

The party was already in full swing and honestly, Neville couldn't be happier. It was a brilliantly sunny summer day, there were people enjoying the pool, him included and everyone seemed to be having a good time.

There were a few dozen people there, and every one of his friends from Hogwarts, which really was quite impressive considering that a good many of them lived half a country away and were muggleborns. It took a great deal of effort to coordinate it all and make sure that everybody could make use of either a floo, portkey or in a pinch, the Night Bus.

The entire thing had been put together by his mum with a lot of help from his best friend, Harry Potter. In fact, he'd seen his friend over at his family home more often that summer than he could ever remember before, but it was clearly effort well spent.

And that really was saying something because the two of them had grown up together. After the Blood War, and the loss of his dad and Harry's parents, his mum and Sirius had made sure to maintain the bonds that kept the two old houses strong.

For years, Harry had been his greatest confidant, and supporter. When his Uncle Algie thought he was little more than a squib, Harry was the one to support him, even at ten years old. He knew with utter certainty that Neville was a wizard and was the only person there to witness his first genuine bit of accidental magic.

There were times where he envied his friend because he was famous, or because he was magically gifted in ways he wasn't, but then he remembered that Harry never flaunted it in his face. He hated his fame, and what it took to get it, and regardless of his talents, he always reminded Neville that there were things where he excelled too. *His thumbs are more likely to be red than green by the time he leaves a greenhouse.*

A splash of water right to the face brought him back to the present. Spluttering and wiping his eyes, he found the giggling pair of Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott kicking water at him from the edge of the pool, "Hey... glad you could make it!"

"Wouldn't miss it! And happy birthday!" Hannah said excitedly, and he had a hard time tamping down his blush. The only people that knew about his long-standing crush on the blond Hufflepuff was Harry and his mum, and he couldn't help but wish he had the former there to back him up at that moment.

She was in a lovely turquoise one piece that was making it hard for him not to stare and also making him very happy that the lower half of his body was currently obscured by the water. It wasn't the most revealing piece of swimwear being worn at the party, a few of the muggleborns had on bikinis, but it was the one he was the most interested in.

“Seems like you were able to get just about everyone here.” Susan commented idly as she looked around the backyard.

“Yeah, you can thank Harry for that.” There was a time when they were younger when they celebrated their birthdays together, since they were only a day apart, but this year in particular, his mum wanted to make sure that the day was entirely about him and Harry was only all too happy to help. Harry would have his own celebration, but he wanted something a bit more laidback.

The redhead smiled at that, “Between the letter he owed, the DA coin reminder and the portkey in case travel was an issue... he really made sure that the only way we couldn’t come was if we didn’t want to.” He knew that Harry went through a lot of trouble, but he didn’t realize that he’d done that for every single guest.

“I’m going to have to come in there to get a proper hello, aren’t I?” Hannah was listening to the conversation, but the entire time she hadn’t taken her eyes off him. Mild panic set in as she slid down into the water, but he took a breath and managed to calm himself as she waded over and pressed herself against him.

He was careful not to embarrass himself by keep his prominent problem away from her to the best of his ability. For a moment, they just hugged and Neville could feel his heart hammering in his chest. He was sure that his face was redder than a cherry but he was much too happy to care.

It ended abruptly when a ball collided with the back of his head. Turning round he found Seamus swimming toward him to retrieve it, “Come on Neville, get yourself in the game! You too, Hannah!”

They were playing water volleyball at Dean’s direction and seemed to be having a good time of it even if they were only loosely following the rules. Glancing at the blonde, he asked rather shyly, “Would you want to...”

“As long as I’m on your team, sure.” She wouldn’t be the only girl taking part, Ginny was in the thick of things while Lavender appeared to be more afraid of the ball than anything but was still making an effort.

If he kept grinning like an idiot, there was every chance that his face was going to get stuck like that. *Worse things could happen though.*

Before they had a chance to make their way to the game, Susan called out to him, “Hey Neville,” looking back he saw the redhead was now standing at the edge of the pool, “where’s Harry, anyway?”

“Oh, he’s...” As he scanned the crowd around the yard, he realized that he didn’t see his best friend anywhere. But then, something else caught his attention as well, his mother wasn’t there either, “He’s probably inside helping my mum with something.” Others were welcome to head in too, but the weather was far too nice to miss out.

“I’m sure he’ll be out soon... can’t imagine they’re doing anything too important.” Susan just took his word for it and moved over to grab a drink and talk with Padma Patil and Megan Jones.

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*Smack!* His hand collided with Alice’s peachy bum and sent it jiggling enticingly. With a breathy moan, she pushed back to meet each of his thrusts as he filled her with his turgid cock repeatedly.

