was barely conscious by the time he'd finally finished cumming. He slowly, carefully lifted her off of his cock and put her down on the bench where it had all started. She tried to look up at him, but her eyes kept shutting and her head was lolling on the bench. Harry laughed and rubbed the back of his hand across her sweaty forehead.

"Can I trust you two to look after her?" he asked, turning to face Katie and Alicia. "Maybe see if she needs help showering, and make sure she makes it home okay?"

"Sure, Harry," Alicia said. She was speaking to him, but her eyes were looking at his cock rather than at his face. Katie's eyes were looking just as low, and she looked like she might be sorely tempted to let her towel hit the floor and take a turn if Harry asked. This was their first chance to get a good look at his cock, and they were unmistakably impressed with what they saw.

"You can count on us," Katie mumbled, still staring unwaveringly at his dick. He probably could have gotten hard again if he really tried, but this didn't feel like the right moment.

"Thanks, girls," he said, smiling at them both and making no attempt to take away the view they had of his cock. "And hey, I wasn't kidding about inviting you to join us in the future. Angelina has plenty more sessions ahead of her, so if you ever want to tag along, the offer is on the table."

Chapter 3: Audrey's First Threesome

"Well, well, well," a female voice said from behind them. Harry froze, one hand underneath Audrey's work robes and grabbing her arse. The other hand was seconds away from pulling her dark hair out of that functional bun she always put it up in while at work, but letting her hair down and shagging her in her office would have to wait, at least for now. He pulled his hands off of Percy's wife and spun around quickly, turning to regard the newcomer.

The woman standing in the doorway of Audrey's Ministry office and smirking at them looked familiar to Harry, but it took him a few seconds to put a name with the face. It had been years since he'd seen her, and he hadn't really talked to her that much or known her all that well even then.

"Penelope Clearwater," he said, looking at Percy's ex and wondering how he should handle this. "What can I do for you?" He obviously couldn't pretend that he and Audrey hadn't been up to anything; she'd seen where his hands were, and what he'd been doing. The trade of sexual favors for forgiving debts was considered valid in their world, but it wasn't like Percy had any clue what was going on. Would Penelope tell him what she'd seen?

"Oh, I'm sure there's *loads* you could do for me, Harry Potter," Penelope said, giving him a blatantly suggestive look. "But it seems like you're already occupied—and with Percy's wife, no less!" She laughed and shook her head. "I guess I know why you stopped pestering me about that threesome now, Audrey."

That was interesting enough for Harry to look away from Penelope and back towards Audrey. It wasn't like Penelope was a threat he needed to keep his eye on, regardless of what she might have in mind. "Threesome?" he said, regarding Audrey curiously.

She blushed, but didn't deny it. "I've tried to talk Penny into having a threesome with me and Percy a few times to spice things up. But she's always said no."

Harry nodded. He honestly wasn't all that surprised to hear it. He hadn't known Audrey at all before she married Percy; she'd been a 7th year at Hogwarts when Harry was a 1st year, so they'd never had any occasion to interact. But in the time he'd been around her since then, he'd noted how different she was from her husband. Percy was stuffy, humorless and rule-abiding, while Audrey was more fun and adventurous, at least in comparison to him. She took her job seriously, but when she wasn't at work, she let her hair down both literally and figuratively. If Percy was half as serious about 'rules and regulations' in bed as he was in every other aspect of his life, it was no wonder why Audrey would look to bring another girl into the picture to have fun with.

"I've always said no because I'm not interested in fooling around with *Percy*," Penny said. "Even if you got him to consider a threesome to be an 'appropriate' act for a husband and wife to engage in, you know that he would find some book on proper threesome conduct and make sure we followed it to the letter. He's not a bad lover, but he's a boring one. It's why I broke up with him in the first place, so why would I want to ever go back to having to keep a list of approved activities in my head while I'm fucking?"

“Yes, yes, you’ve made this same argument numerous times,” Audrey said. “I already know that you’re not interested in having a threesome with us.”

“And it seems like you’ve accepted that if you want to get some excitement back in your love life, you’re going to need to look outside of your marriage to stuffy, serious Percy to do it,” Penny said, smirking at Audrey. “Can’t say I blame you, especially if you’ve got a bloke as hot as Harry wanting to get his hands on you. Good for you, Audrey!”

“It’s not like that,” Audrey said, shaking her head. “It’s...complicated.”

“Well, would you like to uncomplicate it for me, then?” Penny said, looking between them both. “Because I’ll tell you right now that if you’d asked me to have a threesome with you and *Harry* rather than you and Percy, my answer would have been very different.”

Harry looked at Audrey, who went silent. She was licking her lips though, and by this point Harry was certain that it was excitement rather than nervousness that made her do so. It had been obvious to him that she was aroused by the idea of settling Percy’s debt with her body, and now he understood that she had been itching for some excitement in her sex life even before he’d come along with his offer. He’d come here intending to take his first time with Audrey by fucking her in her office. But if there was a potential chance to have a threesome with Percy’s curvy wife *and* his cute ex-girlfriend from his Hogwarts days, perhaps it might be worth changing his plans. Harry was nothing if not adjustable.

“Audrey is doing this for her husband, as it happens,” Harry said. Penny stared, obviously surprised by that. “For all his adherence to the rules, Percy doesn’t seem to have any trouble taking other people’s gold without their permission.”

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“What do you think, Harry?” Penny asked, grinning at him as she stood with her arm around Audrey’s shoulders. “Percy didn’t deserve a view like this, did he?” Audrey rolled her eyes and huffed, but there wasn’t any real heat behind it.

“I’m not sure he deserved to see either of you like this, even years apart,” Harry murmured, staring at the pair of naked witches standing in the middle of his bedroom. “Both of you at the same time might have made his head explode.”

Penny giggled, and Audrey tried to hide her smile. He was only half-kidding. Harry didn’t hate Percy, but he wasn’t exactly his favorite person to be around either. How a solemn bore like him had been able to get a girlfriend like Penny and eventually marry a woman like Audrey was beyond Harry, and seeing them both naked only made it seem more improbable.

Audrey still wore her glasses, but her long dark hair hung halfway down her back now, taking her out of the serious professional image she maintained in the office. Even when she was wearing her work robes, Harry was sure some of her coworkers had admired her body. Robes couldn’t fully hide curves like this, but Harry was glad to finally have the chance to see her body with absolutely nothing covering her. She was short but stacked, and from the view he’d had earlier as she bent over with her back to him while she slid off her knickers, he knew there was just as much to admire from the other side. If she’d been Harry’s wife, she wouldn’t have had any chance to get bored in bed. He could think of so many fun things to do with a woman who had boobs this bouncy and an arse this thick.

Penny had a body type that was very different, and yet equally attractive in its own way. She was taller than any girl Harry had been with, and her height stood out even more when she was standing side by side with Audrey. She was slim, her arse was pert, and her tits were perky. Percy had done incredibly well for himself, in school and as a married adult. But Harry had no reason to feel jealous of him. After all, he was about to fuck both Percy's wife and his Hogwarts girlfriend at the same time. Percy didn't need to be envied. If anything, he needed to be pitied. He would never have an evening like this in his life.

"Don't you think it was nice of Penelope to volunteer to help you with your first repayment, Audrey?" Harry asked. Penny laughed and squeezed her arm tighter around Audrey's shoulders, playfully using her height advantage to push her around.

"Oh yes," Audrey said, her voice a complete deadpan. "It's so kind of her. She's not getting anything out of this at all." Harry smiled, wondering to himself how often Audrey spoke to her husband in this tone of voice, and whether Percy ever realized that she was being sarcastic when she did.

"What can I say?" Penny said, grinning from ear to ear. "I'm a selfless person; always willing to help a friend in need."

"Then maybe you wouldn't mind helping Audrey suck my cock?" Harry suggested. "That was about to be her responsibility in her office this afternoon, before you walked in."

"Now it's *our* responsibility," Penelope declared. She took Audrey's hands in hers and gave them a squeeze. "Don't worry, Audrey. I'm here to help."

"I'm so lucky," Audrey replied while removing her glasses. But as the two girls came over to crouch down on the floor in front of his bed, Harry knew that he genuinely was lucky. He was lucky the Weasley men had taken that gold from his vault without telling him, he was lucky that their wives had taken to his unique repayment suggestion so readily, and now he was lucky that Percy's ex-girlfriend had decided to get in on the fun too.

"Wow," Penny murmured, staring at his cock as she slowly started to stroke his shaft in her hand. "It really *is* a good thing I came to help, huh? There's too much cock here for any one witch to handle."

Other women had proven up to the task of sucking him solo in the past, but Harry was pleased to have both Audrey and Penelope there to suck him together. They started off slowly enough, giving the tip of his cock some light kisses before they stuck their tongues out and licked up and down his shaft. There was a bit of an adjustment period, which was probably to be expected. Neither of them had ever given a double blowjob before, so they had to figure out how to work together and divide up the responsibilities of pleasing him.

Harry didn't mind even those initial attempts, but the pleasure really started to build once they got things figured out. Penny took the initiative to take his cock into her mouth first, and her quick sucks spoke to how excited she was to join in on the fun. Audrey sat back and watched at first, but after Penny gave her a pointed look, she realized she should join in. With Penny bobbing her head steadily on the top half of his cock, Audrey went lower and kissed more around the base. They were making a good team. It would have been fun to have Audrey suck his cock in her office like he'd originally planned, but he was glad he'd made the decision to delay the fun until after work hours so Penelope

could join them. As far as pure pleasure was concerned, he didn't see any way that Audrey on her own could have matched this.

Penelope popped her mouth off of his cock and looked down at Audrey. "Want to switch?" Audrey shrugged, feigning nonchalance, but she couldn't fool Harry. She was eager to take her turn at sucking his cock.

She was pretty good at it, too. She didn't come at it in the same way that Penny had been. Rather than bobbing up and down and establishing a nice pace of sucking, Audrey kept her focus on his cockhead. Harry was perfectly fine with that though, because she had a specific plan in mind. She suckled at his sensitive tip and licked it thoroughly, running her tongue all over it. She didn't bob her head on his cock, and she didn't need to. Her tongue was doing a fantastic job of making him feel good without anything else.

Penny didn't simply sit and watch Audrey lick. She joined in too in her own way. At first, Harry assumed she was going to follow the same pattern that Audrey had, licking and kissing at the base of his cock. But she had her own plan in mind, and she kissed her way down his cock before enacting it. Once she reached his balls, she started licking and kissing them, and eventually she took one of them into her mouth and sucked on it. Penelope sucked hard on his left ball for several long, pleasant moments before she moved her mouth over and sucked just as intently on his other ball.

The two women worked very well together, especially when considering this was a first for them, and Harry could have sat back and allowed them to keep going just like this until he came in Audrey's mouth. But he had another plan in mind. Penelope's presence here as a third party had given him an idea on how he could have some fun teasing Audrey, and if he was going to act on it, he needed to start now.

Before they could make him cum, he put his hands on Audrey's head to hold it still while he pulled his cock out of her mouth. Then he smacked Penelope's forehead with a cock to get her attention, and once she pulled back away from his balls, he slid the tip into her open mouth.

"Our first session won't be over until you've gotten my cum," Harry said, looking over at Audrey even as he pushed his cock deeper into Penelope's mouth.

Audrey frowned. "Then shouldn't you have left your dick in my mouth just now?"

He smiled back at her. "It's not going to be that easy. Dear Percy worked up a lot of debt, *borrowing* my gold for whatever boring thing he spent it on. If you want to go home tonight with even a small portion of that debt repaid, you'll need to earn it."

Harry put both hands on Penelope's head and pushed his cock deeper still, pushing it all the way down her throat. She gagged, unprepared to take that much cock so deep. But she held on valiantly, doing her best to relax her throat as Harry held her down. She didn't have to last long, because he'd been very close before he pulled out of Audrey's mouth, and making Penelope throat his cock was more than enough to get him the rest of the way there. He gave her curly light hair a little pull, making sure her head stayed in place while he came down her throat. Some of it came back up, dribbled down her chin and hit the carpet when he was done, but Harry wasn't upset about that. Magic would remove semen stains from his carpet easily enough, and it was worth it to cum down Penelope's throat.

"I think Penny was more deserving of my cum this time around," he said, looking again to Audrey while he wiped his cock off on Penelope's cheek. "But don't worry. You're going to have plenty more chances to earn it before you go home for the night."

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There had been plenty of moaning and groaning from both girls earlier on, but those noises weren't coming out nearly as much now. Harry was perfectly fine with that though. Losing out on some moans was a pretty meager price to pay when he got to watch Penelope and Audrey making out instead.

He had them stacked on top of each other on his bed, wanting to fuck both of them at roughly the same time. Audrey was on her back on the bed, Penny was on top of her, and Harry kept moving back and forth between both of them, fingering one while he shagged the other. He switched between them every few minutes, getting familiar with how both of them felt and enjoying the differences that they offered.

Penelope was nice and snug around his cock, and he loved holding onto her cute little arse while he fucked her. She was far more vocal about how good a time she was having and how good his dick felt inside of her, or at least she had been before she and Audrey began to kiss. Unlike Audrey, she wasn't trying to pretend that this wasn't exactly where she wanted to be. Penny was a single woman, and she'd all but invited herself in on the fun. She had no problem asking for what she wanted, and expressing her pleasure at it all.

She also was prepared for a faster, harder pace than Audrey was. That had been made obvious early on, and he'd kept it in his head the whole time. Whenever he was inside of Penny, he let loose and fucked her with quick, deep strokes that made her pert arse shake in his hands. Sometimes he would make that arse shake in between thrusts by giving it a quick smack or two with the palm of his hand, and when he was fucking Audrey, he often groped her arse and fingered her pussy at the same time. Much like with his thrusts, Penelope preferred it quick and deep from his fingers too. He focused on speed and depth as he fingerfucked her, and Penelope loved every moment of it. Even now, with her kiss with Audrey continuing, he could hear her moans of pleasure partially breaking through.

Audrey was more subtle where expressing herself was concerned, but her excitement was still there beyond any doubt. She'd let out little gasps and sighs earlier, before Penny had initiated the first kiss between them. Harry could no longer hear her reaction, but he saw her hands running up and down Penelope's back and shoulders while they kissed. When she was feeling *really* good, her fingers would dig in and squeeze the other girl's smooth skin, and he sometimes felt her legs trembling too.

Percy's wife didn't like the simple deep thrusts that worked so well with Penelope. Audrey preferred a more deliberate back and forth, one where Harry took his time and angled his cock to hit just right inside of her. The same could be said when he was fucking Penny, and his fingers had to do the work with Audrey. She liked having his fingers curl inside of her, stroking her in a precise fashion to bring her the greatest pleasure with only minimal movement. Harry welcomed their differences. Being able to go back and forth between rough and measured thrusts, and also fingerbanging and careful stroking to stimulate the g-spot, allowed Harry to really enjoy the threesome and keep himself on his toes.

Unlike the two women sharing his bed, this wasn't his first threesome. But taking these two older witches at the same time ranked not only amongst his greatest group experiences, but was one of the best fucks he'd ever had. Part of it was that they were both sexy as hell, and the differences in their bodies and their preferences made for a nice contrast as he moved back and forth between them.

And another part of it, of course, was the feeling of superiority this left him with over Percy. How *Weatherby*, of all people, had been able to land a girl like Penelope in school and later marry a witch like Audrey still made very little sense to Harry. But here and now, Harry was having an evening beyond anything Percy would ever experience. He was fucking Percy's ex-girlfriend *and* his wife at the same time, and they both enjoyed it enough that they'd gotten lost in the moment and were snogging without reservation.

As if their enjoyment wasn't obvious enough already, he heard a louder moan from Penny as he drove her to a climax during a period of firm thrusts with equally sharp spanks mixed in as well. He gave her arse cheeks a squeeze in his hands and continued to fuck her hard throughout her orgasm, wanting to make it as special as he could for her. Audrey reacted to it as well. He saw her hands move up from Penelope's shoulders and grab her hair, tugging on the curls as she deepened their kiss.

He was prepared to pull his cock out of Penelope as soon as she'd finished cumming so he could focus on getting Audrey off next, but this wound up not being necessary. The combination of his fingers stroking her pussy just right and the eroticism of Penelope hitting her peak right on top of her was enough to push Audrey right along with her. Her thighs tried to clamp together around his wrist, and she squirted all over him, the bed and even Penelope on top of her.

Harry wasn't sure if Audrey even remembered the little challenge he'd laid out; that this night wouldn't be over until she'd 'earned' his cum. But if she did, he was about to prove how unfairly the game was stacked against her. He could easily have given her credit for making out with Penelope, for helping her through her orgasm, and for enjoying it all so much that she didn't even need his cock inside of her to get off herself. All of that could have and perhaps should have earned her what he'd promised her.

But Harry wasn't going to play fair. He wasn't ready for this to end, so he was going to choose to interpret this in a different way. "You couldn't even wait for me to stick my cock back in you before you got off, Audrey? If you'd had the control to wait for just another minute or so, you might have earned my cum. But since you just couldn't wait, you must not want it enough. But don't worry; I'll give you another chance, right after I fill Penny up."

"Yes!" Penny gasped, breaking her kiss with Audrey right as Harry thrust balls-deep inside of her one more time and began to pump his cum into her. He gave her pert arse cheeks a squeeze, pushing them together with his hands as he enjoyed himself.

He'd fucked them both at the same time, but Penelope had been the one to 'earn' this creampie. He had an idea on how he'd like to finish up with Audrey, but it remained to be seen if Percy's wife was bold enough to take him up on it.

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"Just relax, Audrey," Penelope said, stroking the other woman's dark hair soothingly. "It'll go so much easier if you don't tense up. Trust me. I'm speaking from experience."

"Experience," Audrey muttered. "And has that experience ever involved you taking a cock as big as Harry's up your arse?"

Penelope chuckled. "No. Not yet." She gave Harry a wink and a smile that made him think this might change at some point in the future. But not right now. Before he did anything else, he was going to pop Audrey Weasley's anal cherry.

"Deep breaths," Harry advised, running his left hand along Audrey's back to help her relax. His right hand, meanwhile, held his cock in position. The tip was right there, poking her anus and ready to claim the one part of her that no one, whether her husband or any previous boyfriends she'd had before him, had ever touched. She was down on all fours, and that thick arse of hers was prime for the taking.

She'd been surprised and more than a little nervous when he suggested that she could earn his cum by offering up her arse, but there had definitely been excitement mixed in with that nervousness. Audrey had been looking for adventure and exploration in her sex life even before Harry had come along with his debt relief proposal, and now he was dangling something bolder and more adventurous than anything she'd ever imagined in front of her. He'd already used his magic to clean her and get her nice and lubed up, and he was right on the cusp of taking her. He wasn't going to push forward until she gave him the okay, but he knew it was coming. However nervous she might be, she was too curious and too turned on not to try it.

Audrey took a deep breath, exhaled and nodded her head. "I'm ready, Harry. Do it."

"Okay," he said. "Here it comes." He moved forward closely, sliding just the tip of his cock into her bum at first. As much as he admired and wanted to fuck this fat arse, he knew he needed to break her in gently. She groaned at the penetration, but she seemed to be taking it pretty well thus far.

"Good girl," Penny whispered. "That's it, Audrey. You're doing so good." With Harry moving both of his hands to Audrey's hips, Penelope started stroking her back. He slowly started easing more of his cock into her arse, doing his best to make her first anal penetration as smooth as he could. Penelope was a big help there, because between her soft touch and whispered words of encouragement, Harry was convinced that she was helping Audrey relax and accept it more easily than he would've been able to on his own.

"You already have more cock in your arse than I've ever had," Penelope said lightly, once Harry had worked her up to the point where she could take about half of his cock. "I'm jealous."

Audrey laughed, weakly but sincerely. "Good."

"How do you feel?" Harry asked, running his hands along her bum.

"Strange," she said after a moment's thought. "But it's a good kind of strange."

"Glad to hear it," he said. "It feels fucking incredible for me, in case you were wondering. I can't believe nobody's ever tried to talk you into this before now."

"A couple of old boyfriends did," she said. It went without saying that Percy never would have asked for this. He probably would have been scandalized if she'd even suggested it. "But I'm glad I waited."

Harry laughed. "Me too." He rubbed her bum and lower back, and gave another slow thrust inside of her arse. It may not have been the tightest hole he'd ever been inside, but it was *very* close to the top of the list. "I'm also glad that your husband was dumb enough to *borrow* all that gold from me."

"Me too," Audrey admitted. After a pause, she made a request. "You can start moving faster, if you want."

That was a dangerous proposition on multiple fronts. Harry had to be careful not to push her too hard, but he also had to be careful not to cum immediately. Even the slower pace he'd been moving at was a test of his control when it was Audrey's tight arse that his cock was sliding into, but increasing his speed at all was going to bring the difficulty up right along with it.

But she'd asked for it, so she was going to get it. He held her by the hips and began to move faster. Harry still held something back, but that was almost as much for his benefit as it was for hers. He thrust just hard enough to get her moaning and get the bed shifting slightly beneath them, and that was still enough to make him dig deep to hold on as long as he could.

"You wanted adventure, Audrey?" Penelope said, still rubbing her back. "You got it. Harry fucking Potter is bugging you, and I can tell he's trying hard not to cum."

"Oh yeah?" Audrey said. "Is that true, Harry? Can't get enough of my bum, can you?" She'd completely discarded any ideas of propriety here. Audrey was fully committed to this. She was getting the excitement she'd been lacking in her sex life, and it was everything she'd wanted it to be.

"I'll never be able to get enough of it," he said, giving her fat arse a quick spank for emphasis. He loved watching those thick cheeks jiggle. "I hope you're ready to get bugged loads more after this, because your arse is gonna have to make up for Percy's stupidity."

"Good!" Audrey said quickly. "You can have it anytime you want it! I'll come over here again, and you can bugger me all night long! Or you can fuck my arse in my office next time! Whenever you want it, my arse is yours!"

Harry growled, unable to stop himself from fucking her harder after that. The bed shook, her cheeks jiggled, and he stopped caring about anything other than claiming Audrey Weasley's big round bum as his.

"Fucking hell," Penelope whispered in awe. "You'd break my little arse if you bugged me that hard."

Perhaps they would test that sooner or later. But right now, Harry was consumed only with Audrey and her arse. He bugged her much harder than should have been comfortable for a woman who had only just lost her anal virginity, but Audrey just moaned and took it all. She had a body and an arse that were built for this, and Harry was the man who'd finally gotten to prove it.

"Gonna cum," he announced after a couple of minutes of wild thrusts. "You pick how you want me to finish, Audrey. You've more than earned it."

"Do it in my arse!" she said with zero hesitation. "Keep going! I want to feel it in my arse!"

That was all Harry needed to hear. He squeezed Audrey's thick arse cheeks together and grunted as he erupted inside of her, filling her rear with a flood of seed. There was enough of it that a healthy amount came right back out of her and collected on the sheets beneath her, but Harry ignored that altogether.

"This was a great first session, Audrey," he said, stroking her back as she slumped down onto her belly in the middle of his bed. "I'll look forward to the next one." Penelope's hand met his on Audrey's back, and they shared a look. "And Penelope, you're welcome to stop by any time, whether Audrey's here or not."

Chapter 4: Hermione's Permanent Payment

"I'm ready whenever you are, Harry," Hermione called loudly from up the stairs. Even from the fifth floor of the Burrow, her voice carried well.

Ron laughed and stood up from his mum's kitchen table. "Better you than me, mate," he said, clapping Harry on the shoulder. "I've never been able to stand it when she starts going on and on about her newest cause. It's SPEW all over again, I swear. They probably pass her bills just so she'll stop bossing them around for the rest of the day."

"Your wife is bringing real change to our country, and to the lives of magical creatures," Arthur said, frowning at his youngest son's casual dismissal of how hard Hermione worked, and everything she'd accomplished at her young age.

"Your father's right, Ron," Molly said. "You should be excited when she wants to talk through one of her ideas with you."

"That's what Harry's for!" Ron said, laughing again as Harry left the kitchen and started heading up the stairs. "She gets to spend the rest of the night talking to him about werewolf rubbish, he gets to do his best mate a favor and let her talk herself out with him instead of bothering me when I'm trying to listen to the quidditch match on the wireless, and I get to eat more cake and then go toss the quaffle around out in the orchard with George and Angelina. Everybody wins!"

"I couldn't agree more," Harry heard Angelina say as he reached the fifth floor. "As long as Harry's around, we'll all get what we need."

"Oui," Fleur said. "What a gift he has been to this family." Harry grinned, remembering giving Fleur the 'gift' of two full loads of cum down her throat during his lunch break the previous day.

"Coming in, Hermione," Harry said, opening the door to Ron's childhood bedroom and stepping inside. "I honestly don't know how much help I'll be with this, but..."

"Oh, I'm sure you're going to be *loads* of help, Harry," a smiling Hermione said when Harry trailed off. "Just close the door behind you. You should probably lock and silence it as well, don't you think? We wouldn't want to disturb the others."

Harry pushed the door closed behind him automatically and put up silencing and locking charms as well with a wave of his hand, not taking his eyes off of Hermione the entire time. "I'm guessing you didn't actually call me up here because you wanted my help on your werewolf protection bill, then."

Hermione laughed. "I *am* passionate about that bill, but no. That was just an excuse to get you alone." She put her arms at her side and bit her lip. "So, what do you think? I've never really tried the 'slutty schoolgirl' look before. Did I pull it off?"

"You pulled it off," he said, still staring at her in this parody of a Hogwarts uniform. She wore a white blouse with a Gryffindor tie around her neck, but the blouse was tied up higher on her body to expose all of her pale belly. An attractive belly it was, too, but most of Harry's attention was on her legs. Her

skirt was incredibly short; far shorter than any actual Hogwarts student would be able to get away with. That meant that he could admire more of her bare legs than he'd been able to since their time alone in the tent, before Ron came back. And unlike back then, he could stand and stare this time, instead of having to content himself with fleeting glimpses of his very female, and very attractive, best friend.

He heard her giggle. "I'm glad to hear it," she said. "I was beginning to wonder if you just didn't find me attractive enough to sleep with."

That was enough to get Harry to stop staring at her legs and look into her eyes. "Why would you think something as silly as *that*?" he asked. "You're bloody gorgeous, Hermione."

She smiled, and a light blush came to her cheeks, but she didn't look away. "Then why haven't you shagged me yet?" she asked. "It's been two months since you gathered us all to tell us what our foolish husbands did and gave us the chance to work their debts off. I know you've already been with the others at least once. Listening to Fleur go on and on, it sounds like you'd probably need three hands to count all the times you've shagged her since that first night."

"I'd probably need a few fingers from a fourth hand too, actually," Harry admitted. Fleur was the most insatiable woman he'd ever been with by a very wide margin, and if they'd been able to get away with it, she probably would have come over to fuck him daily. He didn't know how Bill kept up with her. Actually, it didn't seem like he *was* keeping up with her. Harry couldn't blame him there, honestly.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "So why did *I* have to come to *you* to make my first repayment, then? Are you just having so much fun with Fleur, and Angelina and Audrey when that veela slut leaves your cock alone for more than five minutes, that getting to me hasn't been a priority?"

"That's not it at all," he insisted. "I was waiting because I was trying to find the right moment." It was true. There were several reasons he'd saved Hermione for last, and why he still hadn't shagged her even close to a month after his threesome with Audrey and Penelope. The fact that he'd played with Angelina several times since, and that Fleur wanted to sleep with him as often as they could manage it, certainly helped, since it meant he was having plenty of sex even as he delayed on making his move on Hermione. But it didn't mean he didn't want her. He wanted her *badly*. He'd just been trying to figure out the perfect way to do it and hadn't been willing to rush into it before he found it. This was *Hermione*, his best friend since he was 11, and he would only have one first time with her.

"It's not because you're feeling guilty, is it?" she pressed. "Because of Ron?"

"No," Harry said, shaking his head decisively. "It's nothing to do with him." Ron had been his best mate and the first friend his own age that he'd made in the wizarding world, but things were not the way they used to be between them. Harry had done quite a bit of thinking on this, once the debts of the Weasley brothers came to light and he'd chosen to seek compensation from their wives. Him looking to get back at Bill, Percy and George was more easily justifiable. He'd been on friendly terms with them, but after their theft of enough gold to drive most wizards to financial ruin, him getting payback by shagging Fleur, Audrey and Angelina, respectively, left him with no guilt.

Ron should have been different, given their history, but he'd felt no more conflicted about fucking his supposed best mate's wife. Realizing how little the thought of cuckolding Ron bothered him had caused Harry to examine his relationship with his long-time best friend more closely, and it hadn't taken him

long to realize that his friendship with Ron was not what it was. It had been deteriorating for years, and Harry quickly concluded that Ron walking out on them during the horcrux hunt had been the catalyst.

He hadn't had time to examine it after Ron came back, and there had always been something else to focus on in the years that followed. But whether he'd realized it or not, Harry had never fully forgiven Ron for leaving when he'd needed him most. Yes, he'd come back, but something had broken between them that night, and it had never truly healed. Harry was no longer concerned about hurting Ron or betraying their friendship. Whatever tenuous friendship still existed between them did not mean nearly enough to him for him to pass up on the chance to shag Hermione.

Hermione must have been able to tell that he meant it, because she visibly relaxed and nodded her head. "Good," she said. "So, you really *were* just waiting for the right moment, then." Harry nodded. "And what do you think about this one? Ron is downstairs with his family, likely stuffing his face with sweets to celebrate not having to talk to me for the rest of the night. You and I, meanwhile, are up in his hideous childhood bedroom, and no one's going to disturb us for the rest of the night. Is this a good enough moment for you, Harry?"

"I think I can make it work, yeah," he said, doing his best to keep a straight face. Hermione gave him a saucy smile that accelerated the growth of his erection inside of his trousers.

"Great!" she said, clapping her hands. "So, how should we get started, Harry? Ron stole more gold from you than any of his brothers, so I have loads of work to do. Just tell me how you want me." She did a quick spin, and her already short skirt flipped up slightly, giving him a brief peek at her bare arse. Harry groaned. This tease wasn't even wearing underwear. "However you want me, I'm yours, Harry."

"Get down on your knees, you slutty schoolgirl," he demanded. "We're going to see if you make the grade."

His best friend's face lit up, and she dropped to the floor so quickly that he wouldn't be surprised if she'd hurt her knees. But if it had hurt, she didn't react at all. She just looked up at him from her knees with an eager smile as he undid his trousers and pulled them down his legs, looking every bit the slutty schoolgirl she was portraying.

"Oh, please, Professor Potter!" she begged. "Please, give me a chance to earn top marks! I'm sure you'll find that my mouth deserves an Outstanding!" She licked her lips playfully, and seeing the way her brown eyes locked onto his cock in lust when he pulled his boxers down made Harry grin. She'd already seen his dick; she'd seen it when she watched him fuck Fleur, for certain, if she hadn't caught a glimpse of it at some point while they were in the tent. But she was still impressed by it, and she stared at it hungrily as he stepped towards her.

"I think there's been a misunderstanding, Miss Granger," he said, deciding to play along with her, and also deciding to use her maiden name rather than her married one. "You're not going to suck my cock."

Hermione frowned in what was likely genuine confusion and disappointment. "I'm not?"

"No," Harry said. He put his left hand on the back of her head and held his cock in the right. He rubbed the tip across her lips, and she gasped and parted her lips quickly in order to suck him in. But rather than letting her suckle his cock, he slid it straight into her open mouth, making her stare up at him

wide-eyed and cough as he unexpectedly pushed almost half of his length into her mouth. "You're not going to suck anything. I'm going to fuck your face, you insatiable slut."

Harry moved his right hand to her head as well, getting a firm grip of her bushy brown hair as he slid his hips back and then thrust right back in. It was immediately obvious that Hermione had never had anyone use her mouth like this and was not prepared for it. He could hear her gag on his cock, and there was a stunned look in her eyes as she looked up at him, blinking rapidly. If this was her first time having her face fucked, as it certainly appeared it was, a dick as large as his was a very daunting one for her to start with. His brilliant best friend was in over her head, because this was something no book could have ever taught her.

At no point did seeing her struggle make Harry even consider hesitating. Hearing Hermione gag on his cock and seeing her try to blink back tears only made him want to get more demanding with her. He'd been thinking of all the things he'd like to do to her for the last two months. Hell, he'd been imagining Hermione down on her knees for him for ten bloody years by this point. But now he wasn't trying to pretend that he didn't want her, and he wasn't allowing something as meaningless as his dwindling friendship with Ron Weasley to prevent him from taking what he wanted. His best friend was gorgeous, she was on her knees for him, and he wasn't going to waste this moment.

There was a decade of repressed fantasies behind his thrusts, and Hermione felt every one of them. He only went faster as they went along; never giving her any hope of getting used to what was happening to her. Her introduction to facefucking just got progressively rougher, and her gagging got louder. He doubted she'd ever had a cock down her throat before now, but his big dick plunged all the way in with merciless speed, over and over again.

If he hadn't put up the silencing charm, he was sure the rest of the Weasley family would have been able to hear Hermione struggle to endure this facefucking at the hands of her best friend. They might have heard his balls smacking against her chin as well. That was a sound that Angelina, Audrey and especially Fleur knew very well already, but Harry was thrilled to finally know what it felt like and sounded like to fuck Hermione's face. He'd been an idiot to waste so much time trying to think up the perfect way to take her when he could have been spending all that time fucking her. Then again, wasted time was something of a theme between him and Hermione, wasn't it? How well would he know her body if he'd been honest about how attractive he found her all along? If he'd told Hermione how gorgeous she looked the night of the Yule Ball, would that night have ended very differently for both of them? If he'd given in to his attraction to her and made a move on her when it was the two of them alone in the tent, would she have ever even kissed Ron, much less married him?

Harry banished those thoughts. Rather than considering what might have been, he was going to focus on what was happening now, and what was happening now was pretty fucking great. He could feel Hermione's throat convulse around his cock as he made her gag uncontrollably each time his hips snapped forward again. He could hear her choking on his dick, and he could see the tears leaking from her eyes and the spit and drool spilling out of her mouth and smearing across her chin. But there was one thing that Harry knew he was going to remember above all about the first (but definitely not the last, if he had anything to say about it) time he got Hermione on her knees.

It was the look in her eyes. Despite the mess, despite the choking and despite the tears, Hermione was *excited*. His brilliant best friend was in over her head physically, and she couldn't blink back her tears or stop her throat from trying to expel him in an act of simple self-preservation. But if he'd given her a

chance to end it all here, she would have pulled his hands tighter on her hair and urged him to keep going.

“You sound so good choking on my cock, Miss Granger,” he said, giving her hair a little yank as he pulled her head back and looked down into her eyes. “As much as you’ve struggled to take it, you’ve been so obedient. You’ve been such a good girl for me. This has been an Exceeds Expectations, at the very least.”

He let go of her hair and pulled his cock out of her mouth, giving her a chance to breathe through her mouth. But she was more concerned with protesting his decision than she was with getting her breathing back under control. “*Only an E, sir?*” she panted, shaking her head and wiping away the tears.

Harry laughed. “So far, yes,” he said. He put his hand on her cheek and caressed her skin, smiling more widely as she leaned into the touch and nuzzled his hand like a dog. “It will only reach an Outstanding if the finish is worthy of top marks. But that will require some commitment from you. I do have an idea in mind, but I don’t know if you’re ready for it.”

“*I’m ready, sir,*” Hermione said, coughing and gasping. “*I’m ready for anything. Let me be your good girl.*”

Harry nearly exploded just from hearing her say that to him, but he took a deep breath and held on. “Are you sure, Miss Granger? Are you ready to get very, *very* messy?” Hermione just nodded, staring up at him intently with her hands in her lap while she waited for him to finish with her.

“Very well,” he said. He slid his cock back into her mouth, grabbed her hair in both hands again and resumed his facefuck. He didn’t merely pick up where he left off; he throatfucked her even harder than before. Had he ever fucked any woman’s throat this roughly before? With the possible exception of Fleur, who was literally built to take anything he could give her, he couldn’t remember anyone taking his cock down her throat like this. He’d *definitely* never reduced any woman to this state before. It seemed that Hermione brought out the best in him—or maybe the worst, depending on your view.

Hermione’s hands smacked against his legs in a mindless struggle to breathe, but she was about to get a reprieve. He pulled his cock out of her mouth with a sigh, and instantly she started hacking and wheezing. “You’ve done so well, Miss Granger,” he said, running the fingers of his left hand through her hair. “You’ve been such a good girl for me.” His right hand pumped his cock from tip to base, and when he felt himself about ready to blow, his grip in her hair tightened, pulling her head up so her face was level with the head of his cock. “And now you’re going to be a messy girl.”

He erupted, firing a decade’s worth of cum all over Hermione’s face as he finished fucking her face in her husband’s childhood bedroom. It wasn’t exactly as it had been in his forbidden dreams, whether she’d been wearing her pretty Yule Ball dress, or he’d shagged her in an abandoned classroom, or any of the other fantasies he’d ever had about her. But 24-year-old Harry wasn’t upset that things had turned out the way they had. Hermione might be Ron’s wife now, but she was also on her knees in Ron’s old bedroom while she wore Harry’s cum on her face. Spurt after spurt shot out to cover her. By the time he was finished, Hermione had his cum sticking to her forehead, running across her nose and cheeks and dripping down to her chin. She even had some as high as her hair and as low as her neck. His best friend had never looked dirtier, or sexier, than she did now.

“That’s an Outstanding if I’ve ever seen one,” he declared.

Hermione wiped away the tears and cum from around her eyes, and stared up at him with a ravenous look that made him suck in a deep breath. “Fuck me, Harry,” she said seriously, abandoning the slutty schoolgirl act. “*Please.*” Even though her voice was still faint, and she was still short of breath, there was strength and certainty behind her voice.

He waved his hand over her, vanishing the mess he’d made on her face. As sexy as she looked, that filthy mixture would only get in the way now. “Get up here,” he said, holding his hand down towards her. Hermione grinned but held up one finger on her left hand to ask him for a moment. She pulled her wand out with her right hand and cast a quick charm on herself.

“Mouth cleansing charm,” she explained, putting the wand away again and taking his hand. “You know, in case you feel like kissing me.”

Harry laughed as she took his hand, and he helped her back to her feet. “Good to see that brain of yours is still working fine even after I made you choke on my cock.” She giggled, but before she could say anything he put his arms around her and pulled her body into his. He kissed her, thankful she’d cast the charm so he could do this without tasting himself. Instead, he just got to enjoy her taste and appreciate her soft sigh as she leaned in to snuggle against him more closely. Hermione kissed him back eagerly, putting her arms around his neck and running her fingers through his hair. She was a good kisser, a passionate kisser.

She was one of the cleverest and most determined people he’d ever met, and she was always thinking about the things she wanted to achieve and the improvements she wanted to bring to their society and the lives of the people and creatures that lived in it. But right now, she wasn’t the cleverest witch of her generation, the woman who worked so tirelessly for the rights of the less fortunate or the shooting star who seemed destined to become one of the youngest Ministers in their country’s history. Right now, she was just a passionate woman moaning into the mouth of her lover as she snogged her best friend. They’d never spoken of anything like this with each other, but feeling how enthusiastically she kissed him and how quick she was to start groping his bare back or his arse, Harry suspected that he wasn’t the only one who had thought about this more than once over the years.

Speaking of groping, Harry did plenty of his own. Now that she was standing in front of him, he rubbed her bare legs, finding them even smoother, softer and longer than they’d looked when he first opened the door and saw her standing there in her absurdly short skirt. But as smooth and soft as her legs were, he couldn’t resist the temptation of sliding his hands up higher, going underneath that skirt so he could touch his best friend’s bare arse for the first time. Hermione moaned and brushed her tongue against his as he took her cheeks in his hands and gave them a squeeze.

They stood like that for some time, kissing and groping at each other. But when Hermione moved her hands around to his front and started rubbing his dick and tickling his balls, Harry decided that it was time for him to take this further. His hands slid back out from under her skirt and reached up to deal with her shirt. He found that it was too difficult for him to undo the buttons without breaking their kiss, so he just waved his hand and vanished the fucking thing altogether. He got rid of her bra too for good measure, so his hands were able to grab Hermione’s tits with nothing in the way. He left the Gryffindor tie around her neck though. Something about looking down and seeing that scarlet and gold tie hanging down between her bare breasts did things to Harry that he’d never even contemplated until now.

She broke their kiss to groan as he gave her boobs a squeeze, and his cock gave a little twitch against her thigh at the sound. He immediately brought his lips to her neck instead so he could kiss and lightly nip at her throat. She gasped and raked her fingers through his hair again while he lightly rubbed her hardened nipples with his thumbs.

