

"I can't just quit my job..." Harry argued, though his heart wasn't entirely in it. Working for the Aurors these days was tedious, tiring, and unfulfilling. He spent more time doing paperwork and trying to cut through red tape than he did actually dealing with Dark magicals. *And all the senior members of the Department look down on me because they think I got preferential treatment.* His colleagues thought that ridiculousness despite the fact he had the most outstanding record of any of his peers. *Neville and Ron already left because they couldn't put up with it anymore.*

Half the Death Eaters in Azkaban were there because of him. He was nothing short of a modern day Mad-Eye Moody with half the scars.

"You hate your job, Harry." Ginny sat across from him in the kitchen of a fully refurbished Grimmauld Place. She grabbed his hand, rubbing her thumb against the back of it, "And you love playing Quidditch. You say all the time how much you miss flying and competing. It's a win-win."

"I haven't played competitively in over three years. Why would they even want me?"

"Because, as Gwenog put it, 'you're the most naturally talented seeker to come out of Hogwarts in half a century and it's a fucking crime that you've never even touched a professional pitch.'"

"I've touched one," he chuckled at her frown, "I've visited you at Holyhead plenty."

She huffed at his cheek, "Not what she meant, and you know it."

"I thought the Harpies were an all-women's club?"

Ginny shifted in her seat, "That's not technically true, it would be against league rules to be exclusionary like that... but Gwen's willing to make an exception." It was only an unspoken rule, one that people knew but didn't talk about.

"Because she's desperate."

"Yes... but she wouldn't be offering if she didn't believe you could do it." Both the starting and reserve seeker were out with Splattergoit, and one of the starting chasers was out with a severely damaged ligament in the knee that even magic couldn't fix without being delicate, "We're going into the BIQL playoffs next week... we need a competent seeker."

"You could always play seeker."

"I'm the starting chaser with Marie out, and we both know that even out of practice you're better than me." She rubbed a foot up his calf and along his thigh, "If you play well, you'll almost definitely get a professional offer and bosh, you've got a new job. Nothing to worry about."

He could feel his resolve slipping with every word from her lips, "It sounds great..."

"Please Harry, we really need you." Her eyes were wide, and sincere, and cut right to his heart, "And you know I'll be incredibly grateful." Without another word she slipped below the table and unsnapped his trousers. He wasn't going to tell her he'd already decided to agree. Once she was finished, she was an extremely happy girl. She got a belly full of his cum and his agreement. He didn't know if he'd ever seen her smile so wide.

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Deafening cheers rang out through the stadium. His heart was beating fiercely in his chest. The only other thing he could feel was the incessantly fluttering wings in his hands before the snitch conceded and retracted.

They'd won! They were going to the British and Irish Quidditch League final after winning their closest game of the playoffs. The Tutshill Tornadoes put up a brutal fight. There was a nasty bruise forming on his thigh that could attest to that fact.

The game went back and forth, the chasers trading goals without ever managing to take a real advantage. Despite the fact he'd caught it in the previous two matches, it came down to the snitch for the first time since he joined the Harpies. The final score 310-170.

He could see the Weasleys, Hermione, and a dozen other friends cheering in the top box for his and Ginny's victory.

As he landed on the ground, he was swarmed. Warm bodies pressed into him from every side. If there was one obvious, pleasant perk of being the only lad on an otherwise all-women's team it was that the congratulations were the most wonderful of his playing career. *It makes for quite the sights at practice as well.*

Harry couldn't lie to himself. He was the happiest he'd been since Voldemort's defeat, and it wasn't even close. After the war, he'd done what he thought was right to try and put the wizarding world back together. *And I did.* But things were running pretty damn smoothly between Shackbolt and Hermione and everyone else who wanted to set things right. So, he could honestly say he was ecstatic that Gwenog made the offer and Ginny wouldn't take no for answer. *Sometimes the people around you know what'll make you happy better than you do.*

The Tornadoes landed nearby and the Harpies all went and shook hands on a game well played. Harry couldn't stop the limp that started as he slung his Firebolt over his shoulder. The team walked together to the locker rooms, waving to the gathered fans who remained in the stands.

"Marry me, Harry!"

"I love you, Gwen!"