If you’d told Harry at the beginning of the summer holidays that he’d be stood in one of the Longbottom Estate’s many bathrooms with his best friend’s mother bent over the countertop with his cock buried inside of her and her juices covering every inch, he would’ve thought you were absolutely mental. *But here I am.*

*Smack!* He struck her again just to hear her moan out in utter euphoria as her cunt twitched and tightened around him. Her shoulder length, sandy-blonde hair had been up in a neat bun, but had come loose and looked properly sex-tousled. The lines of her back glistened with sweat as they aggressively fucked each other. Her pretty floral sundress, with roses on it, was just a belt around her waist.

He almost felt the need to pinch himself just to make sure he wasn’t dreaming. But then, he’d felt that way for most of the summer. They’d christened at least half the rooms in the house together when they were meant to be planning Neville’s birthday party. He’d put more cum in and on Alice Longbottom than he thought humanly possible, and he intended to give her a great deal more as long as she’d let him.

Taking hold of her hair, he held it in a ponytail and forced her to arch her back obscenely. Her perky tits were pressed against the smooth porcelain of the countertop, squishing out so he could see the swell of them on either side.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as he kissed her on the lips. When he pulled away, he gave her a particularly sharp thrust that made her gasp in pleasure, “Oh... gods, Harry... yes! Right there... right there... right there!”

With a mischievous smile on his lips, he slowed considerably until he stopped completely with just his knob nestled between her plump lips. Alice whined in protest and tried to force herself back onto his prick, but he held her still with a hand on her hip.

There was a lewd *pop* as he slipped free of her grippy sheath and the older woman turned to look at him with fire in her eyes, “So help me... I swear on my magic if you don’t put your fucking dick back in me right this second, you’re going to spend the rest of the summer transfigured into a flobberworm, young man.”

Harry’s chest rumbled with amusement, “Now that wasn’t very nice, was it Alice?” He leaned in so that he was whispering against her ear, “Besides... think of all the fun you’ll miss out on if I’m stuck as a flobberworm.”

Reaching between her legs, she took hold of his shaft and jerked him as she tried to pull hips forward, “Harry... if you keep this up, I’m going to take you over my knee and spank your arse until it’s so sore you won’t be able to sit for a week.”

“More threats,” he tutted her like a child and spanked her bum again, “Hasn’t anyone ever told you, you catch more bees with honey?”

It was clear that she was about to have a quick response, but he stopped her dead in her tracks. Flexing his cock, his dome pushed up to brush against her swollen clit. Her whole body shivered against him, instead of whatever furious and undoubtedly demanding thing she had on her tongue instead she just gave a needy, slutty whimper as she wiggled her hips.

“Please... please, Harry... stop teasing me.” Her eyes were shining at the corner, as though she were about to cry from the denial, “We’ve been away long enough already... somebody could come looking for us... might even be Neville.”

That should’ve been a deterrent considering Neville was his best and oldest friend, but it wasn’t. If it were, then he wouldn’t be there ravaging Alice to begin with. He didn’t care if Neville, Sirius, or anyone else stumbled upon them. He would selfishly use her mature body in his own time, be damned the consequences.

This woman had been one of the only prominent female figures in his life for as long as he could remember. Sirius’ cavalcade of women never stuck around long enough to make an impression, other than that they were often beautiful. And considering she was a gorgeous, firecracker of a woman with a beautiful slightly round face, she’d obviously been his very first crush. *And my first wet dream, my first wank, the woman I’ve thought about more times than I can even begin to count.*

With that in mind, it was little surprise that there was no threat that could make him do anything but savor every second. The potential consequences were a small fleeting thing when compared with the promise of her incredible little pussy, and her wonderful, mature body. Lust often caused people to do foolish things, and Harry was no different.

“That was almost right, Alice.” He nipped at the sensitive skin of her ear, and she shivered against him again, “Why don’t you try again?”

For all her demands, she knew exactly what she had to say to get him to do what she wanted. It was a little game that they played, and he was the one winning. Leaning back into him, her digits rubbed his slippery precum around his oversensitive crown as she told him soft and sweet, “Please Harry... I need you back in me... I need you to use my tight... little... fuckdoll body until you’ve emptied every drop into my perfect mommy pussy.”

*Bloody hell.* That was easily the lewdest, filthiest plea she’d ever made. As she lined his tip up with her dripping twat again, this time he let her push back against him. She moaned loud and deep as he stretched her walls again. Holding her against his chest, one hand cupped her beautiful tit as he started snapping his hips forward.