“Mmm, I can’t tell you how many times I’ve seen this hair all sticking up and just wanted to mess it up even more,” she said. He gave her another, slightly harder nip with his teeth, and she giggled. “I’m glad you like playing with my boobs so much, Harry, even after having a woman as perfect as Fleur in your bed.”

Harry broke away from her neck to look in her eyes. “Fleur is perfect,” he agreed. “And so are you.” Hermione giggled and started to shake her head, but he guided her right hand back to his cock. “Hold that in your hand and tell me I’m lying. Feel how hard I already am again? That’s because of *you*, Hermione. Feel how badly I want you? How badly I’ve *always* wanted you, whether I could admit it or not?”

Her breath hitched, and her cheeks flushed with arousal. “Then what the fuck are you waiting for, Harry?” she snapped. “I’m right here! *Take me!*”

Of all of Hermione’s bright ideas over roughly thirteen years of friendship, that might have been her brightest of all. Harry picked her up and tossed her down onto the bed. Hermione’s body bounced as her back landed on the ugly orange Chudley Cannons bedspread, and she half-shrieked, half-giggled. By the time Harry had climbed onto the bed with her, she’d gotten up on her hands and knees and was wiggling her hips back at him. That short skirt did absolutely nothing to hide her from his view, and Harry licked his lips at the sight of his best friend so flagrantly displaying herself for him.

“I’m going to love tasting you,” he said, rubbing his index finger along her sopping outer pussy lips and sucking his finger clean. Then he put that same hand on her hip while replacing his finger with his cock. “But that’ll have to wait for your next payment, because I’ve waited *way* too fucking long to shag you.”

“Yes!” Hermione said, gasping and wiggling her hips as she felt the tip of his cock brush against her labia. “Yes, do it, Harry! Do it—*ohh!*”

She gasped as he slid forward and entered her. For the first time ever, Harry’s cock was inside of Hermione Granger (he refused to think of her as Hermione Weasley at this moment and wasn’t sure he would ever be able to again.) He was happy to just rest there for a bit, look down and acquaint himself with her body, rubbing her hips, fondling her arse and reminding himself of just whose cunt he was currently inside. Even when he started to move, he slowly slid in and pulled back. It wasn’t that he was afraid of being too rough with her; he wouldn’t have made her choke so violently on his cock if that had been the case. He was just choosing to take his time and savor being with Hermione for the first time.

But she had other ideas. “Come on, Harry!” Hermione said. She pushed her hips back towards him, so impatient for him to get on with it that she was doing the thrusting herself. It was a poor replacement for what she really wanted, though. “Don’t hold out on me now! Fuck me! You can’t possibly know how badly I’ve wanted this, and how much I’ve looked forward to it! Please, don’t hold back! I want you to *fuck me!*”

Harry's hands squeezed her hips. "Is that so? I was going to take my time with you, but if you're *that* desperate to get fucked, I guess I can oblige you." He held her hips tighter while pulling his cock back almost all the way out of her, and his next thrust was significantly deeper and harder than the previous ones had been. Hermione exhaled sharply, and Harry ran his hand from her hip to her arse. "Be careful what you wish for, Granger."

His hand, which had been gently rubbing her arse, gave her a sudden spank that made her gasp in surprise. That spank was swiftly followed by another thrust, this one even rougher than the last. If she wanted to get fucked, Harry would fuck her. He picked up speed quickly, fucking her with the same sort of determination and recklessness with which he would fly through the air in pursuit of the Golden Snitch. His hips smacked against her arse, and her body rocked back and forth on her hands and knees under the intensity of his thrusts.

"Is this what you had in mind, Hermione?" he challenged, giving her another spank between thrusts.

"Yes!" she shouted. "It's perfect! It's bloody *perfect*! Keep going, Harry! Harder, harder, *yes!*"

Harry's eyes narrowed and he threw even more of himself into his thrusts and his spanks. He could feel the bed creaking and shaking beneath them, but that didn't stop him. If the bed couldn't withstand the rigorous activity he was putting it through, that wasn't his problem. The fucking thing probably should have been replaced a decade earlier anyway.

It wasn't just the bed that struggled to keep up with Harry's pace. Hermione gasped and groaned as he shagged her wildly, and it all got to be so much that she could no longer keep herself up on all fours. She dropped down to her elbows, which had to be at least a moderately more comfortable position for her. But from Harry's perspective, it stuck her arse up higher in the air and displayed it even more prominently for him to appreciate. And appreciate it he did.

"Can I tell you a secret, Hermione?" he asked, rubbing her bum. She was too busy gasping and moaning to say anything, so he just kept talking. "I *love* this bum. I used to walk slightly behind you in between classes, just so I could try and stare at it. I've always loved a nice, thick arse; ask Angelina if you don't believe me. And other than Angelina, I don't think any of the Weasley wives have an arse quite as thick as yours. It's wasted on Ron, honestly."

"Who fucking *cares* about him?!" Hermione hissed. "It's *your* bum, Harry! Spank it and squeeze it all you like! Fuck, you can bugger it if you want to! I've never done that for him, but I'll do it for you! If you want it, it's yours!"

Harry groaned. "I'm *going* to take you up on that," he vowed, giving her arse one last spank. He pulled out of her, wrapped his arms around her waist and flipped her over onto her back. "But not today. We'll save that for your next payment." She spread her legs for him, and he got into position on top of her and slid his cock back inside of her, making her groan again. Rather than picking back up with the furious pace he'd been fucking her from behind, he slowly moved in and out of her. "For now, I think I'd rather cum inside of Ron's wife on his childhood bed."

Hermione laughed. "He's earned it, I would say. With how much gold he stole from you, getting your cum all over this hideous bedspread is nothing."

Harry slid his right hand between their bodies, and two of his fingers found her clit. He watched her eyes widen and listened to her gasp as he lightly teased it, and then she moaned at the more direct contact.

“That’s perfect, Harry,” she cooed, smiling up at him beautifully. He matched his thrusts to his rubbing, coordinating everything to maximize her enjoyment of their first time together. “It’s even more perfect than I’d thought it would be.”

“Spent loads of time thinking about this, have you?” he asked lightly. Though he was teasing her, she really had seemed incredibly eager throughout it all. Even when he was using her harder than she was really ready for, she’d still welcomed it all. Of all of the Weasley wives, with the possible exception of Fleur, she’d felt like the most enthusiastic of them all when it came time to ‘repay’ him. But Fleur had veela blood inside of her, and even if not all of the rumors about veela were true, their insanely high sex drive was obvious to anyone who had ever been with a veela. But of the pure humans Harry had shagged, both amongst the Weasley wives and the plethora of women he’d been with over the last several years, he didn’t think any had been as exuberant as Hermione.

“Yes,” she said, surprising him with her bluntness. She didn’t blush or look away. She stared straight up into his eyes and smiled at him as he slowly thrust back and forth inside of her in her husband’s childhood bed. “I’ve wanted this for a very long time, Harry. I’ve probably wanted it for longer than I even realized, to be honest. And I’m so glad it’s actually happening.”

She reached up to rub the stubble along his jaw with her fingertips, and Harry chuckled, surprised at how tender and romantic this was starting to feel. Having an affair with your best friend, who happened to be married to your *other* best friend, should not have felt romantic. Doing it in his old bedroom while he and his family ate dessert and/or tossed the quaffle around outside, depending on how long Harry and Hermione had actually been up here, shouldn’t have been the slightest bit romantic. But he didn’t hate the feeling.

“It’s pretty fucking brilliant, isn’t it?” he said, grinning at her while slowly thrusting. “Makes you wonder why we didn’t do this years ago, huh?”

“It does,” she agreed. “We were idiots. But we’re here now, and it’s perfect.”

Harry gave her another thrust. “It is perfect,” he said. “You’re perfect. And the good news is this is only the first of many, many repayments you’ll need to make. Ron stole more from me than any of his brothers did. Hell, he stole more than any two of them put together. You’re gonna need to spend a lot of time in bed with me before I’d even be able to think about clearing the debt with Gringotts.”

It was meant to be a joke, but Hermione’s expression turned quite serious. “You’re not wrong,” she said. “I’ll never be able to work it all off. The others, maybe. But Ron took far more from you than his brothers did. I think there’s only one way to make it right. You should just take me all for yourself—for good.”

Harry laughed. “Yes, I suppose I could wipe all of Ron’s debt out in one go if he was willing to give me you in exchange.” This, too, was meant to be a joke. But Hermione did not even crack a smile. She put both hands on his face, and her brown eyes stared directly into his like she was staring into his soul. Harry’s smile slowly slipped as he saw that look and realized what it meant. “You’re serious.”

Hermione nodded, still not breaking eye contact. "I'm serious."

"Hermione," he began, shaking his head. "You know I would never *actually* force you to do anything just because of some stolen gold, don't you? I thought you understood that this was—"

"I don't care about the gold," Hermione said, cutting him off. "Well, I don't care about it except for the fact that it showed me how fucking stupid I've been, and that it's given me a way to fix my mistakes." She licked her lips, suddenly looking nervous. "I want to be yours, Harry. *Really* yours. If you'll have me."

Harry knew that there was a great deal that they would need to discuss. They were going to need to figure out what this meant. Did she want to be his wife? If so, how were they going to deal with Ron? Magical divorces were not nearly as simple as they were in the muggle world, unless both parties were willing. And what would this mean for the life Harry had led up until now? He'd enjoyed the bachelor lifestyle and the beautiful women who threw themselves at him as a war hero. There were also the 'repayments' from the other Weasley wives to consider. Would that need to stop if he said yes? All of these were questions that needed answering. But right now, there was only one question that stood above all the others.

His best friend wanted to be with him. She wanted him to take her away from her husband for real. Would he take her?

Harry ran his hand down her cheek and jaw, stopping to hold the Gryffindor tie that hung between her breasts. "*Mine*," he declared.

Hermione smiled widely, and tears shone in her eyes. "Yours," she whispered, nodding. "I'm yours, Harry."

In a flash, Harry changed positions. The slow lovemaking he'd switched to after flipping her onto her back wasn't going to work now. If he was going to make her his, he was going to *fuck* her. He got up from his knees and stood up on the bed, digging his toes into the Chudley Cannons bedspread while he put his hands on the back of Hermione's thighs and pushed her legs towards her head. He didn't stop pushing until her legs were bent and her knees were just about touching her shoulders. Only then did he squat down over her and slide his cock back inside of her. Hermione whimpered as she felt him push back into her, and their eyes met again. Everything they'd done up until now had been great, but everything had changed now, and they both knew it. They were playing for keeps now.

Harry surprised even himself with just how frantic his thrusts were this time, so he couldn't even imagine what Hermione must be thinking. Never in his life had he fucked anyone with the urgency he felt as he squatted above Hermione and fucked her in Ron's bed at the Burrow. This wasn't just a rough shag; this was him taking his best friend away from her husband and claiming her as his. She was *his* woman now, and while he still wasn't entirely certain what that was going to be like, he knew that he could not stop slamming his cock down into her cunt until he'd filled her with his cum and marked her as his, now and forever.

Hermione was screaming as he fucked her hard enough to make the bed shake violently beneath them, but she wasn't screaming in pain or discomfort. There was one thing, and one thing only, that Hermione kept screaming over and over again as he fucked her.

“Harry! Harry! Harry! Harry!”

To Harry, listening to her shout his name repeatedly carried a multitude of meanings. It was a scream of joy, it was a prayer, it was a plea, it was her cheering him on, and it was an acknowledgement that he was the only one who got to do this to her now. He hadn't been her first, but he *would* be her only from now on. Amidst all the uncertainty, that was the one thing Harry was utterly certain of.

Harry felt the bed sag beneath them, no longer able to support their weight or their intensity. He didn't care. Maybe they could repair it with magic, or maybe Hermione would proudly inform Ron of the broken bed right as she told him that she was Harry's from now on. Anything that would happen once they got out of this bed was not Harry's concern now. Hermione was the only thing that mattered, and it didn't matter whether the bed broke or the house set on fire: he wasn't pulling out until she was *his*.

“Harry!” Hermione shouted one more time, just as he felt her pussy squeeze around his cock. Her legs shook, her hands grabbed at his ankles mindlessly, and her eyes fluttered shut. Harry let out a grunt of triumph over an opponent he hadn't known he was in combat with but had just defeated after a years-long struggle. His victory took the form of burying his cock to the hilt inside of her pussy and emptying his balls inside of her, filling her to the brim with thick cum to mark her as his. There was so much of it that some trickled back out of her cunt and leaked onto them both. Some of it dripped down onto the Chudley Cannons bedspread, further marring the bed that had already been damaged by their rutting.

Towards the end of his orgasm, Harry dipped his head down and captured Hermione's lips in a kiss, just as he had captured her body and was making sure she knew it belonged to him. Her eyes remained closed, but she whined into his mouth and did her best to kiss him back with what little energy she had left. Her lips, her arse, her cunt, her mind, her heart: *all* of it was his now. And as far as Harry was concerned, that was a repayment worth more than all the gold in his Gringotts vault.

What happened with the other Weasley brothers' debts remained to be seen, but his debt with Ron was settled.

Chapter 5: Hermione's Home

The first thing that Harry saw when he stepped out of the fireplace was a fat arse in front of his face. The woman who the arse belonged to was wearing only a red thong and a flimsy, see-through negligee, so he could see pretty much all of it.

She turned around at the sound of him arriving, and he found himself face to face with Lavender Brown. "Oh, hi, Harry," she said, smiling at him. "I had a feeling you'd be showing up soon."

Harry nodded. "I see. I guess it's not really surprising that you'd be here. Hermione told me about you and Ron." He chose not to criticize her for the affair, as that would have been rather hypocritical considering he was shagging all four Weasley wives. "But I wasn't expecting you to be here today, knowing we were coming. Maybe I should have, though."

Once they'd agreed that she was going to be his for good, Hermione had requested that Harry let her deal with Ron on her own, and he'd agreed. She'd held his massive debt over his head and threatened to convince Harry to demand immediate repayment unless he agreed to give her a divorce. There was no way Ron would have been able to repay that kind of money, and Harry pressing the issue would have resulted in not only financial ruin, but the potential for significant legal consequences. Ron had screamed, raged and called her all kinds of names, to hear Hermione tell it, but he'd known that he had no choice in the matter.

Ron had reluctantly agreed to give Hermione her divorce in exchange for the absolution of his debts to Harry, but not before he'd tried to strike back by telling her he had been sleeping with Lavender for several months. It couldn't have landed the way that he wanted it to, because Hermione hadn't sounded the slightest bit upset about it when she told Harry about it afterwards. Ron had known that Hermione was coming back to the home they'd shared to get the rest of her things this afternoon, so Harry was sure that Lavender being here in skimpy underwear was not a coincidence.

"Ronnie asked me to come over during my lunch break for a little midday fun," she said, giggling. Where nicknames were concerned, Ronnie was a definite improvement over Won-Won; Harry would say that much. "I guess he must've forgotten that Hermione was coming over to get her stuff."

"Yeah, guess so," Harry said with a straight face. "Did Hermione seem upset when she saw you here?"

"No, not at all!" Lavender said. "She just rolled her eyes, said hello and went upstairs where her things are. If anyone was upset, it was Ronnie. It must have been embarrassing for him, having his soon to be ex-wife walk in to see him groping my arse!"

"I'm sure it was," Harry said. It seemed far more likely that he was upset because Hermione hadn't reacted the way he'd wanted her to. In their sixth year at Hogwarts, using Lavender to make Hermione jealous had worked very well, but things were different now. Hermione wasn't chasing after him anymore. She was walking away from him now, and not looking back.

Harry was here to help make sure she had everything she needed, and Ron didn't try to do anything stupid. Apparently, his stupidity had been spent on trying and failing to make Hermione jealous. "So, you and Ron, together again, huh?" he asked.

Lavender laughed and shook her head. “*Together?*” she said, still giggling. “Don’t be silly, Harry! Ronnie’s fun to fool around with, but he’s not boyfriend material! He proved as much in 6th year. I’m just between boyfriends right now, so Ronnie’s a fun distraction.”

Harry smiled. He’d been leaning towards leaving Lavender to stand there half-naked in Ron’s sitting room while he went upstairs to help Hermione pack what was left of her things. But he saw an opportunity for fun now if he stayed down here. Ron had invited Lavender over to try and get back at Hermione, but Harry saw a chance to turn the tables and rub his former best mate’s face in it instead.

“So long as we’re both here, Lavender, maybe we can have a little bit of midday fun together,” he said, stepping closer to her. Rather than backing up as he stepped into her personal space, Lavender smiled, took another step closer to him, and pushed her big tits against his chest with a giggle.

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“What the bloody hell is that noise?” Ron muttered as he walked back down the stairs.

“Hmm, I don’t know, Ronald,” Hermione said. “Did you fix that leak I told you about two months ago?” She actually thought she had a fairly good idea what the loud slurping sound they could hear downstairs was. She knew that Harry was planning to show up about twenty minutes after she left, giving her time to gather her things and minimizing the amount of contact he would need to have with Ron. And seeing as Ron had invited a big-boobed bimbo over and left her in the sitting room when he followed Hermione up the stairs to try and fail to convince her how much better off he was now that she was no longer living with him, she felt like she knew exactly what that sound was. She didn’t want to spoil the surprise though, so she played at being ignorant and followed behind Ron, carrying a shrunk-down bag in both hands and using her magic to levitate a third bag behind her.

“What the *fuck?*” Ron suddenly shouted once he was on the second to last step. Hermione smiled. She couldn’t see around the lanky body of her now ex-husband, but she didn’t need to. “Get your hands off of her, Potter!”

Hermione stepped around Ron and made it to the bottom of the steps. Her hovering bag hit him in the back of the head, and he let out a grunt. “Oh yes, Lavender looks like she’s just *waiting* for you to come and save her, Ronald.”

Ron’s mistress had been half-naked when Hermione arrived, and he had been making a show of sticking his hands underneath her negligee and groping her arse while smirking at Hermione. The smirk had disappeared quickly once Hermione just rolled her eyes, said hello to Lavender without any sadness, humiliation or anger in her voice, and gone upstairs to get her things.

There was plenty of sadness, anger and humiliation in the air now, but it was coming from Ron. Harry couldn’t have been here for more than a few minutes, but he already had Lavender down on her knees in front of the fireplace. Her negligee, thong and bra were hanging up on top of the couch, so Hermione had a side profile view of her former dorm mate’s curvy body in the nude as she sucked Harry’s cock and gave him a titfuck at the same time. She definitely had the body for it, and she was loudly demonstrating her oral skill as well, hence the slurps that Hermione and Ron had been able to hear before they’d started back down the stairs. Hermione was not surprised that Lavender was apparently good at giving head. Frankly, she would have expected nothing less.

“Hi, mate,” Harry said, turning his head towards the stairs and giving Ron a casual smile, as if Ron’s mistress wasn’t currently suckling at the tip of his cock and sliding her boobs up and down his shaft. He rested his hands on top of Lavender’s head and stood there with his trousers and underwear down around his ankles while she bobbed on his cock. “I was just having some fun with Lav-Lav while we waited for Hermione to finish packing up. Thanks for asking her to stop by. She’s a *really* fucking good host, mate.” He patted her dark blonde hair in praise.

“She’s not for you, Potter!” Ron spat. “She’s here for me! It wasn’t enough for you to steal Hermione away from me—now you’re gonna take advantage of my girlfriend too?!”

Harry shook his head. “You may want to have a talk with Lavender about where you both see yourselves, Ron. When I asked if you two were together, she laughed and told me to stop being silly. She’s only here for a good time, mate. But I think I might be showing her a better one.”

“Of course you are,” Hermione said dryly. “Only an idiot would want to hang around and wait for Ron to come back downstairs if they’ve got you in their grasp, Harry.” She turned her head back to look at her fuming ex-husband. “Sorry, Ron, but you were right to be insecure about measuring up to Harry for all those years. You never could, and you never will.”

Ron’s face turned as red as his hair. “Listen, you bi—“

Hermione rolled her eyes and silenced her ex-husband with a flick of her wand. “Oh, do be quiet, Ron,” she said. “You and I both know that if I hadn’t come here three minutes earlier than I was supposed to, I would have had Lavender’s tits bouncing in front of my face as you bent her over and fucked her.” He looked satisfied briefly, but that wouldn’t last. “And if I’d been two minutes later than that, you would have already been done.” Ron’s smile fell. “It’s no wonder Lavender jumped at the chance to slobber all over Harry’s dick.” Ron tried to say something, but her spell held up and kept him quiet.

“She looks like she’s doing a fine job, Harry,” she said, turning her back on her former husband and facing the only man she wanted for the rest of her life.

“She really is,” he said, giving her head another pat. “Right now, I’m just trying to decide whether I want to take her back with us when we leave. I think she’d be plenty of fun.”

Hermione was about to say that she was fine with the idea of bringing Lavender back with them so they could celebrate her getting the last of her belongings out of her old house by having a threesome with Ron’s mistress. But then she looked back at Ron, who was standing there red-faced with his hands clenched into fists as Harry humiliated him, and she remembered that if he’d had his way, it would have been her who was humiliated today. She remembered every argument, every slight, every time he’d belittled her or showed disappointment that she cared about her career and didn’t want to be a housewife like Ron’s mother had been. She thought about how wrong they were for each other, and what her life would have been like if she’d remained with him, and it put her in the mood to be vindictive. She’d been prepared to just come here, get her things and then preferably never see him again. But since he had tried to humiliate her one last time, she decided to let him have a taste of it in return.

“Why wait, Harry?” she said, stepping around Ron and walking into the sitting room. “Let’s just have a threesome with her right here.” Harry made eye contact with, and she raised her eyebrow at him and shrugged her shoulders.

“What do you think, Lavender?” Harry asked. “Do you want to let Hermione in on our midday fun?” He gave her a tap on the cheek, and she pulled her mouth off of his cock.

“That sounds like *fun!*” she said, giggling. “I haven’t had a threesome since Parv got exclusive with her new boyfriend.” She looked over at Hermione. “Uh, sorry for having sex with your husband, Hermione.”

She smiled and shook her head while setting her boxes down on the ground. “Don’t worry about it, Lavender,” she said. She kicked her shoes off of her feet. “I can hardly be upset with you when I had Harry shag me in Ron’s childhood bedroom during family dinner, now can I?” Lavender giggled again, but then her look got curious while she watched Hermione pull her shirt up over her head and toss it on the ground.

Hermione used to be self-conscious about her body, but knowing how sexy Harry found her had cured her of all of that. She undid her jeans and pulled them down her legs and removed her bra and knickers without ceremony. Harry watched her get naked with the same interest that he always did, but it was Lavender who hadn’t seen her in any state of undress for years, and she was the one who watched with the greatest curiosity. After Hermione had been naked for a few seconds, her former roommate hummed.

“You look *really* good naked, Hermione,” she said, smiling.

Hermione smiled back. “Thanks, Lavender.” She looked back over her shoulder to see if Ron had stomped back up the stairs, but he was still standing right where he had been. From the way he jerked his eyes back up, she could tell he had been staring at her arse while standing behind her. “I suppose you can stay and watch if you want, Ronald, if you want to see me naked one last time, or if you’re curious about how great a fuck Harry really is. I really don’t care whether you stay and watch or go and sulk in your room. Just don’t get any closer than you are right now or get any stupid ideas in your head about trying to interrupt us. If you do, the public details surrounding our divorce are going to be *far* more humiliating for you than the version of the story that we’re going to provide to the Daily Prophet.” Ron could be really thick sometimes, but he wouldn’t be stupid enough to risk that, nor would he think it to be an idle threat.

She legitimately wasn’t sure whether Ron was still there or not as she approached the fireplace, where the man she was meant to be with and the woman her ex tried and failed to throw in her face waited for her. Today was about celebrating her new life and saying goodbye to her old one.

“So, how do you want to do this?” Lavender asked, looking back and forth between both of them. “I’m ready for whatever you want.”

Hermione laughed. “You should be careful saying something like that around Harry, Lavender. His mind is filthy.”

“That’s rich, coming from the woman who was waiting for me to come and fuck her in her husband’s childhood bedroom while dressed like a slutty Hogwarts student,” Harry replied, making her grin. “But since you said you’re ready for whatever, Lavender: do you do anal?”

“Not for everybody, I don’t,” Lavender said while getting back up to her feet at last. She looked off beyond Hermione’s shoulder for a moment, which was about where Ron would be standing if he hadn’t left yet. Then she looked back at Harry and smiled brightly. “But you can bugger me anytime, Harry.”

He laughed. “Great. Hermione’s an anal virgin, but she’s going to pick a special occasion for me to break her arse in. Why don’t we give her a look at what it’s going to be like?”

“Mmm, sounds like fun!” Lavender said, sounding chipper about the idea. She’d gone from thinking she was coming over to fool around with Ron to agreeing to let Harry bugger her while Hermione watched and seemed perfectly at ease with the shift. Hermione knew that she was going to be very happy with it once she felt what Harry could do. If anyone knew the difference in skill between Harry and Ron, it was Hermione.

“Hermione?” Harry said. “Wanna go sit on Lavender’s face while I bugger her?”

“Ooh, that sounds like fun!” Lavender said. She skipped over to the couch, climbed onto it and got down on her back with her legs and arse hanging over the arm of the couch. “I’ve had more experience sucking dick, but I can eat pussy pretty well too, Hermione.”

“I suppose I’ll be the judge of that, won’t I?” Hermione said, walking over to the couch, getting onto her knees and straddling Lavender’s head while facing towards her feet. “Show me what you can do, Lavender.”

“There we go,” Harry said, putting his wand down. “Now Lav-Lav’s all cleaned up and prepared for me to give her a good bugging.” Hermione assumed that this was not Lavender’s first time getting her arse fucked while hanging over the arm of a couch, because her body was perfectly positioned for Harry to use. He didn’t need to adjust her at all. He just stood there, put his hands on her hips and eased his hips forward, nudging his cock inside of her arse.

However sexually active Lavender might have been, Harry still needed to take good care of her, and so he did. That cock was massive; Hermione could still only imagine what it would feel like to take it up her arse. Hermione watched him slowly move his hips back and forth, gradually pushing his cock deeper into her bum and allowing her to get comfortable taking him. Hermione knew how well and how hard Harry could fuck, but as he was reminding her now, he was equally capable of easing off and taking care of his partner when the situation called for it. Even while bugging a woman like Lavender Brown, he was holding back and giving her proper care. It was impressive to watch.

Nearly as impressive was how Lavender licked her. She might be correct in saying that she was better at sucking cock than she was at eating pussy, but that didn’t mean she wasn’t *very* good at the latter. Her tongue ran up and down Hermione’s pussy lips and teased her clit confidently, like she’d done it a thousand times before. Even though she was taking Harry’s massive dick up her arse at the same time, she was doing a wonderful job of eating Hermione out and increasing her pleasure along the way just as Harry was increasing the pace of his bugging. Hermione truly hadn’t been angry with Lavender for having an affair with Ron; how could she have been, when she’d already given her heart, her body and her soul to Harry? But even if she *had* been angry with the blonde, there was no way she would have

been able to hold onto it when Lavender was going down on her with this much skill and bringing her this much pleasure.

Hermione felt like she was getting a glimpse into her future here, and not just because she planned to let Harry bugger her one day. She'd asked Harry to make her his, but she hadn't asked him to be hers alone, at least where fucking was concerned. That hadn't seemed fair to her three now-former sisters in law, all of whom had greatly enjoyed their time with Harry thus far. Harry might have given all of that up for her if she'd asked, but she hadn't. It had only been a little over a week since her first time with Harry, and she hadn't yet been with him when any of the remaining Weasley wives had been there to make a repayment. But she felt like it was only a matter of time before that happened, and dragging Lavender into a threesome on her way out of her old home was a good chance for her to get a taste of what it was going to be like.

No matter how hard Harry went, Lavender's pussy eating never let up. Actually, she only got stronger the more Harry let go and buggered her. By the time that Harry closed his eyes and put greater concentration and force into each thrust of his hips, Lavender had progressed to taking Hermione's clit into her mouth and sucking on it. Hermione moaned and humped her hips, rubbing her pussy around against the other woman's face and mouth while reaching down to cup her breasts, squeeze them and push them together. She'd never really seen what the obsession with tits was, but as she played with Lavender's boobs, she decided that it was far more fun to play with another woman's chest than it was to squeeze her own.

While she enjoyed Lavender's sweet mouth, Hermione kept her eyes on Harry buggering her. If this was a preview of what it was going to be like when Harry buggered her, and also what their sex life might be like if they kept their bed open for Fleur, Angelina and Audrey, and perhaps even other women who might want to pay them a visit, Hermione liked this glimpse into her future.

The present was pretty nice, too. Lavender made her feel so good that her legs squeezed together around her head, and she dug her fingers into the blonde's tits while she came. She didn't bother to hold back her moans of ecstasy. Lavender deserved to hear them after the job she had done, and if Ron was still lurking close enough to hear her, so be it.

She wasn't the only one who got off there on the couch. Of course Harry was going to cum; he was buggering Lavender on the couch. He grunted, squeezed Lavender's plump hips and buried his cock deep in her arse as he came inside of it. That was exciting to watch, but feeling Lavender's hands flail around and grab onto Hermione's wrists while she moaned into her pussy and squirted onto Harry as well as the couch was a more surprising development. And it was all the more satisfying to watch because of it. She wondered if she was going to cum when Harry buggered her too.

"You weren't planning on bringing this couch with you, were you?" Harry asked her once he'd stopped cumming inside of Lavender's bum. Hermione looked down at the couch, seeing not only the wet spots Lavender's squirting were responsible for, but also Harry's cum dripping out of her arse and onto the couch.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I watched my former husband spill food onto it one too many times to want to bring it with me. But I suppose it's not really fair of me to lecture him for that now, considering the mess we just made."

“To be fair, it was mostly me and Lavender that made the mess,” Harry said. “But I’d be happy to help you change that, if Lavender’s mouth wasn’t enough for you.”

“Lavender’s mouth was amazing,” Hermione answered. “But you know I’ll never turn down a chance for a shag, Harry. Not from you, at least.”

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Hermione would not say that she was going to miss this house. Looking back, she was going to look at the few years she'd lived here as an unfulfilling waste of her time. Everything that had been of any value to her was packed up in one of those shrunken boxes on the floor, or otherwise had already been moved into Harry's place. If she had her way, she would never set feet in this house again. Once she stepped into the fireplace and went back to her new home, this place would be nothing to her.

That being said, this was a pretty enjoyable way to close the book on this chapter of her life. Harry's bare arse was sitting in Ron's favorite armchair, though Hermione would wager that her ex wouldn't have the stomach to sit in it again after this. Hermione was in his lap and riding his cock, switching between circling her hips, slowly rocking on him and furiously bouncing up and down, depending on how the mood struck her. Harry didn't do a thing to dictate the pace, instead keeping his hands to himself on the arms of the comfortable chair and letting her do whatever she wanted. He just sat back and relaxed, making himself at home in Ron's armchair just as he'd made himself comfortable with his now ex-wife.

Lavender, meanwhile, was down on her knees in front of the chair, leaning her body in so she could lick and kiss Harry's balls while Hermione rode his cock. She did not consider the task demeaning in the slightest. It had actually been Lavender who enthusiastically requested permission to worship Harry's nuts once Hermione took him by the hand and led him over to the chair. Harry was of course perfectly happy with that idea, and Hermione didn't mind so long as she didn't get in her way. And to her credit, Lavender had been perfectly accommodating. She would back off when the speed or the angle of Hermione's riding was making it too difficult for her to get to Harry's balls, and she obediently waited her turn without complaining until an opening arrived for her to get back to work. Hermione couldn't see Lavender's technique, but she could hear the wet smooches, the slurps and the groans they all got from Harry.

It was good that Lavender was doing her part to help out, but Hermione wasn't overly concerned with that. She wasn't even concerned with whether or not Ron might still be watching. She legitimately had no clue about that, and she didn't care enough to look. Right now, her whole world was Harry. But really, hadn't it always been that way? This was how it should have been all along.

She had her arms around Harry's neck, and she stared deeply into those green eyes she so adored as she rode him. Hermione shut out all else, ignored everything around her, and focused only on that which mattered to her. Who gave a shit if she was bouncing on Harry's cock in Ron's favorite armchair, that his mistress' mouth was attached to his nuts, or that Ron might still be standing there watching it all? She was with Harry, and that was what mattered to her.

He let out a deep groan as she rode him, and Hermione delighted in the sound. She tightened her arms around his shoulders and leaned in so her breasts squished against his chest and their foreheads and noses were touching. She could feel his breath, hot on her face as she rode him. She could feel the rise and fall of his chest against hers as surely as she felt his cock filling her up so wonderfully. She'd never

felt this close to any human being in her life, physically or emotionally. What had started as selfish behavior by her husband and his brothers had opened the door for Hermione and the other wives to have some fun, but for her, it had become so much more. It had brought her to a level of happiness, sexual satisfaction and contentment that she hadn't ever expected to find. How could she be angry with Ron, with Lavender, or with anyone else? She wouldn't change a thing that had happened, because it had all been leading up to this.

"Mine," Harry said, reaching down to grab her arse and squeeze it as she rocked back and forth in his lap. Hermione laughed. He'd become very fond of saying that one word on its own over the last week, and it brought her the same thrill as it had when he'd first said it, grabbing her Gryffindor tie and using it to pull her away from the life she'd been leading up to that point.

"Yours," she agreed, rocking faster. They groaned together and came together, Hermione screaming joyfully as her climax shook her, and Harry groaning and squeezing her arse harder while filling her with his cum. The loud slurping from below would suggest that Lavender was sucking hard on one or both of his balls while it was all happening, but Hermione wasn't concerned with that. She was lost in the moment with the love of her life.

They sat there in the chair for some time, resting their foreheads together and holding each other close as they basked in their shared pleasure. It was actually Lavender who brought them back to reality by finally releasing Harry's balls from her mouth and giggling.

"That was fucking *hot*," she said. "Can we do it again?"

Harry looked into Hermione's eyes, and her amusement must have been evident enough for him to know her answer. "Sure, Lavender," he said. "Why don't you pick up one of Hermione's bags, and then the three of us can floo back to my house together? We'll unpack some of her things, maybe eat a late lunch, and then you can help me welcome Hermione to her new home."

"Oh, how fun!" Lavender said. She sprang up to her feet and walked over to pick up one of Hermione's bags, and Hermione turned her head and watched her fat arse jiggle with each step.

"I think I'd like to spank that arse later," she decided as she got off of Harry's lap. "She does need to pay for carrying on with that affair, after all." Harry laughed and shook his head while following her to her feet. Obviously that was only an excuse to have some fun, and they both knew it.

"Should you take that spell off, you think?" Harry asked after they'd put their clothes back on, nodding his head over in the direction of the stairs. Hermione's eyes followed, and she saw that Ron was indeed still there. He was sitting on the bottom step now, but he would have been able to see all of it.

Hermione shrugged. "I suppose," she said. She picked up the last remaining bag in her left hand, and walked over to the fireplace before finally turning back around and pointing her wand at Ron. She undid the spell, allowing him to speak once again. But she wasn't going to stick around to hear anything he might have tried to say. She had no interest in talking to him or listening to him. He was a forgotten page in an outdated book that had been supplanted by a newer, better edition.

"Goodbye," she said simply, before tossing her floo powder into the fireplace and going home.

Chapter 6: A Weekend in France

"Oh, Fleur will be happy to go with you!" Fleur's husband Bill said jovially, upon Angelina telling everyone at the Weasley family dinner about her upcoming weekend trip to France with the rest of the Dorchester Dragons for an international quidditch friendly and press event.

"I'm not so sure about that, William," Fleur said, carefully controlling her voice so her annoyance wouldn't be too obvious. "I had some things I was hoping to catch up on this weekend." Like Harry's cock, for instance. Between Hermione now living with him, the needs of the other Weasley wives and her own responsibilities, Fleur had only managed to have sex with him twice in the last week. That wasn't nearly enough for her liking. From the moment she'd made her first repayment to Harry Potter, any day where she hadn't gotten to fuck him at least once was a disappointment. Her body craved him.

"But it's perfect timing," Bill said, oblivious. "I'll be out of the country this weekend anyway." Yes, that was exactly what had Fleur so looking forward to this weekend. She'd planned to spend as much of the weekend as possible with Harry. Ideally, there would never have been a need for her to put on clothes until Monday morning.

"Honestly, I think it's a great idea, Fleur," Angelina said from across the table. Fleur glared at her, trying to communicate her desires with her words, but Angelina just smiled back. "I could really use someone to show me around France, and who better than you? I know you've talked about wanting to make time to go back for a visit." Fleur couldn't argue with that; she had wanted to go back home for a visit. But that was before she'd become addicted to Harry's cock.

"It would be nice," Fleur said, trying to think up an excuse or at least a way to silently communicate her wants to Angelina so her sister-in-law would drop this. "But--"

"If you're worried about finding a place to stay, I've got that taken care of," Angelina said, interrupting her. "Harry was gracious enough to offer me the use of his beach house in Nice for the weekend. There's plenty of room there for you too. And even though I have to be there for the weekend, I just have the match on Friday at 11 and a few hours of the press thing on Sunday evening. The rest of my weekend is free. I'm sure we'll find *plenty* of interesting things to do there. Harry even mentioned he might drop in for a bit."

Angelina gave her a wink, and Fleur's entire mood changed as she realized what was really going on here. Her sister-in-law wasn't depriving her of a free weekend with Harry; she was inviting her to come along on a weekend trip with her and Harry to his French beach house. Fleur ignored Ronald's annoyed grumble at the mention of his former best friend, and the awkward looks on the faces of Ron's parents, who had been given the same version of the story that the public received. That version made Ron sound more noble than reality, as it portrayed his massive debts as having been incurred through misfortune rather than greed and spun a tale about it actually being his idea to divorce Hermione and let Harry have her so his financial misfortune would not hold her back. Ron saved some face in public and with his family, save for the Weasley wives who knew the truth. Maybe his brothers suspected, but Fleur wasn't sure.

She also didn't care. Ronald's grumbling meant nothing to her, and neither did Molly getting up hurriedly and dishing out the dessert in an attempt to distract everyone from the empty seat to Ron's left

where Hermione previously would have been sitting. All Fleur was thinking about was a weekend in Nice with Harry and Angelina.

"That sounds like a delight, Angelina," she said. "It would be my pleasure to act as your guide for the weekend."

Hopefully she didn't want to see anything beyond the property lines of the beach house, though. Angelina had some actual responsibilities in France, but Fleur had every intention of being naked all weekend long.

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"Well, I'm off," Angelina said, giving them both a wave. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Good luck," Harry said, returning her wave. He would have given her a hug, or maybe a smack on the arse for good luck or something, but he did not expect for Fleur to let him off of this couch any time soon. She'd been tugging on his arm impatiently even as he kissed Hermione goodbye before activating the international portkey to take them to France in the morning, and the moment they'd arrived in the French beach house he'd purchased about a year ago, she'd started yanking at his clothes. They'd been here for over an hour now, and he'd had a naked Fleur Weasley attached to him for every minute of it. Luckily Angelina wasn't expecting them to come with her to her match, because Fleur showed absolutely no sign of taking his cock out of her mouth.

"Hopefully Connor catches the snitch quick so I can get back before that horny veela wears you out," Angelina said lightly. "This is *my* trip, and you've already fucked her to three orgasms before I've even had your dick inside me!"

"Through no fault of my own," Harry pointed out. "It was you who decided you couldn't afford to do anything more than a bit of light fingering before your match." She hadn't even wanted to risk cumming so hard that she didn't move at top speed, so she had him pull his fingers out of her before he could get her off.

"Damn my professionalism," Angelina grumbled, shaking her head before looking up at the clock on the wall. "Okay, I'm really going now. Keep that dick hard for me, Harry. Fleur, you can have your fun now, but the second I get back, that cock is mine. Mama needs to *fuck*."

Fleur didn't even dignify Angelina's remark with a response. As she had been doing for the last ten minutes since leading Harry in from the kitchen and shoving him down to sit on the couch, her knees stayed planted on the floor and her lips and tongue continued to slide along his cock. He wouldn't be surprised if Fleur didn't even hear Angelina, because as he had learned in their time together, Fleur was a woman who could shut out the rest of the world around her while she was having sex,

Angelina rolled her eyes and walked to the floo, giving her hips a little wiggle as she did, letting Harry admire her big round arse shaking in the tiny little shorts that she would be wearing underneath her quidditch trousers during the match. Admire it he did. He couldn't wait for her to get back so he could get his hands on that arse.

