

Breeding Season

Chapter 4

Molly was tossing and turning in bed. She turned over again, and the mattress creaked beneath her as she tried to get comfortable. It was useless. Sleep was impossible. Arthur was snoring loudly beside her. The room was quiet except for him, but her mind churned, and her fingers moved restlessly under the sheets. She stared at the ceiling, counting the shadows on the beams, but the only thing she could focus on was the intense, gnawing hunger that wouldn't let her go.

She closed her eyes and tried to will herself to relax, but the memory was too fresh. The taste of Harry's cum lingered in her memory, and each time it flashed into her mind she felt her thighs press together involuntarily. She remembered how her body had trembled, and her knees had buckled as she came so hard she almost lost her balance. No one ... not even Arthur on his strongest, most virile nights ... had ever made her feel so completely undone.

Molly glanced at her husband. Arthur looked frail and old in the moonlight. Tufts of hair stuck up, and his mouth was slightly open. He had been a good lover, especially when they were a young married couple, and she'd loved the way he used to sneak her off to dark closets or the orchard for a quickie. Even now, he could be endearing in his clumsy efforts. But the truth was, Arthur's best days were in the past, and Molly had resigned herself that her marriage's best days were over as well.

The idea that she might still crave something more felt shameful and exhilarating at once.

She pressed the heel of her hand between her legs. She was wet again, and she groaned softly, careful not to wake Arthur. She pressed harder, remembering the taste of his delicious seed. All she could think about was how she'd gulped down every spurt like she was starved. The force of her own orgasm had shocked her. She'd thought she was past that kind of mindless surrender.

She turned onto her stomach and buried her face in the pillow. It was hopeless. There was no way she'd sleep with this much need humming inside her. She surrendered to the memories, and for a while she just let herself remember, reliving the moment frame by frame, until her body was squirming and her face was flushed with heat.

Arthur rolled over and mumbled something in his sleep, and his hand flopped onto her thigh. She tensed for a second, but he only shifted and settled again, lost in his dreams. It almost made her laugh. She could have screamed bloody murder, and Arthur would sleep through it.

After another half hour of tossing and turning, Molly gave up. She slipped out of bed, careful not to make a sound, and padded to the ensuite bathroom. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her thick, luxurious hair was messy, and her cheeks were still pink. She splashed cold

water on her face, but it did nothing to chase away the flush in her body. If anything, the water just made her nipples stiffen, which was quite evident considering she wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing. She shivered and wrapped her arms around herself.

She drifted back into the bedroom and eyed her silk robe draped over the chair in the corner. Arthur had gifted it to her a few months ago, but she rarely wore it. Molly knew she was still a very attractive woman, and while she enjoyed showing off her body in revealing dresses, she thought this tiny thing was a bit too much to wear in front of her family. But tonight, she felt reckless. She slipped it on, letting the smooth fabric cling to her bare skin. The belt was too long, so she tied it loose, letting the neckline fall open and the skirt ride up her thighs. It felt scandalous. She liked the feeling.

She tiptoed out of the room and down the stairs, careful to avoid the step that always shrieked. The house was mostly quiet, but as she passed by the closed doors on the upper landing, she thought she caught the faintest echo of a moan. Maybe it was her imagination, or maybe Ginny and Hermione were up late doing naughty things. The thought made her smile. Girls would be girls. She envied them. They had their whole lives ahead of them.

She reached the bottom of the stairs and paused, listening. The kitchen light was on, and she could see a shadow moving inside. Her first thought was that it might be Ron or one of the twins raiding the icebox, or perhaps Luna, who seemed to wander the house at all hours, humming to herself.

She entered the kitchen and stopped dead. Harry was there, standing in front of the open fridge, chugging a bottle of water with his head thrown back and his muscular neck stretched out. He was nearly naked. The only thing he wore was a pair of fitted boxer briefs clinging to his hips. The moonlight from the window made the veins on his arms stand out, and his skin was damp with sweat. He looked like he'd just finished a long, violent workout. He drained the last of the water, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and turned. When he saw Molly, his eyes widened, and his face broke into a sheepish, lopsided smile.

Molly froze in the doorway, unsure what to say. He was so different from Arthur. He was a young and vigorous man, so full of life. The muscles on his stomach rippled, and a thin trail of hair ran from his navel down to the waistband of his briefs. Molly felt herself staring, but she couldn't help it.

"Sorry, Molly," Harry said, setting the empty bottle down. His voice was a bit hoarse. "I didn't mean to wake anyone."

She shook her head, and her hair fell across her eyes. "You didn't. I was just ..." She trailed off, not wanting to finish the sentence. "Are you alright, dear?"