"Angelina, sit on my face!" The last one caught him off guard. He'd heard all sorts of things hurled at them by fans and rivals alike. *I got used to it a long time ago. Had to after finally killing Tom.* Most of it was rather tame, declarations of love and affection, but somebody in the crowd clearly wanted a bit more. *Can't say I blame them either, Angelina's has a killer bum and thighs.* He was better equipped to attest to that fact than anyone in that moment. She was walking just in front of him, looking incredible in her quidditch gear.

They made it back to the locker room in short order, the calls and cheers slowly getting drowned out as they traveled further down the tunnel. If there was one complaint Harry had about playing for the Harpies, it was that they had only one locker room. Trying to be polite he always waited for the ladies to change, but the pain emanating from his leg was begging him to get to the bruise salve in his locker as soon as possible.

He stopped a good distance away from the door as the ladies all entered the room, Ginny gave him a wink as she passed him. Standing there for a good ten minutes, he was doing his best to ignore the throbbing in his leg. He watched the reserve players exit almost as quickly as they entered, they had no injuries to mend, showers to take and their gear had been as clean as when the game started. He was surprised when someone looped their arm through his and walked him forward.

He looked down to find a well-muscled, caramel skinned arm locked with his, "Come on, Potter. You're part of the team, too. Can't have our new star seeker out here in pain." She'd let down her dark, wavy hair from the ponytail she wore while playing for the post-game interview she'd given that held her behind.

Gwenog could be a real hard ass, whether in training or during the game, because she deeply cared about their sport. But he'd learned firsthand that she cared about the people who played for her just as much. She opened the locker room door for him, and he was met with a wonderful sight.

All his remaining teammates were in some state of undress. There was a bevy of beautiful, firm, water-slick flesh on display. He didn't know where to look, or where not to for that matter. Of course, he knew that all the ladies were fit. Years of intense training and competition would allow for nothing else. But seeing their gorgeous, sculpted bodies in almost all their glory had something other than his thigh beginning to throb with need.

He limped his way over to his locker that sat between Ginny's own and Gwenog. It belonged to the reserve seeker Glynda before his arrival. Grabbing the bruise paste from his locker, he gathered some of the salve on his fingers and shoved his hand down his trousers, working with some effort to get to where he'd been struck.

Gwen snorted at him, drawing his attention. She'd pulled her jersey over her head, revealing a green sports-bra and toned abs, "That'll be a lot easier if you just take the trousers off, mate." He glanced at Ginny who just looked entertained by his predicament. She was down to just her knickers, so looking to her was doing nothing for his problem.

There was one very obvious reason he could think of to just ignore Gwen, but he needed relief in more than one way, so he listened. He unbuckled his trousers and pushed them down along with skin-tight athletic pants. They gathered at his knees, but that wasn't the most noticeable thing, his aching length popped free and slapped against his belly, drawing Gwen's attention to it. He tried not to pay her any mind as his fingers immediately started working in the salve. He welcomed the immediate, soothing relief.

Gwen whistled low beside him, "Damn, no wonder Ginny comes to practice after every victory with a hitch in her step. I mean bloody hell, you should be playing beater, you've already got the bat for it." She was openly staring at his cock, not even feigning disinterest.

Ginny breathed out a laugh beside him, but he didn't really know what to say, "Um... thanks." His captain just smiled at him. He worked off his boots and socks, along with his trousers and pants and finished by peeling his sweat-soaked jersey over his head. Completely naked now, he tried just to focus on the locker in front of him.

That proved to be in vain, as a throaty moan caused Harry's head to snap behind him. Emilie Fontenot the slender, willowy chaser was kneeling on the floor right between the legs of their Japanese keeper, Rosie Sone, with her tongue lashing at the sensitive flesh of her tiny pussy. *Well, I wasn't expecting that.* His cock throbbed at the sight, and he could feel a slick bead of his own precum escape from the slit.

Rosie tangled her hand in Emilie's blonde locks, gently scraping her fingers against her scalp. For her part, Emilie seemed to be savoring every swipe she made of her teammate as she moaned at her taste. Her hands weren't idle either, squeezing and kneading at the toned flesh of Rosie's bum.

Fingers rubbed at the crown of his cock, making him jump. He looked down half-expecting to see Ginny's hand fondling his erect manhood, but he was met with Gwen's instead. Her chocolate eyes were locked on his cockhead as she rubbed his precum around the engorged skin. "Weasley, your man looks like he could use some help... mind if I lend him a hand?"