There was plenty to admire here even while she was gone, of course. This couch in the sitting room was positioned so he could sit and have a marvelous view out through the sliding glass door and out

onto the beachfront property. But even though the view was one that wouldn't look out of place in a painting hanging in a museum, Harry never could focus on it for long. It was a great view, yes, but there was an even better view right there at his feet.

Fleur's naked body was a work of art itself, and the look on her face as she bobbed on his cock was arousing enough to break most mortal men. That look was all the more powerful because he knew there was nothing phony about it. Fleur wasn't staring up at him with such lust in her eyes or moaning so loudly around his cock because she knew it would be arousing for him. She really did love sucking his cock. She craved it; she *needed* it. She needed to suck him and be fucked by him, and that need did not seem to lessen in the slightest throughout any of her repayments. He was unsure if Angelina or Audrey were going to wish to be permanent fixtures in his sex life, but he was confident by this point that Fleur would protest vehemently if he or Hermione tried to deprive her of this, whether it was tomorrow, next week, next year or ten years from now. The horny veela's need for his cock could only be described as an addiction.

Feeding that addiction could at times be difficult thanks to how insatiable she was, but every time he was able to make time for Fleur, he was left immensely satisfied for it. The same was true now, and he was sure it would be true for the entire weekend. Her blowjob was as masterful as ever, of course. He knew how skilled she was and had seen all of her tricks by now, but that didn't make them any less effective. She swallowed his cock skillfully, stroked him with her hands and moved her tongue along him like only she could, and she pulled off of his cock to suck on his balls as well. Harry had felt it all before, but it still made him groan and hold onto the couch for support while he fought back his orgasm. No matter how many times he had Fleur suck his cock, her skill as well as her enthusiasm never failed to blow him away. This woman was born to have a cock in her mouth—*his* cock.

He saw Fleur's eyes narrow when she pulled her mouth off of his balls, and he knew what to expect next. She loved sucking his cock, and there was a certain prideful arrogance in her that demanded she finish him with her mouth before she moved on. But her need to finish him with her mouth was superseded by her desire to take him back inside of her cunt. It really hadn't been that long since he'd last been inside of her, at least not by the standards of most people. But for Fleur, the twenty minutes or so since he'd fucked her up against the wall in the kitchen probably felt more like days or weeks. He knew how insatiable she was, and he knew that she was viewing this weekend in Nice as a chance for her to fuck every last orgasm out of him that his body could give her.

Knowing her need, Harry was unsurprised when she shot up off of her knees, climbed on top of him on the couch and sank down onto his cock. She let out an erotic moan as he filled her, and it was accompanied by the slap of her arse hitting his thighs when she dropped down onto him and took his dick fully inside of her.

Harry could, and would, fuck Fleur until her eyes rolled back in her head. But there was plenty of time for that throughout the course of their weekend in France. For now, he would just hold her by the hips and let her bounce away on his cock to her heart's content. Fleur's arms went around his shoulders for support as she immediately got into a quick pace of bouncing straight up and down on his cock, moaning with pleasure each time that the cock she craved hit home inside of her.

Fleur's perfect breasts bounced along with the rest of her body, and Harry's eyes followed their bouncing for a bit before he decided he had to taste them. He brought his head in and took what he wanted, sucking on Fleur's breast and licking at her nipple. She moaned something in French that he didn't understand, but the elated tone of her voice and the increased pace of her bouncing broke all

language barriers and let him know exactly how she felt about him sucking on her breasts while she rode him on the couch.

They matched each other's passion, Fleur launching herself up and down in his lap while Harry moved his mouth over to suck on her other breast and reached around her body to squeeze and slap her arse in between bounces. It all culminated in a mutual explosion, Fleur screaming what he was pretty sure were expletives in French and tugging on his hair while she came hard, and Harry sucking on her breast and squeezing her arse as his hips jerked beneath her and he came inside of her.

Their bodies went still, but only for a few moments. Harry had barely down more than catch his breath before Fleur pulled out of his lap, snuggled into his side on the couch and started kissing his neck. She brought his hands to her breasts as well, and he knew that she was doing what she needed to do so he would get hard again as soon as possible.

She really was insatiable. This was going to be a long, amazing weekend.

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"Right," Angelina said, dropping her bags onto the sand as soon as she found Harry and Fleur out on a lounge chair they'd set up on the beach. "Budge over, Fleur. You've had all morning and well into the afternoon. It's my turn now." She was dressed in the same shirt and tight shorts she'd been wearing when she left, and her hair was down. It looked like it might still be slightly damp, too. Obviously she'd showered after her match, and then come straight back to make good on her parting comment.

That wasn't much of a surprise. Angelina was often horny after a match and seemed to be even hornier if she won.

"How'd it go?" Harry asked, watching her pull her shirt over her head and toss it down on the sand.

"We won," Angelina said, undoing her sports bra and tossing that aside as well. "Not fast enough, though. I'm surprised my slutty sister-in-law didn't fuck you flaccid while I was gone."

"I thought you'd have a bit more faith in me than that by now," Harry said in a deadpan, watching Angelina slide her shorts and underwear down her legs. He was sure that her turning her back to him so he got to watch her arse wiggle during the undressing was no accident. She gave him a smirk over her shoulder and playfully slapped her big bare arse.

"I'm sorry I ever doubted you, Potter," she said. "Now please fuck my brains out."

"With pleasure," Harry said, batting Fleur's hand away as she tried to grab his cock. "How do you want it? Only fair that you get to pick, since this is your victory celebration."

Angelina smiled widely. "You, off of the chair, Potter," she said, snapping her fingers. "Fleur, you stay on it, but sit up on your knees and scoot back so I've got some room." Harry raised an eyebrow at his former captain's commanding tone but shrugged his shoulders and got up out of the lounge chair despite Fleur's whine. He just gave her an expectant look, and the veela sat up and slid back into the position Angelina had specified. Angelina, as naked as them now, made herself comfortable on the lounge chair. Her arse was right on the edge of the chair, her lower back was down and her upper body

was reclining back against Fleur, with the back of her head using the veela's chest and breasts as a sort of pillow.

"Alright, Potter," Angelina said. She spread her legs wide and crooked her finger at Harry. "Gimme what I've been waiting for. And you're going to help him, Fleur. Play with my clit after he's warmed me up a bit."

Fleur grumbled, unused to following the commands of other women, much less ignoring her own sexual needs in favor of theirs. But Harry gave her a look that silently let her know what was expected of her if she wanted to continue having fun on this weekend getaway Angelina had thoughtfully invited her to, and he knew that the veela did as she was bidden.

Not needing to worry about Fleur, Harry got into position to fuck Angelina. He had to stand somewhat awkwardly, with his legs spread and his feet positioned on the towel covering the sand on either side of the lounge chair, but his positioning was only going to be a minor inconvenience for him. He sure as hell wasn't going to let it stop him from giving Angelina what she needed. After using his hand to guide his cock into position, he pushed inside of her for the first time, but assuredly not the last time, during their weekend in France.

Angelina groaned right away, and Harry smiled at seeing how horny she was. He wouldn't be able to fuck her at full speed with the way he was standing, but given how turned on she was, he wouldn't need to worry about it. George's wife moaned as he gave her some slow initial thrusts to reacquaint himself with her body after something like two weeks since their last fuck. He wasn't even really moving much yet, there had been nothing in the way of foreplay, unless you counted the quick fingering he'd given her before she had to go get ready for her match, and yet she was already responding with such excitement. By the time he was actually fucking her for real, Angelina was sure to be making enough noise to make him thankful that they were doing this on the grounds of his private beach house rather than on an actual public where anyone could have heard her.

"And you called *me* a slut," Fleur said, resting her chin on top of Angelina's head as she watched Harry rock back and forth inside of Angelina. "Listen to you, Angelina. He hasn't even pushed it all the way in yet." Harry thought it was more than a little hypocritical for Fleur to tease Angelina about being overeager considering she was watching his cock sliding in and out of Angelina and licking her lips like Dudley staring at a chocolate cake after skipping dinner, but she did have a point. Angelina loved shagging him, but she'd rarely if ever reacted so strongly so quickly, and without him even trying very hard. She must have been looking forward to this weekend even more than he'd realized.

"Not my fault," Angelina sighed. "I kept thinking about Harry's cock the whole time. While I was tossing that quaffle through the hoop, all I was seeing was that big fucking dick going inside me." Harry pushed in deeper than before on his next thrust, and Angelina groaned loudly. "Oh, *fuck!* I don't think I've ever played better, honestly! Getting my brains fucked out before a match would be a terrible idea, obviously, but maybe climbing onto that broom with a bit of an edge will keep me sharp!"

"If you want me to edge you before your matches, that can be arranged," Harry said. His right hand was holding her leg by the ankle, and he now moved his left to grab the other leg underneath her muscular thigh. When he started to pick up the pace, he wanted to keep her lower body as still as he could. "But I think you're ready to get shagged rotten now."

“Oh, y-yes, Harry!” Angelina said, looking up at him pleadingly. “Do it! Fuck me good! By the time the sun sets, I want to be so exhausted that you have to carry me back inside!”

Harry rolled his eyes and looked over at Fleur. “You heard her,” he said. “I think she’s ready for you to start playing with her clit now.”

Fleur nodded and leaned forward a bit more, squishing her breasts against the back of Angelina’s head and neck. Her right hand reached down Angelina’s body, and her fingers began to stroke her sister in law’s clit at the same time that Harry sped his hips up and fucked her faster. He gave it to Angelina good, unleashing all of the exhausting force that she’d wisely passed on before her match. She’d done her job and helped her team win their friendly, and now she could afford to take the reward offered by Harry’s cock and Fleur’s fingers.

The veela seemed to know exactly what Angelina needed, and she moved her fingers in perfect unison with Harry’s cock. Harry wouldn’t assume that she was working so well just because she wanted Angelina to feel good. Fleur knew that the faster Angelina came, the sooner she might be able to get another turn of her own. But even if her motivations were selfish, there was no denying that she did a very effective job between Angelina’s legs.

Angelina had been horny and ready to fuck as soon as she arrived, and now she was getting everything she’d refrained from having all morning long. With his cock sliding steadily in and out of her tight cunt and Fleur’s fingers rubbing her clit with the kind of graceful fluidity that seemed inherent in everything she did when it came to sex, Angelina was howling and holding onto the sides of the lounge chair desperately in very little time at all.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” she screamed, her loud shouts of pleasure sounding all the louder in the otherwise calm afternoon on the beach. “Yes, oh, *fuck*, this is what I’ve been waiting for! That’s it, Harry! Give it to me! *Give it to me!*”

Angelina’s eyes closed, and her legs squirmed in Harry’s arms as she finally had her first climax of the day. She’d chosen to wait and put her career first earlier, and now she was rewarded for her patience and dedication by Harry and Fleur fucking and rubbing her to an orgasm that Harry knew from the volume of her screams was more than worth the wait for her.

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“Oh, yeah, the trip’s been great, George,” Angelina said. “The match went well yesterday, and we’ve just been spending a relaxing Saturday around the beach house.”

Angelina listened as her husband talked about what had been going on at Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes. All he could see on the other side of the floo call was her face, so she didn’t need to worry about the fact that she was naked while talking to him, or that she could feel Harry’s cum starting to dry on her lower back and arse cheeks. She would probably need to shower after she finished talking to him though. Maybe she could get Harry to join her? That master shower was definitely big enough for two.

“Harry and Fleur?” she repeated, when George asked what the other two were up to. “Oh, they’re just sitting outside and playing in the sand.”

There had been quite a lot of that over the last day-plus, actually. Fucking inside of the beach house was fun, but when you had gorgeous weather, a private beach and three horny people with nothing but time on their hands, the result was generally lots of sex on the beach. Angelina still had some sand on her legs from when she'd gotten down on her knees to suck Harry's cock while he held Fleur off of the ground and ate her out.

"Yeah, we might go and see some of the sights tomorrow," she said. Actually, she doubted they were ever going to put clothes on, beyond when she had to go fulfill her press obligations in the early evening. But she couldn't exactly tell George that she was going to spend her third straight day getting fucked by Harry in every conceivable position around the beach house and on the beach itself, so she had to at least *pretend* that they might get out and do some sightseeing tomorrow.

"Sounds good, George," she said a couple of minutes later. "I'll see you on Monday morning. Right now? I think I'm going to go take a shower before dinner."

She ended the floo call and glanced out the glass door, snorting when she saw Fleur on her back with her legs flung over Harry's shoulders while he fucked her. The more amusing part was that her front side was covered in sand from the neck down. Obviously she'd just been getting fucked while prone on the sand.

"Guess I'm showering alone," she said to herself, staring for a few moments more before heading for the master bath.

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"Oui, oui, oui!" Fleur chanted, throwing her head back and praising her husband for being fool enough to work up considerable debts with Harry Potter. Had it not been for that, Fleur would never have had the excuse to offer her body to her handsome young fellow Triwizard Champion. And had *that* not happened, she would not currently be in the water on this beautiful beach in Nice, getting buggered by the biggest cock she'd ever seen.

Well, she wasn't actually in the water; not anymore. There was still water dripping down her body, but it was Harry who had the water washing over his feet and lapping at his legs while he held her up in the air and drove his thick cock into her arse. Her hands were clasped together, holding onto his neck for support. Her legs were draped over his arms, feet dangling as his hands held her by the bum and moved her body up and down on his cock.

It shouldn't have been possible for him to do this with this much strength behind it, but he was not holding her up like this just to show off. He was truly fucking her arse *hard*, pulling her down with enough strength that she never wanted him to put her down. How had she ever lived without a man like this; a man who had a sexual appetite and strength to match even that of a veela?

William was not a bad lover. In truth, she hadn't had much to complain about in her sex life before Harry entered it, save for the fact that his body simply couldn't keep up with her insatiable need to be fucked as often as humanly possible. Or *inhumanly* possible, really. No lone human could keep a veela satisfied all by him or herself. That was one of the reasons why veela had tried to seduce multiple lovers in the past, earning the ire of many human women in the process.

But Harry came far closer to meeting her needs than she'd ever thought any one man, or even any two men, would. Her only real issue had been that she just couldn't be with him as often as she would like. There had been a part of her that had actually been worried that she would find the limits of his stamina at last during this weekend getaway. Three days of nearly nonstop fucking with both her and Angelina to consider? Could even Harry Potter manage that without falling apart?

The answer, miraculously, was yes. Sometimes Harry needed a break, but any time she wanted to get fucked, he would rise to the occasion and tend to her as soon as he could. She was a woman who had gotten used to having to wait for her pleasure, but this weekend had been everything she'd ever dreamed of.

It was a shame it had to end. But having him hold her above the water and bounce her on his cock like this was a marvelous way to wind down her weekend. There would probably be some more time to play in bed tonight, but if this was going to be their final session before the sun set, Fleur was glad to go out this way. He'd impressed her with his strength and stamina, and he displayed both in abundance here, fingers digging into the flesh of her arse cheeks as he held her up and buggered her. She didn't know how his arms weren't getting tired, but they didn't shake. He didn't even slow down. He just kept bouncing her, drilling her arse with his cock while the sun beat down on them and water dripped from their bodies.

Fleur held on, knowing that she was safe and secure in Harry's arms. He was a man who would never disappoint her and never fail to please her, and he would never let her fall out of his arms either. That cock wasn't leaving her arse until he'd given her what she wanted. He would accept nothing less out of himself. It was exactly why she needed him so much.

She had never cum solely from being buggered. Anal sex was actually something she rarely did, and only as a special reward. At least that was how it had been before Harry. He was welcome to her arse any time he wanted it, and not just because he met her needs better than any other man ever had. She felt the pleasure rage inside of her, demanding to be let out, and Fleur screamed as it came. Harry didn't worry about stimulating her clit at all. He didn't need to.

The erotic screams of the veela drowned out the chirping of the birds overhead as she threw her head back, squeezed her lover's neck tightly and squirted all over him. What a lovely vacation.

Though she hoped her mother and father never learned that she had been in France for an entire weekend without seeing them, she felt confident that her mother would understand.

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"Yeah, Harry!" Angelina exclaimed. "Fuck that arse! You fucking love playing with it; now *fuck* it!"

Surprisingly, Fleur had been back in the master bedroom the three of them shared, taking a nap when Angelina returned from her press obligations. Harry had explained that she was conserving her strength for some more fun tonight, but also hinted that she wanted to let Angelina have some fun out on the beach before the sunlight was gone. Angelina found it oddly touching.

She was making the most of whatever time in the sun and on the beach remained to her, because Angelina had left Fleur to sleep while she took Harry by the hand and led him out into the water. He'd

chuckled when she revealed she wanted him to bugger her in the water, but she hadn't let Fleur beating her to it throw her off. She would have fun in her own way.

Angelina was down on her hands and knees in the water while Harry held her by the hips and buggered her from behind, thrusting back and forth as best he could with the waves rushing in on them. He couldn't do it all himself, but that was okay. Angelina was more than prepared to do her part too. She was an athlete, after all. She pushed her hips back to meet him, and together the two of them found a pretty steady pace there in the water.

The water was colder than it was during the height of the afternoon, but Angelina liked it. The cooler water rushing over her arms and legs as the waves came in did nothing to cool off her excitement for one final fuck on the beach, and Harry's reliable thrusts were everything she'd been waiting for as she went through her press obligations for the team. She'd smiled for the pictures, signed the autographs and talked with the quidditch reporters about the growing secondary leagues around the world, but the whole time, she'd been thinking about what she was going to do with Harry as soon as she made it back to the beach house.

Somehow, it was still going better than she'd daydreamed about. Having Harry fuck her arse in the water had sounded like a fun idea, but the reality of it was *amazing*. That shy kid who'd joined the Gryffindor team as a 1st year had grown into such a confident man, and such an amazing fuck!

Harry's left hand left her hip to give her a slap on the arse, and Angelina gasped. Even with the waves washing over their bodies, he was still in complete control of the situation, and Angelina worried about nothing save for what she was going to do when she *wasn't* able to walk around naked and fuck Harry Potter whenever she felt like it.

They fit together so well, and his cock felt so amazing inside of her. IT felt so good even in her arse, which really shouldn't be the case. But she knew how much he loved her big bum, and knowing how much he enjoyed buggering her gave her a thrill. Feeling that massive dick pushing back and forth in her rear was surprisingly fun for her too, honestly.

She would have enjoyed it even if he'd just focused on himself. But when his left hand returned to her hip and his right reached under her body to play with her clit, Angelina had something else to enjoy. She moaned loudly and pushed back harder against him, chasing the pleasure he'd thrown her way. Nothing was going to stop them now; not even the waves that rose up higher on their bodies than before.

"Oh, yes!" Angelina moaned. "Yes, Harry! Oh, yes, yes, fuck, yes!"

They came together, Harry filling her bum with his seed at the same time that Angelina's mouth hung open in a long, loud moan of pleasure as his fingers on her clit finished her off. Winning the match had been fun, but she knew that her first thought whenever she remembered this weekend in France was going to be Harry cumming in her arse while the waves hit their bodies.

"Thanks for inviting me to join you on this trip, Angelina," Harry said, giving her arse a light grope and slowly pulling his cock out of her. "It was one hell of a weekend."

Angelina managed a slight chuckle. "You can say that again," she said. "Thanks for letting me use your beach house—and your dick."

Harry chuckled back, got up to his feet and held his hand out to help her up. “You’re welcome to both any time you’re in the mood for them.”

Chapter 7: A Lovegoody Afterparty

"The last month or so has been a big change, for all of us," Bill Weasley said, leading a toast. "But even though so much has changed, some things stayed the same." He tipped his glass of beer in Hermione's direction. "You might not be married to my brother anymore, but you're still my sister, Hermione, and that'll never change."

"Thank you, Bill," Hermione said, giving him a genuine smile from her seat of honor on the loveseat next to Harry during this party being thrown to celebrate her divorce and move. After hearing such a kind comment from Ron's eldest brother, Harry almost felt bad about regularly shagging his wife's brains out. But then he made eye contact with the wife in question, standing next to Bill, and she gave him a knowing smile while licking her lips.

The gesture reminded him of fucking her face earlier in the day, and watching her lick up all of the cum her tongue could reach after begging for him to cover her face in his seed. Any guilt he might have felt faded as he remembered not just the pleasure, but Fleur's desperation. Even if he wanted to stop now, he couldn't. If he cut her off, Fleur would probably fuck her husband until he dropped, and it still wouldn't be enough to keep her satisfied. Harry *had* to keep going. Really, he was doing Bill a favor.

"You said it, brother," George said, nodding. "We're still there for you, Hermione. If Harry's ever acting like a wanker and you need to get away from him for a night or two, you can always pop in on me and Angelina."

Angelina smirked and hugged George's arm against her chest as they sat on the couch opposite Harry and Hermione. "Just, you know, watch your step," George's wife said. "Never know where in the house George's latest product test might be stored."

"Guilty," George said, shrugging. "I suffer for my art."

"I'd say Angelina is the one who suffers, actually," Audrey said dryly, making most of the room laugh. Percy hadn't attended the party, owing to the fact that he'd gone into work on what should have been a day off so he could correct some regulations mumbo jumbo. Even Audrey's much briefer explanation as to why her husband wasn't there had almost put Harry to sleep.

As evidenced by making the group laugh, Audrey had become a lot more sarcastic and playful without Percy around, but Harry expected that it had as much to do with the presence of Penelope Clearwater at her side as it did with her husband's absence. Harry had been very interested when the two of them entered his home together, and they had been at each other's sides for most of the night. He wanted to know more about that little development, but there were too many people at the party who didn't know the full details behind what had really happened to cause Hermione to divorce Ron and move in with Harry, let alone that he had also been fucking Hermione's now former sisters-in-law for months.

Percy wasn't the only Weasley not attending. Ron wasn't there and hadn't been invited, for obvious reasons, and Arthur and Molly had declined their invitation. Well, Arthur declined it on behalf of them both, actually. Molly seemed to be more or less living in denial about the disintegration of Ron's marriage, but Arthur had privately let Harry know that while they wouldn't be coming out of loyalty to his youngest son, they didn't wish any ill on either him or Hermione. Harry had a feeling that Arthur

knew the public story they'd put out, the one that made Ron sound far more noble and selfless, was rubbish, but he doubted they would ever discuss it.

Ginny wasn't there either, as she was out of the country playing quidditch with the Harpies, but there were several non-Weasleys who'd come too. Andromeda had brought Teddy by, but she'd gone home to put the young boy to bed over an hour earlier. Neville and Luna were there, as were Katie and Alicia, both of whom Harry had caught staring at him more than once while they thought he wasn't looking. Remembering the last time he'd seen them, when he fucked Angelina after the match and inviting them to join in if they ever felt like having some fun in the future, their glances made him smirk. He hadn't heard from either of them since, but those glances made him think there was a chance it might not stay that way. It might be a good idea for him to find a way to let them know the offer was still on the table even though he was with Hermione now. Maybe he could get word to them through Angelina.

Hermione's old dorm mates Lavender and Parvati had come too, giggling often throughout the night. Harry wouldn't be surprised to hear that Lavender had told Parvati all about her threesome with him and Hermione. There were other friends and work colleagues of Hermione who'd come to the party, all of whom had only heard the public version of her divorce from Ron. They'd probably faint from shock if they knew the full truth behind what he got up to with not just her, but the rest of the Weasley brothers' wives as well. Harry had been on his best behavior as a result, and the girls had stuck to innuendo that probably sounded innocent enough unless you knew the full truth.

"Congratulations on your exciting new life, Hermione," Fleur said once the laughter had died down. "And I will echo what George, Angelina and my handsome husband have said. You will always have a home with us."

"Thank you, Fleur," Hermione said. "I appreciate that."

"And in turn, I am sure you will open your home to us as well should we ever need it, of course," Fleur continued, smiling while looking directly at Hermione. It might have sounded like a slightly odd thing to say for the majority of the people at the party, but Harry understood her true meaning, and he was sure that Hermione and anyone who knew about the 'repayment plan' understood too. Hermione had left her husband to live with Harry full-time, but her former sisters-in-law expected her to let them continue their 'repayments' with him.

"Of course," Hermione said, nodding. "You'll always be welcome here, Fleur. Harry and I will both be happy to have you."

Harry wondered if Bill had any idea why his wife's smile was so wide and dazzling.

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"I was beginning to think she would never leave," Luna said once Fleur had finally followed Bill home.

"Err, yeah," Harry said awkwardly. "Me too." Fleur had very clearly been delaying her departure for as long as she reasonably could, hoping that she would eventually be the last party guest remaining, no doubt so she could fit in a quick shag before she went home. But Luna had continued to sit on the couch, drink her wine and play with her new necklace made of snitches, watching everyone else leaving in twos or threes and ignoring the social cues that would have naturally told anyone else that the party was over without it needing to be said.

It had been over a half an hour with just Harry, Hermione, Fleur and Luna in the house, and finally Fleur hadn't been able to make any more excuses. Now there were three, and Harry was trying to figure out a polite way to make it more obvious that the party was over, and Luna should go home. She was one of his dearest friends, and he didn't get to see her as often as he would like since she was out of the country so often on one of her expeditions in search of her creatures. But he hadn't gotten to cum since he'd covered Fleur's face that afternoon, and he was quite ready to take Hermione up to bed—their bed—and shag her rotten.

“It would've been nice to stay and talk to her some more, but it *is* getting late,” Hermione said. Clearly, she was as eager to get into bed as he was. They were holding hands, and Hermione had led their joined hands to rest on the bare skin of her leg not far below where her skirt ended. He couldn't wait to get that skirt off of her, along with everything else.

“Yes, it is getting late,” Luna said dreamily. “But I'm sure that Fleur would have been willing to stay up well past her usual bedtime if it meant you fucked her until she couldn't walk, Harry.”

Harry heard Hermione gasp beside him, but it took him a second longer to actually process what Luna had said so nonchalantly. “Err, why would you think something like that was going to happen, Luna?” he asked slowly. He knew better than to adopt the usual indignation he might have tried if he was trying to convince most anyone else that he was not having sex with another man's wife.

“Well, it was rather obvious, wasn't it?” Luna said, cocking her head as if she was genuinely confused by Harry's question. “She was quite blatant about it. Angelina, Audrey and Penelope were more subtle, but I could still feel the flimps in the air when they looked at you. They only show up when they find someone who knows what it's like to be intimate with the person they're focusing on, and yearns for more of the feeling. So, it's really rather obvious, I should say.”

Harry shared a look with Hermione, who just stared and shook her head helplessly. There wasn't any purpose in asking Luna to explain how she knew what she knew. Her explanations would make no sense to him, and how she knew what she knew didn't matter anyway. What mattered was that she *did* know.

“Luna, you understand that you can't tell anyone about the, uh, flimps, right?” he asked, frowning. “Or what they told you, more importantly?”

“Oh, of course, Harry,” Luna said calmly. “I'm aware that most people don't like to discuss their sex lives with others. I don't see why it should matter so much; sex is a natural part of life for most creatures, humans included. But you needn't worry. I won't tell anyone that you've been having sex with Hermione's former sisters-in-law, or Penelope, or Lavender, of course.”

“Thank you, Luna,” Hermione said, sighing in relief. “That's, well...that's good.”

“Since we're already discussing sex, however, I believe this would be a good time for me to mention why I've stayed behind even after everyone else left,” Luna said. Harry mused on the fact that Luna had actually recognized the social cues and simply chose to ignore them, but Hermione's head was in the right place and focused on the topic that really mattered.

“You stayed so you could talk about sex with us?” Hermione asked, raising her eyebrows as she stared at Luna. Harry snapped to attention, his mind now where it should be thanks to Hermione.

“Yes,” Luna said, nodding. “You know, it surprised me that it took this long for the two of you to figure out you were supposed to be together. When Hermione married Ronald, I feared you might never realize who you were really supposed to be with, or that you might be too afraid to admit it to yourselves even if you did realize it, which I believe would have been even worse. I’m relieved that I was wrong, and that you *did* get to where you were always meant to be, however long it took you.”

“Well, thank you again, Luna,” Hermione said. “I’m still not sure why you felt the need to tell us that in private after everyone left, though.”

“Oh, that isn’t why I stayed behind,” Luna said. “No, I stayed because since you two are finally where you’re meant to be, I can finally tell you that I have long wished to have sex with both of you.”

“You have?” Harry asked, taking over when Hermione just stared at Luna open-mouthed. “Why didn’t you say anything before now? Hermione was married, obviously, but I’ve been single for awhile.” He didn’t think that Luna was the type to bottle up her desires like that, given how frank she was about most things.

Luna tapped her cheek with her finger. “I suppose I could have approached you alone, Harry, but I would have been worried that you might think I wanted romance,” she said.

“Do you not?” Hermione asked.

The former Ravenclaw shook her head. “I enjoy my expeditions too much to settle down in one place or with one person. Perhaps that will change in the future, but right now, I’m quite content with my life, knowing I can come and go as I please without needing to explain myself to anyone. I find you very handsome, Harry, and I’ve always wondered what it would be like to copulate with you. But I’m not interested in anything more than that, at least at the moment. I do hope that’s acceptable?”

Harry glanced at Hermione, who gave him a nod despite seeming like she was still a bit baffled by what Luna was asking for. “It’s more than acceptable, at least for me,” he said. “But you mentioned you wanted to have sex with *both* of us?”

“Oh, yes!” Luna said, smiling. “You may not be aware, but I’ve always been equally attracted to men and women both. You’re a very beautiful woman, Hermione. And I have long wondered if that passion, dedication and intelligence you’re filled with would translate to your sexual performance.”

“It does,” Harry was quick to say. Hermione’s cheeks flushed and she hid her face, but he could tell she was smiling.

“Ooh, that’s lovely to hear,” Luna said. “When I heard you two were together, I began to wonder if it might be possible for me to make my fantasies happen with both of you. I will confess that my most satisfying masturbation sessions have always come when I close my eyes and imagine my body held up in the air between both of yours while you ravage me from both ends. I’m always covered in sweat, of course, and perhaps semen as well.”

“Bloody hell,” Hermione whispered. Harry looked at her, and he could see her mind already picturing the scenario Luna described, and likely coming up with different positions they could use to make it happen.

“And then I saw the flimps, and I heard the way Angelina, Audrey and particularly Fleur talked throughout the night,” Luna went on. “It was then that I realized the two of you are comfortable with the idea of sharing, and welcoming others into your bed. Once I realized that, I decided that I wouldn’t leave your home until I’d asked. I will not be angry if you refuse, and if you wish for me to home, I will say goodnight and rely on my fingers and my imagination once I’m back in my bed. But—“

“Sod your fingers, sod your imagination, and sod your bed!” Hermione said roughly, cutting Luna off. Luna’s eyes were always wide, but there was a different tilt to her head that made Harry think she was surprised. That made two of them, honestly. Luna’s unexpected request had apparently dragged something out of Hermione, and Harry couldn’t wait to see where it took them. “We’re going to see to it that you’re not using any of them tonight and well into tomorrow if I have anything to say about it. Isn’t that right, Harry?”

Harry could feel his cock getting hard quickly as he looked between Hermione’s flashing eyes and Luna’s teeth chewing her lower lip as she stared at Hermione and squirmed in her seat, blatantly rubbing her thighs together.

“We’ve got a nice big bed, Luna,” Harry said, getting up and pulling Hermione with him. “Come and try it out for yourself.”

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Luna only had one real prerequisite once they’d done their share of naked kissing and groping and the topic of positions came up, and that was that she wanted whatever they did to allow her to be directly involved with both him and Hermione at the same time. Hermione had taken it from there, and to his surprise, she hadn’t chosen a position that would bring her much in the way of direct pleasure. But she was enjoying her time with Luna in a different way.

“Mmm, do you like that, Luna?” Hermione whispered, her lips up against the side of Luna’s neck, just underneath her ear. “Do you like the way Harry’s cock feels inside of you, *fucking* you? Is it everything you dreamed it would be?”

“Yes!” Luna moaned. She was flat on her back in their bed and getting the fuck she’d apparently wanted for some time, and she certainly seemed to be enjoying it so far. “It’s lovely!” She groaned as Harry gave another deep thrust inside of her, and Hermione chuckled and kissed Luna’s throat. She had her right hand between Luna’s legs to play with her, mostly in the form of light, teasing rubs up and down her pussy lips, but she gave a few faster, firmer rubs now, and Luna gave another groan in response.

“What about you, Harry?” Hermione asked, looking down at him while her fingers slowed back down to their earlier teasing of Luna’s cunt. “How is she? Does Luna feel as tight as she looks?”

“Tighter,” Harry said while slowly pulling back to give the blonde another thrust. He knew what Hermione meant. Luna was tiny in comparison to most of the women he’d been with. She was short and lithe, with adorable little tits that barely jiggled as he fucked her. He had one hand placed on her

pale leg while he fucked her from his knees, and he could imagine how easy it would be to pick her tiny body up and manhandle her should the desire strike him.

"I wish I could feel it for myself," Hermione mused. "I wish I could feel how tight she was with more than just my fingers." She was on her side right next to Luna, her top leg lifted up and bent to rub against Luna's, and Harry could see her wiggling slightly as if trying to hump Luna's leg. "But I'm glad I get to lie here and watch you fuck her, Harry. You're doing *such* a good job of it. Isn't he, Luna?"

"So good!" Luna sighed. "You both feel so good! I just wish I could make you feel good too, Hermione!"

Hermione laughed. "There'll be time for that later, I promise," she said. She gave the skin of Luna's neck a suck. "By the time we let you out of this bedroom, your tongue and jaw are going to be so sore." Luna groaned, and Harry felt no jealousy knowing that his cock rocking back and forth inside of her was only partially responsible for that. He and Hermione were fucking her together, and he loved seeing how easily Hermione could turn her on with words.

"But first, I want to hear that mouth moan in pleasure while you cum all over my man's cock," Hermione said. "Do you think you can help me with that, Harry?"

Harry's left hand, which was resting on Hermione's top leg, slid up and gave her knee a squeeze. "Whatever you want, love," he said. Then his arm went right underneath Hermione's, and his hand grabbed Luna's pale thigh. As soon as he had both hands on Luna's slim legs, he pulled back and drove forward with the fastest thrust of the night so far.

"Ooh!" Luna gasped. "Yes, Harry! That feels perfect!"

He had gone slow at first after penetrating her, mostly because Luna's little pussy was so goddamn tight that he felt he needed a moment to keep his lust in check. He'd gradually been putting more into it as they went along, but after hearing Hermione's request and now seeing how eagerly Luna responded to that thrust, he flung aside any thoughts of pacing himself and started to fuck her.

It was even more definite now that he had been correct to take his time to start with, because after just a few of these faster thrusts, he knew he would only have been able to last for so long while going this hard inside of a woman who was this tight a fit for his cock. The good news was that he didn't expect that he would need to last for long, because as much as Luna seemed to have been enjoying herself up to that point, her moans were getting significantly louder now. She'd gasped that it felt perfect to her, and she must have meant it.

"That's it," Hermione said, nodding and kissing the point where Luna's neck met her shoulder. Her wrist was working hard now, because her fingers were rubbing Luna's pussy lips with the kind of speed and efficiency that he was used to seeing from her when she had a quill between those fingers instead. "That's what I want to hear. She wanted to climb into our bed so badly, and now she's getting it! More, Harry! I want to hear more!"

Shagging women until they screamed and came had always been a highlight of Harry's life, but it had gotten even better once he and Hermione found their way to each other. He loved fucking his best friend turned lover, of course, but he also loved fucking other women with Hermione there to join in the fun. It was something they'd first fallen into that day when he'd gone to help her move her things

out of Ron's place and they wound up fucking Lavender together, and while she hadn't brought up the idea of doing it since, bringing Luna into their bed was a very welcome sign that there was going to be more of it in their future.

That was good, because he didn't want to imagine a future where Hermione wasn't there to share his bed and cheer him on while he shagged another sexy witch. Fucking Luna would have been great if it was just the two of them, but Hermione's encouragement allowed him to hit another level and pound Luna so relentlessly that her moans turned into something more like whimpers.

"Yes," Hermione hissed. She'd now adjusted her hand motion so she could focus on strumming Luna's clit instead, and Harry could see how much Luna enjoyed it. The blonde's legs were flexing in his hands, and her pale face was flushed. She was definitely close now, and Hermione knew it as well as he did. "*Do it, Harry!*"

Harry squeezed Luna's thighs and fucked her furiously, making sure that his final thrusts were as fast, as deep and as impactful as he was capable of delivering. They hit their target, because Luna's tight pussy squeezed around his cock and she squealed in climax. Harry, only at that moment realizing that they hadn't discussed safety at all in their haste to get Luna into bed and fuck her, pulled his cock out of her at the last possible second and immediately started cumming all over her flat belly. He made sure to shoot the second half of his load across her chest, covering her tiny tits with his seed.

Hermione lowered her head to Luna's chest and started sucking her clean, moaning around her breast as she did. Harry groaned as he sat back and watched, loving seeing how horny Luna had gotten her. Luna must have loved it too, because she opened her eyes and smiled as she moved her hands to Hermione's head and started playing with her hair.

"If you were serious about wanting to feel what Harry just felt, I can help you, Hermione," Luna said breathlessly. "And in return, you can help *me* finally learn what it's like to be fucked by Hermione Granger."

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Harry had been looking forward to the party. But as fun as the party had been, the afterparty with Luna was way better.

Luna's spell had been the transfiguration of an ordinary dildo into one powered by magic, and it allegedly allowed the wearer to feel all of the sensations as if it had always been part of their body. Hermione had been skeptical when Luna explained it to her, but as soon as she'd put the thing on and slid it inside of the blonde, Harry could see that it was effective at least to some degree. Hermione's reactions left no doubt about that. She had that toy inside of Luna's cunt, and the moans and grunts she let out as she thrust her hips back and forth told him that she was feeling everything that he'd felt when it had been him fucking her.

They'd temporarily left the bed behind, at Luna's request. She had a specific position in mind, one that she'd apparently masturbated while thinking about more than once, and it required them to be standing. Well, it required Harry and Hermione to be standing. Luna's feet were nowhere near the floor, nor did she want them to be. They were holding her up in the air, with Luna's legs together and flung over one of Hermione's shoulders. Hermione held her by the upper thighs while standing and fucking her, and Harry helped in supporting Luna's weight from the other side. He had one leg back behind him and the

other further forwards, allowing him to put his hands on Luna's shoulders and aid in holding her up while she held onto his arms for balance.

The position might not have worked without the aid of spells, were it not for Luna being so small. But together, they were able to hold Luna's lithe body up in the air, and even with Hermione thrusting hard enough to rock her body, she never slipped out of their grasp.

"I can see why you love shagging so much, if this is what you feel every time!" Hermione groaned, making eye contact with Harry from either end of Luna's body.

"I can't say I've felt quite like this very often," Harry said with a smirk. "But I know what you mean. Feels pretty fucking great, huh?"

"It's fucking brilliant!" Hermione exclaimed. She held onto Luna's legs tighter and moved her hips faster. For someone who was brand-new to this, Harry was impressed at how well Hermione was fucking Luna. It had taken her a few minutes to get into a proper rhythm, but she was holding the Ravenclaw up and giving her firm strokes that would've made most blokes jealous. She was proving to be a natural at fucking Luna with her magical strap-on, and Harry couldn't have guessed which of the two witches was enjoying it more as Hermione kept that fake cock in constant motion.

Hermione was much louder, moaning and grunting as she thrust her hips, but that wasn't a fair basis to judge their enjoyment on considering Luna had his cock stuffed in her mouth. She couldn't really blow him or show him her skill from this position, but Harry didn't need her to. He just flexed his hips and pulled her upper body back towards him, letting Hermione's thrusts that had her body rocking do the rest.

Maybe he couldn't fuck her face as roughly as he would have without the unique position they had her in and the importance he placed on helping Hermione keep her in the air, but whatever he lost out on was easily counteracted by how surreal and incredible this all was. He and Hermione were really holding Luna Lovegood up in the air and spitroasting her. He really had his cock sliding into her mouth and down her throat while he watched his best friend and lover grunt, groan and dedicate herself to fucking the blonde's cunt with the same focus that had made her such a force of nature first at Hogwarts, and now at the Ministry of Magic. The moment was one he would never forget, and the feeling one he hoped to be able to recreate, with Luna and with others.

"Fuck, take it!" Hermione growled. "Take it, Luna! Is this what you wanted?! You wanted me to fuck you?! Take it! *Take it!*"

Harry could hear Luna's squeals around his cock, and he could hear Hermione's hips smacking against her arse as she slammed the toy all the way inside of her. He felt proud as he watched Hermione fuck Luna and fulfill her fantasies. She fulfilled them so well that Luna's fingernails dug into Harry's arms as she sought for something, anything to hold onto when the pleasure took her.