Harry grinned, and Molly couldn't help noticing the flush in his cheeks and the twitch of his lips. "I'm fine. I'm just dehydrated, I guess. Ginny and Hermione ... you know ... they wore me out." He gave her a conspiratorial grin, and Molly was certain her face was scarlet.

"Ah," she managed. "Yes, I can imagine." For a moment, she couldn't think of a single thing to say. She stood there, clutching her robe closed, and tried not to stare at the bulge in his briefs or the way his chest heaved with each breath.

Harry looked her up and down. It wasn't subtle, either. His eyes raked over her from head to toe. They lingered on her bare legs, wide hips, and the swell of her tits. Molly felt the air thicken between them, and her heart hammered in her chest.

"Is that a new robe?" he asked. His voice was almost teasing.

Molly tugged at the belt and tried to laugh it off. "Oh, this old thing? I hardly ever wear it."

"You should wear it more often," said Harry. His tone made her pussy quiver. "It looks ... really, really good on you."

Molly felt her nipples harden beneath the silk, and judging by the way his eyes moved down to her chest and lingered, he definitely noticed.

Molly's gaze was helplessly locked on the bulge growing in Harry's boxer briefs. The fabric was straining, and the outline was unmistakable. She could see the thick, impressive cock that Molly remembered vividly from earlier in the day. Her heartbeat quickened, and her mouth grew wet as Harry's eyes met hers. There was no shame or hesitation in the way he eyed her, and there was no question about what was about to happen. When Harry reached down, slipped his thumb in the waistband, and pulled his cock free, the sight made Molly's knees buckle.

He stroked himself lazily, and Molly eagerly watched his hand moving up and down the rigid length. "Would you like to taste it again?" he asked cheekily.

Molly licked her lips and nodded, unable to form words. She barely noticed him closing the fridge as Harry took her hand and led her out of the bright kitchen into the darkened living room. Harry sat at one end of the couch and spread his legs wide, and she saw the tip of his cock glistening with a drop of pre-cum. He leaned back, rested his arms along the back of the couch, and waited.

Molly dropped to her knees in front of him. She didn't even bother to check if the curtains were closed. All she cared about was having his cock in her mouth again. She took him in her hand and marveled at the way the thick, veined shaft throbbed between her fingers. With a sly glance up at him, she pressed her lips to the swollen head and gave him a slow, wet kiss. Then she parted her lips and took him into her mouth, letting her tongue swirl around the tip before plunging deeper.

Harry sucked in a sharp breath, ran a hand through her thick hair, and guided her gently. Molly remembered the first time she'd ever tasted Arthur, and how new and forbidden it had seemed. This was so much more. Harry was bigger than anyone she'd ever been with, and the knowledge made her even wetter.

She bobbed her head and worked herself up and down his shaft, using her tongue and lips to pleasure him. She wanted to show him that women her age could still teach him things he'd never dreamed of. She let herself moan around his cock, and the vibration made Harry gasp. He was already glistening with her saliva, but Molly didn't slow down.

Harry's fingers tightened in her hair, and he moved his hips in time with her. Molly looked up and saw his eyes flutter closed. She kept going, determined to drain him dry.

But Harry was holding back. She could tell by the way his body shivered but didn't surrender. He was teasing her and drawing it out. Molly didn't care for that. She sped up, bobbing harder and deeper, until his cock hit the back of her throat. She gagged, but quickly recovered, and Harry grunted his approval.

Still, he didn't finish. Molly finally let him slide out of her mouth, and she looked up at him. Her chin was slick with saliva, and her eyes were narrowed in frustration. She jerked his shaft with both hands, but Harry just grinned down at her smugly, in complete control of the situation.

"I think it's going to take something a little tighter than your mouth to make me cum," he said.

The words made Molly's cunt contract so hard that she nearly moaned. She was about to protest, but Harry reached down and pulled her up onto the couch. She slid onto his lap, until she was straddling his bare thighs. Her robe fell open, and Harry's palms slid up her waist. He cupped her breasts and brushed his thumbs over her nipples. Molly felt her body arch toward him, shamelessly begging for more.

He unknotted her belt and shrugged her robe off her shoulders. The silk pooled at her elbows, then slipped off entirely, leaving her completely naked and exposed in the moonlit living room.

They were silent for a moment as Harry's hands roamed over her fleshy hips and the soft curve of her belly. Molly could feel her own wetness soaking the inside of her thighs. She shifted forward slightly, and the head of his cock slid between her labia and bumped up against her clit in a way that made stars burst behind her eyelids.

She started to grind against him, rolling her hips and massaging the length of his shaft without letting him in. Harry's hands clamped down hard on her ass, and he pulled her even tighter to him.

"Jesus, Molly," he groaned, and she nearly laughed at the reverence in his tone.