Ginny's amber eyes were dark with desire as they fixated on where Gwen was gently working on his cock, her nostrils flared and she spoke softly, "I... I don't see why not."

With Ginny's approval, Gwen whipped off her bra and fell to her knees, wrapping her full lips around his bulbous tip. As if summoned from nowhere Hannah Corfield, the other beater, was standing just behind his girlfriend, "Does this mean you'll finally let me get a taste of your pristine pussy?" She couldn't hide the obvious eagerness in her ice blue eyes.

Ginny glanced at Harry who didn't hesitate, giving her a quick nod of his head. *No other option when she just told another woman to have a go on my knob.* Not to mention, there were few things in the world he could imagine that would be more amazing than watching his gorgeous girlfriend with another equally stunning woman. *All while another woman has her mouth on my cock.*

Angelina stepped past Ginny as she was led over to one of the benches by Hannah. She moved behind Harry squished her pillowy breasts against his chiseled back.

Her hardened nipples scraped against him as she leaned up on her tiptoes to see over his shoulder and look down at her team captain, "Bloody fucking Merlin, Harry!" Her dark eyes were riveted as Gwen tried forcing some of his cock into her throat, causing it to bulge obscenely, "I always thought Oliver and the twins were just taking the mickey when they started calling you 'Hippogriff Harry'."

Gwen slobbered on his cock, drops of spittle falling to her naked chest. Her tits were big and beautiful, bouncing with each plunge of her head. Her nipples were small eraser sized chocolate kisses that looked hard enough to cut through steel. Her own trousers were down around her ankles.

She pulled off his cock and gave a few firm strokes before standing. She turned away from him wiggling her firm butt to him in invitation. She ran a hand down through the hair of her neatly trimmed pubic mound to plunge one finger into her wetness.

Before he could slide forward, Angelina took the opportunity to reach around and take a grasp of his cock with one hand, the contrast in their skin was eye-catching, "Fuck, I can't believe this was just on the other side of the changing room wall back at Hogwarts. I would've had you stuffed in my little cunny every chance we had if I knew."

“Johnson, you better put that fat fucking prick inside of me right now or so help me, I will throw you off the team.” Gwen glared at the younger woman.

Angelina laughed loudly in his ear, “Even if you could afford to, you wouldn’t captain.”

“Johnson don’t...” She didn’t finish whatever threat was on her mind because Angelina took his cock and slapped it right up against Gwen’s drooling quim. Without any hesitation, she nestled his cock between her lips and pushed against his own, driving him forward.

The captain threw back her head in bliss as his cock dug into her walls in one fluid motion, rubbing against every delicate inch of her gripping hole. When every inch of him was snugly wrapped in her greedy pussy, her legs shook as she rode out a tiny orgasm.

Gwen wiggled her hips back into his crotch. She caught his eye and panted out, “Alright Potter... show me what you can do.”

He started thrusting back and forth, hammering away at her slippery slit. Angelina kissed along his shoulder and up to his neck never taking her eyes off where he and Gwen were connected.

“Lina is... is this normal?” This wasn’t what Harry was expecting even if it was amazing.

She smiled against his skin, “No... usually the reserve players stick around to have a bit of fun, too. They had some plans tonight from what they were saying. Haven’t you ever wondered why Gin comes back to yours after every match, and even the occasional practice, ready to have her brains fucked out of her pretty little head?” He’d never really given it much thought. Their sex life was always brilliant, so he had no reason to question it. He just figured she wanted to celebrate.

“She’s... she’s... always been... such a loyal... little slut for you. Only ever... ever watching... playing with herself... until she could... could get home... to you,” Gwen managed to pant out between each ferocious thrust of his hips. He reached down to one of her hanging tits and gave the supple flesh a squeeze.

Gwen threw her head back, “Yes, fuck that feels good! Don’t stop!”

Angelina giggled, “It’s true. Hannah’s been particularly put out by it. She has a thing for redheads and might be just as enamored with your girlfriend as you are.” Harry turned and looked for Ginny.

What he found made him pulse inside Gwen. She was grinding her delicious little pussy against Hannah’s eager mouth, who had laid herself along one of the benches. His girlfriend had her eyes closed, and mouth agape riding a knife’s edge, just about to reach her peak. Hannah had her own shaven slit getting eaten out by Emilie who had Rosie’s head trapped between her thighs where she laid on the ground.

His attention returned to the woman currently wrapped around his cock when he felt a soft pair of lips kiss at his left nut. He looked down to see Angelina had maneuvered herself so that she was kneeling right where he and Gwen were joined. The ebony beauty lavished his bollock with attention, tongue licking across his sensitive scrotum as Gwen continued throwing her bubble butt back into his crotch.

Harry took Gwen’s waist in his large hands just above her hips. She had a tiny waist, almost small enough that he could wrap his hands around it, but it flared out into what he’d heard described by lewd fans, as ‘perfect breeding hips.’ He had to agree with them as he used those hips to slam her against his crotch, making her ass shake with every lurid impact.

*Slap. Slap. Slap.* His bollocks bounced off her pubic mound with each snap of his hips which only added to the many lewd sounds filling their locker room.

Angelina took a firm hold at the base of his cock and pulled him from Gwen needy little hole. Her pussy didn't want to give him up as he came free with a wet pop. His captain whined, "Put it back..."

Angelina didn't listen though instead sucking at his cock with wanton desire. She stared right at him as she cleaned his cock of Gwen's clearly delectable pussy juice. Gwen wiggled her hips impatiently, glaring over her shoulder at her chaser, "Hurry up Johnson!"

She popped off his cock giving his angry purple head one last kiss, "I need a little attention myself, captain." Angelina slid a finger through her taut lips, her finger glistening with her own arousal. She grinned up at him, and gestured for him to lay down, "Why don't you give him a ride and I can see if his tongue is any good."

"It's... fucking class... trust me!" Ginny yelled over to them, louder than was necessary though it was understandable considering she was shaking through an orgasm.

Gwen didn't have any complaints about the suggestion, and he found himself with his back against the floor, and his captain squatting over his rigid length. She plunged down the first few inches and started bouncing with just the tip inside of her wonderful tightness. He tried to thrust up into her, but she pushed down on his abs to stop him, "Nuh uh uh, Potter, I'm in control right now."

He didn't have a chance to respond as Angelina stepped over him, her pink hole stood out beautifully against her polished ebony skin. He ogled her jutting bum as she dropped down facing her captain until her wet lower lips reached his eager mouth. *I guess I'm living that fans dream.* The silky skin of her well-muscled thighs rested against his ears.

He took a few languid licks of her swollen, moist lips before he started properly getting to work. He grabbed one of her ridiculous, meaty arsecheeks in each hand pushing her against him as tightly as he could while still being able to breath. He scraped his flexible appendage against the walls of her grippy pussy with practiced skill. It was an outright assault meant to bring her as much pleasure as he could manage. *I'm gonna show her just how good this fucking tongue is!*

It was muffled but he could hear her panting and moaning with each exploratory pass of his tongue. He was working for a few minutes when he felt her thighs start to quiver. She gushed juices onto his face as she rode out a powerful orgasm. Her pussy pulsed around his tongue wonderfully, trying to milk it like a cock. The muscles of her bum flexed beneath his fingers as she shuddered and jerked against his mouth.

When she finished, she dropped like a marionette and found herself laid out across his torso. Her mouth was right by Gwen's pussy as Harry continued to take gentle licks of her over-sensitive folds, each little movement causing a blissful post-orgasmic shake.

The new position allowed him to hear better again. It was just enough that he heard Angelina call out, "Fuckin' hell, Gin! You were right, he eats pussy like he was born to it." He heard Ginny laugh in response, but Gwen didn't give Angelina a chance to say anything more. She filled her fingers with Angelina's curly black hair and put her mouth right against her clit. Angelina didn't complain, lips sucking hungrily at the sensitive bundle of nerves as Gwen kept bouncing on his cock.

With a deep guttural moan, Gwen had a leg shaking orgasm. Her tight pussy pulsed and undulated against his mammoth cock. He felt her warm juice squirt around the seal where they were joined covering his lower abs and Angelina's face.

That was too much for him. Despite her tight hole's efforts to keep him in place, he forced his cock balls deep into her clutching depths and shot a massive load right against her cervix. This set her off like a firecracker again, pulling a shrill scream from her lungs.