"*Oh*, that's so fucking tight!" Hermione hissed, no doubt feeling the same clenching that Harry had experienced while fucking Luna on the bed. But she was far less prepared for it than he had been, never having fucked anyone while wearing a magic strap-on that let her feel it all. He watched her eyes flutter closed and listened to her moan in a climax of her own. Her hips kept jerking while she rode it out, and Harry watched every second of it, not even wanting to blink.

It was Luna pushing her own head down to take his cock all the way down her throat that broke the spell and returned his attention to his own pleasure. He only now realized just how close he was to another orgasm of his own, and Luna taking over in his stead and swallowing his cock had him all but ready to explode. She held him down and moved her face from side to side, rubbing her nose against his balls, and Harry was done. His cum flooded Luna's mouth, and though she tried to swallow it, gravity worked against her. Most of his cum spilled out of her mouth and ran down, or rather up, her face. Some of it was going to wind up on the floor of their bedroom as well, but Harry didn't expect Hermione to care any more than he did. It would hardly be the first time his cum had wound up on the floor, and it definitely wouldn't be the last either.

Seeing the look in Hermione's eyes, he wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the last time it happened before Luna went home. The spacey blonde had turned Hermione into a horny animal, and it was incredible to see.

Thank fuck she'd ignored any and every social cue and stayed behind well after the party had unofficially ended.

Chapter 8: Wicked Games

Hermione Granger was not surprised to be greeted by the sound of a woman's loud and enthusiastic screams the moment she stepped through the floo and returned home from work. This had become her routine five days a week.

She'd meant it when she let Fleur, Angelina and Audrey know that they could not only continue having sex with Harry, but that they were welcome to drop in freely and use the home she shared with Harry to do it. They'd reached an understanding where Hermione could communicate with them via an enhanced version of the coins she'd created for Dumbledore's Army, letting them know that she and Harry were busy or wanted a night to themselves, and the other three witches would respect that. Other than that, though, the girls were free to drop in any time that was convenient for them in an effort to get laid by Harry, who was generally very accommodating and willing to give all three of them what they craved.

No one utilized that convenience nearly as often as Fleur did. They'd been at this for a little over a month now, and Audrey had dropped by twice—both times with Penelope Clearwater tagging along and joining in, interestingly enough. Angelina usually came over about once a week, depending on her schedule as a traveling quidditch player. But Fleur helped herself to Harry's hospitality every chance she could. If Bill had business to attend to one evening, it was all but assured that Fleur would be spending that evening with Harry. If she thought she could make some excuse to get out of plans to visit the Burrow or socialize with friends, she would eagerly send Bill out on his own so she could drop in on Harry as soon as she could.

She had to find her openings when and where they came on the evenings and over the weekend, but even with Bill currently working with Gringotts and thus at home every night, it hadn't taken long for Fleur to work out a system that got her anywhere from thirty to forty minutes with Harry's dick every Monday through Friday. Bill went into work more around the afternoon and got off later into the evening than was standard, while Fleur and Harry worked more standard shifts at their respective jobs. By the time Harry got home after work, he could rely on there being a naked veela waiting in his bed in order to spend around thirty to forty minutes getting fucked before she went home, cleaned up and got ready just in time to welcome her husband home.

Hermione worked longer hours than either of them, both going into work earlier and coming home later, so she hadn't ever been there for the beginning of any of these encounters. She certainly didn't miss the endings, though. It had become commonplace for her to hear Fleur screaming her pleasure out as Harry fucked her in the very same bed he and Hermione slept in every night. Usually, Hermione would make herself some tea to take into the sitting room, where whatever book she was currently reading was waiting for her. By the time she'd finished her tea and put her book down, Fleur would be putting her clothes back on so she could go home.

That wasn't how things were going on this Monday, though. Hermione arrived home not to the sound of Harry shagging Fleur rotten upstairs in their bedroom. Instead, she stepped through the floo to screams that sounded much closer than usual. When she went into the kitchen to make her tea, she saw why. Harry wasn't fucking Fleur in their bedroom. He was fucking her in the kitchen. In fact, her bare arse was rocking back and forth on the marble countertop right in front of the teapot. Fleur's chin was resting on Harry's shoulder as he fucked her, and her eyes were closed.

“On the countertop, Harry?” Hermione asked, raising her voice so he would actually be able to hear her over Fleur’s screams. “Really?”

Harry turned his head towards her and grinned sheepishly. “Sorry, Mine,” he said, using the pet name that never failed to send a little thrill shoot through her ever since he’d first claimed her in Ron’s childhood bedroom and declared that she was his. “But Fleur couldn’t wait for me to make it up the stairs today. She needed it right away, and I wasn’t going to argue with her.”

“I’m sure you weren’t,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes. Few men would want to delay when they were about to shag a woman who looked like Fleur, and Harry was no exception. “Did you have to do it *right* next to the teapot, though? How am I supposed to have my tea?”

“Je m’excuse, Hermione,” Fleur said, opening her eyes and looking at Hermione. “It was all my fault. I am insatiable. But I did not mean to get in your way.”

“Right,” Hermione said slowly. The little smirk on Fleur’s face would suggest that getting fucked right by the teapot she knew Hermione went to every day after work had been a deliberate decision. The horny veela must have some purpose in getting fucked right where Hermione would see her, but she wasn’t sure what that purpose was. “Well, can I impose upon you to get your admittedly flawless arse off of my countertop and get fucked somewhere else so I can have my tea?”

“Veuillez patienter, Hermione!” Fleur groaned, and Hermione knew French well enough to know that the veela was telling her to wait. “I’m almost there! Please, Harry, just a little more! Plus fort! Harder!”

Harry responded to the veela’s demands by closing his eyes, turning his head away from Hermione and speeding up his thrusts. Fleur’s fingernails scrabbled for purchase on the edge of the countertop as Harry fucked her even harder, and a bemused Hermione watched as the veela screeched, crossed her legs together around Harry’s waist and came with a scream that Hermione had gotten very used to hearing after arriving home from work each day. It was so much louder with her in the room with them, and somehow being this close made it sound almost musical to Hermione. Unconsciously, she shifted her feet and rubbed her thighs together, thinking to herself that the kitchen felt significantly hotter all of a sudden.

Fleur’s arse did drop off of the countertop so she could fall to her knees, wrap her lips around Harry’s cock and swallow his load, but Hermione still couldn’t make her tea right away. There was some cleanup that needed to be done first, because Fleur had squirted and leaked all over the countertop.

Hermione drew her wand to clean it off, not even noticing that she licked her lips while taking in the messy countertop.

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“Welcome home, Hermione,” Harry said, smiling at her. “I felt bad about yesterday, so I went ahead and got the tea started so it’d be ready as soon as you got home.”

“Yes, I noticed,” Hermione said, holding the cup she’d poured. “Thank you for that.” She took a sip while waiting to see if Harry would say anything else to explain why he was where he was, but since he

didn't, she continued. "Now would usually be the time where I would sit in my favorite chair, sip my tea and read my book. But it would seem that my chair has been taken."

"That would be my fault, I am afraid," Fleur said, offering Hermione a smile that barely qualified as even a half-hearted attempt at sincerity. "I see you in this chair every time I come back down the stairs, and I've always wondered how comfortable it is. One thing led to another, and we wound up as you see us now. I do apologize, but I must say that you have exquisite taste. The chair is *very* comfortable."

Hermione nodded as if accepting the explanation. It was nonsense, of course; all of it. Fleur wasn't in any position to say whether the chair was comfortable or not, because it wasn't her sitting in it. Harry's arse was the one sitting in the chair Hermione had picked out herself after moving in, and Fleur was on top of him, rocking back and forth on his cock with her back against his chest. His cock was her seat, and she was helping herself to it just as she'd helped herself to everything else.

Fleur was playing a game with her. Hermione still wasn't clear on what the objective of the game was, but how it was being played was apparent enough. Fleur had deviated from her usual post-work routine of fucking Harry in bed before she went home, and instead was dragging him into locations where Hermione was sure to see them. Hermione couldn't say whether Harry was aware of what was going on and actively participating in it, or he was simply thinking with his dick and not caring where or how he fucked Fleur, so long as he got to fuck her. Either way, the game was underway, and it was up to Hermione to figure out what her play was.

Should she call Fleur out on what she was doing, and demand to know why she was rocking her hips back and forth on Harry's cock while he sat in Hermione's favorite chair instead of staying in the bedroom? She couldn't tell if Fleur wanted her to call attention to it and demand answers. Would Hermione win by calling her out, or would she win by playing along, accepting these flimsy excuses and not letting their daily sex disrupt her routine?

"I'm glad you like it," Hermione said, speaking calmly even as Fleur moaned and gave her hips another wiggle. "I think it's a great chair to sit down and relax in after a long day at work." She took another sip of tea.

"Oui, I agree!" Fleur said. She stretched her hands out to grab onto the arm rests of the chair and used them to support her as she switched from rocking on Harry's cock to bouncing straight up and down. "I can think of no better way to relax after work!"

There was nothing relaxing whatsoever about what Fleur was doing, not with how hard she was moving her body and bouncing on Harry's cock. She needed those arm rests to pick up this kind of momentum, and they gave her what she needed. Hermione could hear the veela's arse cheeks slapping against Harry's thighs each time she dropped down now, and she saw her perfect breasts bouncing along with her. Hermione could have picked up her book from the table and sat down in one of the other chairs to read and drink her tea, but instead she stood there and watched. Her eyes followed Fleur's tits as they bounced freely, and she couldn't even pretend that her book would have held her interest in the face of something like that. It wasn't even *fair* for tits to look that perfect! Hermione wasn't even jealous. Harry had proven how sexy he found her a thousand times over, and that was enough for her.

So what if her body wasn't perfection made flesh, the way Fleur's was? That was an impossible standard for anyone to meet. She might as well be jealous at the sun for burning so brightly.

Hermione was struck by jealousy suddenly, but it wasn't Fleur she was jealous of. Actually, it was Harry. Harry reached up to grope the veela's breasts as she bounced in his lap, and Hermione felt the jealousy flare hotly. Why should he be free to grope those perfect tits as much as he wanted to, when Hermione could only wonder what they might feel like in her hands?

Fleur looked directly at Hermione as she came, and there was a knowing glint in the veela's blue eyes while they looked at each other. Hermione blushed as her brain caught up to the lusty thoughts she'd just been having, and wondered if Fleur knew what she'd been thinking.

Hermione still wasn't sure what game they were playing, but she couldn't shake the feeling that she'd just given Fleur the advantage.

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When she first returned home on Wednesday, Hermione allowed herself to believe that she'd been more successful in the game than she'd thought she had on Tuesday. Maybe by not calling out the obvious inconsistencies in Fleur's explanations, she'd won the contest, and that was why Harry and Fleur were nowhere to be found in either the kitchen or the sitting room when she got home. She couldn't even hear them going at it upstairs, and the distinct lack of erotic moans in that lovely French accent actually felt odd after the routine Hermione had become accustomed to over the last month.

She really should have known better than to think she'd won anything, though. After she finished her tea and went upstairs to try and learn why Fleur wasn't making any of her usual moans, she found her love and the veela not in the bed, but in the large tub that had recently been added to the master bath at Hermione's own request. Harry was sitting in the tub with his back against the edge, and Fleur was in between his legs. His arms were around her, holding her against his body, and Hermione frowned upon seeing it. She was used to seeing and especially hearing Harry shag Fleur to orgasms powerful enough that her screams were deafening. But sitting together like this and cuddling in the tub felt more romantic and intimate than anything Hermione could remember seeing or hearing them do.

Harry's eyes opened when he heard Hermione push the partially open door the rest of the way open, and he smiled at her. "Welcome home, Mine," he said cheerfully. "Was your tea nice and relaxing?"

"It was," she said. "I can't recall the last time my evening tea in the sitting room felt that peaceful, without anything around to distract me." Fleur's eyes had not opened at all since Hermione had stepped into the master bath, and they still stayed shut now. But a small smile came to her face at the obvious allusion to the fact that it had been over a month since Hermione's return home from work hadn't been accompanied by the sounds of Fleur screaming her pleasure.

"Yeah, after we kind of got in your hair down in the sitting room yesterday, Fleur and I figured you'd appreciate some peace and quiet," Harry said. "We stayed in bed, and silenced the door so you wouldn't hear us downstairs. Not sure why we didn't think of that before, honestly."

"I'm sure it was just an oversight," Hermione said, even though all three of them knew it was shite. Harry grinned, and Fleur let out a quiet giggle while shifting in the water and pulling Harry's arms tighter around her body. "But thank you for being considerate."

“No problem,” Harry said. One of Fleur’s wet arms came up out of the water to rest against the side of Harry’s head, and she turned her head to the side and whispered something that was too quiet for Hermione to hear. “Is something wrong, Hermione? You’ve been staring into the tub pretty hard.”

Hermione started, wondering if the purpose of Fleur’s whisper had been to get Harry to ask that question. If so, it felt like she was sending a message to Hermione.

I know you’re staring.

The power play, if that was indeed what it was, wouldn’t have been that effective were it not for the fact that it was true. She was staring hard into the water, trying in vain to see what the bubbles were hiding from her view. She’d never really taken the time to consider what Fleur’s perfect body might look like while dripping wet, but now that she’d stumbled in on the veela taking a bath with her man in her tub, she could think of little else. It seemed cruel that the bubbles were there to conceal this look at perfection.

Bloody hell, what’s wrong with me?! Hermione thought to herself, giving her head a shake. She’d always been able to appreciate an attractive woman, and the threesomes she and Harry had enjoyed with Lavender and Luna had allowed her to gain even greater appreciation for the fairer sex. But never had a woman made her feel so desperate. She’d gotten incredibly horny with Luna, but that was in the midst of a very exciting threesome. She was getting worked up and frustrated right now because of some bloody bubbles that were stopping her from seeing Fleur, even though she’d already seen everything that Fleur had to offer too many times to count.

“No,” she said at last, and clearing her throat when she heard how high her voice sounded. “No, nothing’s wrong.”

Fleur’s eyes opened at last, and she gave Hermione a smile. “Perhaps Hermione wishes to join us in the water?” she said.

“It’s a big tub, but I still don’t think there’s room for three in there,” Hermione said, trying not to let her imagination run away with her as she imagined climbing into the tub with them both.

“Oh, I don’t know, Hermione,” Harry said, giving a shrug. “I bet we could make it work if we all squeezed in *really* tight.”

“That sounds like fun to me,” Fleur said, still looking at Hermione. “But perhaps Hermione would prefer simply to stare at you and me together.” She pulled out her wand, which Hermione hadn’t even noticed sitting on top of the soap container, and vanished the bubbles. Hermione was finally allowed to see Fleur’s body underneath the water, and she had to bite her lip to stop from moaning.

“What do you think?” Fleur asked, smiling. “Do we like the view of us together, Hermione?”

“It looks perfect,” Hermione blurted without thinking. Fleur smiled from ear to ear. When she pulled her attention away from the veela’s wet breasts and saw that smile, Hermione knew she’d lost whatever game Fleur was playing with her.

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Hermione sighed with relief as the warm water of the shower hit her body. At last, she was free from the temptation and humiliation Fleur was putting her through.

Harry and Fleur had taken their fuck back downstairs today. Hermione had once again returned home and promptly been welcomed by the sounds of her lover and Bill Weasley's wife fucking on the first floor. They hadn't been in the kitchen or the sitting room this time. Instead, Harry had Fleur pressed up against the front door as he stood and shagged her from behind. Hermione didn't have the excuse that they were in her way to justify her watching them this time. She'd been able to make her tea, and the sitting room was free. There wasn't even anywhere for her to sit. She'd just had to stand there after over nine hours in the office and sip her tea, watching as Harry fucked Fleur against the door.

Fleur had taken the game several steps further today, though. Picking up where she'd left off the previous day in the bath, she'd asked Harry to pull her away from the door and turn her around so Hermione could get a better view of them. Hermione hadn't been able to deny that she was enjoying watching Harry fuck the beautiful veela right in front of her. Maybe she shouldn't have found it so hot to watch the man she loved fuck another woman right in front of her while she just stood there, but she couldn't help herself. Fleur was perfect, and Harry fucked better than anyone that either of them had found. She couldn't look away. She couldn't get enough.

It had taken all she had not to shove her hand into her knickers and finger herself openly as she watched, but Hermione pulled it off. She stayed until the end, until Fleur let out those irresistible orgasmic cries and Harry came deep inside of her. But there was no one here to watch her and taunt her now. Hermione closed her eyes and moaned quietly, fingering herself in the shower while hearing Fleur's musical shouts in her ears, and seeing Harry pump her full of seed. In here, she didn't have to pretend. She could—

“Would you mind if I joined you?”

Hermione's eyes shot open, and she spun on her heel. Fleur, not waiting for an answer, stepped inside of the shower and shut the door behind her. Hermione took a step back, but there was very little room for her to go anywhere. She was trapped in here with the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen, who was naked and freshly fucked.

“Fleur?” Hermione mumbled, trying not to panic, or throw herself to her knees and bury her face between the veela's legs. “W-what're you doing in here?”

“We ran a little later than usual today, so I wanted to shower before going home today,” Fleur said, stepping around Hermione and placing herself directly under the shower's spray. “I hope you don't mind.”

“Uh, okay,” Hermione said faintly. She might've pointed out that this wasn't the only shower in the house, but her mind wasn't exactly working properly at the moment.

“I would apologize, but I believe there's no need for that,” Fleur said. “After all, you are enjoying seeing me like this, yes?”

“What?” Hermione asked, jerking her head up and her eyes away from Fleur's arse. “I mean, why would you say that?”

“Oh, come now!” Fleur said, giggling while washing between her legs. “You cannot get enough of watching Harry fuck me! Why do you this we have been having sex downstairs so much this week? We’ve done it for you. You like seeing us together.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Hermione said, shaking her head. Fleur laughed outright.

“Be that way if you wish,” Fleur said, turning around to grin at her. “But we both know the truth, and soon enough you’ll admit it. Soon, you will admit how much you like watching the man you love fuck me. You’ll admit that we look perfect together—even better than *you* look with him. And when you do admit it, I will give you what you’ve wanted all week. When you can admit that you want nothing more than to watch as I fuck your man, I will give you *moi*.”

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“Who is the sexiest woman your man will ever sleep with?”

“You!” Hermione admitted automatically. Any thought of trying to pretend that Fleur wasn’t the sexiest woman alive, or that watching her with Harry wasn’t the hottest thing imaginable, had been beaten out of Hermione over the last four days. Today, Friday, was the day Fleur saw her game through to its logical end.

“You love watching your lover fuck me, don’t you?” Fleur asked her, standing in front of the bed with her hands on her hips. She was naked, but Fleur did not lose any of her confidence or authority when she lost her clothes. Some women would feel exposed standing there starkers, but Fleur’s confidence only grew when her body was bared in its full glory.

“Yes!” Hermione said. “I love it! It’s so bloody hot! *You’re* so bloody hot, and seeing the two of you together is incredible!”

“Very good,” Fleur said, nodding. “And would you like to join us?” She patted the bed, where Harry was already sitting and waiting, slowly stroking his cock so it would stay hard.

“I’d love to!” Hermione gasped. The last four days had left her so horny that she’d come close to rubbing one out while at work today, which was unthinkable for someone who took their job as seriously as Hermione did. She’d had sex with Harry every night after Fleur had gone home, and it had been as satisfying as always each time. But she hadn’t been able to get thoughts of Fleur out of her head, and each day when she came home from work to find the man she loved fucking his fellow Triwizard champion, the need to shag Harry *and* Fleur became greater.

“Will you serve me?” Fleur asked. “Will you use your tongue to please me while your beloved fucks me?”

“Yes!” Hermione gasped.

“Beg,” Fleur said, folding her arms across her chest. “Beg to lick me.”

“Please!” Hermione begged, rubbing her thighs together and squeezing one of her breasts. “Let me lick you, Fleur! Let me pleasure you while Harry fucks you!”

“Good girl,” Fleur said. “Climb onto the bed and get on your back. Harry, off of the bed and on your feet, please.”

Harry and Hermione passed each other on the way to their respective positions, and Hermione could see that he looked about as excited as she felt. She threw herself down onto her back and followed Fleur’s signal, scooting lower until her head was right on the edge of the bed. After she was where she was meant to be, Fleur climbed onto the bed and straddled Hermione, planting her knees on the bed right under Hermione’s arms. Her pussy was right above Hermione’s face, and the brunette had to moan at the sight of it. It was the prettiest pussy she’d ever seen, without question.

“Put your hands on my derriere,” Fleur instructed. Hermione was only too happy to reach up and grab the perfect round cheeks above her with both hands. “You may lick me now, and watch as your beloved’s cock buggers me right above your face.”

Hermione held her breath, watching with amazement as Harry stepped closer, lined his cock up and pushed inside of the flawless bum above her. She would have been content to just watch, but Fleur had told her what she was supposed to do, and Hermione would follow her instructions. It didn’t matter to her that this was her bed and her boyfriend; that Fleur was only here with them right now because Hermione had given her permission to visit whenever she wanted. It didn’t even matter that, if push came to shove, she was certain that Harry would have given up the amazing sex he had with Fleur and the others if Hermione asked him to. She knew all of those things. She just didn’t care. She would play Fleur’s game and let her have her way if it meant she got to touch and lick perfection.

Hermione had her orders, and she followed them. She devoted herself to servicing Fleur, forgetting all about technique and trying to prove her worth through simple passion. She tongued Fleur’s pussy, going up and down and side to side, trying to figure out how best she could service the veela. Going after her clit seemed to be the approach that worked best, judging by how she would wiggle her hips and rub Hermione’s thighs when she tried licking her there. Naturally, Hermione stayed and committed to using her mouth to service Fleur’s clit.

She was giving it her all, but she was not naïve. She knew that the far larger reason behind the grunts Fleur was making was happening directly above her. Harry was standing in front of the bed and bugging Fleur hard, and Hermione had the best view possible of it all. All she had to do was look up, and she could see that huge cock she knew so well plunging into the perfect bum she was squeezing. Had she not had a task of her own to carry out, she would have watched the bugging with such focus that she would have barely dared to blink. But it would have been far too easy for her to get so distracted that she didn’t do the best job she could in licking Fleur, so Hermione only admired the bugging for moments at a time in order for it not to interfere with her oral performance.

While Harry obviously had more to do with it than she did, Hermione did her part too, and it didn’t feel like very much time had passed at all before Fleur let out those orgasmic cries that had become practically an everyday occurrence in Hermione’s life. But Fleur’s erotic screams had never meant as much to her as they did now, because this time she had played at least some role in bringing them to life.

She couldn’t claim any role in Harry’s orgasm, but she still watched it eagerly. He held onto Fleur’s hips and kept his cock buried up her arse while he came, and Hermione kept her eyes open to see it all, taking advantage of her role being done now that Fleur had climaxed. When Harry pulled his cock out, what felt like the majority of his cum came rushing right back out. It dripped out of Fleur’s arse and

onto Hermione's face. She didn't try to move her head so it didn't hit her. Instead, she stuck her tongue out and accepted it all, just as she'd accepted the humiliation of surrendering her bed and her man to this veela seductress.

Suddenly, Harry snorted. "Guess you were right all along, Fleur. I thought Hermione was purely dominant, at least with other women. But she got *really* into all of this."

Fleur laughed. "Sometimes, a woman as driven and serious as her needs to just surrender and allow herself to be ordered around. Besides, proving our superiority to other women is second nature to a veela." Hermione felt soft fingers caress her hair. "Thank you for not keeping this amazing man all to yourself, Hermione. Perhaps next week, it'll be *your* turn to boss *me* around, and make me watch you fuck your man."

Chapter 9: Helpless Freedom

Audrey Weasley did not come over to take advantage of Hermione and Harry's open invitation to visit as often as either Angelina or especially Fleur did. Her Ministry job kept her busy, and Percy tried to keep their weekends busy as well with one meeting or another. But the infrequency of her visits only made Harry appreciate and look forward to them more.

The long delays in between her visits were beneficial in other ways too. They gave Harry plenty of time to think about what he might like to do to her, and to Penelope as well if she came along like usual, the next time she or they stopped by. This was important, because one of the things Percy's ex-girlfriend and his wife bonded over was how rigid and structured everything had to be with him, including his sex life. With Percy, all sex apparently had to be in bed, and there were only certain times and specific positions that were acceptable. As Penny had said before their first threesome together, he wasn't even a poor lover, but he was a boring one. There was no spontaneity in him, no sense of adventure.

That was why both girls came to Harry. Here in the house he shared with Hermione, they were free to be spontaneous, sexy and daring, and they encouraged him to make suggestions if any came to him. They never talked about what they were going to do ahead of time. The thrill of hearing Harry's ideas, and of challenging each other with whatever new bit of daring naughtiness they'd come up with, was a huge part of the appeal for both Audrey and Penelope.

"Eager, Harry?" Hermione called out as he paced around the kitchen. He looked up at her and saw her smirking at him. "You've been planning what you might have them do for the last three weeks, haven't you?"

Harry chuckled and shrugged. "I've tried," he admitted. "But honestly, it seems to work better with Audrey and Penny when we just make it up as we go along." He'd had some vague ideas brewing. But any of his ideas would have taken at least some preparation to make work, and the girls had flooded him no more than ten minutes ago to let him know that Percy had been called in for some last-minute conference in Sweden that was going to keep him away until Sunday evening. There hadn't been any time for him to prepare any of his ideas. He was just going to have to see what they had in mind and roll with it.

They heard the sound of their guests arriving through the fireplace, and Hermione just nodded at him and pointed in the direction of the floo while she continued to work on the simple lunch she had been in the middle of preparing when they received the call. Harry left the kitchen quickly to go and welcome their attractive guests.

"Hey, you two," he said, smiling as he saw dark-haired Audrey and light-haired Penelope step into his home. "It's great to see you, as always."

"Not as great as it is to be here," Penelope said. She had shed her shoes and was already in the middle of wiggling her trousers down her slim hips as she spoke to him, revealing cute knickers with little dancing dragons on them. Harry chuckled as he saw them. They were rather childish, and not at all what he would expect someone to wear when they were about to shag. Penelope looked down at herself after his laugh, and blushed when she realized the cause. "Hey, it's not my fault this was so last minute! I barely had time to brush my hair, let alone worry about what knickers I happened to be wearing."

“I didn’t say anything,” Harry said, but he was still smirking.

“If I’d known your choice of underwear was going to be such a problem for you, I would have just left you alone and come over by myself,” Audrey said with a straight face, despite all three of them knowing it was rubbish.

“I’d have spanked your big bum red if you had,” Penelope shot back immediately. “Besides, it’s not a big deal. It wasn’t like I’ll be wearing them for long.” She slid her knickers down her legs and kicked them aside, leaving her naked from the waist down and allowing Harry to peek at her pussy for the first time in three weeks. “There. Problem solved.”

“I’m glad we got that taken care of,” Audrey replied, before looking at Harry. “So, do you have anything particular lined up for us, Harry?”

“Not on such short notice, no,” Harry said, shrugging. “Hermione and I were just about to have lunch though, so you’re welcome to join us.” Penelope and Audrey shared a look, and Harry was sure that something was brewing already.

“Oh, we’ll definitely be joining you, Harry,” Penelope said. “You don’t need to set any places for us, though.”

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“This is excellent, Hermione,” Harry said. She smiled at him after swallowing her bite of pasta.

“Thank you, Harry,” she said. “But are you sure I’m the woman you should be praising right now?”

“Who else, Hermione?” he asked. “I know you say you’re not a great cook, but you made this all by yourself.”

“It’s just pasta with olive oil and garlic,” Hermione said. “Hardly difficult. What I meant, however, was that I would expect you to reserve your praise for the pair of witches underneath the table.”

She had a point. Audrey and Penelope hadn’t been kidding. They’d both walked into the kitchen about two minutes after he and Hermione had sat down for lunch, and they’d both been naked. Rather than moving to grab the empty plates that Hermione had set aside for them if they wished to eat, they’d crawled underneath the table, undone his trousers and started sucking his cock together. It was not the first time they’d blown him together, and they’d only gotten better at the act with practice. They’d started off with some dual licking this time, but Harry wasn’t more than halfway finished with his pasta before they’d moved on to sucking him. Penny had taken his cock into her mouth, while Audrey had gone for his balls. They’d switched after a few minutes, and now they were actually *both* going after his balls. No matter which tactic they chose to use at any given moment, Harry enjoyed his lunch far more than he otherwise would have.

Hermione had a point. Her pasta was good, but the double blowjob under the table was better. Actually saying so out loud would have been disrespectful to the effort she’d gone through though, so he kept the thought to himself. Even if Hermione herself knew exactly what he was thinking, he wouldn’t say it.

“I’m proud of all three of my witches,” he said. His right hand brought his fork back to his mouth for another bite of pasta, while his left hand went underneath the table to pat first Audrey’s long hair, and then run his fingers through Penny’s curls.

Hermione rolled her eyes and smiled at him. “I’ll take it as a compliment that my pasta is good enough to get your praise even while Penelope and Audrey are under there sucking your cock.”

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Penelope loved playing around with Harry and Audrey every time she visited. The spontaneity of it was so fun, and she loved how willing both of them were to indulge whatever ideas might pop into her head, just as she looked forward to hearing whatever ideas Harry had come up with, or what wild things Audrey wanted to try that would never be open to her at home with her husband and the rules and regulations that controlled all aspects of his life. Penny loved having the freedom to do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. Once she stepped into the home of Harry and Hermione, she knew that nothing was going to hold her back.

Ironically, her arms *were* in fact being held back at the moment, but that wasn't something she would complain about. It had been her idea, after all. She was the one who had always been curious what it would feel like to mix a little bit of bondage and helplessness into her sex life, and for the first time, she was getting a taste of it. Something like this would have been unthinkable while she was dating Percy, and she'd never trusted any of her post-Hogwarts lovers enough to give them this kind of control over here.

But it had been her who requested that Harry bind her arms together and fuck her, and she felt no fear with his magic pulling her arms back, binding her wrists together and leaving her helpless against his aggressive thrusts. She'd imagined him pulling out some rope or something and physically tying her arms together, but having Harry pull off the trick wandlessly with a simple flick of his hand only reinforced how powerful this man was, and that aroused her even more. She'd been ready for him to pound her even before he pushed her down onto the carpet on her front and lined up behind her. That was good, because he'd entered her roughly and had not gotten any gentler from there. He was fucking her harder than he ever had before, which meant it was the hardest fuck she'd ever felt in her life. His cock kept drilling balls-deep into her without pause as he shagged her slim body into the carpet, not allowing her the comfort of a bed or the use of her hands. He was using her however he felt like, and that was exactly as it should be.

The moment she'd asked him to bind her and fuck her, she'd been resigning herself to his whims. It didn't matter if there would be carpet burns left behind on the front side of her body when he was done fucking her, nor did it matter that her arms were likely to be sore after being pulled back and bound together for this long. This was exactly what she'd signed up for. If Harry wanted to tie her up, shove her down, push her face into the carpet and fuck her like a cheap slut on the floor of his sitting room, he had that right. This feeling of helplessness was exactly what she'd signed up for, and Harry was delivering. She was not in control of anything, and it was *amazing*.

Her first taste of bondage sex was not the only flavor Penelope was enjoying, either. For the first few minutes of their fuck in the sitting room, she had been groaning and squealing into the carpet every time that Harry delivered another forceful thrust. There hadn't been any choice in the matter for her, because his left hand had pushed down on the back of her head and ensured that she became acquainted

with the taste of his sitting room carpet. But after the first few minutes, he'd gathered a handful of her long curly hair, yanked her head up and given her something even more enjoyable to taste. It was a taste she had become very familiar with over the last several months, and it had quickly grown to become one of her favorite flavors in the world.

"That's it, Penny," Audrey Weasley grunted, rocking her hips up against Penelope's face and pushing in on the back of her head, rubbing her clit across her nose. Harry had let go of Penelope's hair and moved both of his hands to her hips, letting Audrey take control over her head once she'd gotten into position on the carpet in front of her and had the former Ravenclaw's face between her legs. "Eat my cunt, you little slut! Keep eating! You owe me! I'm the one who let you tag along with me while I work off the debt that *my* stupid husband caused! You'd better put your heart and soul into eating me out, or I just might *forget* to invite you the next time!"

It was rubbish, and Penelope knew it. Aside from the fact that she seldom heard the debts of the Weasley brothers mentioned anymore, except for in situations like this where it was simply to add to the fun in some way, there was no chance that Audrey would ever want to deliberately exclude her from this. They'd found something that neither of them wanted to let go of, and it went beyond the fun they could have when there was an opportunity for them to squeeze in some time getting fucked by Harry.

They hadn't discussed it or defined what it was that they were doing, and she didn't know that they really needed to. But they had been spending time together whether they could be with Harry or not. Any time that her rigidly structured life with Percy had a few hours to spare, Audrey was likely to reach out and see if Penny was available for some very deliberately disorganized and spontaneous fun and relaxation. There had been more than one time where a guy had asked Penelope out for drinks, but she'd broken it off after getting a surprise floo call from Audrey. And by this point, the invitation didn't even need to be sent for them to know that Audrey would be coming home with Penny after work each Wednesday, staying through dinner and fitting in all the fun they could before Percy's weekly department meetings ended and she was expected back home. She had even begun to leave some of her favorite casual clothes at Penny's flat for her to change into once she arrived.

While they hadn't defined it, the point was that there was no chance Audrey wouldn't want Penelope with her on a night like this. There was no chance of that because Audrey enjoyed having Penny eat her out even more than Penny enjoyed the taste of Audrey's arousal on her tongue. Either one of them could have had fun with Harry on their own, but why would they do that when they could have even more fun with him together?

Penelope was fairly certain that was how Audrey felt, and it was a feeling she shared. Having Harry bind her arms behind her back, push her down and fuck her on the carpet had been great, but feeling that thick cock slamming into her cunt from behind with that same speed and focus while she tasted Audrey at the same time was *divine*. Every time she managed to fuck Harry, the prospect of finding a man of her own to settle down with seemed less appealing. Why would she want to settle for some lesser man to share her bed every night when she could get fucked like this every so often?

And having Audrey there to share in the depravity took an already amazing feeling and perfected it. Audrey's hands tugging on her hair, her hips rolling and her pussy humping against Penny's face while Harry fucked the hell out of her from behind was bliss as far as she was concerned. She had very little control over what was happening. With her arms bound behind her back like this, she couldn't put her hands on Audrey's thick thighs to try and keep herself steady or slow down her partner's humping. She couldn't hold her in place so she could move her tongue precisely where and how Audrey wanted it.

She knew how to eat Audrey's pussy better than anyone else ever had or ever would, but she was being restrained from using her full assortment of techniques in this instance. Harry and Audrey owned her body until they decided otherwise, and Penelope didn't have the power to change that.

It thrilled her. It was everything she'd thought it would be when she first asked Harry to bind her arms, and Penny gladly allowed her helplessness and their aggressiveness to consume her. She moaned into Audrey's pussy, shook beneath Harry's thrusts, and held on for dear life as it all caused her to tremble her way through so much pleasure and excitement that her body didn't know how to react to it.

Hopefully Hermione wasn't going to care about her squirting all over the carpet, because that was a given. But Penny couldn't think much about that; not with her eyes rolling back in her head. She was aware of Harry giving her a slap on the arse and grunting as he filled her with his cum, and Audrey pulling on her hair harder and grinding against her face until she came, but she could tell she wouldn't be aware of much of anything that followed. By the time they were finished with her, she was gasping with her eyes closed and her face in the carpet once again, drooling and senseless. She didn't even feel Harry release his magic and free her arms, nor did she hear Hermione walk into the sitting room from the study.

"Well, at least you didn't use my favorite chair this time, I suppose," she said, snorting as she nudged Penelope's shoulder with her toe. She didn't even feel it, much less respond to it. She just kept gasping and panting into the carpet while her brain took a temporary vacation and gave her body some time to settle down.

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Audrey had taken notice of how excited Penelope had been when she willingly gave Harry control over her body. The anticipation in her eyes when she'd first felt his magic lock her arms in place behind her back had given Audrey's own arousal a boost, and watching the strong wizard push her down onto the carpet and start fucking her had left her positively dripping. She'd almost legitimately jumped into position when Harry made eye contact with her and clearly motioned with his head for her to sit down and join them.

Things had only gotten more fun from there, for all three of them. But the orgasm Audrey had enjoyed while humping the other witch's face hadn't done anything to settle her down. All it had done was make her desire even more. Seeing how out of it Penny had been for some time afterwards, and how ecstatic she'd still looked even when she first started coming around and was still dazed, made Audrey want to experience that same loss of control herself. She wanted to know what it was that Penny had felt while her arms were magically cuffed behind her back, and she had no choice but to get fucked by Harry's big cock and do her best to lick the woman in front of her while getting her hair pulled and her face humped.

But that didn't mean that Audrey was just going to copy what Penny had done, of course. That wasn't the way either of them operated. They had fun together, but a not insignificant part of this growing thing between them that Audrey was in no hurry to define was their constant wish to keep pushing boundaries and exploring new territory. It was a byproduct of their shared history that had become Audrey's married life with Percy. While she did honestly respect Percy's disciplined, methodical approach to his career, it did not lend itself well to excitement in the bedroom. What she'd found with Penny was a chance to break all the rules and stop worrying about the *proper* way to do things.

Penelope understood that need better than anyone else could have, and that had quite a bit to do with why what they had worked as well as it did.

Playing around with Harry gave them a chance to push those boundaries in ways they just couldn't when it was just the two of them and seeing the state Penny had been left in made Audrey want to go even further and make herself even more helpless.

She was getting what she wanted now, because she'd given up so much more than just the use of her arms. Her arms weren't even bound, actually, but they didn't need to be. She could move her arms around freely, and she bunched the comfortable sheets of the bed in Harry and Hermione's master bedroom between her fingers. But *feeling* was all that she had. She could feel the sheets, and she could certainly feel the trio of cocks that were filling all three of her holes and making her airtight. She could also taste the fake cock that was between her lips. Feeling and taste was all that she had though, because per her request, Harry's magic had temporarily deprived her of the ability to talk, to hear, to see or to smell. She had three long cocks filling her and making use of her naked body, but she took this triple fucking while only two of her senses were available to her. She didn't know what Penny might be saying right now, if anything, but she knew that if it was her, she'd be trying to figure out how she might be able to top this in the future.

Even though she'd had the ability to see or hear taken away before they'd even carried her up the stairs, Audrey still hadn't had any difficulty determining who was in which hole. Harry's cock was the only natural one of the three, and it also happened to be thicker than the magical strap-ons Penny and Hermione were wearing, so it was easy for her to feel the difference when he stuck his dick in her arse. She probably could have guessed that it would be him bugging her before anything had happened anyway, because it was no secret to her how much Harry enjoyed fucking her arse. Audrey had experienced some feelings of insecurity when she was younger over how curvy she was and how big her bum was. She'd felt like she didn't fit the ideal of what a witch was supposed to look like, and that she would have been more desirable if she was skinnier.

The adult Audrey had already more or less shed those old insecurities and grown comfortable with the body she had, but it was still gratifying when Harry consistently went out of his way to demonstrate just how attractive he found her thick body and her fat arse specifically. Any time she encouraged him to do what he liked with her, it was pretty much inevitable that her arse would be getting spanked, squeezed, fondled and potentially fucked while he had the chance. Harry Potter loved a big arse, as both Hermione and Angelina would happily agree, and Audrey once again felt that love through the quick, hard, booty-shaking thrusts he gave her. She wasn't sure whether he was kneeling at the edge of the bed or standing beside it, but wherever he was, he had the leverage to give her a good hard bugging.

That left Penny and Hermione in her mouth and her pussy, respectively. Even though they were wearing identical toys, Audrey could still confidently say which was which. They felt the same and tasted the same, but the difference was in how they used them. There was a familiarity and a comfort in how the woman beneath her on the bed bucked up and fucked her pussy that could only have been pulled off by Penelope. Hermione was an occasional participant in their fun when they were here, and it wouldn't have been the first time that she'd worn a strap-on to fuck Audrey. But these thrusts were too recognizable for her to mistake them as belonging to anyone but Penelope Clearwater. They knew each other's bodies too well by this point, so there was no doubt in Audrey's mind that the woman rocking her hips up and brushing her fake cock against her g spot with deadly accuracy and consistency was the

same one who had bent her over in her own kitchen and dropped to her knees to eat her out while she made dinner less than a week earlier.

By simple process of elimination, that meant Hermione had to be the one standing in front of the bed and fucking her mouth. She was the least familiar with the sexual tendencies of Ron's former wife, but she wasn't surprised that the brunette had started off by teasingly rubbing the tip of the fake cock against her lips, or that she'd simply held it in her mouth for a bit before she actually started. She'd even grabbed Audrey's head firmly and held it in place when she tried to suck it for her, not needing to be heard to get the message across that she was going to be fucking Audrey's mouth on her schedule.