It was far from her first time, but this felt completely new. She moved faster, letting the head of his cock part her lips, and she dragged her slit along the length so the shaft glistened with her juices. Harry's hands kept her moving, controlling her rhythm, but Molly was just as eager to take the lead. She leaned in, kissed him on the mouth, and moaned when he sucked on her tongue.

Harry groaned while sucking her lower lip. He then reached up and tugged her hair so her head tilted back. He buried his face between her breasts and sucked on her sensitive skin. She gasped when his tongue flicked at her nipple, and then again when his teeth grazed the sensitive tip.

"Are you ready for it?" Harry asked as his cock twitched between her fat pussy lips.

"Oh, God, yes," she gasped, unable to muster a scrap of dignity.

He lined himself up, held her hips steady, and then slowly pressed the head of his cock up into her. Molly shuddered as her pussy stretched around him, and she felt every pleasurable inch as he filled her. She let out a shaky breath, rocked her hips, and took him deeper while her walls spasmed and fluttered around his girth. Harry's hands explored every inch of her body, and Molly let herself be worshiped.

Harry couldn't get enough of Molly's tits. He bounced them in his hands and squeezed the heavy flesh, feeling how perfectly they filled his palms. The way her breasts quivered with each movement made him impossibly hard, and he couldn't resist rolling her nipples between his fingers. He pinched and twisted them until they puckered up into thick, swollen points. Molly's chest flushed pink down to her areolas, and the crinkled tips jutted proudly from their pale circles, begging for his tongue and lips.

He shifted his grip, sliding his big hands down to her hips. Molly yelped as he used his hold to jerk her forward and back on his cock. He dug his fingers into her hips, loving the feel of her softness, and then he moved them down to clutch at her ass. Molly's cheeks were broad and fat, and they jiggled beautifully in his hands. He kneaded them, testing their weight, then spread them wide and let her slam back down onto his cock.

Molly's pussy was a hot, slippery mess. Every time Harry pulled her down, her cunt sucked at him and stretched around the thick girth, making obscene, wet noises that echoed in the quiet room. Her juices dribbled down his shaft and pooled around his balls, making everything slick and sticky. He let one hand drift forward to her belly, then lower, until he was rubbing her clit while she ground down on him in frantic little circles. Molly's entire body responded, and she shuddered and gasped. Her hips bucked as she tried to keep up with the steady pressure of his cock inside her.

She rode him with a wild energy that belied her age. Molly's tits bounced with every thrust, and her face twisted in pleasure as she rocked back and forth. Harry kept his hands on her body, alternating between squeezing her waist, spanking her ass, and groping her breasts. It was pure, animalistic rutting, and Molly moaned louder each time she bottomed out against him.

She threw her head back and let her hair tumble down her shoulders. Sweat glistened on her flushed skin, and Molly's mind emptied out as she lost herself in the rhythm.

She felt the pressure building way too fast, and it was too much to handle. Her body started to convulse so hard that she nearly fell off his lap, but luckily, he grabbed her tighter and started driving up into her harder, deeper, and faster. The head of his cock repeatedly slammed against her cervix, making her toes curl.

"Harry ..." she gasped, trying her best to stay quiet.

Harry's hips moved so fast, the thrusts sent endless waves of force into Molly's drenched, swollen cunt. She clung to his neck for dear life with her face pressed into the crook of his shoulder. Each time his cock split her open, Molly's entire body shuddered, and her pussy squeezed him even tighter. The obscene, wet sounds of their bodies colliding filled the living room and were punctuated by Molly's muffled cries of pleasure and Harry's ragged grunts. His hands kneaded the soft flesh of her ass and spread her cheeks wide for maximum depth as he filled her over and over.

She could feel herself unraveling in time with every savage thrust. Harry's cock ground insistently against her sensitive spots, and her walls tried desperately to milk him dry. When he reached a hand between their slick, writhing bodies and found her clit, Molly lost the last of her composure. Her head snapped back, and her mouth opened in a silent scream as she began to convulse uncontrollably. For Molly, everything else faded away, and all she could feel was the building inferno between her thighs.

Then Harry groaned deeply and slammed her down on his cock with both hands, using her body as his own personal fucktoy. She felt the bulbous head batter her cervix as Harry's cock swelled and throbbed inside her. His balls drew up tight, and the first eruption of hot, thick cum blasted against the trembling walls of her pussy. The sensation was mindblowing. It triggered a chain reaction in Molly. Every muscle in her body seized, and her pussy squeezed Harry so hard, it nearly forced him out. But he held tight, fucking her thrashing body as he pumped load after load into her clutching cunt.

The instant the first splash of his cum painted her insides, