

As she moaned beneath him, his wife's tight pussy did everything in its power to pull the cum from his balls. Her hips were in his calloused hands as he battered the back wall of her tunnel with every snap of his hips. Ginny's face was flush, and she was struggling to keep her eyes open as they rolled toward the back of her head.

Truthfully, there was nothing he wanted more than to do exactly that and bury himself balls deep in her grasping, hungry little hole. But as she felt him throb and grow inside of her, her eyes snapped to his with acute awareness, "Harry, love... pull... out... didn't... cast... the spell." One of her small hands pushed against his hips weakly and he knew if he wanted to, he could ignore her. But much as every instinct in his body told him to breed her, to put one of his children inside of her, there was the sensible part of him that knew they had an agreement.

With great reluctance, he pulled his engorged length from her snug tunnel with a lewd pop. A deluge of her juices escaped her now unplugged hole as he slapped his heavy manhood down against her clit. Despite the fact it made her shiver in pleasure, his wife knew exactly what to do as one of her soft hands wrapped around his urgently horny cock. Covered in her white, creamy essence, his cock was ridiculously slick as she jerked his load out of him.

"Come on, love." She looked up at him with those beautiful amber eyes, "I want your fucking cum. Cover me."

"Fuck, yes! Take it all you naughty little slut!" With a spasmodic thrust of his hips, his shaft lurched and his bollocks pulled tight to his body. The first rope of his thick, virile cum aimed high. Most of it traveled right over his wife and stained the crimson sheets above her head. The next drew a long line from his cock-slit to her right eye. She gasped naughtily at the feel of his thick, sticky seed against her skin. Her little hand continued jerking as he proceeded to absolutely cover her perky tits, taut tummy, and puffy pussy mound with an absolutely prodigious load.

He'd always had surprisingly large orgasms but lately it was as though his body was doing everything in its capability to sate his deep desire to breed and start a family. He heaved a deep breath and looked down to see Ginny gathering the copious amount of his cum from her body and greedily feeding it into her mouth like it was the most delicious thing in the world. That sight did absolutely nothing to get rid of his still raging erection. At twenty-three, he was hornier than any teenager.

Bringing one foot up to rest against his chest, Ginny smirked up at him, "Much as I'd like to take care of that for you, I could only visit for a quickie. I still have to get back for afternoon practice, and I'll be feeling every second of what we just did as it is." She pushed him away gently with her foot but couldn't help but tease him by running her dainty toes along his shaft.

Ginny was going through Harpies training camp. She'd been given the morning off to visit with family. Every year since she joined the team, her training camp had led to some extremely amorous sex after the days spent apart. The only difference this year was that she went into camp as the starting chaser for the first time. After an incredible performance filling in as a reserve in the previous year's playoffs.

That was why he couldn't follow his instincts and fill her womb past what it could even handle with his seed. They had an agreement, one that he was constantly warring with himself not to break. The Harpies were her dream, and he had no intention of taking it from her, but his dream was a family. *But*

we have plenty of time for that. He had to constantly remind himself of that fact every time he found himself hilted inside of his beautiful firecracker of a wife.

Ginny grabbed her wand and spelled away what evidence remained from both him and her of their intense lovemaking. When she stood, she was still more than a head shorter than him as she hugged him. She stood on tip-toes to give him a kiss on the bottom of his jaw.

As had become normal in their relationship, she seemed able to read his mood, "I know how badly you want to fill me up... every time." She gave him a wicked smile as he shivered at her touch, "Thank you for keeping to our agreement. I'm going to do everything I can to show you just how much it means to me."

"I love you." He smiled down at her, "I want to make you happy."

"You've spent your whole life making other people happy, you deserve to be too." she kissed at his chest, just above his heart, "and I feel horrible making you wait for something you've dreamed of."

He hugged her tight to him, his still-hard cock pressing into the soft skin of her stomach, "I am happy, Gin. I have a sexy, amazing wife. There's not much more I could ask for." She smiled adoringly up at him, her heart in her eyes.

She pulled him down for a kiss and when they pulled apart, she had an odd look in her eye. He would describe it as twin-ish, "Gin, what're you thinking?"

She shook her head, but that mischievous glint didn't disappear, "Nothing for you to worry about love. Just know that I really am going to do everything I can to show you **exactly** how much you mean to me."

With that his beautiful wife, bounced her perky bubble-butt over to their wardrobe where she started pulling on stretchy athletic ware that highlighted the curve of her assets. He wanted to rip them right back off her. Still, he couldn't help a little smile coming to his lips. *All things considered, life is good.*

Holyhead was on Holy Island, separated from Wales's Anglesey Island by the Cymyran Strait and connected by 'The Cobb' a bridge funded by a Lord Stanley over a century ago. That wasn't how the magicals were gathering on the small Welsh Island though.

You would think such a small port town would notice the massive influx of people at least once a month for six months while the season is taking place. Whether the muggles were more aware of them than any of them knew or not, wasn't really Harry's greatest concern at the moment though. He was walking with Ron and George toward the Harpies' Stadium on the outskirts of the port town.

It was a clear, pleasant Sunday in mid-August. *Perfect weather for a match.* They were headed to the opening match of the Harpies' season. Each of them, even Ron despite his continued support of the Cannons, was decked out in dark green and gold. Harry wore a replica of Ginny's jersey. Her number, 3, and the name Potter was proudly emblazoned on his back.

Fans poured into the stadium, the rare one wearing the black and scarlet of the Ballycastle Bats. The three men made their way up to their box. He and Ginny had told her family that the team had provided the luxury, but the truth was that Harry had been paying for it since her first year on the team. He knew the Weasleys were unlikely to take the charity, but he saw it as a small price to pay to watch his wife do

what she did best in comfort without stares from the other attendees. *Well, one of the things that she does best.*

They arrived up at the box to find the rest of the family up there already. Percy was there with Audrey, and they were talking with Arthur about something or other. Charlie had taken off from the Reserve and was sitting with Bill and Fleur by the rail. Then there was Molly who leaned down talking to little Victoire. The little girl had her mother's pale blonde hair and her father's eyes. Next to her was someone Harry didn't immediately recognize, who was bouncing little Dominique on her hip.

Blonde-Bombshell, that was the only thing that came to mind as he looked at the young woman. The lady in question had wide, womanly hips. The part of his brain that seemed to be riddled with baby fever couldn't help but notice them. *Fucking child-bearing hips.* Her ass jutted out from her body and gave way to thick thighs. Her breasts were big and firm, her cleavage on display in a deep-v Harpies' t-shirt. She was thick and fit in equal measure and had a body that looked explicitly designed for breeding.

It was when he finally took in her beautiful face that he recognized her. Her skin had a light golden tan to it. Her long silver-blonde hair hung loose down to her hips. She had high cheekbones, one painted with gold the other with green, a thin nose, ocean-blue eyes. *Bloody hell, it's Gabrielle.* The last time he'd seen the young French girl had been at Bill and Fleur's wedding and she hadn't looked like that.

Swallowing thickly, he went over to greet Molly, "Harry dear, so good to see you."

He gave her a warm hug before leaning down to Victoire who was looking at him happily, bouncing on her feet. He gave her a smile, "Hello, Vic, how's my favorite little girl?"

"Good." She was looking at him expectantly.

He knew what she was expecting from him as he waved his hand. Since his permanent defeat of Voldemort, he'd been regarded as one of the greatest magicians alive. In the aftermath of the fighting, he'd thought it undeserved. So, he endeavored to change that fact. His magic was now as natural to him as breathing, so it was an easy feat to wandlessly conjure a crown of flowers that he placed on Victoire's little head. She giggled excitedly and hugged his leg as firmly as her little arms could manage before hurrying over to her mother to show it off.

Both Molly and Gabrielle were smiling at him, "Such a sweet little girl," Molly commented as she moved over to her husband.

Harry offered his hand to Dominique, she grabbed them possessively and immediately tried pulling them toward her mouth, "Look how big you've gotten. You're twice as big every time that I see you."

The beautiful Veela holding their niece was watching him with a surprising intensity when he finally met her gaze, "How have you been, Gabrielle?"

"Gabby," she insisted, "I've been well 'Arry." Her accent wasn't as bad as Fleur's when she first came to England but it was still noticeable.

"Finished at Beauxbatons?"

"Last spring, yes."

"Have any idea what you want to do now that you're finished?"

She looked at him curiously, "Ginny hasn't told you?" His perplexed look was enough answer for her, "I'm working in public relations for ze 'Arpies." That was definitely news to him, "Your wonderful wife helped me get ze job around the start of 'er training camp." Whatever animosity Ginny ever felt toward Fleur or her family had disappeared years ago, fighting a war together had a tendency to do that sort of thing.

"Oh, wonderful, you're living in England then?" She nodded enthusiastically, "Brilliant, we'll have to have you over for dinner soon."

She gave him a beatific smile, "I'd like that. Ginny said the same." There was a look in her eye like she knew something that he didn't, but he didn't give it much thought as the whistle to signal the start of the game went off then.

The match wasn't even close. The Harpies dominated the Bats from start to finish, led in no small part by Ginny's outstanding play. She scored their first five goals and finished with eleven in total to go along with seven assists. The lopsided final score was 410-30.

Harry had Victoire bouncing on his lap when Ginny flew up to the box and came in just far enough to place a kiss on his lips, "Hell of a game, Gin." She looked thoughtful at the sight of him with their niece on his lap.

"Thanks, handsome," She looked around at the rest of her family eyes stopping on Gabby briefly, "Party at ours tonight." There was a whoop of joy from her brothers and their wives, "Now I should get back otherwise Gwenong'll have me running laps until I fall over dead."

"Can't be having that. I'd miss you far too much." He gave her one last peck on the cheek before she headed down to the pitch to join her team.

Harry looked to Gabby who was looking at him a little wistfully, "Guess you'll be coming over sooner rather than later."

It was just past midnight, and their impromptu party was winding down. Molly and Arthur had left hours ago with their grandchildren in tow. Fleur and Bill seemed ready to take advantage of their child-free night as they were snogging furiously on his couch. *Wonder how soon it'll be before Dominique has a younger sibling too.* Percy and Audrey had skived off early citing the fact they needed to be at the Ministry early the next day. George and Angelina, and Ron and Hermione had already left looking frisky and even Charlie looked like he was going to get lucky with one of Ginny's teammates, Emilie.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Ginny apologized profusely to Gabrielle as she wiped at a new wine stain on her shirt. It was gnomish-wine and so didn't come out with a simple spell, "Come with me, we'll get you a new shirt and I'll get that clean in the morning."

The two gorgeous women walked right by him, and Ginny leaned in to whisper to him, "Love, could you get my brother and his wife out of here. I don't need them shagging on our couch."

Harry chuckled, "No, that's not a mess I want to clean up either." They climbed the stairs as Harry walked over to the couch.

Coughing, he tried to politely get their attention, "Bill, Fleur, I think you're better off doing that at home." They seemed to be lost in their own little world. Their clothes were disheveled, the top two buttons of Fleur's blouse were undone, and her fingers were working to undue the snap of her husband's trousers. *That's enough of that.*

His wand snapped to his hand and a silent Aguamenti Charm covered them in water. They both shouted and spluttered, "Harry!"

"Go home and fuck to your heart's content you two. I just don't need it happening on my couch." He cast a drying charm and they were good as new. Fleur didn't even bother saying goodbye, she just grabbed her husband's hand and hurried them over to the floor.

Bill managed to remember his manner's, "See ya later, Harry. Brilliant night, mate!"

Harry waved him away, chuckling, "Go have fun you crazy kids." They disappeared in green flames a second later.

Things hadn't gotten too terribly crazy but there were still things that needed to be cleaned. Shaking his head, he waved his wand and started gathering the glasses littered about the room. It was maybe ten minutes later that he was in the kitchen, cleaning the dishes, when he was stopped by something he wasn't expecting. Ginny patronus came prancing down the stairs, "Harry come up, please. Need your help with something in our bedroom."

He could only furrow his brow in confusion at the request, but he wasn't going to ignore his wife. Climbing the stairs two at a time, he made his way to their bedroom. When he opened the door, he was met with the most incredibly sexy sight of his entire life.

At the edge of his bed were Gabby's thick statuesque legs, leading up to her heart-shaped rump. The high heels on her feet made her already wonderful legs look even better. They were clad in thin white stockings that came up to her mid-thigh. Her mound was covered by a barely-there pair of lacey white knickers with a red bow right on the slit.

One small hand gripped at that beautiful bum, as Ginny sat low on Gabby's back. Her amber eyes were dark with desire as she stared at her husband. His wife looked no less delectable clad in golden lingerie. Her flaming red hair was up in a loose bun, and she bit her finger when she saw him. She smirked at the dumbstruck expression on his face, "There you are sweetheart. We've been waiting for you."

Standing there absolutely gobsmacked for a long moment, he didn't move until she crooked her finger for him to come closer, "Wh... what's going on?" He stopped with his crotch just inches from Gabby's wiggling behind.

Ginny didn't answer immediately, her fingers going to his belt. She removed it with practiced ease and unsnapped his trousers as well. She gave him a wicked grin as she fished his already half-hard cock from his pants, "I think it should be pretty obvious, love. I have a little present for you."

Dropping her head down to his rapidly growing length, her lips parted to envelope his fat cockhead in her mouth. Sucking lovingly on his bulbous crown, she jerked on the rest of his impressive length as she lavished his cock with an excessive amount of her spittle. He leaned his head back in pleasure, "Oh fuck... Gin."

Always covetous of his praise, she moaned around his length briefly before pulling off with a pop, she licked her lips happily. Slapping his heavy length against the silk soft skin of Gabby's ass, he groaned as he watched the firm flesh ripple. A lewd moan escaped the girl's lips from further up the bed. Ginny smiled up at him, "She wants it so badly. She's been dreaming about you since as long as she can remember. You were her hero when she was just a little girl and she never forgot. She's had to hear stories from her sister, and me, and even my mum about how wonderful you are. She's even been saving herself in the silly hope that some way, somehow, you'd be her first." She looked up at him meaningfully, "Remind you of anyone?"

Harry shuddered as his wife took his cock and ran it against the damp fabric of Gabby's knickers. The young Veela's fingers were clawing at the downy linen sheets beneath her as a needy gasp escaped her. Ginny smirked up at him, a sinful look in her eye, "I want to watch you fuck her, Harry. Right here, up close. Front. And. Center."

"Are you... are you sure?" He didn't think his wife was the sort of person to lie to him, much less try and trick him so terribly, but any husband would rightfully be wary of such an incredible offer.

She kissed his cock affectionately, "Absolutely positive." To prove her point, Ginny reached between Gabby's legs and peeled the soaked material of her knickers away from her pale pink slit. Her womanhood was smooth and bare, and clearly aroused beyond reason. A strand of her juices connected her to the lace as they slid down her thick legs.

It was impossibly inviting and as Ginny nestled his cockhead in her welcoming heat, he couldn't help but to thrust forward ever so slightly. Her impossibly tight tunnel gripped to every vein of his cock as he stretched her nubile lips in a way they never experienced before.

Gabby threw her head back, "Mon Dieu!"

Ginny's fingers ghosted against her bum, goosepimples forming at her touch, "That's nothing, Gabs." Harry hadn't noticed but Ginny's wand laid on the bed just to her left, she grabbed it and vanished the rest of his clothing from his body. She appreciated her husband's body and wanted to see every muscle as he wrecked the young woman underneath her.

Harry barely even noticed the change. He had something else he was far more worried about. He wanted the impossible warmth surrounding his cockhead to envelop his entire length more than anything in that moment. Thrusting forward, the bright blue veins of his length scraped against the oversensitive walls of her snug hole as he pushed inch after glorious inch into her beautiful body.

About half of his cock was still outside of her when he felt her walls start to flutter around his cock, "No fucking way." He whispered. Despite his disbelief, her gripping sheath was spasming through its first ever cock-induced orgasm. Her ass quivered as the tanned flesh flushed with the heat of her climax. She started breathing heavily as she squeaked with every little spasm. Her tunnel grew extra slick around his prodding length

Ginny looked absolutely giddy, her amber eyes had yet to leave the place where they were joined though, "Little slut is on a hair trigger, love. She already came and you're barely even halfway in yet."

"Did... did you say 'alf way?" Gabby asked from beneath Ginny, clearly shocked at that revelation, "But I'm already so full. How could zat only be 'alf?"

“Because Harry has a big, beautiful hippogriff cock made for stretching perfect little pussies like yours and mine to the absolute limit. I didn’t walk right for two days after the first time he split me open.” She glanced over her shoulder and found that Gabby was looking back at her with wide eyes, “Did you think I was joking when I told you those stories?”

She shook her head absently, “Non... but the stories don’t do it... JUSTICE!” Harry didn’t have the patience to wait any longer. Hearing that his wife had been teasing their young new lover with tales of his skill in bed had him wanting to show her the truth of those tales.

The extra lubrication from her orgasm allowed him to sink into her core in one solid thrust until his balls came to rest against the pillowy flesh of her full-thighs. He groaned happily at the sensation. For her part Ginny was kissing at his abdomen, down near the base of his cock where it was firmly buried in Gabby’s pussy.

The young Veela’s lips were splayed lewdly around his thick piece of meat, “So fucking....deep, mon amour.” Whatever else she had to say was lost in babbled, broken French.

Ginny reached one hand around his back and dug her nails into his rock-hard bum, “Come on, love. Fucking ravage her. Make sure you’re the last man she ever thinks about.”

Harry certainly wasn’t going to question such an enticing command. He drew his cock out of her clutching sheath until he could see the impression of his cockhead against her thin lips. As he snapped his hips forward, he knocked the air right out from her lungs.

Giving her no reprieve, he battered her perfectly tight hole with every inch of his mammoth length. *Slap. Slap. Slap.* His bollock bounced off her womanly thighs with every ferocious thrust, they quickly became wet with her juices and stuck to her body briefly with each retreat.