Hermione was well beyond rubbing against her lips or holding the tip of the toy in her mouth now though. Her hips were moving hard, thrusting back and forth to drive the toy down Audrey's throat. Audrey had been facefucked a few too many times by Harry and even Penny to be daunted by the speed that Hermione was moving that toy. Still, feeling it push down her throat while she also had cocks in her arse and her pussy, and while she'd had the ability to see or hear what was happening around her taken away, was challenging her in fresh ways. Individually, Harry, Penny and Hermione could have made her feel very good. Together, and with Harry's magic leaving her more helpless than she ever had been, they were throwing something at Audrey that she wasn't entirely sure she could handle.

Still, she did not give in. At Harry's insistence, they'd established a signal wherein Audrey could clap her hands together and let them know that it was too much for her. If she let go of the sheet, brought her arms up and clapped her hands together, all of this would stop. That thought was more upsetting to Audrey than anything, so she held onto the sheet and did her best to keep up with this disorienting feeling.

Audrey gasped around the cock in her mouth when she felt yet another cock slap her cheek. That shouldn't have been possible. Harry, Penny and Hermione were all still thrusting away. So who did this cock belong to? It had only been the four of them in the house, and Harry and Hermione hadn't mentioned expecting anyone else.

The cock continued slapping Audrey's cheek, and while she couldn't see who it belonged to, the fact that Harry, Hermione and Penelope all continued fucking her while obviously able to see assured her that it was someone who was welcome in their bedroom. Thus, when Hermione pulled her toy out of Audrey's mouth and the newcomer pressed theirs against her lips, Audrey opened her mouth wider to let them in.

It was definitely a toy, so it had to be another witch who'd slid into her mouth. Audrey couldn't even hazard a guess at who it might have belonged to, though. There was no pattern or consistency to try and follow here, because this person would switch between fucking her mouth as hard as Hermione ever had, resting just the tip of the toy on her tongue and rubbing it against her face at random.

Audrey didn't know who had joined the party and currently seemed to be on a mission to keep the toy in her throat until she was out of air, and that made her feel even more helpless. It didn't cross the line into something that was too uncomfortable for her to enjoy, though. She couldn't have spent this night any differently than she spent her usual daily life as Audrey Weasley, and that thrilled her.

She took it all. She took Harry slapping and fucking her arse, and Penelope's familiar thrusts, and the alternating facefucking and cockslapping that Hermione and the mystery newcomer subjected her to.

She couldn't see or hear what was happening, but she felt it. Merlin, did she feel it! She'd never felt anything like it in her life. It was amazing. It was helpless, and confusing, and fucking *amazing!*

Audrey silently moaned around the fake cock in her mouth, came hard on Penny's beneath her, and clutched the bed sheet between her fingers so hard that it pulled free from the corner of the bed. Who needed to see or hear anything when she could feel everything so clearly, including Harry's hands squeezing her arse cheeks while he came deep inside of her bum?

If this was what being helpless felt like, she couldn't wait to feel helpless again.

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"Thank you for letting me join in, Penelope," Luna Lovegood said, giving Penelope a friendly smile as she took off the strap-on she had previously been fucking Audrey's mouth with.

"I didn't know you were coming, but it was too good an opportunity to pass up," Penelope said. When Luna had unexpectedly shown up halfway through Audrey's triple fuck, it wasn't Harry or Hermione who decided whether she should join in. They'd both looked to her to make the decision, trusting that she would know best what Audrey would prefer. That little detail was not lost on Penelope.

"We never know when Luna is coming," Hermione shrugged.

"Neither do I, usually," Luna agreed. "But something told me that I should come over here tonight rather than follow my lead on the half-man, half-bat living in the cave I've been investigating. And I learned to listen to the voices in my head when I was very little."

"Good thing, too," Penelope said, chuckling. "You showing up and smacking her face with that toy when she couldn't see you coming was *just* what Audrey needed to push her over the edge. She'll never forget that feeling."

"You care for her very much, don't you?" Luna asked matter-of-factly.

Penelope didn't bother to deny it. "I do," she said, smiling as she looked down fondly at Audrey, who had been given all of her senses back but was panting and senseless on the bed for a different reason after all four of them had finished with her.

What she shared with the wife of her ex from her Hogwarts days was highly unconventional, but unconventional was precisely what both of them hungered for, thanks in no small part to her ex/Audrey's husband. Whatever label one wanted to put on it was meaningless. It was *theirs*, and that was what mattered.

Chapter 10: Training Hard

"Welcome back, Harry!" Angelina called out cheerfully as Harry stepped out into his back yard to greet his guests. "Thanks for letting us use your place!"

"Hey, don't mention it," Harry said easily. "It's my pleasure to have you." It really was, too. Angelina was always welcome in his home, and every time she'd capitalized on that open invitation had been a memorable night for Harry, and often for Hermione as well. Hermione wasn't around this time, as she was spending some time with her parents, and Harry didn't know if he would have the chance to fuck Angelina tonight either. She'd asked if she, Katie and Alicia could come over and use his spacious backyard for some extra training as the chaser trio worked their hardest to prepare for their upcoming QSL championship game.

Their Dorchester Dragons had an opportunity to not only win the trophy, but earn the promotion to the primary British and Irish Quidditch League as well. The chaser trio was definitely taking this opportunity seriously and doing their absolute best to prepare for it, which was why Angelina had asked him if they could use his yard for some extra training outside of their regular team practices.

Harry had been happy to agree, and he was even happier about it now that he'd stepped out to watch them train for a bit. The three girls weren't on their brooms right now and instead were standing on the ground and focusing on tossing the quaffle back and forth as quickly as they could without letting it hit the ground. They were spread out a fair distance, so they would have to run, jump, stretch or bend their bodies however necessary to catch and throw the quaffle around. That meant that Harry could see their bodies jumping and jiggling around in their short shorts and tight shirts they were training in, and he was content to stand and enjoy the view in silence while the girls focused on their training exercise.

Angelina's body was familiar to him; naturally, as he'd fucked her many times by now, but that didn't mean he couldn't still admire staring at her while she trained. As they so often were, his eyes were quick to drift to her big arse. So what if he'd spanked, groped and fucked that arse often? He could have watched it jiggle in those short shorts as she ran around after the quaffle all day long.

Beautiful as that bum was, though, his eyes didn't stay on it for *too* long. He had not had the pleasure of fooling around with either Katie or Alicia, so it was understandable why he spent more time staring at them training. Both girls were incredibly sexy in their own right.

All three of the chasers were in good shape; they worked hard, and it showed. Katie's stood out the most in terms of muscular definition. She wasn't bulky or anything, but the peek of abs he caught when the bottom of her shirt lifted up during a jump interested him. Katie was the tallest of the three, with small breasts and a toned bum that Harry, being the arse aficionado that he was, could certainly appreciate.

As for Alicia, his eyes went where most men's would when she was running, jumping, or doing much of anything. Her tits had been the source of more than a few wanks over the years, and even though she was clearly using either her clothing or a spell to keep them from bouncing around too much while she exercised, there was no stopping his admiration of her chest. If he had to guess, he would say that the only girl he'd fucked who might have bigger tits would be Lavender, though he would have to see Alicia topless to be sure. Hopefully he'd be able to answer that question one day, even if it wasn't today.

"I'll go ahead and get started on dinner," he offered, earning a cheer from Alicia as she tossed the quaffle back to Katie.

"Sounds great, Harry!" Angelina said. "We'll be finished soon. Hope it's okay if we use your guest shower after we're done."

"Of course," he said. Katie tossed the quaffle to Angelina, who nearly dropped it and had to bend over quickly to catch it before it hit the grass. Harry got a prime view of her arse in her shorts as she bent over. "My home, and my shower, is yours."

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Harry was pretty sure that asking Katie to keep an eye on the food he was preparing was bad etiquette as a host on his part, but he couldn't bring himself to feel guilty about that when shagging Angelina against the shower door while the water hit their bodies felt this fucking good.

Angelina's suggestion that she use the master shower in Harry's bathroom while the other two took turns in the guest shower seemed reasonable enough, but the look Angelina gave him as she threw out the suggestion revealed that she fully expected him to join her in the shower at the earliest opportunity. He'd waited no more than two or three minutes after he'd heard the shower turn on, and then made some excuse about needing to fill out some forms for work that were due to the next day and asked Katie to keep an eye on the food while he took care of it.

"Fuck, yes, give me that cock!" Angelina grunted as he fucked her up against the door. The warm water of the shower sprayed down onto them, and Angelina's long wet hair stuck to her back. She had to wipe some of it out of her eyes on occasion, but otherwise her hands were holding onto his shoulders for balance and security as their wet bodies slapped together rhythmically. His thrusts weren't slow or gentle, so she needed whatever insurance she could to make sure she didn't fall.

Harry hadn't been sure if he would have the chance to fuck Angelina tonight, and with Hermione visiting her parents, Fleur busy with Bill and Luna off doing Luna things in whatever corner of the world she happened to be in this week, it had been entirely possible that he would go a night without sex at all. That was a rare occurrence in Harry's life these days, and while he couldn't have complained if it happened to turn out that way, he was relishing fucking Angelina in his shower.

"I, ah, I wanted to do this during our weekend in France, you know," she said in between moans as his cock kept driving into her and pushing her back and arse against the shower door behind her. "Just never got around to it." She let out a half-laugh, half-groan. "I blame the insatiable veela slut for that."

"You're pretty damn insatiable yourself," Harry pointed out. "I had to ask poor Katie to watch the food so I could come up here and take care of you." He moved his hands down Angelina's back and pressed his knuckles up against the door so he could grope her wet arsecheeks.

"If you want to go back down and be a good host, we can stop right now," Angelina said with a grin. It was a bluff, and Harry knew it. She would curse his name if he stopped fucking her now. If he was in a malicious mood, he could very well have presented the possibility of following through and had Angelina begging him to keep going.

"Fuck no," he said. He didn't care about teasing her or making her beg. He *did* want to get back down there so Katie wasn't left looking after his dinner for too long, but he wasn't leaving before he'd cum inside of Angelina.

Rather than stopping, he would just have to fuck Angelina even harder. With that thought in mind, he picked her up by her big arse, physically pinning her against the shower door. Angelina gasped in surprise but went along with it, moving her legs so they hung over his forearms and hugging his neck while he fucked her with her feet dangling and her body completely under his control.

Harry was bouncing her on his cock more than he was thrusting at this point, but the position came to him naturally. He'd ended up fucking her much like this during their very first time together in her locker room after the match, and that had gone well enough that a repeat here in the shower felt very right to him. His hands moved to the spot where her hips met her arse, and her thick cheeks pressed firmly against the clear shower door as he bounced her on his dick. He idly wondered if it was possible for her arse to leave a print on the glass, and if so, if there was some way for him to preserve it so he could amuse himself by watching Hermione discover it later.

He was pulled out of that humorous thought when Angelina's familiar squeal-growl alerted him to the climax she'd obviously been after when she made eyes at him before coming to the shower. Harry groaned as he felt her pussy tighten around his cock, and he put even more effort into fucking her hard. His balls were tightening, and his own orgasm wasn't far off. He just had to hold onto his sexy former teammate and bounce her on his cock for a little bit longer, and--

"Ange, can you hear me?" a voice asked, making Harry's eyes shoot open. "I knocked for like ten times. I can't find Harry anywhere, and the food's ready to be taken off. Do you...*oh!*"

It was Katie's voice, and Katie's gasp of surprise when she saw what was happening in the shower. Harry didn't know if he'd silenced but not locked the door and that was why they hadn't heard Katie knocking or if he hadn't put any charms up at all and it was just the sound of their shower fuck that had drowned everything else out. Regardless, Katie had opened the door and come in to investigate, and her investigation had led her to this. She could see Angelina's bum against the glass, and Harry's hands holding her up and his body pinning her there. She could probably see his cock too, and she might even be able to see some of his cum dripping down his balls along with the shower water as he came. She *definitely* heard his grunt as he erupted inside of her teammate. And after a moment of silence, they all heard Angelina begin to giggle uncontrollably.

"We'll be out in just a minute, Katie," Angelina said through her giggles. "Mind leaving a second towel out for Harry? I was so horny that I forgot."

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"It's not *that* funny," Katie grumbled while blushing and looking at the wall, refusing to meet any of their eyes. Angelina was giggling, but it was Alicia who Katie was really reacting to. She'd realized that she'd missed something about halfway through dinner when she caught Katie blushing at an otherwise innocent comment from Angelina about feeling nice and clean after her shower. Alicia was persistent in trying to get it out of them for the rest of the dinner, and not long after she'd cleared her plate, Katie finally blurted out what she'd walked in on just to bring an end to the interrogation. But the end of the questioning had just meant that Alicia laughed long and hard, so Katie's embarrassment only increased.

“Oh, I beg to differ,” Alicia said, breathless from all of her laughing. “I don’t think it’d be half as funny if it wasn’t for the part about Angelina’s arse pressing against the glass. But just picturing you standing there with your mouth hanging open while that fat bum was...was...” Alicia lost herself to laughter again, and Katie sighed and stared down at her lap. Harry was sure she’d chosen one of the chairs solely so she didn’t have to be too close to anyone else throughout the teasing she would have inevitably known was coming.

“I’m sorry if that was weird for you, Katie,” Harry said, fighting not to smile himself. He found the whole thing rather amusing too, and Alicia’s laughing fits were infectious. “I didn’t mean for that to happen.”

“Still, it’s not as if it was a surprise, right?” Angelina said from beside him on the couch. She and Alicia had each taken an arm and plopped him down on the couch between them, and Harry was very comfortable to be seated between them both. “I mean, you two walked in on me getting fucked by Harry for the first time. And you knew it was still going on.”

“Yes, well, I just wasn’t expecting to see *that*,” Katie mumbled. “I didn’t know what to do.”

“I would’ve known what to do,” Alicia said.

“Oh yeah?” Katie said, her voice rising as she finally looked directly at Alicia in challenge. “And what would you have done, then, Alicia? If it’d been you who walked in on Harry shagging Angelina in the shower when you were just trying to figure out what you should do about dinner, what would you have done?”

“Easy,” Alicia said, smiling like she’d been waiting for that question. “I’d have joined them.”

“Alicia!” Katie gasped.

“What?” Alicia shrugged. “Don’t you remember what Harry said that day in the locker room, after he was finished with Angie?” Katie’s blush got brighter, and she shook her head. “Oh, I think you do.”

“I believe he said that you two were welcome to join in the next time we fooled around,” Angelina supplied when it was clear Katie wasn’t going to answer.

“Precisely!” Alicia said. “I bet you haven’t been able to get that offer out of your mind ever since, Katie.” Katie said nothing, but her continued blush said plenty for her, just in case Harry had forgotten the way Angelina’s fellow chasers had stared at his cock in the locker room, and stared at him some more during the party to welcome Hermione into his home. He had not forgotten at all, and he was pleased to have Alicia bring it up. He was even more pleased that she brought it up while leaning against him more and pressing one of her tits against his arm.

“You haven’t brought it up since, Harry,” she said. Her voice got quiet and seductive. “There were too many people around for me to bring it up at the party, so this is really my first chance to ask you how serious you were when you made that offer.”

“Oh, I was very serious,” he said, looking into her eyes and smiling. “I’m sorry I didn’t reach out to invite you, but so much has been going on, But the offer was sincere.” He pulled his other arm away

from Angelina so he could reach up and cup Alicia's cheek. There was excitement brimming in her brown eyes as she looked at him. Her skin was a lighter shade of black than Angelina's, and felt so soft against his fingers after her shower. "And it still is."

"And how soon would I be able to take you up on that offer?" she purred, leaning her face into his touch.

"As soon as you want," he said right away.

Alicia let go of his arm and swung her leg over to straddle his lap. "How about right now?" she purred, sitting down and pressing her arse against his cock through their clothes.

"Right now?" Harry repeated. "I think that can be arranged."

He used his magic to pull her casual skirt, blouse, bra and knickers off of her body and levitate them over into a pile on top of the table in the sitting room, and Alicia grinned in delight at going from fully clothed to naked so quickly. He didn't do the same for himself. Instead he undid his trousers and pulled his cock out, because that was all he really needed or she really cared about. Alicia wanted his cock, and he didn't keep her waiting for it. He held her arse cheek with one hand, and with the other he moved his cock into position. Alicia did the rest, dropping down to slide his dick inside of her for the first time.

"*Fuck!*" Alicia groaned. "This is the cock I've spent months thinking about! It's a cock worth cheating for!"

Angelina snorted. "As the only one of us with a husband, or a steady boyfriend even, I completely agree," she said. Harry felt the couch shift as she got up to give them as much room as they wanted, but he didn't actually see her go. His face was full of Alicia's tits, and that was how he wanted it.

She'd leaned her body forwards as he slid lower down on the couch. He moved into almost a supine position against the cushion, and she hugged his head and pushed her tits right up against his face. She seemed to know exactly what he wanted, but of course she did. After years of guys gawking at her boobs, how could she not know how much Harry would appreciate being smothered in her cleavage?

"We can go back in the kitchen and dig into the dessert if you really don't want to watch this," Angelina said quietly as Alicia started to rock back and forth on Harry's cock. "Or I can pour us some wine and we can enjoy the show, like you guys enjoyed watching Harry turn me into a cheater in the locker room. Your choice."

Katie's mumbled reply was too soft for Harry to hear, and Angelina didn't say anything back. He didn't know whether the other two chasers were going into the kitchen to have some dessert or settling in to watch him together with Alicia, and there wasn't much chance for him to figure it out. If they'd stayed in the sitting room, they were either staying silent or speaking quietly enough that he couldn't hear them over the sound of the couch squeaking, or Alicia's moans as her slow rocking rapidly grew into a much faster back and forth grind on his cock. And turning his head to look to see if they were still in the room would have meant pulling his face out from between Alicia's tits. Harry was interested to see if Katie had retreated or if she'd stayed to watch, but not nearly interested enough to remove his face from the large, soft boobs that were welcoming him. Answers about Katie and her embarrassment over

what she'd seen would have to wait for later, because all Harry could bring himself to care about right now were the tits in his face and the cunt grinding on his cock.

He was content to let Alicia handle the riding, which wasn't exactly a difficult concession with how enthusiastically her hips were rocking back and forth. She gasped and moaned his name as she rode his cock, and Harry's hands squeezed her arse and helped her keep grinding with as much force as she could muster. He didn't need to worry about a thing, because she was taking care of herself and her pleasure just fine using his cock.

If there had been anything that might have gotten in the way, it would have been her ability to keep this pace going without any help from him. But Alicia was an athlete, and even after hours of training with her fellow chasers, she still had more than enough energy left to keep the ride going as she chased the pleasure that she'd apparently been thinking about ever since that day in the quidditch locker room.

Feeling Alicia's cunt moving on his cock, not to mention her tits jiggling and rubbing against his face, made Harry regret not going out of his way to reach out to both her and Katie to invite them over. It was true that there had been loads going on in his life, and particularly in his bed, but a fuck like this was worth taking time out to pursue.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Alicia chanted, keeping her rocking going. "Now that I'm here, I don't think I'll ever want to leave! How does that sound, Harry? Do you want me to just keep grinding on your cock and shoving my tits in your face forever?"

Harry liked the sound of that. Spending the rest of his life with his face buried in Alicia's tits would be an enviable fate. Of course, telling her as much would have required him to pull his head back so she could hear him speak, and he wasn't about to do that. He instead took one of her breasts into his mouth and sucked on her nipple.

"Yes!" she gasped. "Yes, suck my tit, Harry!" Her rocking got wilder, and she started bouncing a bit too. Until now, she had been riding him with obvious concentration, but her movements became jerkier and less controlled now. But they were no less enjoyable for her loss of control. Harry actually enjoyed it even more now that he could feel Alicia's desperation. It made him want to make her lose even more of her control, if that was possible.

Harry took a risk. He used a quick bit of magic to clean and lubricate her bum, and before she could even react to that, he slid a finger into her arse. It was a slow, shallow anal penetration, but it was enough to make Alicia hiss and tighten the hold that her arms had on his head. It was also enough to push her to her peak, and a high peak at that.

"Oh, *fuck!*" she shouted. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck! Harry!*" He could feel her body trembling against his as she came, and he could but follow. He kept his lips sealed around her nipple and closed his eyes as he came inside of her, Alicia cursed and trembled some more when she felt his cum rushing into her, but the one thing she didn't do was get off of his lap or pull his cock out of her cunt.

When she did eventually pull back and get up, well after they'd stopped cumming, Harry's questions were answered. Angelina and Katie were sitting in chairs that offered them a view of everything that he and Alicia had gotten up to. Angelina was nonchalant about it, smiling and sipping at her wine. Katie was holding onto her empty wine glass tightly with both hands, and her face was flushed. But she hadn't left, and she wasn't looking away either.

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Harry returned to the kitchen, feeling satisfied after a very enjoyable evening with his former teammates. They'd had dessert once he and Alicia cleaned themselves up, and all four of them sat around chatting for over an hour afterwards, reminiscing about their Hogwarts days together and telling stories about what they'd been up to since. Katie had gotten over her embarrassment as they talked about less explicit subjects, and she'd been laughing along with the rest as they recounted stories about Wood and the Weasley twins. It had been loads of fun, even in between the sex.

He was so lost in his memories of the night that he nearly walked right into Katie, who he wasn't expecting to be standing there. He had to stop suddenly, and it was a close enough call that her hands instinctively shot out to grab his shoulders. They were standing very close to each other. He actually didn't think he'd ever been this close to Katie before.

"Whoa, sorry, Katie," he said, shaking his head. "I thought you went home?" He'd seen her walk out the door the same time that Alicia and Angelina had, even.

"I pretended to," she said. "I told Alicia and Ange that I would go around back and grab the quaffle and our training gear before I left, but that was really just an excuse for me to sneak back in from the other side and talk to you alone after they left."

"Okay," Harry said slowly, frowning. "Something on your mind?" What was it, and more importantly, why did she not want to say it while her friends were around?

"I wanted to explain why I was so weird about everything today," she said.

"You don't need to explain," he said, shaking his head. "Honestly, I think most people would say that you were the only one of us all who acted normally." It could become easy for Harry to overlook with how many women had fallen into this routine so easily, but the things he got up to were far from standard. "Not being comfortable walking in on your friends shagging in the shower is pretty natural, I think."

"That's not it," she said. "Or it's not all that it is, at least. I just...well...oh bloody hell, this is so embarrassing!"

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," Harry said, giving what he hoped was a comforting pat on the back.

"I *do* want to," she whispered. "It's just..." She sighed, shook her head and took a deep breath. When their eyes met again, she looked resigned. "I'm actually a virgin."

Harry's eyes widened. "Oh," he said simply, at a loss. "Well, that's nothing to be embarrassed about."

"It is when you've spent years pretending you've done it so your friends won't think you're a dork," she said quietly, hanging her head.

“Ah,” Harry nodded. He understood that. Looking back, he was pretty sure that some of the stories Seamus had told couldn’t have been anything but rubbish meant to make everyone else think he was cool and experienced. “So Angelina and Alicia don’t know?”

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “I know I should’ve told them years ago, but eventually too much time had passed, and I knew they would tease the hell out of me for lying about it this long.”

“Understandable,” Harry said. “Do you mind if I ask why you decided to tell me?”

“It’s kind of tied up in the same reason why I haven’t done it with anyone,” she said. She was speaking really fast now, like she wanted to get it all out and be done with it. “As embarrassed as I am about not having done it, and more about lying about having done it, I didn’t want to just fuck some random guy. It had to be the *right* guy, you know? I wanted to be able to remember my first time and smile, and the longer I waited, the more important it became to me that I pick a guy who’s worth the wait.”

“Would I be right in thinking that you’re considering me as that guy?” Harry asked carefully. It was the obvious implication, because why else would she tell him any of this? But he didn’t want to get ahead of himself. He hadn’t been with a virgin since he and Ginny had been each other’s firsts, and it felt like this needed to be handled with some degree of care.

“Yes,” she said, blushing but holding eye contact with him. “I, uh, to be honest, I always kind of had a thing for you when we were at Hogwarts together, and I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind since that day we walked in on you and Angelina. Like, *holy fuck*, I’ve never seen anything like that, and I could tell how much she loved it, and I got so embarrassed today because I was watching you with them and it was like reliving all of the fantasies I haven’t been able to get out of my head for months now. And I know you’re with Hermione now, and I’m not trying to get between that, but obviously she’s not the only girl you’re sleeping with, and I know you said I was welcome to join in, so I figured—“

“Katie,” Harry said gently, giving her shoulders a squeeze and interrupting her rambling. “The answer is yes.”

“Yeah?” she breathed, licking her lips quickly. “You’re still willing, even though I’ve never done it before?”

He grinned, wondering if she realized how many guys dreamed about taking the virginities of beautiful girls like her. “Absolutely,” he said.

“I’m not, uh—I’m not ready to do it tonight,” she blurted out. Harry did his best not to let his disappointment show, because he didn’t want to put any pressure on Katie now that he knew the truth. “But if you want, I’d like to try, uh, sucking you?”

“If you want to try, I’m happy to let you,” he said. He wanted her to be comfortable and only do what she felt ready for, and if that meant she would try blowing him before she left, so much the better.

“Okay.” She took a deep breath to calm herself, and then she crouched down in front of him. “I’m sorry if I’m not that good at it,” she said, apologizing even as she fished his cock out of his trousers. “I’ve never sucked a guy before, but I’ve read articles and stuff.” She blushed while wrapping her fingers

around his cock and giving him a light squeeze. "I've also tried practicing on a toy I ordered. It's not as long or as thick as you are, but..."

"Just take your time, Katie," he said, giving her a pat on the shoulder. He could be rough and demanding, but that wasn't what was called for here. Katie needed him to be gentle and patient with her. "Don't push yourself too hard. And mind the teeth, yeah?"

Katie giggled. "I'll try," she said playfully, slowly sliding her hand down his shaft, and then back up to rub at his cockhead. She licked her lips again, in a more purposeful manner this time, and then she pressed them to his tip and gave him a kiss. Harry groaned, enjoying the feel of her soft lips on his cock.

Those lips felt nice when she took his head into her mouth to suckle him too. It wasn't difficult for him to tell that she was new at this, mainly because of how she hesitated at each new step she took along the way. But it was just as simple to tell that she wasn't lying about her studying and practicing. It was certainly not the most skilled blowjob he'd ever had, or the most impressive, but she was able to bring him plenty of pleasure by moving slowly and sticking to very basic techniques.

Katie did not try to bob her head quickly, and she never took even half of his cock into her mouth. She focused primarily on his cockhead, licking, kissing and suckling at it while her hand pumped around the base of his shaft. It wasn't fancy, but it felt good for him and wasn't overwhelming for her. As first blowjobs went, it could be far worse, as Harry could state firsthand.

"That's good, Katie," he said, stroking her hair and trying to boost her confidence while she did her best for him. He played with her hair without tugging on it, and he kept his hips still rather than thrusting forward to force more of his cock into her mouth. He didn't want to scare her off after she'd trusted him with this, and besides, it really did feel good.

Katie got a bit more confident after that, and that confidence revealed itself in how she suckled at his cock harder and stroked the base more firmly. She even got her other hand involved, tickling the underside of his balls with her fingers, and the surprise caused Harry to twitch and cum inside of Katie's mouth. He was so caught off-guard that he didn't have time to warn her it was coming, and Katie had to pull back and take him out of her mouth after a few seconds to cough. She held onto his cock though, and accidentally wound up aiming it so the second portion of his load landed in her hair. She gasped and took his tip back into her mouth to swallow the rest, but the mess had been made.

She didn't seem too worried about it though. "Did I do okay?" she asked him, showing where her priorities were at.

"It felt really good, especially for it being your first time," he said honestly. "You should have seen how many mistakes Ginny and I made when we were learning all this stuff."

Katie laughed. "Well, I've had more time to think about it, to be fair." She reached up to touch her hair. "Mind if I use your shower again? Cleaning charms just aren't going to cut it with it all in my hair."

"Of course," he said, reaching out to help her to her feet. "You're welcome to it."

"Sorry I'm not ready to have you join me in there," she said, walking off to use the guest shower for the second time that day. She stopped in the corridor to look back at him. "But hopefully soon."

“I’ll look forward to you being ready for it,” Harry said. It had been years since he’d taken a girl’s virginity, but if Katie wanted to break that streak, it would be his honor to give his beautiful former teammate a first time to remember.

Chapter 11: Out in the Open

Harry wasn't sure how he expected Bill Weasley to react when he walked into his bedroom and saw his wife's legs thrown over another man's shoulders as he went balls-deep inside of her, fucking her hard enough to make her scream her head off. Most men would become enraged if they walked in on another man fucking his wife in their bed. Hell, when Theodore Nott walked in on Dean Thomas fucking his wife Daphne Nott née Greengrass in their bed, the duel that had ensued was all anyone had talked about for weeks. Almost a year later and Nott was still living down the shame of being cuckolded in his own bed, losing the duel and being stuck to the wall while a naked Daphne walked to the floo hand in hand with Dean.

Harry was not worried about how things would go should Bill become aggressive. Bill was certainly a capable wizard in his own right, but when it came to fighting, Harry had nothing to fear from him even with his wand sitting on the table next to bed and out of reach. But nothing in Bill's expression or body language suggested that Harry need bother preparing to defend himself. Bill didn't look angry or heartbroken upon seeing Harry shagging his wife in his bed. He didn't even look surprised, honestly.

"William," Fleur said simply after a moment of silence where all three of them had been trying to figure out what came next. She didn't insult his intelligence by trying to claim that this wasn't exactly what it looked like, nor did she try to cover herself in shame. She just said his name, and she had no trouble maintaining eye contact. "I thought you were going to be in Belgium all week."

Bill's planned trip to Belgium was why Harry had come over to shag Fleur in her bed rather than at his home after work today. Hermione was having her parents over, so this was an effective way for him to give Fleur what she needed while not also subjecting Mr. and Mrs. Granger to the erotic screams of a naked veela enjoying her customary post-work fuck all around Harry and Hermione's home. It had seemed like a solution that would work out well for everyone, but they hadn't counted on Bill coming home four days earlier than he was supposed to.

"I was supposed to be," Bill said, nodding. "The arseholes financing the thing pulled out at the last minute, so our funding was cut short." Harry closed his eyes when he heard Bill mention pulling out at the last minute. He had been moments away from cumming inside of Fleur before her husband showed up, and he remained right on the edge even now with his cock still buried in the veela's perfect pussy.

"I see," Fleur said. Harry was bemused at how ordinary their conversation had been so far. There was no screaming, crying, apologies or accusations. Thus far, it had been as if Bill had bumped into Fleur in the kitchen while she was making dinner, rather than walking in on his wife getting shagged in their bed.

"Figured you weren't home, so I was just going to shower and make myself something to eat before I let you know about my change in schedule," Bill explained, scratching the large scar on his face. "But, uh, I guess you guys put a silencing charm around the room or something? It was silent until I opened the door, and then..."

And then you heard the bed creaking, the headboard slamming against the wall and your wife moaning and screaming like the insatiable slut she is, Harry finished for him, though he kept his thoughts to himself.

"Yes," Fleur said, nodding. "Even though we expected to be alone, I thought it was a good idea to make sure the neighbors wouldn't hear my screams."

"Err, right," Bill said awkwardly. Harry slowly pulled his cock out of Fleur, and Bill turned his head quickly to look away. "Right. You can get pretty loud." He rubbed his scar some more. "Well, I guess there's no point in me playing dumb about you and Harry anymore, is there? We might as well talk about this and get it out of the way."

"You've already known?" Fleur asked, raising an eyebrow. Bill snorted.

"I'm almost hurt that you'd think I'm stupid enough not to figure it out by now," he said. "When I noticed my debt to Harry started getting paid off in large chunks, you told me you'd worked out a *payment plan* with him. And the smile on your face as you said it was pretty much identical to the one you get at the end of a really good shag. That, plus the fact that you only ask me for sex like once or twice a day now, would've been enough of a giveaway, even without all of the other things that only a moron would miss. You are *not* subtle, Fleur."

"No kidding," Harry said. Bill looked directly at him for the first time, and Harry was surprised at how easily the older man smiled at him. "This isn't how I expected this to go at all."

"You thought I'd try to rip your head off if I ever found out," Bill stated, to which Harry nodded. Arthur and Molly's eldest son chuckled. "That wouldn't go well for me if I tried! But even if I *did* think I could take you, I wouldn't want to. I owe you a thank you, Harry."

Harry just stared at Bill blankly, trying to make sense of this. Bill had walked in on him fucking his wife, and he was still naked in his bed at that very moment, sitting back on his knees with a pillow over his dick. And he was *thanking* him?

"Because of the debt thing, you mean?" he finally said. Bill shook his head.

"Not for that," Bill said, before shrugging. "I mean, it *does* help, so thanks for that, too. But what I really need to thank you for is helping to keep Fleur satisfied."

"You're thanking me for fucking your wife," Harry said tonelessly.

"Absolutely," Bill said, nodding. "Fuck, you've been shagging her for months. You know how bloody randy she is! She can never, *ever* get enough. It's too much for one man to take."

"Oui," Fleur said proudly. "I am veela. We are raised on the stories of our ancestors, who were known for mating with a man endlessly until his body was dry and his soul was drained and ready to be consumed."

"I don't doubt it!" Bill said. Harry had to nod in agreement. There was probably some fiction in those veela fairy tales, but it wasn't *all* a fairy tale. Fleur's consistently sky-high sex drive was proof enough of that. "You might be only a quarter-veela, Fleur, but spending years as your husband, with your satisfaction as my responsibility alone, was fucking draining me dry. It really is too much for any one man to handle."

"Harry probably could, if I was his wife and he could devote himself fully to me," Fleur said, smirking at her husband and seeming to take delight in being able to rub her affair in his face. Bill winced.

"Yes, well, that's not going to happen, is it?" he said. "You're not planning on leaving me, are you?"

"Non," Fleur said quietly, after a pause. "I will not give up my liaison with Harry, but I do not wish to leave you either. I still love you, William."

"And I still love you, my horny wife," Bill said, grinning. It was an oddly sweet moment considering what had brought it about.

"I also love Harry's cock," Fleur said, which was less sweet.

"Err, right," Bill said, coughing into his hand. "It sounded like it. But as I was about to say, even if you and I weren't together, he still can't give you all of his attention. Not when he's got Hermione as a lover and is obviously shagging Angelina and Audrey too."

"How did you...?" Harry began, but Bill rolled his eyes.

"Please!" he scoffed. "If any of my brothers haven't realized what's been going on, I don't know how they could've gotten a single passing NEWT score. The *point* is, our debt's been paid off, Fleur's getting as much attention as she needs, we still love each other, and I'm not so sore and exhausted every morning that it's a struggle to get out of bed, much less do my job. Everybody wins, as far as I'm concerned."

"I'm, uh, surprised you're taking this so well," Harry said. It was certainly playing out much differently than what had happened with Ron, his now-former friend. Then again, Fleur had just confirmed that she still loved Bill and wanted to remain his wife, while Hermione had become Harry's completely.

"It wasn't easy at first," Bill said, shrugging. "I've had to face the fact that I don't have it in me to keep my wife satisfied all by myself, which is tough for any man. But hell, other men aren't married to a bloody *veela*, so they'll never know what that takes out of you." He looked at Harry. "You get it, though."

"I do," Harry agreed.

Bill looked back at Fleur and smiled. "If Harry taking some of the burden onto his shoulders is what it's going to take for me to be able to be married to you *and* have the energy to get out of bed in the morning, that's a price I'm willing to pay," he said. "I just, uh, don't really need to see it again, or find evidence of it left behind in my bed you know?"

Fleur nodded. "I will not take Harry into our bed again," she said.

"Okay," Bill said, sounding relieved. "Good. That's good." He sighed. "You know what? I'm glad we had this talk."

"As am I, William," Fleur said. Harry just shook his head and sat back, watching the exchange between husband and wife. He'd gone from taking Hermione away from Ron and making her his to somehow improving Fleur's marriage, and helping Bill have a better quality of life. He really could understand

that part of it, though. He could see how having someone else around to take on some of the load could improve Bill's quality of life after years of being the only man to bed Fleur. This was a far more amiable outcome than he might have expected when Bill walked in on him fucking Fleur, but Harry wouldn't complain about how things had gone. If he could continue fucking Fleur regularly, still have a cordial relationship with Bill and also not have to bear sole responsibility for satisfying the horny veela's lust, that really seemed like an ideal outcome from his point of view.

"Right, then!" Bill said, clapping his hands together. "I think I'll go downstairs and make myself a sandwich. And since Harry's already here, I guess I'll go visit with mum and dad for a few hours after I eat."

"That sounds like a good idea, William," Fleur said. She suddenly turned and pounced on Harry, tackling him to the bed. He was so surprised that she knocked him over easily, but he didn't try to throw her off as she straddled his hips and reached straight for his cock. "You might want to make sure the door is closed behind you when you go."

Bill turned around and half-ran out of his bedroom, but the door still was not closed behind him before Fleur dropped down onto Harry's cock and moaned with joy as it filled her up once more.

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"Fuck, you're one dirty woman, Fleur," Harry said, giving both of the veela's perfect arsecheeks a slap as she rode him. "Having your husband walk in on us really turned you on, didn't it?"

"Yes!" Fleur cried. Her hands were on his shoulders, keeping him pinned down on the bed as her hips rose and fell quickly, driving her pussy down onto his cock and making her bum smack against his thighs. This certainly wasn't the first time that Fleur had climbed on top of him and ridden him hard, but if there had ever been a previous ride with this much intensity behind it, Harry struggled to remember it. She was in rare form as she bounced on his cock in the bed she'd shared with Bill for years.

"And knowing that he might still be downstairs, eating his sandwich in the kitchen," Harry continued. "That *really* gets you going, doesn't it? Just thinking about your husband sitting there in the kitchen while you get fucked by the cock you told him you're in love with makes you want to drop that silencing charm so he might hear us."

"Oui!" she screamed. The bed was rocking even more violently than it had when Bill walked in on them, and the slapping of skin was at least as loud as it had been as well, but Fleur's screams still easily eclipsed everything else. This woman loved having his cock inside of her as often as she could, but the combination of bouncing on his cock in her own bed with her husband more than likely still downstairs had her even hornier than Harry was used to. She fucked herself on his cock like her life depended on her dropping down with as much force as she possibly could every single time. It was enough to test even Harry's staying power, and it made him thankful that the conversation with her husband had gone on long enough to help him cool off a bit.

He was getting close, but Fleur was ahead of him. She screeched loudly enough to make him wince, and her fingers squeezed his shoulders hard as her wild bounces brought her to her climax. She'd already cum once while he was fucking her before they were interrupted, but her cries were even

louder, and she came even harder this time around. Her eyes went as wide as they could, and Harry held onto her hips and forced her to stay down with his cock fully embedded within her as he came.

"Take it, Fleur," he muttered, holding her down tight. "I'm going to pump more cum into you than your husband ever has in this bed." He thought Bill had been incredibly understanding about everything that had happened today. But it was clear to him that the thought of getting fucked by him while her husband was downstairs was turning Fleur on, so he played into it and gave her what she wanted.

"Yes, do it!" Fleur screamed. "Fill me, Harry! Give me more than he ever has!"

Harry did his best, squeezing Fleur's arse as his cock twitched and his cum spurted inside of her pussy. He'd cum inside of her before, but the circumstances behind it this time made him groan a little deeper. Apparently Fleur wasn't the only one who was finding continuing in her bed even after her husband found them to be exciting.

He was so excited that he wasn't in the mood to hesitate for even a moment after finishing. As soon as the flow of cum stopped, he pulled Fleur off of his cock, flipped her over onto her back and straddled her head. He rubbed his cockhead against her lips and her cheeks, smearing the leftover cum on her face.

"Get me ready for another round," he demanded. Fleur obediently wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock and suckled him. Being the talented cocksucker that she was, and with the prospect of another round there to compel her, Fleur sucked and licked him so well that he was hard again before the point when most men would have even stopped gasping for breath after an orgasm as strong as that one had been.

His body was ready to fuck her again, though he decided to spend a couple of minutes holding Fleur down on the bed and fucking her face first. He slammed his cock down her throat, his balls smacked against her chin, saliva dripped down her face, and Harry enjoyed every moment of it. He could have kept fucking Fleur's throat until he shot his cum down her throat, but he decided that there was something else he wanted to do right now. He didn't know for sure if Bill was still downstairs or not, but the possibility of doing what he was about to do while Fleur's husband was still in the house was amusing enough to make him pull out of the veela's throat and flip her over onto her belly.