He pumped so much cum into her that it started to leak down his cock and out of her pussy to pool at his crotch and balls. With shaky legs the captain pushed herself from his cock, her abused hole leaving even more cum behind. Angelina started to lick him clean, but he gave her ass a little spank to tell her he wanted up.

Reluctantly, she obliged him. By the time he stood, Rosie was between Gwen's splayed thighs licking every morsel of cum she could find from her captain's pussy. Taking her opportunity, Angelina went and used the captain's tongue for her own pleasure.

Harry made his way over to the bench where Ginny continued to grind her pussy against Hannah's mouth. The brunette was clearly doing a good job, her pretty face was covered in the pussy juice of multiple orgasms. Hannah no longer had a mouth on her pussy though, so she had to make do with her own fingers flicking against her clit. Ginny was too busy to help her as she was bent over enthusiastically licking at Emilie's folds.

Standing beside his girlfriend he grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her up. She gasped, her amber eyes clouded in pleasure. He gave her a deep, passionate kiss. When they parted, she gave him a goofy grin, "Having fun?" Ginny's delicate fingers found Emilie's dripping pussy and started slipping inside of her. Just because she was having a conversation didn't mean she should stop helping her teammate after all.

"One of the best days of my life." He pecked her cheek, "I hear you've been a very good, loyal girl with the Harpies before I was on the team."

"Wouldn't...betray you... like that."

"I fucking love you, you know that?" She nodded her head trembling. He reached down and tweaked one of her pale nipples. She shuddered and bit her lower lips, eyelashes fluttering "Was this why you wanted me to join the team?"

She shook her head, "Wanted you... because you're amazing. Had to... convince Gwen... you could keep... a secret. Lina helped." Her whole body shuddered through another orgasm, shaking all her beautiful assets for his viewing pleasure. Ginny pushed herself off Hannah's face, who bent her head trying to follow her pussy up. The athletic brunette had a massive smile on her face. After a year of wanting Ginny, she'd finally gotten her chance and loved every second of it.

Ginny leaned into Harry, her legs wobbly from her climax, "That's why there's never been a man on the team before. They couldn't be trusted not to run their mouths. But you're better at keeping secrets than anyone I know."

Lips wrapped around his cock, and he looked down to see Hannah sucking at his tip gently. Having his attention, she popped off him and looked up with pleading blue eyes, "Please stretch my little pussy! Ginny's bragged about your fat fucking cock and all the wonderful things it does to her for over a year and I want to try it for myself."

He looked at Ginny questioningly who actually blushed, "Just cause I didn't join in the fun doesn't mean I didn't watch, and I wanted to make them just as horny as they were making me." He laughed and gave her another kiss. His girlfriend returned it briefly before she pushed at his shoulder, urging him to take her teammate up on the offer.

Picking the petite brunette of the bench, she squealed in his ear as he walked her over to one of the lockers and pinned her against it. As he sank into her cock hungry hole, he had one singular thought. *Thank bloody fuckin' Merlin, Gwen made an exception.*

The unexpected orgy went on for over an hour, and by the end of it the room reeked of sex. He'd had his cock in at least one hole of every one of his teammates except Ginny. She'd been magnanimous considering she had him at home any time she wanted. Between the game and the sex, he was bone tired, but it was worth it.

As they were leaving, Gwen stopped him, "I don't think I need to tell you to keep this to yourself. Because if you don't, Man-Who-Conquered or not, I'll find a way to kill you."

"I wouldn't do that to any of you." More dangerous people had tried many times in his life, but he could respect the sentiment.

"Well, we'll see won't we. I... believe you, honestly but I went out on limb signing you. I don't want it to come back to bite me or the other girls."

Gwen knew him but not well enough to fully trust him, he understood that. So, he thought to offer her some proof, "Do you know how I managed to finally beat Voldemort?"

"No..." Gwen answered, confused.

"Almost no one does, only those who absolutely needed to. Because I'm very good at keeping secrets, especially secrets that could be dangerous to people I care about. I'm positive the only people who absolutely need to know about what happens in this locker room play for this quidditch team."

She grinned at him, "Alright, point taken." With that they shut off the lights to the locker room, leaving their win and celebrations behind for the night. Though when they reached Grimmauld Place, Ginny insisted on one last round. Somehow, he found the energy.