Refusing to remain idle, Ginny’s hands were spreading the young woman’s pillowy, jutting arsecheeks obscenely. Then she did the most ludicrously sexy thing he’d ever seen as she kissed and licked at the pristine puckered flesh of her tightest hole.

The dual stimulation was far too much for the inexperienced girl, “Oh... fuck... Oui! Oui! Oui!” Her pussy undulated and rippled through a second orgasm and tried valiantly to stop his relentless humping, but he wasn’t going to allow that.

Her thick white cum covered every ridge of his shaft and a copious amount of it gathered at his base. Ginny giggled happily as she looked at his cock, “She’s creaming all over you.” She grabbed his shaft on one of his thrusts and pulled it free from Gabby’s warm pussy, they both groaned at the loss, but Harry’s pleasure was quickly replaced by the wet confines of his wife’s mouth.

Licking every last bit of cum from his cock, she was an incredibly diligent little cock-slut, “Merlin... I fucking love you, Gin.”

Popping off his cock with happy smile she responded, “Love you, too!” Clean as whistle, she placed him back at Gabby’s dripping entrance, “She tastes divine by the way. I’m going to love cleaning her off your cock.” *What?* He brushed it off, figuring Ginny just meant for as long as this little tryst lasted.

Wasting no time, he filled the young woman’s pussy with his raging erection yet again. He heard no complaints as he felt her go through a small mini-orgasm at his return.

Losing track of time, he pounded the young woman beneath his wife through orgasm after orgasm without hesitation. And every time she shuddered and shook through another peak her hungry pussy tried to milk his cock of its cum. Finally, as Ginny's tongue lavished attention on the top of his shaft with each pass, another of Gabby's orgasms pulled one from him.

"Cumming..." He made to pull out of her, but Ginny was having none of it. She grabbed his hips in each hand and pulled him forward until he was hilted to the balls in Gabby's abused pussy. The young woman gave a keening wail from low in her throat as he started to fill her with an absolutely ridiculous amount of his sperm. He was helped along by his wife's small hands as they gently stroked at his bollocks.

Gabby's legs shook uncontrollably as she groaned out, "Mon... Dieu... I can... feel you. So... warm..."

Despite the skin-tight seal that Gabby's lips had around his shaft, there was still no way of containing the impossible amount of cum that filled her body and it leaked out and dripped down her thighs to stain her stockings. Pulling his cock from her depths, he was still hard as a rock. He slapped the heavy appendage against Gabby's pillow arsecheek.

Ginny dutifully made to clean him up, he looked down at his wife and ran a hand through her hair, "Take it you cast the charm before we started?"

She grinned up at him wickedly, "Nope."

He furrowed his brow, "She's on the potion then?"

Gabby answered this time, "Non."

"So I just..."

"Filled her potentially, very fertile pussy with a stupid amount of your cum. Yes." Ginny looked very pleased with that information, which only confused him more.

"And you're okay with that?"

"Ecstatic," Ginny said leaning back, bum still firmly planted on Gabby's lower back.

"What?"

"I told you that I was going to show you **exactly** how much you and your needs mean to me, and I meant it." She leaned up to plant a kiss on his lips, "It just so happens that Gabrielle here was the perfect person to help me out." She'd been making this plan from the moment they'd had that conversation, "I've talked with her enough to know that she loves, not just idolizes. And she reminds me a great deal of myself at the same age, the only difference is she didn't think there was any hope of having her dreams realized."

"So you want her to..."

"Carry you child."

Harry shook his head in shock, his mind was going a mile a minute. He wasn't even sure what to say to that, "She's a bit young for that, don't you think?"

“All she’s ever wanted is to be a mother. Right, Gabs?”

Gabrielle pushed up onto her elbows and looked back at them with a beaming smile, “Oui.”

“Right...”

Ginny grabbed his hand and rubbed the back of it with the pad of her thumb soothingly, “All you want is to start family, you have baby fever bad. And I want to give that to you. If that means you fuck another woman that loves you, I don’t mind. Because it doesn’t change the way I feel about you or that you feel about me. And someday, I’ll just make that family bigger.”

She reached down and stroked at his cock, “So from now on, until we know Gabby’s pregnant, every drop of cum in your balls is going to fill up her womb. When I suck you off, you’ll finish in her. When you fuck me senseless, you’ll finish in her. Every load belongs to her pussy from now on.”

As she placed him back at Gabby’s sloppy pussy lips, he felt genuine euphoria. He might not feel the same way once the haze of lust had lifted but, in that moment, it was pure bliss.