Harry didn't ask her if she wanted to do what he was about to do, but he didn't need to. For one thing, she was always ready for him to fuck her like this. And for another, she loved it when he got rough with her and used her however he felt like using her. Not asking her if she wanted it and sticking his dick in her arse without a word would thrill this horny veela.

She did know what was about to happen shortly before his cock went inside of her bum, though. He didn't tell her, but he wasn't irresponsible enough to start bugging her without properly preparing her body for it. The magic that he used to cleanse and lubricate her bum was familiar to Fleur by now, and she gasped in excitement as soon as she felt it. She got up onto her hands and knees, assuming the position and wiggling her hips to entice him, as if he needed any enticement.

"That's not how I want you," he said, pushing down on her shoulders and shoving her down so she was flat on her belly. She grunted into the sheet, and he didn't need to see her face to know that she was happy about being shoved down like that. As much pride as Fleur took in showing off her skills and

flexing the occasional bit of dominance (particularly with other witches Hermione, and Luna when they'd played together), she also loved it when Harry started taking what he wanted like this.

"It was awfully cheeky of you to tackle me to the bed while I was distracted by our conversation with your husband," he said. He let her feel his cock brushing against her anus and heard her whine into the sheet in response. No doubt she was whining because he hadn't shoved it inside of her yet. "I let you get away with it, and I even let you have your fun while you rode my cock." While keeping her face and upper body pressed into the sheet via the pressure his hand put on her back, he thrust forward and forced over half of his cock into her bum before she could exhale. "But now it's time for you to pay for your cheek."

Fleur squealed into the sheet as he shoved his cock into her arse, and she kept on squealing as he pulled back and thrust back into her right away with just as much force behind his hips. Harry put both hands on her shoulders now, keeping tight hold of her as he fucked her arse hard. His hips were in near-constant motion, and the jiggling of Fleur's cheeks each time that he shoved his dick back deep inside of her bum was the proof of just how swift a pace he was setting. But he could afford to set this sort of pace when it was Fleur's arse that he was fucking, because he was well aware of just how hard she loved to be fucked. It didn't matter what hole he was using, what position he had her in or where it was happening, either. As long as his cock was inside of her, Fleur was happy.

Now that he was in the process of fucking her arse in her own bed with her husband downstairs, though, he had to amend that. It was true that Fleur was happy regardless of when, where, how or how hard he was fucking her. But getting buggered with her husband downstairs was definitely making her insatiable veela appetite burn even hotter than its already impressive standard. Even with her face being pressed into the sheet as it was, he could tell just how much she loved getting her arse pounded in the middle of her bed. Her entire body was rocking, and the bed was bouncing around her thanks to how hard he was fucking her, and he knew how much Fleur adored a pace like that. Her hands were clutching the sheet tightly, but there was no chance that this was anything other than an expression of massive pleasure. She had nothing else to do with her hands, so she grabbed onto the sheets tightly. Seeing that white-knuckled grip was a dead giveaway that Fleur was delighted to have her arse pounded in her bed.

More importantly than that, he could also hear her moans and grunts despite the sheet, which didn't really surprise him. There just wasn't any way to muffle the cries of pleasure of a woman like Fleur when she was this aroused. If it was possible for someone to moan and scream so loudly that they defied the magic of a silencing charm meant to keep all noise from escaping a designated area, Fleur was probably the one to do it.

That couldn't be possible, especially in light of Bill stumbling in on them unaware despite all the noise she was making. But just the thought made him decide that he wanted to hear her cries of pleasure even more clearly than this position allowed. Pushing her face down into the bed was fun, but he wanted to really have fun with all of the noise she could make while there was a chance that her husband was still in the house.

Harry wrapped his arm around Fleur's waist and pulled her up so she was partially up on her side. One of her legs was on top of the other, her knees were bent, and her elbows, breasts and belly were pressed into the sheet. The true appeal of the new position, of course, was that the sheet was no longer making its feeble attempt to contain the screams of the slutty veela wife as she was buggered. Fleur's moans were freed now, and they were fucking loud. Out of curiosity, Harry glanced back over at the door to

the bedroom. Bill had closed it completely behind him on his way out, so it was still doing its job. If he'd left it open even a crack, he would definitely have been able to hear her now.

"Let's see how loud you can get, you slutty veela," Harry said. He grabbed a handful of Fleur's silky-smooth hair and yanked her head back, bringing a gasp out of her to go along with all of the moaning and screaming she was doing. "Maybe you can scream so loudly that even my magic won't be able to stop your husband from hearing it. Wouldn't it be fun if he could hear you getting buggered while he chewed on his sandwich downstairs?"

Fleur's screams and moans instantly got significantly louder, and they'd been loud as hell as it was. This was exactly the kind of scream that had necessitated the charm he'd put on the door and the window of her bedroom in the first place. Even with the window shut, a scream like this could have penetrated the glass and the walls separating her home from her neighbor's. Fleur probably wouldn't have cared if everyone around her could hear her getting her arse fucked in her bed, even by a man who wasn't her husband, but Harry had no desire to let their business be known to everyone. Playing with the idea of her husband hearing her was a different story though, especially since it had now been revealed that he had known about their arrangement for some time. Bill knew that the only reason he hadn't been getting drained completely dry lately was because Harry was easing his burden and satisfying his wife. But what if he could hear her screaming and moaning all the way down there?

It was an amusing thought to Harry, and clearly a very arousing one for Fleur, who couldn't stop screaming now that he'd pulled her head back and reminded her of the possibility. And of course Harry gave her even more reason to keep those screams going as he fucked the hell out of her with deep, quick thrusts that never stopped, not that she ever wanted them to. If she'd had her way, he'd probably have buggered her like this all week until the very moment that her husband was supposed to come home.

"Have you ever been buggered like this in this bed, Fleur?" he asked her, giving her hair another yank. "Has he ever fucked your arse this hard?" He knew the answer before he even asked the question, but that was irrelevant to the game he was playing in an effort to heighten Fleur's arousal.

"Non!" she shouted. "He has never! He could never! *No one* could ever fuck me like this! No one but you!"

"And that's why you'd never leave me for anything, isn't it?" he demanded to know. While continuing to pull her hair, his other hand grabbed her right arsecheek and squeezed it hard. "When you told him you love my cock, you meant it."

"I did!" Fleur whined. "I love it, Harry! I love the way you fuck me! I never want you to stop!"

"Good," Harry groaned. He pulled his hand back to give her arse a slap. "I'm never going to. Who gives a shite that your husband knows the truth? It doesn't change anything. This arse belongs to me, Fleur."

"Yes!" she shouted, her voice getting even louder now. "It is yours! I want you to keep fucking it! I want William to know that I'll never be able to get enough of you!"

"Too bad the door's closed," Harry mused. It was meant to just be a continuation of the dirty talk that was obviously doing so much for her, but Fleur had apparently decided that she didn't want it to be just

talk. She stretched her arm out to grab her wand from the floor, pointed it at the door and used her magic to pull it wide open before dropping her wand back onto the floor. Harry didn't know if Bill was still downstairs or not, but if he was, he was going to hear the end of this.

"Guess there's no hiding anything now," he said. "If he's down there, let him hear you scream."

"Yes!" Fleur screamed at the top of her lungs. "Oh, Harry, yes! It's so good! Fuck my derriere, Harry! Fuck it! It is yours to fuck! I've never—it's never been so—*ohhhh!*"

With that scream, Fleur trembled through what was one of the strongest climaxes Harry had ever felt or heard from her. It had to be the hardest she'd ever cum in this bed, and if Bill was still in the kitchen, he'd undoubtedly reach the same conclusion. There was a reason Fleur was so eager to spend as much time in Harry's bed as she could, and it wasn't just because he offered a convenient way for her to have sex more frequently than she could when it was only Bill she turned to. She'd said that she loved his cock, and that was no lie.

"I'm going to fill your arse with my cum," he declared, He didn't shout, but he didn't lower his voice either. If Bill could hear him, he had no problem with that.

"Do it!" Fleur shouted. "Fill me! Let me feel all of it, Harry!"

He obliged. He pulled on her hair even tighter, gave her arse a sharp spank and began to pump his cum into her rear. Fleur moaned as loud as ever, and the feeling of his cum rushing into her arse set off another orgasm for her. Her body shook and she squirted all over the sheet, adding to the mess that was trickling out of her arse at the end of her bugging.

"Shall we clean the sheet?" Harry asked a few moments later, after he'd pulled out of her and taken a few deep breaths. Fleur was flat on her back, but she propped herself up on her elbows to look at him.

"Why?" she asked. She was sweaty, sticky, and looked unbelievably sexy fresh out of being bugged in her bed. "William said he would be with his parents for several hours, and your house has guests. Why clean the bed before we're finished with it?"

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"Would you like something to eat, dear?"

"No thanks, mum," Bill said, shaking his head. "I already made myself a bite to eat at home before I came over."

"Oh, was Fleur not back from work yet?" his mother asked, frowning.

"She's home," Bill clarified. "I said hello and let her know what happened, but she already had other things to do, and I didn't want to make her break her plans."

"Really? I'd have thought she'd be delighted to have you back so much sooner than expected," his mum said. "What was so important that she couldn't get out of it to spend more time with you?"

“Trust me, mum,” Bill said, clearing his throat. “I’m happy that Fleur has other interests to occupy her time and make her happy when I’m not around.”

I just don’t need to hear him making her happy while I’m downstairs eating a sandwich, Bill thought to himself, trying not to grimace lest his mum ask him what was wrong.

Chapter 12: A Nontraditional Love Story

Hermione couldn't stop smiling.

This was true of her life in general these days, really, ever since she'd finally gotten Harry to join her in bed for her first 'repayment' and summoned the courage to make confessions that had been years overdue. She was sure she'd smiled more in their brief time together than she had in the entirety of her marriage, so there was nothing unusual in her grinning from ear to ear all evening again.

Still, there was something about having Harry over for dinner with her and her parents in her childhood home that made her smile just a little bit wider than usual, if that was possible. Watching Harry with her parents just felt right in ways that Ron never had been. That wasn't even totally Ron's fault; he'd genuinely tried. But their conversations had always been awkward, and there were many times during her marriage when Hermione would catch her mother giving her a strange look, as if wondering if this was seriously the man she intended to spend her life with. Even when things were at their best between them, she and Ron just hadn't been meant to be together. Maybe if either one of them had been willing to admit as much, they could have ended things before they turned sour.

But this? This wasn't sour. This was *right*. Harry and her parents got along very well. He could converse with her dad easily, and her mum had taken an instant liking to him. Hermione obviously hadn't shared *every* detail of the end of her marriage and the beginning of her and Harry's coupling with her parents, but her parents were intelligent enough to piece things together. If they disapproved of the way she'd handled the end of her marriage, they hadn't ever expressed that to her. They seemed happy that she was happy, and it was impossible to mistake how much happier she was now.

"Harry sure has been outside for a bit, hasn't he?" Hermione's dad said suddenly. Instantly, Hermione's eyes narrowed. Her father had always been a notoriously bad liar. He was honest to a fault; he just couldn't help it. He couldn't help it now either, because this was just about the worst attempt at acting that Hermione had ever heard. He couldn't have made it more obvious that this was a line he'd been instructed to say if he'd had a script fall out of his pocket and land on the kitchen table right next to Hermione's dessert plate. She *had* thought it was odd that Harry wanted to step outside on his own to catch some air, but she'd respected his request for a few minutes to himself. Now she knew that something was up, though.

"You're right, he has," Hermione's mum said, rolling her eyes in the direction of her partner-in-crime. "Why don't you go out back and check on him, Hermione?" Her delivery was far more convincing, but the damage had been done. Thanks to her dad, Hermione knew that Harry was up to something, and her parents were in on it.

"Yes, why don't I do that?" Hermione said. After eating her last bite of dessert, she pushed her plate aside, rose from the table and walked towards the back door of the house. She could call them out on their obvious act, but what would be the point? It couldn't possibly be anything bad, and the quickest way to find out what Harry was up to was playing along and willingly walking into Harry's 'trap.' She heard her mother muttering something to her father about his performance when she reached out to grab the doorknob, and it made Hermione grin.

“Harry?” she called out after stepping out onto the back porch and closing the door behind her. “Harry, are you out here?” She didn’t shout or even raise her voice, because she knew there was no need. Harry would be somewhere nearby, waiting to hear her.

“I’m here, Hermione,” Harry called from the left. “Could you come here for a second? There’s something I’d like to show you.” Obviously, it wasn’t fair for her to judge, since she’d come out here knowing full well that he’d set this up with her parents, but this didn’t feel like his best performance either. His voice honestly sounded kind of shaky, like he was nervous or something. But what would he be nervous about?

“Sure, Harry,” she said. She walked around the back of the house, down a familiar path she’d walked often when she was a child. While other children her age had been outside playing after school, she would curl up on the chair on the patio with a good book and get lost in other worlds. Her life had certainly gotten better when she’d gone to Hogwarts and made actual friends, but she still had fond memories of curling up in that chair and daydreaming about being the hero of her own story one day when she was grown.

Hermione was still smiling as she walked down the path, and she smiled wider as she saw Harry standing on the patio, right in front of that chair. Seeing him here in this context reminded her of the lonely girl who’d turned to her stories, wishing for adventures and friends to share them with. If only that little girl could see how her life had turned out as an adult! She’d gone on those adventures and made those friends, and most importantly of all, one of those friends had become even more than that. Having Harry there with her in this same space that she’d come to as a child to get lost in stories and dream of her future gave Hermione something else to grin about, as if she needed another reason.

“I’m really happy you’re here,” Hermione said as she stepped onto the patio and walked towards him. “This was one of my favorite spots when I was a child.”

“Yes, I know,” Harry said. She reached his side, and he took her hand in his. “Your parents told me all about it. That’s why we’re here.” She cocked her head, even more curious about what he’d cooked up with her parents and what it had to do with her favorite reading place from her childhood. He turned her around so her back was to the chair. “Why don’t you go ahead and sit down?”

“Okay,” Hermione said slowly. She didn’t get what was going on here, but she again decided that the only thing for it was to play along and see what he had in mind. She sat down in the chair and waited to see what would happen.

The moment that her arse touched the chair, it lit up with lights that shone a pure, ethereal white. The entire patio lit up around her, actually. Hermione gasped and turned her head to look around, taking in the beautiful sight for a minute. It made her feel almost as if she had been transported into a whole new world; like she was in the middle of one of the fantasy stories she’d read as a child. She admired the gorgeous view for a moment before her mind logically turned to considering how it had been done. The answer, of course, was magic.

“So that’s why you wanted to be outside by yourself for so long,” she mused. Setting up individual lights like this, making them invisible and charming them to reveal themselves all at once when someone sat down in the seat was a delicate, impressive little bit of magic, especially if he’d done all of it in the twenty minutes or so since he’d finished wolfing down his dessert. “I’m impressed, Harry. It looks beautiful.”

“I’m glad you like it,” he said. He was still holding onto her hand and continued holding it as he slowly got down on one knee in front of her.

It took Hermione a few seconds to realize what he was doing, but she couldn’t help gasping once she did. Maybe it shouldn’t have been much of a surprise to her that he would get down on one knee, reach into his pocket and pull out a small jewelry box. They were living together, and really, they’d already made this commitment to each other. That first night together, when she’d asked him to take her all for himself for good, to make her his, and he’d said in no uncertain terms that she was his, had been as good of a proposal to her. Though there had been no ring involved, and she’d even still been married at the time, she’d given herself to Harry mind, body and soul that night, regardless of what any piece of parchment at the Ministry said.

Now, though, Harry was about to make it official.

“I know nothing about our relationship has really been traditional,” Harry said with a smile. Hermione snorted and shook her head at the understatement. From him barging into the girl’s loo and sticking his wand up a troll’s nose to him fucking her brains out in her then-husband’s childhood bedroom while he and his family ate dinner downstairs, nothing about how Harry and Hermione did things was normal. Even now, with feelings shared and reciprocated, their relationship was highly unconventional, what with Fleur, Angelina and Audrey all continuing their ‘repayments’, plus the involvement of other girls like Luna, Penelope, Katie and Alicia. It was nothing close to normal, and Hermione wouldn’t change any of it, save for all the time she’d wasted being unhappy instead of going after what she wanted. But she was never going to waste another day, and it seemed like Harry was of the same mindset.

“But I wanted to do this, at least.” He opened up the little jewelry box and pulled out a small ring. Hermione’s eyes took it in as he held it between his fingers. It wasn’t large or gaudy, but she liked the way that it shone all the same. It was exactly the kind of ring that she would have picked out for herself. Whether Harry had selected it on his own or asked for her mum to help him out with it was irrelevant to Hermione. It was lovely, and it was something she would be proud to wear on her finger.

“Sorry, I don’t have a big speech prepared or anything,” he said, shrugging slightly. “I think we’ve kind of said all that needs to be said already, to be honest.” Hermione nodded, finding that she agreed with him. A long speech would also have meant that it would take longer before she could give him his answer and then spend the rest of the night with her lips attached to this, making speaking impossible. “I love you, Hermione Granger, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?”

“Yes,” Hermione whispered. She blinked rapidly as she watched him slide the ring onto her finger, and then she slid out of the chair and down to her knees on the ground with him. She put her hands on his cheeks, her head surged forward and her lips mashed against his. It was a wet, sloppy kiss, one utterly lacking in skill thanks to how impatient she was. She didn’t care. She had no interest in proving how great a kisser she was right now. She’d dropped to her knees because she couldn’t bear not to be touching and kissing the love of her life for even a second longer. It didn’t need to be skillful. It just needed to be his lips that she was trying to devour.

Harry wasn’t going to sit back and let her do it all, though. His arms wrapped around her and he kissed her back, holding her close. She could feel how firmly he was holding her back through her light t-shirt, like he wanted to keep touching her, holding her in his arms and pulling her closer to him. He

didn't attempt to be skillful in his kiss either. His tongue tried to shove its way down her throat, and Hermione was content to open her mouth wider and let him take his best shot at it.

She sighed in disappointment when Harry broke the kiss, but a gentle nudge on her shoulder revealed why. She turned her head and saw her parents standing a little ways away, close enough to see but far enough away that they weren't really intruding on the moment. Her mum was smiling from ear to ear, reminding Hermione more than a bit of the smile she'd seen reflecting back at her when she looked into the mirror these days. It didn't matter that this wasn't her first accepted proposal, or that Harry wouldn't be the first man her parents watched her marry. Her mum knew as well as Hermione did that she'd found the man she was meant to spend her life with. Well, she'd found him when she was still a young girl, of course, but it had just taken her this long to recognize and admit to herself that she didn't just want him to be her best friend. She wanted him to be hers in every way, and now he would be. She was going to marry the man she had always been meant to be with, and her parents could see that as surely as she felt it in her heart.

Hermione smiled and waved at her mother, who waved back. Her dad made eye contact and nodded at her, giving her a smile that wasn't as wide as her mum's but didn't look any less sincere. Hermione thought that her parents might come and join them on the patio at that moment, but they instead turned around and walked hand in hand back around the side of the house. It seemed that they just wanted to be there to see the moment, but now knew that Hermione wanted to spend a bit more time alone with her fiancé.

Fiancé. Fiancé. Harry was her fiancé!

As soon as her parents were no longer around to see it, Hermione tackled Harry on the patio and went back to kissing him. This time it was her tongue trying to make its way down his throat, and Harry was more than happy to let it.

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"I took you away from Ron in his childhood bed," Harry commented as he watched her slide her knickers down her legs and chuck them onto the pile of clothes which already contained her shirt, jeans and bra. "Guess it's only appropriate that we celebrate our engagement in *your* childhood bed."

"This isn't actually the same bed I used to sleep in," Hermione clarified. Very few pieces of furniture remained from before their temporary move to Australia as Wendell and Monica Wilkins. Her smile dimmed briefly as the thought came to her. She didn't like remembering what she'd felt compelled to do to try and keep her parents safe. Explaining everything to them afterwards had been far more difficult than actually performing or reversing the memory charm had been. Luckily, they'd accepted her apology and been willing to return to England and rebuild their relationship with her, though it had taken some time for them to get to where they were now.

The stinging slap across her arse made Hermione yelp, jump and spin around to face Harry, who smirked at her. Had he seen the uncomfortable memory seeping in and dragging down her mood on what was supposed to be a joyous occasion? If so, he'd snapped her out of it incredibly effectively. The melancholy was gone before it had ever really had a chance to settle in, and the horny was all the way back.

“Then I guess we’ll just have to break in this brand-new bed,” he said. His arm wrapped around her waist so he could grab onto her arse and squeeze.

“That’s the idea, Potter,” she said as she grabbed the waistband of his underwear and pulled them down, leaving him as naked as her. This had been her bedroom as a child, but after her parents had moved back from Australia, they’d repurposed it as a guestroom and redecorated it accordingly. She might have nostalgic feelings for the room, but she was happy to be only a guest who was staying the night at her mother’s insistence. She knew that she would always be welcome here, but Harry was home now.

“You know, I’ll be able to call you *Potter* like that pretty soon too,” Harry said lightly while moving his hand over to grope her other arsecheek. Hermione giggled in delight.

“I’m going to go by Granger-Potter after we marry.” she clarified, before smiling widely at him. “You can just call me Potter if you feel like it, though.” She’d only been engaged to Harry for about two hours, so the realization that she would be taking the Potter name as part of hers in the near future was still fresh in her mind. She had a feeling she was always going to smile about it though, no matter how many years passed.

“Then let’s get you into bed, Granger-Potter.” Harry put his other arm around her waist, picked her up into his arms with his hands under her arse for support and carried her over to the bed that her parents had bought when this room turned from her bedroom into a guestroom. She’d slept in this bed a handful of times since, for various reasons, and so was not surprised by its softness when Harry sat her down on the edge of it. This bed was larger than hers had been, and less worn-down as well. It wasn’t quite on par with their bed back home, but it would do the job just fine for a single night. Besides, she rather liked the idea of saying a symbolic farewell to her old bedroom by having sex with her future husband here on the night that he’d proposed to her.

Harry would apparently have to wait a bit before he tested the bed’s comfort for himself, because after he’d put her down, he slowly got down on his knees in front of the bed. He rested his elbows on the edge of the bed and looked at her expectantly. Hermione, obviously understanding what he had in mind, was quick to comply. She scooted her body backwards a bit, got down on her back and spread her legs. She adjusted her positioning a bit so her feet were planted right on the edge of the bed, thinking that this would give Harry all the room he needed to do what he wanted to do. And Hermione definitely wanted him to have as much room as he needed to give her the full treatment she knew he was capable of.

Hermione never ceased to be amazed every time she felt Harry’s head between her legs. Even if there happened to be another woman (or more than one other woman, even) naked in bed with them at the time, she always felt like Harry’s attention was solely on her pleasure any time that he was licking her. She didn’t have to compete for his attention tonight, of course. She had no problem letting Fleur, Angelina, Audrey and the others fool around with him. She even had fun joining in, which was not something she’d seen coming before her now ex-husband’s debt created this life-changing situation for her, but she’d learned to embrace.

Still, she was glad to have him all to herself tonight, and he seemed like he might be perfectly happy to spend the entirety of that night down on his knees on the floor of her childhood bedroom with his head between her legs. Harry gave great head, and he knew exactly what she liked by now. He could have gotten her off in short order or had her begging to be fucked, if that was what he was interested in. But

he took his time tonight, kissing her inner thighs and teasing her with licks and rubs up to and likely beyond the point that he would've been able to make her cum if he'd been hurrying things along.

If he wanted to take the scenic route this time, Hermione wouldn't complain. She relaxed on the bed and sighed quietly as she watched her best friend turned lover and now fianc took his sweet time before finally starting to lick her labia. She sighed a little louder, knowing that she didn't need to worry about keeping the noise down. She'd put up a silencing charm as soon as they shut the door of the bedroom behind them, so her parents were not going to hear a thing no matter how late into the night she and Harry continued to celebrate their engagement.

That was good, because Harry showed no urgency in moving things along, and Hermione did not make any attempt to get him to do so. He slowly but surely ate her out and rubbed her pussy with his fingers. Harry understood just how to keep her feeling good, bringing her pleasure and not letting her fire grow cold, but at the same time not intensifying her need and making her impatient to cum. It was a balancing act, and he pulled it off beautifully. Hermione didn't feel compelled to beg him to lick her harder or stick his cock inside of her. She just continued to relax comfortably on the bed and look down the length of her body to watch the man she loved worship between her legs with such enthusiasm that you'd think that *he* was the one being taken care of right now. He would probably insist that this was the case if she voiced that thought. He'd be serious about that too. Hermione knew otherwise, but she was happy to let him think so.

"Oh, Harry," she sighed. She put her left hand on the side of his head and stroked his hair gently. "It's so wonderful." Harry pulled his head back, but only far enough so he could rest his chin on her thigh and smile up at her.

"It definitely is," he said. "I could spend all night down there and be happy." Hermione giggled and ruffled his hair.

"You've come close enough to it as it is," she said lightly. "Your jaw will probably end up getting sore if you're down there for much longer."

"It will be worth it, trust me," he said, smiling. "I'll be happy to keep going. Unless you'd rather I move on?"

Hermione bit her lip, considering. She did want to keep enjoying his mouth, but she knew her mother too well not to anticipate a big celebratory breakfast coming up in the morning, and Hermione would prefer not to be all bleary eyed at breakfast because Harry had been eating her out until the sun came up. Besides, as lovely as this was, there was a better way for them to celebrate.

"I love having you lick me," she said, giving his hair another affectionate ruffle. "But I'd love it even more if you joined me in this bed and made love to me." Harry nodded.

"Fine by me," he said. He kissed her leg just above her knee before getting back to his feet and climbing into bed with her. Hermione scooted up the bed and rolled onto her side, inviting him to spoon up behind her. Harry didn't need to be instructed on what she wanted. He mimicked her by getting onto his side behind her, and she felt his hand on her side. It moved down to rub her upper thigh and the bottom of her arsecheek while his other hand aimed his cock into position. She felt the head rubbing against her, and it made her lick her lips in anticipation.

She sighed happily as he slowly pushed into her. It always felt magical to her any time that she and Harry had sex, but there was definitely something extra attached to it this time. Was it because they were engaged now, putting a formal label on a commitment that they'd already made the first night he fucked her and made her his? Was it because they were doing it in her childhood bedroom, and it felt like a full circle moment in that way? Hermione couldn't say, and in the end, it really didn't matter.

"I love you, Harry," she whispered as he slowly pushed deeper inside of her.

"Love you too, Hermione," he said. His right hand remained on her arsecheek, and his left hugged around her body so he could reach up and gently squeeze her breast. She closed her eyes and moaned, patting the back of his hand that was holding her by the arse.

Harry's pace in thrusting was similar to the way he'd been licking her. He was taking his time and making love to her, giving her a single deep thrust in and out over the same amount of time that he probably could have given her at least a half a dozen full thrusts when he was trying to fuck her hard. Having Harry fuck her was always immensely satisfying for Hermione, but this relaxed pace felt perfect with the mood that had been set much earlier in the evening. This was a time for tenderness, not shagging that could make the bed rumble beneath them.

It was about as different in pace and feeling as could be compared to their first night together. There had been urgency then; years of repressed desires and forbidden fantasies finally being allowed to escape their cage as Harry and Hermione finally, *finally* acknowledged how they felt about each other. That night, he'd fucked her better than she'd ever been fucked and claimed her as his while in Ron's old bed at the Burrow. But there was nothing left to prove, and they'd had months to tell each other and show each other exactly how they felt. She was his, and he was hers, just as it should always have been. They both knew it, and they'd known it long before he'd turned her parents' patio into something out of a fantasy epic and proposed to her.

They were both secure in where they stood, and there was no overwhelming need to fuck. There were no other witches on hand to command his attention and make them hurry things along. Harry was free to slowly rock his hips back and forth and make love to Hermione gently, and she was free to moan quietly, squeeze his hand and rest her head on the pillow as she enjoyed every second of it.

Even though he was taking it slow, it still felt incredible. The size of Harry's dick let him make his mark regardless of how fast or slow he happened to be going, but he also was able to angle his hips and ensure that his cock brushed against her g-spot every time he thrust his cock in and every time he pulled his hips back. No matter the pace or the position, no matter where they happened to be doing it or whether there was another witch or two in the bed with them at the same time, as long as Harry's cock was inside of her, Hermione was going to be happy.

She had him all to herself tonight, and it really did feel like they were going to spend all night making love if they continued at this pace. Hermione wasn't keeping track of time, but she felt she could safely assume that he'd been inside of her at least twice as long as he usually was. She wasn't all that close to cumming, either, and she was pretty sure she could say the same for him. He didn't seem to care about getting there any time soon, because not once had he given her a harder thrust or deviated from the pace he'd set from the moment he dropped to his knees and put his head between her legs.

Harry kept his cool like he wanted to savor this night and this moment with her, and for her part, Hermione was indeed savoring all of it. She loved Harry's cock slowly moving back and forth within

her, sticking to a pace that let her feel every inch coming in and pulling back. She loved his hand covering her arse cheek, and his lips on the side of her neck, kissing her as passionately as he'd eaten her out. She loved his other hand on her breast, and she loved feeling it slowly slide lower down her body. His fingers made her gasp as he grazed across her navel and down her thigh, and she held her breath when she felt them nearing her sex. His fingers danced around her clitoris, and despite not being in any rush for any of this, Hermione suddenly *needed* his fingers on her clit.

"Please, Harry," she whispered after several moments of teasing contact. "Please touch me."

"Anything for you, Hermione," he said quietly, his breath making her shiver as it hit her ear. "Always." His fingers touched her clit, and Hermione moaned and squeezed the hand that was covering her arse.

He didn't really thrust any faster after that, but the mood had still undeniably changed. Harry's fingers rubbed at her clit, and he groaned into her ear as he continued to move his cock back and forth inside of her. Her orgasm was quickly coming into view, and just from listening to his groans, she could tell that he was in the same state.

Now he sped up at last. It still wasn't close to the way he would move his hips when he was fucking her, but she felt the weight behind his thrusts that had not been there before. He needed to cum as badly as she did. All of the emotions of the night and the slow route they'd taken to this point had brought them to the cusp of an end that felt as if it could easily compete with any that they'd had when he pinned her legs back and fucked her brains out.

"Cum, Harry," she whispered, squeezing his hand. "Cum for me." She was going to hit her climax any moment now, and she wanted to do what she could to help him get there at the same time.

"Mine," he groaned while rubbing her clit and thrusting into her. "*Mine.*"

Hermione turned his head to face her and kissed his lips firmly right as she felt her fuse get lit. She wasn't worried about the noise she would have made; she had confidence in her charm. She just needed to feel his lips on hers as she came, and as he filled her with his semen. As she'd predicted, Harry came right when she did. Right as her orgasm rushed through her and confirmed that it could stand right alongside any other she'd ever had when he shagged her until her eyes rolled back in her head, she felt Harry's seed fill her as well. The timing could not have been any better.

That irony was not lost on her, because in some ways they'd had bloody awful timing for so many years. So much time that could have been spent together had been wasted denying their heart's true desires. But at the same time, she wouldn't have changed any of it. Rather than looking at it as wasted time, she preferred to look at it as them taking their time, making mistakes and only acknowledging the true depth of their feelings when they were mature enough not to fuck it all up.

As Harry had said right after dropping to one knee on the patio, nothing about their relationship had been traditional. But as Hermione said goodbye to her old life and celebrated the formal beginning of her new one in the very same bedroom where she'd used to close her eyes and dream, she knew that her very nontraditional love story with her literal storybook hero husband-to-be made her happier than doing things 'properly' ever could have. It would, she believed with all her heart, remain that way for the rest of her life.

If the lonely, bookish young girl who'd used to call this bedroom home could see the way her life had turned out, she would have been more satisfied by its conclusion than she had been with any story she'd ever read.

Chapter 13: Persuasive Chasers

The rest of the spectators around him were watching the Dorchester trio of Angelina, Alicia and Katie using their teamwork to sustain their assault on the hoops, which had the Portsmouth keeper working desperately to try and keep the score down. But Harry's eyes were on the snitch. As far as he could tell, he was the only one in the stadium or on the pitch who had spotted it so far. Hopefully, for the sake of his former teammates, their seeker would see it before Portsmouth's did. Angelina, Alicia and Katie had given Dorchester a nice lead, but against their opponent in this championship match of the QSL, it hadn't been enough time for them to build a wide enough lead to be able to hold on and win if Portsmouth caught the snitch. The championship, and promotion into the top level British and Irish Quidditch League, hung in the balance.

Connor Smythe, the Dorchester seeker, spotted the snitch before his counterpart Jessie Warrick did. But the Portsmouth seeker was closer to it, and Connor wasn't subtle enough in his reaction to get to it without Warrick noticing. Soon enough, both seekers were in full pursuit of the snitch with the entire crowd watching intently.

Though it had been several years since Harry had played an actual official quidditch match, he naturally critiqued the flying of both seekers in his head as he watched them. It was clear to him that Warrick was the superior flier of the two. She would probably be average at best in comparison to the starting seekers in the main league, if not below average. But she was certainly better than Smythe. He had decent speed, but the routes he took through the air made Harry shake his head. He could fly, but he wasn't confident enough to make a move and beat the best of the best. Maybe he was capable of being a starting seeker in the QSL, but even if Dorchester won this league championship and earned the promotion on the back of the chaser trio and their talented keeper/captain, the best national-level seekers were going to fly circles around him.

If this had been purely a contest of skill on a broomstick, Warrick would have won without incident, and all of the extra work Katie, Alicia and Angelina had put in would have been for nothing. But sometimes luck triumphed over skill, and that was what happened here. Warrick was closing in on the snitch, but it darted to the left to avoid her hand, bounced off of the shoulder of her other arm and happened to fly directly into Connor's open hand. Harry wasn't convinced that the Dorchester seeker meant to close his hand into a fist around the snitch. Frankly, he wouldn't bet on the man realizing he was holding the thing at first.

But his worthiness or awareness didn't matter. Whether he'd deserved to or not, he caught the snitch, and the Dorchester Dragons won the league championship. When the next season of the British and Irish Quidditch League began, the Dragons would be taking part.

The Dorchester supporters roared, but Harry was more interested in watching his former teammates react to their victory. Angelina was so overjoyed that she flew towards Alicia and caught her in a hug before they'd even finished landing their brooms. They fell the short distance down onto the pitch, with Angelina landing on top of Alicia. She just kept hugging her though, and the landing must not have hurt Alicia, because she put her arms around Angelina and hugged her back rather than trying to push her off. Katie landed on her feet beside them, and just before she dropped to her knees to join in the hug, she looked up towards the private box for family and friends that Harry was sitting in. Their eyes met, and she smiled and waved up at him. Harry smiled and waved back, feeling nostalgic for his days playing seeker for Gryffindor as he watched his former teammates hug and celebrate together.

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The mood as Harry entered the little private room instantly took him back to the Gryffindor common room after a big win over Slytherin. It was the Dragons ownership group that provided the catered food and Firewhisky this time, rather than the Weasley twins passing it around, but the atmosphere was honestly pretty similar. There just weren't celebrations like this at the Ministry, no matter how good a job you did.

"Harry!" Katie's eyes lit up as she saw him enter, and she rushed over towards him. The couple of blokes who had been standing with her looked none too happy to see Katie leave them behind to run into his arms. Harry wrapped his arms around her and held her while grinning at the pair of glaring men.

"Congratulations, Katie," he said. "You were great out there."

"Thanks, Harry," she said. Her voice was muffled by her head resting on his shoulder. "I'm so glad you got to be here to watch us!"

"I wouldn't have missed it," he said. "Sorry I couldn't make it down to the victory party sooner. There was an army of press hounding my every step." He'd expected that, though. This was his first public appearance since the announcement of his engagement to Hermione, which had been the front-page story every single day since they'd released their brief statement. The reporters looking for a story had been annoying, but it was worth it to come and support his former teammates.

"We're just glad you're here," Alicia said, smiling at him. Her parents and little brother were all there with her, drinking butterbeer. Her brother stared in surprise at Harry, a look he was certainly used to after all these years as the Boy-Who-Lived. Alicia elbowed her brother in the ribs to get him to stop gawking so openly.

"Yes, we are," Angelina agreed. Her parents had been there beside Harry in the box, and a few of the Weasleys had come to watch the match, but only George was left now. He gave Harry a friendly wave, but he seemed a bit distracted trying to get Connor Smythe to taste a sample of the latest Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes product. "It wouldn't be a party without you, Harry."

"And don't worry about being late," Katie whispered. She was still hugging him, and her hands were getting pretty close to his arse at this point. Harry didn't mind. "The rest of our family and friends should be leaving soon, but Alicia, Angelina and I were hoping to have a private celebration with you anyway." Harry smiled, watching the guys who had been chatting up Katie give up and leave the party. Later, he would learn that they were reserve chasers for the Dragons, though they wound up not making the cut when Dorchester was promoted and had more talented players interested in joining the squad.

He didn't really care who they were anyway. Katie had no interest in them. She'd thrown herself into his arms as soon as he made it to the party; he was the one she wanted to celebrate with. And in watching Angelina and Alicia out of the corner of his eye as they chatted with their respective families, he knew that they would be joining this private celebration as soon as they were able.

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“Don’t you miss it, Harry?” Alicia asked. “The thrill of soaring through the air and grabbing the snitch right out from under your opponent’s nose?” She’d already gotten his trousers and boxers off, and her hand promptly grabbed his cock. Katie and Angelina were still sitting at the table, but Alicia wasn’t wasting any time.

“Chasing down bad guys is pretty thrilling too,” Harry said, shrugging.

“Didn’t you say that your job is like 95% paperwork these days?” Angelina asked. Harry gave her a wry smile.

“I think I said 80%,” he said. “But it feels like the percentage goes up a little bit each month. Or with each promotion, anyway.” His job now was far more prestigious and paid much better, but a not insignificant part of Harry longed for the days when he’d been a rank-and-file auror without any teams to manage or missions to plan. His life had actually gotten pretty monotonous and boring lately, at least until he learned of the debts the Weasley brothers owed him, and their wives worked out their unique repayment plan.

“Do you know the last time I had to fill out a report?” Alicia questioned from her knees. Harry shrugged and shook his head. “Neither do I.” She jerked his cock faster, and her tongue began to lap at the tip.

“It’s also not like you really need the money from your current position,” Angelina pointed out.

“I don’t,” Harry acknowledged. Alicia took his cockhead between her lips and began to suckle him. He patted the top of her head while looking across the table at Angelina. “But I don’t see why you’re pushing this so hard all of a sudden. You guys already have a seeker.”

“Connor is decent enough for the QSL,” Katie said quietly. “He’s not a bad guy, either. But he’s not good enough to compete with the best that the top league has to offer. I’m sure you already know that, though. You’ve seen several of our matches in person now.”

“He was lucky to catch the snitch today,” Harry said, nodding at Katie while stroking Alicia’s head. She was bobbing away now and doing a damn good job of it too. “Yeah, I think it would be in your best interests if you guys recruit a better seeker before you start up in the top league next season. But why me? I haven’t flown competitively in years.”

“Aside from professional quidditch being a business, and Harry Potter jerseys, signed photos and memorabilia being an obvious gold mine for our owners, you mean?” Angelina asked, smirking.

“Aside from that, yes,” Harry said. “That might be something that excites your owner, but I know you three well enough to know that you don’t give a shit about that. You girls worked your arses off to lift this team to the championship and the promotion that came with it. I’m sure you don’t want all that effort to go to waste. Why try to recruit me? You should have plenty of seeker hopefuls dying to try out for the team now that you’re getting promoted.” Alicia stopped sucking his cock and popped her head off of him to laugh from her knees.

“You are one of the most natural fliers I’ve ever seen, Harry,” she said. Both Katie and Angelina nodded in agreement. “Professor McGonagall didn’t make you the youngest school seeker in a century by accident, you know. You were amazing at Hogwarts. Seekers as good as you are hard to find. There

are maybe two or three of them in the whole league, and they're all locked up in lucrative contracts with other teams for years to come."

"Maybe you'd be a little bit rusty, but after a month or two of regular practices, you'd be loads better than Smythe or anyone else we'd be able to get to play seeker for us," Katie said earnestly as Alicia returned to sucking his cock. "You're right, Harry. We worked so hard to get this promotion, and we don't want to waste it. We know we need to upgrade at seeker. And you're the best seeker we could hope to get."

"She's not wrong," Angelina said. "We're almost definitely going to be trying to replace Connor either way." She stood up from her chair and got down on her knees beside Alicia. "But you'd be better than anyone else we can hope to recruit." Her fingers wrapped around the base of Harry's cock and gave it a little squeeze. "Besides, just think of all the fun we could have on the road."