*Clap! Clap! Clap!* “Yes... yes... so fucking good... right there!” She reached behind, nails digging into the muscle of his bum as he plowed into her. They stared into each other’s eyes in the mirror as she said to him, “You know... you know that I’m such a naughty little slut for you ... I want every drop... I want to spend the rest of my son’s...” She bit her lip and her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her body trembled.

Her snug tunnel wrapped tight around him and tried to massage out the thick load waiting in his heavy bollocks, but he managed to hold on. As Alice found her voice again, her eyes were glazed over in pleasure, but she kept going right where she left off, “I want... to spend the rest of my son’s party... with your cum buried in my pussy...” She twitched around him again, “I won’t have on any knickers... you know I never do... I’ll have to squeeze so tight just to make sure...” Her mouth opened briefly in extasy, “to make sure that... that you’re not dripping down my thighs.”

“Oh... fuck, Alice.” He held her hips so hard he was sure that he’d leave a mark. *Thank Merlin for magic.*

“That’s right sweetie... pump all that warm cum right where it belongs...” In all the years he’d known this beautiful woman, he never would’ve guessed that she had such an indescribably naughty side. *And I’m glad that I’m the one who gets to see it, who gets to pull it out of her.*

Her snug tunnel flexed around him as she moaned out his name. It simply wasn’t possible for him to hold on again. His cock twitched as his balls pulled tight to his body and erupted a torrent of white spunk deep into her pussy. Alice wiggled her hips against his groin to ensure she coaxed every drop from him.

When he finally finished, the beautiful older woman cupped his cheek and turned to kiss him, “That was wonderful, love... as always.” She patted him on the cheek, “But we really do need to get back now. I really would prefer if Neville didn’t find us like this and people are sure to notice our absence eventually.”

With his wits freed from their lusts, he knew that she was right. As much as he loved everything he’d done with Alice, he would still prefer not to hurt his friend. Stepping back, he popped free of her vice-like sex. Not one drop followed him out despite how much he’d given her.

As Alice got her dress back in place and redid her hair, she looked at herself in the mirror, “How do I look?”

“Fuckable...” It was the honest truth, he could happily go another round even if he knew it was madness, “which is the reason why we ended up in here to begin with.”

She smirked at that, “You just can’t control yourself. All that youthful exuberance is damn near wearing me out.”

“Sure...” He knew that wasn’t true in the slightest and his tone made it obvious. The woman was an absolute hellcat in bed, and she managed to keep up with him every step of the way despite his youth.

Smacking his chest, she looked in the mirror one more time, “That’s not what I meant when I was asking anyway, and you know it.”

He knew exactly what she meant. There was a hickey on the back of her neck that would take some explaining if anyone noticed. Placing his hand on it, the little mark disappeared with a small bit of wandless magic, “You don’t have a single hair out of place.”

Smiling, she leaned up to kiss him one last time, “I’ll head out first. See you out there.” Once the door closed behind her, Harry went about getting himself dressed. He waited a minute before following her back out to the party.

More people had arrived while they were gone, and he was happy to see that nearly everyone that was invited had managed to make it. *Good, it’s the least that Neville deserves.*

“There he is! Finally decided to grace us with your presence.” It was Susan Bones bouncing, particularly her two most prominent assets, over to him, “Was wondering where you were.”

“I just needed to help Alice with something.”

She nodded, "That's what Neville figured." She looked toward the pool, where there was a great deal of splashing taking place as Dean spiked the volleyball down into the water, "I think your friend could use your help. His team has been getting thrashed for the last ten minutes... though that's probably because he's having a hard time not looking at Hannah."

"There are worse reasons to lose," Grabbing the bottom of his shirt, he pulled it over his head, "But I can't just let that happen to the birthday boy."

Harry knew that Susan was checking him out, and he really didn't care. He could feel eyes on him from across the yard and was sure that Alice was acutely aware of his conversation, "You gonna join us?"

"Nope... I think I prefer to watch. Be sure to put on a good show." She gave a wink so there was no doubt to her meaning, but then her eyes widened slightly as she noticed something, "Harry is that?"

Looking down at hip, he couldn't believe he missed it. There were five red lines running up from his bum to his side. Still, he wasn't going to panic, "Damn... must've caught myself on something."

Susan didn't look convinced, but she didn't make a further comment as he quickly healed the marks. Her curious look followed him as he made his way into the pool. As he waded over, he caught Alice's eye and he nearly crashed into Neville as he noticed there was an obviously white something on her finger as she quickly licked it clean.

With one last wink from the gorgeous vixen, he joined the game.