She did have a point there, and she and Alicia worked together to demonstrate it. With Alicia bobbing her head on his cock, Angelina turned her head and went lower, kissing and licking more around the base before slowly kissing her way up. Their mouths met around the head of his cock, and Harry had to groan when he felt his beautiful former teammates pressing their lips against either side of his head in one of the lewdest and most amazing kisses imaginable.

"You're not wrong," Harry said. "Traveling with you lot would be one amazing perk of the job." Alicia pulled her mouth away from his cockhead and grinned up at him.

"Does that mean you're in?" she asked hopefully.

"I didn't say that," he said, laughing. "It *would* be amazing, yeah. But my sex life's pretty amazing as it is, I'll have you know." He obviously would have to talk to Hermione before he even considered a major decision like this. This would have been true before he proposed, but her input on a decision like this was even more vital now. And that was assuming he even had interest in giving in to his former teammates' attempts to recruit him. He'd always liked playing quidditch back in school, but he'd never given any serious thought to trying to play professionally. Then again, no quidditch team had ever had a pair of beautiful chasers suck his cock as part of a recruiting pitch.

"I guess that means it's up to us to try a little bit harder, then," Angelina said. There was a mischievous look in her eyes as she said it, and then she stretched her lips wide and stuffed both of his balls into her mouth. Alicia nodded and dove back into the fray as well, taking his cock back into her mouth and bobbing faster than she had been earlier.

Alicia and Angelina were making a compelling pitch, he had to give them that. With Alicia sucking his cock and Angelina hard at work on his balls, Harry was enjoying this victory celebration more than he'd ever enjoyed anything he'd done while on auror duty, with the possible exception of when he and Audrey fooled around at the office. Moments like that were few and far between, though. If nothing else, there would probably be far more opportunities to fuck in the locker room after games if he was part of the team.

Harry shook his head, putting those thoughts out of his mind for the time being. Their season had only just ended, and there were several months between now and the Dragons needing to announce their roster for their promotion at the beginning of the next quidditch season. If that was something that he

wanted to consider, he had time to consider it. Right now, he just wanted to sit back and enjoy the fine work that Angelina and Alicia were doing.

They switched places at one point, with Alicia primarily licking and kissing his balls as opposed to sucking on them as Angelina had been doing. Angelina, meanwhile, focused on running her tongue around his cockhead instead of blowing him. Either approach was great, and Harry enjoyed them both. But then the two witches started licking his cockhead at the same time, and he closed his eyes as he felt his pleasure swell.

“He’s close,” Angelina said. “What do you think, Katie? Do you want to swallow it, or should I?”

“I have a better idea,” Alicia said. “Let’s have him shoot it all over our faces.” Harry’s cock twitched, and Angelina giggled.

“Seems like he likes that idea,” she said. “Let’s go for it. Sounds like a great way to celebrate our championship and promotion to me.”

“Not to mention it’s a great pitch,” Alicia said. “If we put a picture of our faces covered in cum on the letters of recruitment we send to free agents, I bet we’d be swimming in applicants.”

Angelina laughed, and the two of them grinned up at him while stroking his cock quickly. Harry looked down at their pretty faces as they finished him off with their hands. They pressed their cheeks together at the end, and Alicia’s hand around his shaft made sure that his cock was pointed to cover them both. Alicia took a massive amount of cum from one cheek, across her mouth and over the other cheek, while Angelina had it mostly running down from her nose to her chin.

When they were done, they released his cock and kept their faces pressed together, allowing him to admire the mess he’d made of them both. While their faces were always pretty, Harry definitely preferred seeing them covered in his cum. They weren’t wrong; an image like this circulating around would make the Dorchester Dragons the talk of the quidditch world.

“Did we make a convincing pitch, Harry?” Angelina asked, still covered in his cum.

“I’m not signing anything or promising anything,” he said. “But I’ll say this: you girls have definitely given me something to thinking about.” They both laughed.

“What about you, Katie?” Alicia said lightly. “Do you wanna make a pitch of your own to Harry, or are you going to leave all the recruiting to us?”

Harry looked over and saw Katie sitting in the same chair she’d been in before all of this started. Her face was flushed, and she looked like she was almost panting. It was on the tip of his tongue to assure her that she didn’t need to do anything to him or for him, but she spoke up before he could.

“I want you to fuck me, Harry,” she whispered. “Right now. Right here.”

Angelina and Alicia giggled, but Harry’s eyes widened. Unless something had changed, he was the only one of the three who knew just how big a deal this was. Her teammates thought that she was just shy and was stepping outside of her comfort zone in offering to shag him in front of her friends, but Harry knew that she was still a virgin.

“Damn, look at you, Katie Bell!” Alicia said, clapping her hands. “Way to take one for the team!”

“No kidding!” Angelina said. “It wasn’t so long ago that you were blushing and not looking anyone in the eye because you walked in on Harry shagging me in the shower. Now you’re already ready to fuck him right in front of us?”

“Are you sure about this, Katie?” Harry said. It was obvious to him that she still hadn’t told the truth to Angelina or Alicia, so it was only him who knew what this meant. He looked into her eyes seriously, trying to reassure her that she didn’t need to feel compelled to do this if she didn’t want to do it.

“I’m sure,” she said, nodding her head and meeting his look steadily. She really did look and sound sure. “I want to do this.”

“Heck yes!” Alicia said. “Go get ‘em, Bell!”

Harry rose to his feet, instantly deciding that he needed to do a little redecorating if he was going to give Katie a first time she deserved. He transfigured one of the empty tables into a large bed, and took Katie’s hand to lead her over to it.

“Ooh, fancy,” Angelina called as she watched them. “You never transfigured a bed for me when you fucked me in the locker room, Harry. You might make me jealous.”

“It’s a special occasion,” Harry said, grinning at Katie as he sat down on the bed with her. “You guys worked hard to earn a night like tonight.” Alicia cheered, but Katie gave him a soft smile as she looked into his eyes. They both knew what he really meant, and why this night was special.

He pulled Katie into a kiss, hugging her body and pressing his lips against hers to loosen her up a bit before they got to anything else. By the time she put her arms around his shoulders and kissed him back with a moan, he knew it was safe for him to start taking her clothes off. Katie lifted her arms above her head to make it easier for him to strip her, and she didn’t even flinch when he took her bra and knickers off. Never had she been this exposed, but he felt only eagerness from her.

“You’re beautiful, Katie,” he whispered so only she could hear. “Thank you for trusting me with this.”

“Thank you for being my first,” she whispered back. “There’s no one I’d rather give it to.”

Those were words that Harry did not take lightly. It had been quite some time since he’d taken a woman’s virginity, and the fact that Katie had waited this long before trusting him was meaningful to him. He was going to make it everything she’d ever dreamed it could be.

He hugged her body and kissed her again, gently lowering her down onto her back in the middle of the bed. Katie’s legs spread for him, and her arms moved to hug him around the waist. Harry reached down to line his cock up, and he looked into her eyes as he held himself right against her. Katie didn’t say anything. She just looked up at him and gave him a slow nod, encouraging him to put it in. Harry kissed her on the lips again, and then he pushed just the tip of his cock inside of her.

Katie gasped as he entered her, and Harry paused there for a moment, giving her some time to collect herself. But it didn’t take nearly as long as he expected it to before she was giving him another nod,

silently telling him that she wanted more. Harry nodded back and pushed more of his cock into her, listening to her sigh.

The last time Harry had taken a girl's virginity, he hadn't had anywhere near the level of sexual confidence that he had now. He felt like he was equipped to give Katie an amazing first time that she would never forget, and everything he felt from her gave his confidence plenty of reason to grow. She continued to hug him, and her legs crossed together behind his back. His cock was thrusting back and forth inside of her, quickly gaining speed with each successive thrust that he gave her, but she only ever wanted more from him. When he gave her more, she just held him closer and moaned louder.

"Is it me, or does it almost feel like we're intruding on something sacred here?" Alicia said. He'd thought the two of them might try to come and join them on the bed, but they seemed content just to watch. Maybe they realized that this really was a special moment, even if it was only on a subconscious level.

"I know what you mean," Angelina said. "Somehow it feels like my cum-covered face doesn't belong anywhere near that bed right now." Katie giggled and hugged Harry tighter.

"C'mon, Harry," she whispered. "Keep going! I love this. I love it so much."

Harry moved faster, and made sure to angle his hips so his cock brushed against her g-spot every time that he thrust in or pulled out. He felt supremely confident in his ability as he rocked his hips back and forth and made Katie moan, sigh and hug him tighter. All of the sex he'd been having with a variety of witches gave him all the confidence in the world to handle the responsibility of deflowering Katie and making her moan in pleasure, so he wasn't worried about a thing. He loved everything about this. He loved that Katie had trusted him with something so important. He loved that she was so clearly enjoying herself, and would surely look back on tonight fondly no matter what did or did not happen between them going forward.

It went without saying that he loved how damn good Katie Bell's tight cunt felt too. His beautiful teammate's body was all his, at least for right now. No one else had ever felt Katie's tightness, or had her arms and legs holding onto him so tightly like she never wanted to let him pull out of her. No man but him had ever heard Katie's moans of pleasure as he fucked her.

Harry was aware of Angelina and Alicia continuing to talk among themselves, but he ignored them and put his focus solely on the beautiful witch beneath him. Angelina and Alicia were loads of fun, and if time permitted, he'd be happy to have some more fun with them before they said goodnight. But right now, it was all about Katie. It was about showing her how good sex could feel, and enjoying her pussy muscles squeezing him snugly as he fucked her. It felt incredible for him, but it was her pleasure that he was really working for. He kept his hips moving and kissed her neck and shoulder as he listened to her moans build. She was nearly there, and he couldn't wait to discover what Katie felt and sounded like when she came.

When it arrived, it surpassed his expectations. Her arms squeezed his neck with so much strength that it might have been uncomfortable under other circumstances, but he didn't even feel it thanks to how preoccupied he was with everything else happening.

"Fuck, Harry!" she whined directly into his ear. "It's so...*oh!*"

She cut off in an unintelligible scream into his ear. It was hardly eloquent, but that didn't matter. He felt the passion and the pleasure behind it, and that was all he gave a shit about. Well, he also cared about the feeling of her pussy squeezing him as she came too. Was she doing that on purpose, or was she just clenching as a natural reaction to the pleasure of her climax?

Whether it was on purpose or purely coincidental, the result was the same for him. He covered Katie's lips with his and pressed her body into the mattress beneath him as he unloaded inside of her. Perhaps he should have been more careful and not cum inside of her without at least asking, but he'd been too wrapped up in breaking Katie in that he hadn't even considered it. Since she moaned into his mouth and her arms and legs were holding onto him as securely as ever, Katie didn't appear to mind.

"That felt sweeter than I expected it to," Angelina said. She'd probably said plenty before that, but this was the first thing other than fucking Katie, getting her off and cumming inside of her that he'd noticed for some time now.

"Look at it this way," Alicia said. "Katie can be soft and sweet with him, and we can let him cum all over our faces like we're on the cover of one of those dirty magazines they sell in Knockturn Alley. If this turns into a bidding war for Harry's services, let's see the Ministry make a counteroffer that can compare to *that*."

Chapter 14: The Feature Attraction

“And is that something you’d be interested in doing, Harry?” Hermione asked after he told her about his former teammates’ attempt at recruiting him to play seeker for them. His fiancée glanced up from her wedding planning binder (color-coded and neatly organized, naturally) to make eye contact with him. Harry thought about it for a few seconds before shrugging.

“Dunno,” he said honestly. “I never really thought about playing quidditch much after sixth year. There were always more important things to do, during the war and after. Being an auror seemed more meaningful.”

“Aurors play an important role in our society, yes,” Hermione agreed. “But what matters more is if you find the job fulfilling. And I’ve heard you complain quite a bit about how much paperwork comes with your job these days.”

“It’s definitely gone way up since the promotion, yeah,” he conceded. “I’m kind of hoping it’ll calm down a bit if I stick at it long enough. Or maybe if I get promoted again.” Hermione laughed.

“I’m afraid I have some bad news for you, Harry,” she said. “The higher up you get, the more of your time you’ll spend sitting at a desk filling out forms and signing off on reports. You’re never going to get back to the old days where you were out in the field almost every day, solving crimes and arresting dark wizards. Your desk is only going to have more paperwork piled on top of it the longer you work in the DMLE.”

“I don’t like the bloody sound of that,” he said, sighing. The fun he’d been having with Hermione and the others had been a much-needed distraction from the tedium that made up his daily life ever since his promotion, but the truth was that he found very little fulfillment out of his job these days. Maybe it was still an important one, but planning missions and keeping his teams running from behind a desk did nothing to satisfy Harry’s sense of adventure.

“Then maybe you ought to consider an alternative career path,” Hermione suggested. “I know how much you always enjoyed quidditch. If you want to leave the Ministry and try going pro like Ginny did, you have my blessing.”

“I’m kind of surprised to hear you say all this,” Harry said. “I know how serious you are about your work, and you were the one who first helped me understand how much power I have to try and influence change.” He had no taste for politics, but Hermione’s encouragement had allowed him to see that there were times that he should use his fame and reputation to advocate for certain causes that were important for him. He also had some power to influence things through his job, and that power would theoretically only grow as he got promoted higher up the ladder. He’d have expected her to stress his responsibilities and his opportunity to make their world better, but she was instead actively encouraging him to consider leaving his job as an auror team leader in order to play professional quidditch. It was not at all how he’d expected her to react when he told her about the previous night’s celebration/recruitment pitch with Angelina, Alicia and Katie.

“You can still speak up for the causes you believe in,” Hermione said. “People will listen to what you have to say no matter what you do for a living. I love my work, and I love knowing that I’m spending every day trying to make things better. But I don’t expect you to do the same.” She gave him a smile.

“If anyone has earned the right to choose a career based solely on how happy it will make them, it’s you. I want you to be happy, Harry.”

“And if I decide joining the Dragons is what would make me happy, you’d be okay with me being on the road a lot during the season, with Angelina, Alicia and Katie?” he asked. It went without saying that there would be loads of sex between him and the chaser trio should he join the team. Having other girls join them in bed frequently was one thing, but he wanted to be sure that Hermione would be okay with the prospect of him traveling with and likely getting up to all sorts of smutty fun with the chasers during the season before he even considered whether or not he actually wanted a career in quidditch.

“I wouldn’t have encouraged you to consider it if the idea made me jealous,” she said. “Yes, the bed would feel a little bit emptier without you beside me, but it isn’t as if it would be every night, or even most nights.” She shot him a playful smirk. “Besides, I’m sure I wouldn’t be going to bed alone all that often, whether you’re here or not. You know how Luna loves to pop in, after all. And I have a feeling Fleur would still come here looking to have her lust sated after she’s exhausted her poor husband. I might not be able to sate it as well as you can, but I’d be happy to do my best in your absence.” She stuck her tongue out of her mouth and moved it around in circles, all while letting off suggestive little sighs. Harry chuckled and shook his head.

“So long as you won’t be lonely,” he quipped, making her grin, before he got serious. “I’ll think about it.”

“Good,” she said. She was still smiling at him, but the smile had changed along with the mood, feeling decidedly more wholesome than it had when she was teasing him with the idea of her eating out Fleur while he was gone. “If you ever want to talk about it, I’m here. We’re a team now.”

They went back to discussing some of the plans she and her mother had been making for the wedding, but they weren’t at it for long before the floo came to life. Knowing that only certain people could floo into their home without being invited first, Harry and Hermione got up from the kitchen table and headed for the fireplace without any real urgency. By the time they made it there, Angelina had already stepped through.

“Hullo,” Angelina said, brushing a bit of soot off of her shoulder.

“Good morning, Angelina,” Hermione greeted her. It was well-established by now that any of the Weasley wives could drop in whenever they pleased unless Harry or Hermione specifically requested otherwise, so she didn’t even feign annoyance at Angelina for showing up unannounced. “I’m surprised to see you up and about so early in the morning. Harry was just telling me about your little group celebration last night.”

“Then if he told the story properly, you should know that Katie was the one who was with him most,” Angelina said. “Merlin, I never thought I’d see Katie bloody Bell get horny enough to shag a bloke right in front of me!”

“That part of the story surprised me too, actually,” Hermione admitted. Harry smiled in secret. He’d told Hermione the full story of what had happened after the Dorchester Dragons won the QSL championship and earned a promotion, save for the fact that he had actually taken Katie’s virginity with her friends none the wiser. That felt like a secret that Katie alone should choose to share with

whomever she wanted. If she wanted to trust him alone with that, just as she'd trusted him with taking her virginity to begin with, Harry would accept her trust with pride.

"And since Katie hogged Harry to herself for most of the night, here I am, bright and early," Angelina said. "I wanted to be sure that I got here before Fleur managed to show up and demand your attention for the rest of the day."

"It was probably a good idea you got here as early as you did, then," Hermione said, grinning. "So, should I take my wedding planning into the study and put up some silencing charms so I can work while Harry takes care of you? Or do you want me to join in?"

"Oh, I *definitely* want you to be part of this," Angelina said, nodding quickly. "But first, I want to show you this." She reached into the pocket of her trousers and pulled out a long, thin piece of string, so thin that it was almost invisible. There was a tiny little circular orb at one end of it, and a pair of matching knobs at the other end. "Do either of you know what it is?"

"It doesn't look familiar to me, no," Hermione said slowly, frowning as she studied the object but could not place it. She looked to Harry, who just shrugged and shook his head.

"*This* is a prototype that George has been working on lately," Angelina explained. "Think of it like an upgrade of the old extendable ears, only refined." She tapped the little orb with her index finger. "This thing here lets you see what's happening, rather than just hearing it. And it even stores what it captures in its memory, so you can extract it into a pensieve to be viewed whenever you like."

"Sounds like a magical version of a hidden camera, more or less," Hermione said. Angelina stared blankly, but Harry nodded.

"Sounds about right, yeah," Harry said. "So, why are you showing us this, Angelina?"

"George, that sneaky little bugger, tried to leave it behind in the room after he left the party last night," Angelina explained.

"Okay," Harry said. "So, he wanted to test out a new prototype? I'm still not getting why you wanted to show this to us as soon as possible."

"Neither am I," Hermione said, before looking up sharply. "Unless you think that he anticipated what was going to happen once Harry was alone with you, Katie and Alicia?"

"You always were clever, Hermione," Angelina said, smiling. "Yes, that's exactly it."

"So, what, he suspected us, and wanted to catch us in the act?" Harry asked. Hermione shook her head and answered before Angelina could.

"No, that's not it," his fiancée said. "Don't you remember what Bill told you, when he walked in on you and Fleur? He'd known for months, and he effectively said that his brothers would have to be oblivious if they hadn't picked up on it too. And frankly, the twins were always the cleverest of the Weasleys. I'm sure he's known about you and Angelina for quite some time. If he wanted to call you out on it or catch you mid-shag, there would have been much easier ways to go about it."

“Then why would he want to record us, if not to throw it in our faces?” Harry asked.

“Because he *loves* to watch,” Angelina said. “He always has.”

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked. “He’s watched you with other men?” Angelina shook her head.

“No, it’s never gone that far. But he’s always loved sitting back and watching me,” George’s wife said. “He likes shagging well enough, but nothing turns him on like sitting in front of the bed and having a wank while he watches me masturbate. He especially likes it when I’m using a toy, and he *never* cums harder than he does when I whisper another man’s name right at the end. That happened by accident the first time, but I noticed how he reacted to it. So, every once in a while I’ll throw it in at the end. Drives him crazy every time.” She laughed. “For months now, it’s always been Harry’s name I’ve used, and the real memories of our times together that I think of when I play with myself. And if he really has known how I’ve been *working off* that debt for all this time, I bet hearing me whisper the name of the man he knows I’ve actually been fucking has turned that pervert on even more.”

“So he’s a voyeur, then,” Hermione mused. “And with a fetish for cuckolding too, it would seem.”

“We’ve never put a label on it,” Angelina said, shrugging. “Heck, we’ve never *talked* about it. He’s never asked for it to go beyond watching me masturbate, and I’ve never made him ask for me to whisper another man’s name. It’s just been there, unspoken. I’ve never told anyone until now, and wasn’t planning to. Until I found this.” She tossed the prototype into the air and caught it in her hand on the way down. “I noticed it and nicked it before he could retrieve it, but he still tried to take his little fetish to the next level without telling me about it.”

“Do you want to punish him?” Hermione asked. “That would seem rather hypocritical to me, if I’m being honest. You *are* the one shagging other people.”

“Right you are.” Angelina giggled and shook her head. “No, I don’t want to *punish* him. I want to give him exactly what he wanted. But I don’t want to unknowingly give him a show. I want to do it on my terms.” She shook the prototype in her hand, and her smile was as mischievous as any Harry had ever seen from her prankster husband. “Whether we ever talk about it or not, *everything* is out in the open between us now. And now that it is, I want him to see just how well I’ve been getting fucked behind his back.”

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“Thanks for bringing this prototype over, Angelina,” Hermione said. “I can’t wait to watch this back and enjoy it later.”

The action was already underway before Hermione tapped the prototype with her wand to turn it on as Angelina had taught her. She wanted George to be greeted by his wife getting used the very second he went to watch what he thought would be the footage of Harry’s afterparty with the three chasers. Instead, Hermione stood just enough to the left that George would instantly see his wife standing naked in the middle of Harry and Hermione’s kitchen, bending over at the waist and getting her face fucked.

And she was indeed getting it fucked. Harry had both hands in Angelina’s hair, tugging roughly on the ponytail she’d tied it into while he thrust his hips forward and pushed his cock deeper into her mouth. The gagging sounds she made as he fucked her mouth didn’t even need to be exaggerated for a

memorable sound effect, because Harry was getting her to produce them naturally with how fast his thrusts came, and how deep his cock went. In short, he was giving Angelina exactly what she'd asked for. They were standing at a perfect angle for George to be able to see and hear it all once he got his hands back on his prototype and checked its contents. If Angelina was to be believed, it was going to turn George on something fierce. Harry couldn't imagine getting off on this if the shoe had been on the other foot, but to be honest, he didn't care all that much about satisfying George's secret fetishes right now. For him, this was just about tugging on Angelina's hair and making her gag around his cock while he stuffed it down her throat, which was a fine way to start any day.

Hermione was different, though. She'd seemed very amused listening to Angelina's story, and the two of them had brainstormed different positions and scenarios to make it as exciting as possible for all involved. Even as Hermione stood to the side of the prototype to let the viewer see Angelina getting facefucked as soon as she turned it on, she also managed to offer a tantalizing side view of herself. Maybe Harry should have been more reluctant about his future wife posing for the camera like this, but seeing as the intended recipient of the video would be watching both Harry and Hermione fuck his wife, the scales were obviously tipped to Harry's side. If Hermione was okay with putting on a little show for the camera in the process, Harry had no reason to complain about it.

"Oops!" Hermione said as she turned her head back towards Harry and Angelina. "Guess your mouth's a little too busy to talk, huh?" She giggled. "I've been there, trust me. But then again, so have you. This is hardly the first time Harry's made you take that huge dick down your throat." Hermione shook her hips from side to side, which made the fake cock she'd attached to her body shake. "It *will* be the first time I get to fuck you at the same time, though. I'm so glad we're recording it, because I'm going to watch this back loads."

She walked over to join them, moving around to stand behind Angelina and grab her arse while lining the fake cock up to enter her. Hermione squeezed in a little tease, rubbing the tip of the toy up and down Angelina's pussy lips for what was probably only five or ten seconds in reality, but more than likely felt significantly longer to that for Angelina, and would probably feel just as long for her husband when he eventually watched this. Eventually, though, Hermione's hips slammed forward and she penetrated Angelina's pussy with the strap-on.

"God, you're so tight!" Hermione exclaimed. "Remind me to thank our special sex friend again for teaching me the transfiguration that turns this from a plain sex toy into one that I can *feel*." Luna would almost certainly not mind at all if Hermione mentioned her by name, but hinting at someone else without giving any names would only make the viewer more curious. She really was getting into this.

"I'll do that," Harry chimed in. If Hermione was going to get into her role in this so deeply, he figured he should at least pitch in here and there. "I'm glad you can feel how tight Angelina's cunt is now. Now you finally understand why I can't get enough of her." Hermione laughed.

"I already had a pretty good idea, but yes, I understand even better now," Hermione said. "Fuck, that's amazing! All that quidditch practice must pay off for you, Angelina." She gave Angelina's arse a light slap, and giggled as it shook. "I don't think any amount of practice and exercise could give you a bum that big, though. It's an arse that just begs to be spanked, isn't it?"

"Fuck yes, it is," Harry agreed. "No reason for you not to. Any time she comes over here this early in the morning, you know she's just begging to get used."

“Good point,” Hermione said. She gave Angelina another spank, and this one had quite a bit more strength behind it. Angelina’s arse shook more prominently afterwards, and the sound of hand meeting cheek sounded loud enough to Harry that he had to imagine the prototype would pick it up nicely.

That was the true beginning of their spitroasting, because Hermione focused less on talking and more on thrusting and spanking. She could neither spank Angelina’s arse as hard nor thrust the fake cock into her with the strength that Harry could, but he was genuinely impressed with how well she kept up with his pace. He had not slowed down the tempo of his throatfucking at all, and Hermione was still able to do her part in fucking and spanking Angelina.

They made quite a team as they bent Angelina over and spitroasted her in their kitchen, but it wasn’t like this was a revelation to them. It was the first time they’d fucked her like this, but they’d gotten several chances to fuck Luna together, to the blonde’s great pleasure. Now they took that teamwork and used it to give Angelina a solid shag from either end. It wasn’t the same as fucking Luna. Angelina’s body was considerably thicker and not as easy to toss around as Luna’s, but rather than that being a challenge, it was an opportunity. Hermione seemed focused on making Angelina’s big arse shake as much as she could, whether from her thrusts or her spanks. Between Hermione pounding away with the toy and slapping Angelina’s arse so frequently that her wrist was bound to be sore, and Harry tugging her hair, making her cheek bulge out with his cock and feeding it down her throat to the sound of her gagging, they were doing a very fine job of using Angelina during their first proper attempt.

It was readily apparent that Angelina herself agreed, because she was moaning loudly around Harry’s cock after several minutes of being bent over and spitroasted in the kitchen. He wasn’t surprised; it had been her idea, after all. She was getting everything she wanted, and Harry and Hermione were carrying out their roles in the lewd surprise perfectly.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped a few minutes later. “She’s even tighter now! That feels so good!” It didn’t sound to Harry like she was acting.

“And now you know why I get so fired up when I make one of you cum,” Harry said, chuckling and giving Angelina’s ponytail another firm tug. Hermione didn’t respond. Her eyes were closed now, and she was thrusting her hips wildly while groaning. She wasn’t even thinking about her performance now, because feeling Angelina’s pussy muscles contract around her magical dildo was driving Hermione’s vast intellect right out of her head. His lover resembled a rutting animal as she thrust her hips harder than ever, fucking Angelina with as much ferocity as she possibly could.

Harry was so entranced by the sight that his facefucking slowed down, and eventually he stopped thrusting his hips altogether. He just left his cock buried in Angelina’s mouth and watched Hermione hump and groan until she came with a squeal. He held his breath, fascinated by what he was watching. Hopefully they could make copies of this thing, because he absolutely wanted to re-watch this moment over and over again.

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Harry hadn’t cum along with Hermione and Angelina, but he hadn’t been worried about that. They’d already discussed that they wanted to move up to the bedroom for the next stage of their video performance, and he’d known what was waiting for him once they made it there. He was actually glad he hadn’t cum downstairs in the kitchen, because he wanted to enjoy *this* for as long as he possibly could.

“That’s it!” Hermione groaned. “Get that tongue in deeper!” Angelina complied, and Hermione moaned. “Fuck, you’re an anal slut all the way around, aren’t you, Angelina?!” Angelina’s only response was a continued tonguing of Hermione’s arse.

Anal was the theme once they made it into the bed. They’d all taken time to properly prepare themselves for this, and now was their reward. Hermione’s body was basically bent in half, with her upper back and shoulders on the bed and her legs bent up above her head and her feet dangling in the air. Angelina was on her hands and knees in front of her, and the eagerness with which she ate Hermione’s arse made it clear that Harry’s hand holding her by the back of the neck was not necessary in order for his fiancée’s rimming to continue.

His hand held Angelina by the back of the neck purely to flaunt his dominance over her body, as if the fact that he was sliding his cock in and out of her arse didn’t establish that on its own. While Angelina licked his lover’s arse, he squeezed her neck and buggered her in his bed, and she’d come over to his house bright and early in the morning for this exact purpose. No one who saw this would be able to question how happy Angelina was about her anal-heavy morning.

That was the whole point, of course. This wasn’t just about showing what Angelina got up to when she and her husband were apart. It was about giving undeniable proof that she had the time of her fucking life whenever she and Harry shagged, and Hermione joining in on the fun and debauchery only enhanced it all.

The point was proven, but Harry frankly didn’t give a shit about any of that. His concentration was on buggering Angelina and watching that big thick arse shake when he thrust forward. The only other thing he had any time for was appreciating the wet sounds of Angelina putting her all into tonguing his fiancée’s arse, and the moans of appreciation Hermione gave as she enjoyed getting her arse eaten. The fact that they were recording this so Angelina’s husband could get off on his secret fetish of watching his wife get fucked by another man barely even registered in Harry’s brain. In a way, his performance was all the better for it, because it showed just how focused he was on shagging George’s wife. He held the back of Angelina’s neck with one hand and slapped her thick cheeks with the other, all while shoving his cock deeper into her arse than anyone but him would ever be able to reach. He didn’t need to spare a lone glance or a single taunt for the magical hidden camera to drive his point home, because this anal threesome did it all for him.

He was the only one of the three not to have gotten off during the first scene down in the kitchen, but he was still thrusting away when he heard Hermione start to curse as she came. She’d helped the process out by reaching up between her legs and playing with her pussy while Angelina licked her arse, but that she was the first of them to get off still was a credit to how active Angelina’s tongue had been in wiggling around inside of the brunette’s bum.

Harry’s own orgasm wasn’t far behind, but he followed their script and remembered to pull his dick out of her arse before the end. Giving her an anal creampie would have made for a nice ending in theory, but for the sake of the video, both girls agreed that it would be better for him to shoot his load all over Angelina’s body. Harry had gone along with it, and he definitely saw the wisdom in it now as he held his cock and sprayed his sticky cum onto Angelina’s skin.

He started with several ropes that ran down her left arsecheek, and then shot some directly into her crack while moving over to unload onto her right cheek. There was still some left after he’d gotten her

thick bum coated on both sides, so he finished up with a few smaller shots along her lower back. He groaned and slapped his cock down on Angelina's arse a few times to shake off the final drops, and then slumped forward a bit on his knees. It was only his first orgasm of the day, but it had still taken a lot out of him given all that had led up to it.

"Bloody hell, that was amazing," Hermione mumbled afterwards. Angelina had flopped down onto her belly in seeming exhaustion, though Harry did notice that she wiggled her body on the bed slightly, as if moving into a better position to show off the cum covering her arse and lower back for the prototype that had recorded it all. Even if she'd had her brains bugged out, she still remembered to put on a show.

"It really was," he agreed. "I don't think I'll ever be able to get enough of Angelina's arse."

"I can't blame you," Hermione said with a giggle. "It's a good thing she's addicted to your dick, I suppose. Maybe we should bring her on our honeymoon with us."

"Not a bad idea." Harry patted Angelina's shoulders and upper back, touching the portion of her body that merely had sweat on it rather than cum. "Want to be our honeymoon butt slut, Angelina?" His former teammate just groaned nonsensically into the sheets.

"She's probably too out of it to carry on a conversation right now," Hermione said. She got up off of the bed and moved towards their chest of drawers, which happened to be where they'd set the prototype up upon entering the bedroom. "We should probably get her into the shower before we make any honeymoon plans.

"Good idea," Harry said. "Lunch afterwards?"

"Sure," Hermione agreed. "And after that, maybe we can continue testing out this prototype. I'd rather like to try putting the toy back on and bugging Angelina myself."

On that tantalizing note, Hermione tapped the prototype with her wand and ended the recording.

Chapter 15: Stag

“This must break your heart, love. All those years you spent fantasizing about becoming Mrs. Harry Potter, and now you’re at his stag party.” Harry snorted at the quip from Jordanna, a trainer on the Holyhead Harpies who also happened to be Ginny’s girlfriend. He’d only really spent any time around her in the last month, since quidditch season was over and Ginny was back in town rather than traveling for matches with the team, but she was fun to have around.

“Yes, little teenage Ginny’s dreams have been *crushed*,” Harry’s first real girlfriend said dryly. “All that time spent practicing writing *Mrs. Ginny Potter*, all those love letters she composed but never delivered—wasted.” She and Harry shared a smile. He doubted many guys had an old girlfriend at their stag party, but Ginny genuinely was a good friend of his. They’d been each other’s firsts, but they had like two months total together romantically, and over a decade as friends. He was happy to have her here at this small get-together.

“They weren’t all undelivered,” Harry pointed out. “Remember the poem you had that dwarf sing to me on Valentine’s Day my second year at Hogwarts, your first?” Ginny’s brown eyes flashed, but Harry ignored the warning sign. “How did it go again? Eyes as green as a fresh pickled—”

“Finish that sentence and you’re going into your wedding night short two balls,” Ginny said fiercely, cutting him off.

“We wouldn’t want that,” Neville said, smirking.

“Definitely not,” Jordanna agreed, nudging Ginny’s side with her elbow. “I’m sure you’re dying to suck on those balls once more, for old times’ sake.”

“My mouth was never anywhere *near* his balls, I’ll have you know,” Ginny said. “Nor will it be.” Her cheeks were turning as red as her hair, and Harry smiled to see it. Ginny was almost always the one making others blush in embarrassment from her teasing, but she’d seemingly met her match with her girlfriend.

“Really?” Harry did his best to act surprised, even disappointed. He knew that Jordanna accepted that there were no lingering romantic feelings or regrets between he and Ginny, and that they truly were just friends, which was why he was comfortable playing along. “Not even if I ask nicely, as a special treat for my stag party?” Jordanna laughed, delighted to have a partner in teasing Ginny.

“You can ask,” Ginny said after clearing her throat in an attempt to shake off her embarrassment. “But only if you want the special treat to be your bogeys turning into bats and flying out of your nose.”

“Something tells me that’s not really what Fleur had in mind when she set this up,” Harry said.

“Unlikely,” Neville agreed. “You really don’t have any more clue what’s coming here than we do, Harry?”

“None.” Harry shrugged. “This was all Fleur’s doing, from the guest list down to the entertainment, whatever it is.”

Harry wasn't originally planning on having any sort of stag party. He and Hermione were doing a relatively small, secret wedding with just family and close friends. If they'd done anything else, half of the wizarding world would have tried to secure an invitation for the social status if nothing else. Even the date of the wedding was a secret known only to those trusted few. The magical world knew that Harry and Hermione were getting married soon, and while the topic was frequently written about in most every paper, writers could only speculate as to the date or location.

He'd been fine not having any sort of stag party, knowing that it would only draw attention and allow the curious public to zero in on a time frame for the upcoming wedding, and Hermione had felt the same way about having a hen night. But Fleur would not hear of it. She had been adamant and took on the responsibility of all the planning herself. Fleur had been so insistent that Harry and Hermione had let her have her way, with the condition that they had to be kept small and done in private so no one would catch on. Hermione didn't know anything about her hen night, beyond that it would be witches only. Hermione *did* know what Fleur had in mind for him, though all she would say to him about it was that it was going to blow his mind, and he had her permission to enjoy it. Harry had taken the portkey Fleur left for him without a clue what to expect. He was glad she'd honored his request that it be kept small and private, but he would admit to being surprised that Fleur herself wasn't present.

Harry had sort of expected that Fleur all but demanding she be allowed to throw him a stag party was really just an excuse for some fucking, but there was no sign of the veela who had set this all up. There were only four people present in the dark room which reminded Harry of the atmosphere in a club's private rooms. It was just Neville sitting in an armchair, Ginny and her girlfriend side by side on a love seat, and Harry sitting in the middle of a large pink couch that was incredibly comfortable. There had been no question that the couch had been meant for him and him alone. He wasn't sure why he'd been given something so big all for himself, but he was happy to enjoy some of the food and drink Fleur had left for them and talk with the few guests she'd invited to join him for what was apparently going to be an even smaller celebration than he'd expected.

"If I know Fleur, she's got something wicked up her sleeve," Ginny said. Harry nodded in agreement. This was fun, but he knew there had to be more in store. Fleur had already said as much. Every time she'd brought it up, she'd smiled and told him that he was going to have an unforgettable night.

"And while we wait to see what it is, I'm happy to enjoy the free champagne," Jordanna said, pouring herself some more. Harry declined when she offered to pour him some as well. He'd had only a little bit to drink, and he wanted to keep it that way. Whatever Fleur had prepared for him, he had a feeling he wanted to be fairly sober and at his best for it.

They talked for another twenty minutes or so before the lights in the room they'd come to via portkey went out. Harry perked up on his couch, knowing that something was coming now. The lights returned after a suitably dramatic pause, but they were dimmer than before. It was as if he was in a movie theater, with everything up until now being the coming attractions where the audience sat around and was free to chat. Now was the feature presentation.

When the lights returned, they strategically spotlighted a lone figure standing in front of Harry with its back to him. With their back turned like this, Harry couldn't see the person's face. He definitely recognized that long, silvery-blond hair that hung down their back to the waist, though. She might have her back to him, and she might be wearing a bulky blue robe, but he'd recognize that hair anywhere.

“So, I guess you turned up after all, eh, Fleur?” he said. She giggled but did not turn her head towards him. Rather than turning around to look at him or talk to him, she undid the robe and shrugged it off her shoulders. It pooled around her feet, and she stepped out of it, letting Harry see the light blue bra and thong she was wearing beneath it. The moment the robe hit the floor, the spotlight grew to encompass not just her, but the couch Harry was sitting on as well. The half-naked veela’s hips began to shake, and Harry’s eyes naturally dropped to her arse. He stared at that bum, both mesmerized and confused. It was a lovely bum, to say the least, but something about it looked different. He had seen Fleur naked and fucked her from behind enough to recognize her arse in an instant, and he was convinced that it was thicker than this one. The bum he saw swaying so enticingly in front of him was more of a heart shape than Fleur’s was. Heck, based on what he could see, her body looked slimmer in general than Fleur’s, and taller than he would have expected Fleur to look, even in the heels she was wearing.

As if she knew that he’d realized something wasn’t quite as he was expecting it to be, she turned her head back over her shoulder to look at him. He’d been on the right track when he saw that silvery-blond hair that he’d never seen on anyone but a veela. It just wasn’t the veela he’d assumed it was.

“*Gabrielle?*” he mumbled. He panicked briefly, but just as quickly reminded himself that Fleur had mentioned going to her Beauxbatons graduation close to a year ago now. It had been a decade since he’d pulled her out of the lake, and in that decade, she had grown into a woman every bit as breathtakingly beautiful as her older sister.

“Oui.” She was smirking at him playfully over her shoulder while continuing to wiggle her hips. She could tell that he was floored, and she clearly delighted in having shocked him so. Her smile felt less arrogant than Fleur’s would have in this same situation, but possibly even more pleased.

“Bloody hell,” Jordanna whispered. “Ginny, would you be offended if I said that’s the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen?”

“Fleur might be,” Ginny said, her voice sounding higher than usual. “Or maybe not. If there’s any woman in the world who she might tolerate being on her level, it’d probably be her little sister.”

Ginny and Jordanna were unknowingly echoing what was running through Harry’s head as he watched Gabrielle Delacour shake her ass in front of him. Objectively, he’d always considered Fleur the most beautiful woman he’d ever seen, and a strong candidate for the most beautiful woman in the world. He could say that openly; even Hermione agreed with him. But now that he was seeing Gabrielle gyrate in front of him, he was forced to reevaluate that. He seemed to remember thinking that she looked basically like a miniature version of her sister when she was young, but there were noticeable differences between them as adults. She was taller than Fleur, slenderer and willowier. Her arse, as he’d noticed right away, was more heart-shaped, and her eyes were a darker shade of green than Fleur’s.

She wasn’t a smaller replica of Fleur, as she’d been when she was younger. Now she was a woman in her own right, and her differences helped Harry appreciate her just as much as he’d always appreciated Fleur. Before the lights had gone out and Gabrielle had appeared to take her robe off and shake her arse in his face, Fleur had undoubtedly been the most beautiful woman he’d ever met. But she had competition for that title now.

“Do you like what you see, Harry?” she asked, spinning around to face him head-on. He noticed that she had a thicker French accent than her sister, though he spent far more time noticing how great her

body looked from this angle too. Her boobs didn't look quite as big as Fleur's, but they filled out that bra nicely, and they seemed to fit her more slender body perfectly. She had fantastic legs, too, and Harry took his time in gazing at them down to the high heels and then going back up. But when he made it back to the top, his breath hitched once they made eye contact. It was as perfect a face as he had ever seen, and the way she was smiling at him felt innocent, sweet, loving and filthy all at once. He couldn't even describe the way that smile made him feel, other than that his cock was becoming a growing problem in his trousers.

"You're fucking *perfect*," he said honestly. Gabrielle giggled and smiled in delight.

"I'll second that," Jordanna said.

"Thirded," Ginny jumped in. "I might've been upset that she turned around if that arse wasn't so amazing."

"You are welcome to enjoy the view," Gabrielle said. While wiggling her body around, she reached a hand behind herself and slapped her arse. Jordanna groaned. "But no touching." Harry exhaled sharply as Gabrielle bent over at the waist and put her hands on his knees. "Only Harry can touch me tonight."

"Are you sure?" Harry whispered. "How did Fleur talk you into this?" Surprisingly, it was Ginny who snorted.

"Sounds like *someone*'s forgotten that a certain little veela was making eyes at him when she came in for Fleur's wedding," Ginny said. Gabrielle had batted her eyelashes at him back then, now that Ginny was making Harry recall it. It hadn't made much of an impression on him back then, but she hadn't looked like *this* back then. "I hardly think dear Gabrielle needed any convincing."

"Non." Gabrielle laughed and shook her head. Her hands were starting to slide higher up Harry's legs, along his thighs now. "I have always wanted you, Harry. But I had to wait. My sister said I should only come to you when you would see me as a woman, not a girl." Her hands moved along his inner thighs to his erection bulging in his trousers. She rubbed that bulge while looking into his eyes innocently, or at least with the illusion of innocence. "Well? Do you see me as a woman now, Harry?"

"I think you can feel the answer to that under your hand right now," he said, which made Gabrielle giggle. "Bloody hell, you're amazing!"

"You do not know the joy it brings me to hear you speak of me this way," Gabrielle said. She took her hands off of his legs and climbed onto the couch instead, going down onto her back, stretching out and lying in his lap. "It is everything I ever dreamed of." She giggled and bit her lip. "Well, I dreamed of being the one you married, in truth. But your future wife is allowing me to be with you like this, and I can never thank her enough for that."

"Neither can I," Harry said. Hermione had allowed him to carry on with the remaining Weasley wives, and she wasn't bothered about the involvement of Luna, Katie, Alicia and Penny as well. Now she had given her approval for Fleur's 18-year-old sister to come and 'entertain' him during his stag party. Harry was a lucky bastard, and he knew it.

“If we are both happy to be here, why are your hands still at your sides, Harry?” Gabrielle said. Her voice oozed seduction and sexuality. “The others may only watch, but I want you to touch me. Please, *touch me.*”

With Gabrielle in his lap, Harry only had to move his hands slightly to reach her breasts. Gabrielle let out a little whimpering sigh as he gently squeezed them through her bra, and her hands covered his, encouraging him to keep groping her.

“Your ex-boyfriend is a lucky bastard,” Harry heard Jordanna say. Ginny said something in response, or at least he was pretty sure she did. Harry wasn’t really paying much attention to them anymore. The beautiful 18-year-old veela in his lap was all he really cared about right now. Groping her tits was great, but after the little dance she’d given him and all the flawless skin on display, he was quite ready for more. First, though, he had to make sure that Gabrielle wanted him to do more than just touch.

“Mind if I take this off?” he asked her, grabbing her light blue bra by the hooks.

“Please,” Gabrielle said, nodding up at him. Harry undid the bra and tossed it aside, uncaring of where it landed. Distantly, he heard Ginny teasing Neville about telling Hannah he’d caught a veela stripper’s bra out of mid-air, but Harry was far too busy gazing at Gabrielle’s bare breasts to think much on it.

“Not as big as my sister’s, I know,” she whispered, biting her lip as she looked up at him. Harry assumed that she wouldn’t have made that comparison if she didn’t know that he fucked Fleur regularly, and thus would have an intimate understanding of and appreciation for Fleur’s breasts.

“They’re perfect,” he said seriously, to which she gave him another dazzling smile. If this woman was even going to entertain the idea of doubting her sexiness in the slightest bit, even in comparison to her older sister, he wasn’t going to hear of it. Who cared if her tits were a little smaller than Fleur’s? They were perky, soft and amazing. They were perfect, just like the rest of her. The Delacour sisters were the sexiest women Harry had ever seen, and after all his fun with Fleur, it was now his privilege to grope Gabrielle’s breasts too.

She moaned and writhed in his lap as he rolled her breasts in his hands and stroked her nipples. Every writhing, wriggle and moan made Harry want her more, and she certainly seemed to want it at least close to as badly as he did.

“How far do you want this to go, Gabrielle?” he asked her. His hands stroked down her flat belly, and his thumbs hooked into the string of her thong underwear.

“All the way,” she said at once. “I want to give you everything, Harry.”

There was no question about her sincerity, or her desire. It was quite possible that no woman had ever looked as eager about doing this with him. Gabrielle’s look was reminiscent of Fleur’s when life circumstances forced them to go several days or even a week without shagging once, only Gabrielle seemed like she’d been waiting even longer and needed it even more than her older sister ever had. That look, plus remembering what Gabrielle had said about always wanting him, made him curious.

“Have you ever had sex, Gabrielle?” he asked. She shook her head, and he took a shaky breath. She was a virgin. She was as sexy as any woman he’d ever seen, she was writhing around in his lap wearing only a thong, and she was a *virgin*.

“It could only be you, Harry,” she whispered, looking up at him with a loving smile. “No Beauxbatons boy could have ever measured up, once I met you and you became my hero.” She batted her eyelashes at him again, and it left an exponentially bigger impact on him than it had at Fleur’s wedding. “Please, Harry. Be my first.”

Harry nodded, ignoring the murmurs from their small but captivated audience. This was the second time in a little over a month that he was being trusted with a woman’s first time, and in Gabrielle’s case, she’d been waiting for him specifically. He took his responsibility very seriously, and with Fleur having arranged this and Hermione approving, nothing was going to stop him from giving Gabrielle what she’d been waiting for.

“Okay,” he said. He slid her thong down her legs, and Gabrielle lifted her hips and shifted her feet around to help him get it off of her. The thong was tossed aside, and Harry wrapped his arms around Gabrielle’s waist and lifted her slender body up off of the couch. “But we’re going to do this my way.”

Gabrielle gasped as he went down onto his back and dragged her with him. They wound up with her on her back, lying down on top of him with her arse roughly around his upper chest. One of her legs was flung over the side of the couch, and the foot of the other was right on the edge of the cushion. Naturally, her pussy was right in front of his face.

“Keep your legs spread, just like this,” Harry said. Everything was set up as he wanted it now. It was time to dig in. Before Gabrielle could say a word, Harry opened his mouth and took a long lick down her outer pussy lips. Gabrielle gasped right away, and her hips rocked to rub her pussy against his face. Harry didn’t mind that. She could hump and wiggle about if she wanted. As long as her pussy was still there for his mouth to reach, he was happy.

“Harry!” Gabrielle whimpered as he started going down on her. “Oh, Harry! Yes! Yes!”

From the moment he’d lifted Gabrielle up and brought her down on top of him, he’d been able to see just how hot her arousal was burning already. Thus, he hadn’t spent any time with lighter touches or licks along her thighs to warm her up. This virgin veela needed no warming up. She needed to be stimulated directly, and Harry wasn’t going to hold back. He went straight in to eat her, relying on Gabrielle’s reactions to guide him towards whatever worked best for her.

She made it very easy for him, because Gabrielle was incredibly responsive to everything he did for her. She sighed and moaned his name happily when he moved his tongue up and down, but she got even louder when he got his whole mouth involved in eating her out. Him moving his head in circles to brush her with his cheeks and nose in a full-blown devouring had Gabrielle’s hips and arse rocking and her pussy grinding against his face, and he kept his head moving to keep up with her. No matter how Gabrielle wiggled or humped on top of him, Harry was able to give the young virgin veela the deep, enthusiastic oral worship she so deserved. After waiting and dreaming specifically of him for years, how could he do anything else? This wasn’t about him having a great time during his stag party. It was Harry rewarding this ethereally beautiful woman for her belief in him, that he alone was the man meant to take her first time. In turn, she rewarded him by moaning, panting and sobbing his name as he dedicated his mouth and his entire face to her pleasure.

“Fucking hell, she’s loud,” Neville said in wonder. Had he been paying more attention to what his friends were saying, Harry would have noted how out of character it was for Neville to curse.

“Yeah, she really is,” Jordanna agreed. “Has he always been that good at eating a witch out, Ginny? Because I’d have had a hard time leaving anyone who could make me moan like that, and I don’t even like blokes.”

“He was pretty good,” Ginny mumbled. “But he definitely didn’t make me sound like *that*.”

Harry knew that his skill had improved considerably in the time since he’d been with Ginny. But he also knew that so much of this loud response was because of how needy Gabrielle was. Knowing what he knew of veela sexual urges from Fleur, Gabrielle’s hormones had to be going crazy from repressed arousal. He didn’t know how she’d made it this long without ever being with another, but he knew just how fucking lucky he was to be the one who got to make the virgin veela moan this loudly and hump his face with this much excitement.

There was still more he could do for her, of course. From this angle with her on top of him on her back, Harry could reach both her breasts and her pussy easily. He’d been stroking her belly and her legs with his hands while he used his mouth on her. But eventually he pushed one hand in from her thigh towards her sex, and the other slid up to grab onto one of her perfectly perky tits. Two fingers teased at her clit, a breast was squeezed, and a stiff nipple was stimulated by a thumb.

“Harry!” Gabrielle whined. Her hips were rocking even faster now; so fast that Harry’s head had to start almost whipping around to keep up with her in order for his mouth to remain attached to her pussy. “Yes, Harry! Oh, oh, oh! Ohhhhh, yes! Yes, yes.....yesssss!”

Gabrielle came with a shriek that easily drowned out the conversation from his friends, if they weren’t silently watching and listening in awe to the sound of a veela experiencing a climax brought on by another for the very first time. Harry was used to the orgasmic cries of Fleur, but there was more to it from Gabrielle. This wasn’t just a cry of immense pleasure. It was the shriek of a veela who had finally awoken to her true nature.

Harry had been promised a stag party he would never forget, and this was certainly true. He was never going to forget making Gabrielle screech like that or having her squirt all over his face. Squirting might have been too tame a word for it, to be honest. He didn’t know if it was because she was a veela experiencing this for the first time or what, but she drenched his face and his mouth throughout her orgasm. Harry stuck his tongue out to swallow some of it and stuck it right back out to lick up some more.

“Fuck, you taste good,” he mumbled. Gabrielle was too busy panting to hear him, but he heard someone chuckle from somewhere in the darkness. This was incredible. But he wasn’t done yet. There was still something left to do. And unless her sex drive wasn’t anywhere near as large as that of her older sister, he had a feeling Gabrielle wanted it even more than he did.

He flipped Gabrielle over onto her belly on the couch, pulled his shirt over his head and tugged his trousers and underwear off as fast as humanly possible. His aching cock flopped out into the open, and he ignored the size-related banter between his ex and her girlfriend in favor of pressing his erection against Gabrielle’s arse. She groaned and wiggled against it right away.

“I’ve never taken a veela’s virginity, so I’m not sure how your needs differ from humans,” he said, hotdogging his cock between Gabrielle’s buttcheeks. “Do you want me to fuck you, or make love to you? Feels more like a time for a fuck to me, but I don’t know if your body is prepared to—”

“Fuck me!” Gabrielle interrupted with a shout. She was humping back against him now, or at least trying to, though his hand on her back kept her from accomplishing much. “*Fuck me, mon amour!*”

That was all Harry needed to hear. His body was calling out, demanding that he take the sexy young woman beneath him, and she had just echoed that demand. It might be her first time, but he wasn’t going to take it easy on her in the slightest. He was going to show this virgin veela what it was like to get shagged rotten. He took his cock in hand, guided it to her entrance and shoved into her, unceremoniously taking Gabrielle’s virginity with a careless thrust. She reacted not with a pained groan, but with a gasp of excitement. Harry thrust all the way into her, not stopping until his cock was fully stuffed inside of the veela’s warmth and his balls were right up against her skin.

“So much!” Gabrielle moaned. “You feel so large in me!” He knew that this wasn’t her complaining. First time or not, she was happy to have him all the way inside of her on that first thrust. “Please, more! I want to feel more, Harry!”

His pause had actually been primarily to take a deep breath for his own benefit, because his mind had been assaulted by pleasure the moment he pushed into Gabrielle. He was very familiar with the snug warmth of Fleur’s pussy hugging his cock every time he was inside of her, which he knew to be a veela trait meant to fill him with an undeniable desire to give her everything he had. But that feeling was even more pronounced with Gabrielle. Taking a woman’s virginity was great, and fucking a veela was a sensation that would bring many men to their knees. But fucking a virgin veela was a first even for Harry, and Gabrielle’s tightness had him closing his eyes and gritting his teeth even as he did as she begged and pulled his cock back to give her another thrust.

This definitely wasn’t going to last long at all, but that was no excuse for him to sit around and take it easy on her, and himself. If his first time with Gabrielle wasn’t going to stretch on for any length of time, he just had to live in the moment, throw caution aside and just fuck her as hard as he could for however long this went.

From that point on, there was no pausing while buried balls-deep inside of Gabrielle, and no need or even opportunity for her to ask for more. Harry slammed his hips down to drive his cock all the way into the veela’s pussy and pulled back up just to repeat it again, and again, and again, pounding her into the couch. He put his arms around her, hugging her body up beneath her armpits and putting even more of his weight into his thrusts as he kept her upper body pinned beneath him. His hips slapped against her heart-shaped ass constantly, and Gabrielle moaned and shouted with every thrust.

He’d thought that he’d shagged Katie pretty hard for it being her first time, but Gabrielle was getting him at his absolute fiercest. He was fucking the shite out of her as hard as he could possibly fuck a woman; hard enough that she could barely even breathe, let alone think about talking. It was hard enough to make her claw at the arm rest of the couch, which squeaked beneath them. Harry’s feet were sliding over the edge of the couch, and he threw his whole body into each massive thrust. He was fucking her so hard that he felt it might have been too much to handle even some of his more experienced lovers. For a virgin to be able to get fucked like this without issue felt like it shouldn’t have been possible.

But there Gabrielle was, shouting at the top of her lungs any time she managed to get sound out of her lungs. They were just screams and moans rather than being exclamations in either English or French, but it was enough for Harry to be able to tell that she was not just accepting this pace for her first time but thriving in it. She was a virgin, but she was a veela as well, and it was the veela who was winning out. It was winning out in its battle to make Harry cum too, and he was in no position to stop it.

Fortuitously, he managed to get Gabrielle off again just as the pressure in his balls, thighs and stomach became too much for him. When he erupted inside of Gabrielle's tight sex with an animal-like roar, it was to the sound of her squealing even louder. He got to feel her tight pussy squeeze even tighter around him as well, and it forced his orgasm to shoot even higher. Harry's seed kept rushing out of him to fill the no longer virgin veela up, and by the time it finally dried up, he nearly collapsed on top of his slender lover.

"My fucking God, that was amazing," someone mumbled in the darkness.

"Yeah, I know," someone else said. "That was still no reason for you to hump my leg, Jor."

"Would you rather I went over to the other chair and dry humped Neville instead?"

"Too late for that," Ginny laughed. "You were too busy touching yourself to notice, but he rushed off to the loo a couple of minutes ago. Probably too shy to have a wank out here."

Harry shook his head, tuning their conversation out and looking at the veela beneath him. He pulled out of Gabrielle slowly, rubbing her shoulders and her lower back. He knew she'd enjoyed herself greatly, so he wasn't worried that he'd gone too hard on her or anything. He just wanted to look after her and pamper her after the incredible stag party she'd given him.

"Thank you, Gabrielle," he said after catching his breath and rubbing her back for a couple of minutes. He leaned down to kiss her shoulder blade. "That was incredible."

Gabrielle slowly rolled over onto her back and smiled up at him. Her face was red, her entire body was sweaty and her silvery-blond hair was all over the place. The signs of the thorough fucking she'd just received was obvious, but her elation was equally obvious.

"Thank *you*, Harry," she said. "So much. You don't know what this meant to me."

"I think I have some idea." He brushed some hair out of her eyes and smiled down at her. "I don't know where things go from here; if you're interested in more, or how Hermione and Fleur would feel about that. But whether this was a one-time thing or the beginning of something more than that, I just want you to know that this was one of the best nights of my life." Gabrielle's smile was as dazzling as any that he'd ever seen.

"We can talk about the future tomorrow," she said, running her fingers through his chest hair and stroking his skin. "But I'd be happy to go again in a few minutes, if you want to." Harry barked out a laugh.

"Sure," he said. "But maybe we can have a drink first."

“I think we all need a drink after that,” Ginny said, before laughing. “I knew it was a good move to ask to come to Harry’s stag party instead of Hermione’s hen night!”

Chapter 16: Forever Mine

In the end, Hermione had chosen to embrace her muggle roots for her second wedding rather than the magical world she spent the majority of her time in these days. She had listed off several reasons for that decision to Harry, all of them valid. It was definitely easier to keep the date a secret from the nosy wizarding public since nothing related to the magical world had to be used, purchased or prepared for the ceremony. Doing it muggle style also meant that Hermione's mother got to be much more involved this time around, as opposed to her first wedding. Her relationship with her parents had still been somewhat strained back then; more time had been needed to heal the hurt of her erasing their memories of her and sending them off to Australia to escape the war. Attending her decidedly magical wedding and feeling completely out of place probably hadn't helped much with that. But Hermione had a much better relationship with her parents these days, and Harry had been around enough while she and her mother discussed their plans to see what a bonding experience it was for them. He had given his opinions when Hermione sought them out, and he'd also voluntarily taken on some of the less exciting duties just so she didn't have to handle everything herself. But the lion's share of the planning had been done by Hermione and her mum, and Harry had been happy to leave them to it.

He didn't feel particularly connected to the muggle world, personally, but he had no problem standing at the church altar while he waited for Hermione to arrive. He would've stood and waited in the middle of a desert as long as he knew Hermione was coming.

Neville made eye contact from the front row, giving him a grin and a nod. Harry nodded back at his best man, and smiled at Ginny, Hermione's maid of honor. Hermione hadn't wanted to do a full wedding party, but they had asked Neville and Ginny to stand with them. Though they hadn't had as much time together after Hogwarts, Ginny was Hermione's longest female friend. Hermione had also decided that she'd rather not have anyone who had an ongoing sexual relationship with him serve as her maid of honor, which had ruled out basically every other woman present at the small, intimate wedding ceremony other than Hermione's mother, Ginny's girlfriend and Hannah Abbot, who had come with Neville. Ginny had been his first, but he hadn't shagged her in years, and she seemed much happier and more comfortable now that she was dating Jordanna.

Jordanna was there as Ginny's plus-one, and Harry had caught her admiring her redheaded girlfriend's body in her dress more than once. He didn't blame her; he still thought Ginny was sexy, even if there wasn't any spark between them anymore.

Ginny wasn't the only Weasley present. Ron obviously wasn't there, and Hermione had thought it a good idea not to invite Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. Charlie was out of the country during Charlie things, and Percy hadn't come, which meant that Audrey and Penelope were free to hold hands and sit very close together. Bill and Fleur were there, with Bill steadfastly ignoring the flirty smiles Fleur gave Harry any time he looked her way. Gabrielle was on her sister's other side, and she gave Harry smiles that felt almost romantic.

George and Angelina were there, with Angelina already having prevented her husband from testing one of the latest Wheezes prototypes out on the vicar officiating the wedding. Harry was glad Angelina was there to keep him in line, and also glad that Katie and Alicia had come too. His past and potentially also future quidditch teammates smiled and waved at him, and he smiled and waved back. He'd agreed to try out for the position of seeker for the Dorchester Dragons, along with the incumbent Connor Smythe and several other potential replacements. If Harry was still a good enough flier to earn the position, he

would take a sabbatical from his job at the Ministry and at least give quidditch a shot for a season. If he wasn't good enough to earn the position with his flying, so be it. But he had Hermione's blessing and encouragement to try it out, and the smiles Angelina, Alicia and Katie gave him were a nice motivation to give it his all. He was sure that he and the chasers would have a great deal of fun on the road together during the season, should he make the team.

Luna was also there, sitting in the very back row all by herself and wearing a dark turquoise dress that probably would have looked odd on anyone else, but seemed to fit her perfectly. That she would be invited was obvious from the beginning, but she'd been off somewhere so remote that the owl hadn't been able to find her to deliver it. They hadn't known if she would be attending or if she had even received the invitation until about two days ago, but there she was, smiling and looking around the church as if it was a strange and wondrous place that held undiscovered mysteries to explore. For all he knew, maybe it did.

Harry wasn't short on beautiful women in his life and his bed, and most of them were sitting in this church as invited guests. In fact, all of them were there save for Lavender, who had been more of a passing fling he and Hermione had hooked up with by chance as opposed to a recurring guest. But no matter how many beautiful women were there or how many smiles he had sent his way, there was only one woman in the world who Harry had eyes for today.

The music changed, and Harry's eyes widened as she came into view, walking down the aisle on her father's arm. He had a general idea of what style of wedding dress she had picked, but this was his first time he'd seen her wearing it.

Harry Potter was lucky enough to have a very active sex life with no less than nine women, including two veela, who were literal physical perfection. And he would swear on his life then and there that for as long as he lived, he was never going to see anything as beautiful as Hermione Granger dressed in white and smiling from ear to ear as she walked down the aisle, looking straight at him as she prepared to become his forever.

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They'd elected not to write their own vows, which had surprised several of their friends when they'd been told. But as Hermione had succinctly put it when asked, they'd already said everything that needed to be said. This wedding ceremony was more a formality than anything else. It was them making their commitment to each other official in front of everyone, putting it down on paper and allowing their friends to witness their union. It was a chance for Hermione and her mother to bond and make up for what they'd missed out on the first time, and an excuse for them to throw a party with some of the people they cared about most.

There was no need for elaborate speeches or declarations of love and commitment here on this altar; not between them. Maybe they would say a few words during the reception later, and Harry was sure he would be telling Hermione he loved her many times over once they were alone tonight. But here and now, there were only two words that mattered to either of them.

"I do," he said, once it was finally the right time to say it. He'd almost jumped the gun several times in his eagerness, which had made Ginny smile in amusement at him every time she'd seen his mouth start to open. But the time was right now, and Hermione's smile when she heard him say those two simple words was dazzling. She continued to smile at him, and he lost himself in that smile and those warm

brown eyes while the vicar continued the ceremony. He'd done his part, so he didn't need to pay any attention now. For Harry, the vicar, Neville, Ginny and the people they'd invited to sit in the small church and watch them all faded from existence. It was just him and Hermione alone right now, and he was waiting to hear her say the two magic words that were going to make her his forever.

"I do," Hermione said at the appropriate time. Unlike him, she hadn't opened and closed her mouth multiple times in trying to get the words out. But he could see that those two words were as meaningful to her as they were to him. Everything else from that point on was just going through the motions and waiting for the end of the ceremony that would bind him to this woman who had meant so much to him since he was eleven years old. They'd taken a long, strange journey to get here, but they were both finally right where they were meant to be.

Hermione beamed as he slid the ring onto her finger, and the giggling from Ginny and some others in response to him getting tongue-tied didn't even register for him. All he heard was Hermione speaking smoothly and warmly about her love and devotion as she slid his ring onto his finger, making him hers. And he was hers, unmistakably, even if she was willing to share him with a number of other girls at times.

Harry was proud to let the whole world know that he belonged to Hermione Granger—make that Hermione Granger-Potter.

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Because of its rather dark origins, Hermione hadn't wanted to do the whole 'being carried over the threshold' thing when they entered their bedroom suite. Instead, she had wanted to enter the room on her own two feet while walking hand in hand with him, which was just fine by him. She'd had him help her take her dress off and carefully put it away, and now he got to admire the view as she stood in front of him in her white garter belt, stockings, strapless bra and thong. She looked incredible in it, but he couldn't wait to get it off of her.

He was allowing her to set the pace, though, and it was obvious to him that she wasn't ready to hop into bed just yet. She was content to lean back in his arms, let him hug her from behind and kiss her neck while touching her body. Harry was already aroused, and he hoped she would suggest that he start undressing her soon. Until then, though, he was content to kiss her neck and squeeze her breasts through her bra.

"You're thinking about something, aren't you, love?" he asked her eventually while touching her thighs above the top of the stockings. "I can't see your face, but I can tell that big brain is working hard right now." Hermione laughed softly.

"The size of someone's brain has nothing to do with their level of intelligence, you know," she said. "But yes, I've been thinking about something, since you mention it."

"Oh?" Harry pressed a kiss on her bare left shoulder. "Is it something that's going to take you a little while to work through? Because if you need a bit of time before we head to the bed, it might be good to let me know now. Holding you and kissing you like this is gonna start to feel like a tease before long." He moved his hands between their bodies and rested them on the flesh of Hermione's buttocks, taking full advantage of all the skin left bared by her thong. "Especially when you're wearing so little and looking so fucking gorgeous in it."

“Flatterer.” Hermione giggled, and then her chest rose and fell as she breathed in and out deeply. “I’ve actually been thinking about my contraceptive potion.”

“Yeah?” Harry gave her butt a little squeeze. “Did you forget to bring some with you or something?” If so, that would be a massive shame. There was a charm as well, but Hermione didn’t like the way it made her stomach feel, so they’d always relied on the potion. Thankfully, she shook her head.

“No, I have some in my bag,” she said. “I was actually questioning whether or not I wanted to take it tonight.” Harry took a moment to absorb that, and his hands stilled and then let go of her arse entirely once he considered the likeliest reason for her to bring it up. If he was right about where this was headed, it didn’t really feel like the right time for him to be squeezing her asscheeks between his fingers.

“Are you saying that you want to start trying for a kid?” he asked, keeping his voice carefully steady. Hermione didn’t say anything, but she did nod her head. “I thought you wanted to wait.”

They had of course discussed their long-term hopes and goals well before he’d proposed to her, so he knew that she wanted to start a family with him in the future. Likewise, she knew that he was very much looking forward to being a father. They hadn’t put an exact date or time frame on it, but his understanding was that she hoped to be further along on her career track before she got pregnant with her first child. She’d asked if he’d be willing to wait up to five or six years before they started trying for children, and he’d been perfectly okay with agreeing to that. She was more than worth the wait.

“That’s what I thought, too,” Hermione said. She turned around so she was facing him while still held in his arms. “But the moment I saw you looking at me today when I was walking down the aisle, I asked myself why the hell I would ever want to wait.” Hermione’s eyes swam with emotion as she looked up at him, and Harry held her tighter in his arms. “I know I’d normally want to talk about this more and come up with a thorough plan before we started trying. This is going to change everything in our lives and shift all of our plans, and I would usually want to discuss it meticulously before making any decisions.” Harry almost snorted at the stray thought of Hermione writing up a sex schedule for them, like she’d used to make homework planners for him back in school. “But I don’t need my brain to plan this out, because my heart is telling me this is right. I’ve waited long enough to make it here, Harry. I don’t want to wait anymore. I want to have children.” She smiled. “*Your* children.”

“You’re sure?” She seemed sure, but Harry didn’t want there to be even the slightest possibility that she would change her mind tomorrow or a week from now. He had been prepared to wait years for her to be ready, but now that she was suggesting that she wanted to start trying here and now, his desire to become a father and start a family with her was shooting to the forefront. He wanted to make sure there wasn’t a chance she might get cold feet about this after the fact, once she was no longer being influenced by the emotions of their wedding that had concluded hours earlier. If he let this hope grow any bigger than it already had, a reversal would crush him.

But Hermione didn’t flinch, and she didn’t look away. She nodded at him while holding eye contact, and her smile only grew bigger. It reminded him of the way she’d looked at him while they slid their rings onto each other’s fingers and finalized their commitment to each other.

“Yes,” she said. Her voice did not waver. “I know I suggested I might want to wait several more years when we discussed this before, but I have never been more certain of anything else in my life than I am

about this.” She chuckled. “Save for asking you to make me yours for good when we had our first night together, perhaps. Or saying yes when you asked me to marry you.” He smiled back at her, wondering if he’d ever smiled this widely or felt this happy. “I want to start trying for children, Harry—tonight. I’m ready.” She bit her lower lip. “Are you?”

There were any number of things that Harry could have said in response. He could have said that this was a dream come true; that he’d always wanted a family, and starting one with her had been on his mind since the first time they’d had sex and he’d made her his. He could have told her how much he loved her, and how this had already been the best day of his life even before she’d asked him this life-changing question.

Much as he’d felt with the vows, though, Harry didn’t believe he needed to say any of those things. Words could never do justice to the way he felt about Hermione Granger-Potter, and the joy he felt in knowing that she was ready to be his wife and start a family with him. Rather than trying to figure out how to tell her any of this, he tried to show her. He dropped his hands down to her lower back, pulled her in and kissed her.

Hermione must have gotten the message, because she didn’t pull back to try and ask him any more questions. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him back, moaning into his mouth as they embraced. They’d done plenty of kissing today, especially since they’d made it into their wedding suite. But it took on a different meaning now that she’d shared what she was thinking with him. From the beginning, it had gone without saying that they were going to have sex tonight, and likely loads of it. But now they both knew that it wasn’t just going to be sex. As amazing as sex always was between them, whether they were alone or had company to share their bed with, it had just taken on a brand-new meaning tonight. They weren’t just going to have sex for the pleasure and the intimacy of the act. Hermione, the girl who had been an unshakable pillar of Harry’s life since he was eleven years old, wanted him to try and get her pregnant, starting now. As familiar as he was with the desire that snogging Hermione always instilled in him, he had never needed to have her as badly as he did in this moment.

Upon feeling Hermione’s hands moving to grab the waistband of his boxers and start tugging, Harry realized that she was as ready to move to the bed and get started as he was. He stepped out of his boxers and kicked them aside once she pushed them down his legs, and then he got to work on stripping her down too. His fingers undid her bra and pulled it away while she squeezed his cock with her soft hand, but he didn’t take any time to grab at the prize that was her bared breasts. There were more important things for him to be doing right now, like picking her up in his arms and carrying her over to the bed. He still didn’t carry her bridal style. Instead, he held her by the ass and walked her over to the bed, stepping slowly as she kissed him over and over again on the way.

He finally broke the kiss and laid her down on the bed gently. Hermione wiggled and scooted until she was more or less in the center of it, and her head rested on the pillow. He gave her more kisses as he hovered above her, and then kissed his way down her throat before finally taking the time to squeeze her breasts and give her nipples a brief lick, one after the other.

Hermione sighed and ran her hands through his hair as he kissed down towards her belly, but when he moved onto his stomach to get himself into a better position to go down on her, his new wife’s hands grabbed his head.

“No, Harry,” she said. He looked up at her in surprise, never knowing her to turn down oral sex when he offered it to her. She shook her head as their eyes met, but she was smiling. “I can’t wait another second. Inside of me, please.” Harry’s cock twitched.

“I don’t think this first time is gonna last very long,” he warned her.

“*Good*,” she said, voice firm. “I want you to cum inside of me as quickly as you can, *husband*.” The way she called him husband like that, all aroused and needy, made Harry’s nostrils flare. Fuck, he needed this woman badly! She grinned up at him, and she began to rub his sides with her stocking-clad legs and feet. She definitely knew how she was affecting him, and leaned into it.

“I figured I’d get you off with my mouth before we started, just so I can make sure,” he explained, even as he adjusted his position so he was up on his knees between her legs. Hermione scoffed and rolled her eyes.

“As if you’ll have any issue getting hard again!” “You’re going to make me cum *many* times tonight, Harry. And I want you to be inside me every single time. You can eat me out in the morning, if you still have the energy for it. Tonight, I want you to cum inside of me as many times as you physically can.”

Hermione, his best friend turned wife, wanted his cock inside of her all night long. Who was he to deny her? Harry moved her thong to the side, grabbed his cock and guided it inside of her. Their eyes met, green staring into brown as he penetrated her for the first time since they’d sworn their vows and become man and wife. Even if their bond had already been unbreakable and permanent in their hearts the moment she’d asked him to make her his while they were shagging at the Burrow, there was still a sense of that bond becoming even stronger now that he was pushing into her on their wedding night while she wore her bridal stockings and garter belt. And on top of it all, of course, was the fact that she had asked him to try and get her pregnant.

He couldn’t help but want to move quickly, especially when she was staring up at him with such desire in her eyes. Part of him felt like their first time as husband and wife should have been slower and softer than this, but Hermione had made it clear what she wanted. She wanted him to cum inside of her as quickly as he could, and he could feel his body itching to give her what she was after. His hips moved briskly, thrusting his cock deep into the woman who had given him everything, from her friendship to her love and now her hand in marriage. He couldn’t get enough of her. He would never be able to get enough of her.

Despite how quickly he was thrusting into her, their first time as a married couple still managed to feel quite romantic in its own way. Hermione’s legs bend at the knees, and he could feel her heels rubbing against his arse and her stockings brushing against his side as he leaned over her and shagged her in their luxurious wedding suite. Hermione’s hands were on his neck, and their lips met in a kiss as passionate as any they had ever shared. Any time their lips parted, it was only for a few seconds before they went right back to kissing. Their emotions weren’t as volatile as they had been the first time, when they’d laid their feelings bare and committed to make their affair into something much deeper. But that was because they knew where they stood now. They’d made their commitment known to the world, and this was the culmination of all of it. Harry was kissing and shagging his best friend, the love of his life, his wife, and the future mother of his children. If they had their way, she might become that last one far sooner than he’d expected her to be before they made it to the suite.

He couldn't help the urgent snap of his hips, the groan against her lips or the orgasm that erupted out of him. Hermione moaned into his mouth as she felt him begin to cum inside of her. She wasn't at her own climax just yet; he hadn't been fucking her long enough for that to be possible. But this was exactly what she'd requested, and she was getting it. For the very first time, Harry was cumming deep inside of her without any protection in place. Throughout his orgasm, he was very aware of the fact that he was actually trying to breed Hermione. Maybe it was just his imagination, but it felt to him like he pumped more cum into Hermione's pussy here and now than he had ever cum in a single shot.

He pulled out of her after he was finished cumming, but his desire did not cool just because he was fresh off of an orgasm. He sat back on his knees and stared down at her, naked save for her white stockings and garter with some of his cum trickling out of her pussy. Hermione Granger-Potter, his wife officially as of a few hours ago, was all his to love, to touch, to fuck and to hopefully impregnate soon. It was very possible that he'd already succeeded in getting her pregnant, but he wasn't about to leave it there. Already, desire grew within him again.

"That's a good start," Hermione said, smiling up at him. She stretched her right leg up so her toes were rubbing against his chest. Before she could say anything more, he grabbed her leg by the ankle, and used his other hand to lift her left leg up off of the bed too. He bent her legs back until her knees nearly touched her shoulders, and he moved up to squat over her.

"This feels familiar," Hermione whispered, her voice shaky. Harry knew it wasn't out of fear. Her voice was so shaky because she was incredibly aroused. She remembered the first time he'd bent her legs back and squatted above her like this. It was right after she'd told him she wanted him to claim her for real, and he'd grabbed her by the Gryffindor tie, claimed her and then bent her in half just like this to give her a proper fucking.

He hadn't really planned to shag her like this on their wedding night. In his head, tonight was going to be purely soft and romantic. But that was before she'd asked him to try and get her pregnant tonight, and to cum in her as many times as he could. If she was going to make that sort of request from him, it was only right that he fuck her just like he had when he made her his.

Hermione definitely approved of this return to their memorable first night together, as she made clear by squealing when he slammed his cock back inside of her pussy. He'd more than shaken off his last orgasm and was ready to jump straight into fucking Hermione, so he held nothing back in rutting her in the middle of the bed on their wedding night.

Their first time as husband and wife had been quite romantic, regardless of the speed with which he'd been moving his hips. But romance was the furthest thing from his mind now as he pinned Hermione's legs back and slammed his cock down to fill her pussy up again and again, grunting and fucking his wife like an animal. The bed was better able to take this kind of pounding than Ron's old bed at the Burrow, which had sagged beneath them as he went all-out to claim Hermione's body.

But the same could arguably not be said for Hermione. Her reaction had been powerful and enthusiastic the first time he'd fucked her like this. All he had to do was close his eyes and he could still remember the way she'd screamed his name over and over again that night. But her voice was weaker this time, constantly breaking into groans and gasps any time she attempted to say a word. Harry didn't mind. He understood what she was trying to communicate to him through her groans and gasps, and he knew why she was even less in control of herself now than she had been the first time he'd shagged her like this what felt like ages ago now.

“Gonna knock you up, Mine,” he growled while fucking her. Hermione instantly let out a raspy squeal in response, and he knew it wasn’t just because he’d dropped back down to give her another deep thrust. *This* was what had her unable to even form intelligible screams this time around. He’d already claimed her as his. The first time he’d claimed her, just between the two of them, had been immediately before he’d bent her body in half and fucked her just like this. Earlier today, they’d formalized that she was his and he was hers. But this, right now, at this very moment, was him doing his absolute best to impregnate her, and *that* was why she couldn’t control herself. He wasn’t just bending her in half and fucking her relentlessly for the sake of physical gratification. These deep, frantic thrusts that shook the bed as well as Hermione’s body were meant to help him force his seed into her unprotected womb as quickly as he could.

“Breed you,” Harry muttered. “Gonna breed you, Mine!” His eyes narrowed and his hips dropped with even greater emphasis as he told her what he was going to do to her. It had been meant to turn her on, but he was finding that it was getting him going just as much. She’d made the request, but he wanted to get her pregnant just as badly as she wanted it to happen. Talking about it and telling her he was going to breed her only made him want to work harder to make that happen, and it naturally translated to him fucking her with even faster strokes than he already had been. Even this bed, clearly designed for supporting the passions of just-married couples, creaked as Harry hammered his wife.

Predictably, it didn’t take long for him to get there. He groaned and squeezed Hermione’s ankles as he began to cum inside of her for the second time that night. Hermione shouted and trembled as she shot over the edge right along with him, hitting the climax that had been building since before he’d pushed his cock into her for the first time tonight. Harry kept her body bent back and held onto her ankles as he continued to fill her with his cum. He groaned at the feeling of her pussy squeezing around him through her own climax, almost like she was trying to milk it all out of him. His groans weren’t particularly quiet, but Hermione’s cries and squeals easily drowned them out. Just how loud she was being made him wonder how much of it was because of the physical pleasure, and how much was her excitement at the possibility of him actually impregnating her then and there. He knew how much the thought turned him on, and she definitely seemed to find it just as exciting.

Her demand that he cum inside of her as many times as he possibly could tonight was not lost on him, and when he let go of her legs and allowed her body to unfold, he knew that his job was not done. But after a fuck like that, he would need at least a little bit of time to recover. Fortunately for him, he could tell as he pulled out of her that Hermione was unlikely to complain. She was red-faced and panting, but there was a bright smile on her face all the same.

“Amazing,” she gasped. “So bloody amazing.”

“You said it.” Harry placed his hand on top of her belly and moved it around in circles, imagining what it would feel like when she grew large with their first child. She looked down at his hand, and her smile widened as she put her hand over the back of his and joined it on its circling. When she looked back up at him, there were tears in her eyes.

“I love you,” she whispered. “So much.”

“Not as much as I love you, Mine,” he said.

“Don’t bet on that, Harry.” She narrowed her eyes at him, but her lips quirked as she fought not to smile or laugh.

“I’ll go back to trying to put a baby in here in a few minutes, if that works for you,” he said. Hermione laughed lightly.

“My legs are still shaking, so yes, a few minutes to rest isn’t the worst idea.” She held her arms out to welcome him as he settled down to snuggle beside her, and they shared a slow, soft kiss. “But you *will* be going back inside of me as soon as you’re erect again.”

“Try and stop me,” Harry said. Their kiss remained soft, but his hands went down to squeeze her bare arse, mixing romance and lust as he and Hermione always seemed to. Hermione climbed on top of him while continuing to kiss him, doing her part to get him hard again so he could take another shot at getting her pregnant soon.

It was a good thing they had reserved this room for a full day, because Harry could already tell he was still going to be filling his wife with his cum when the sun came up.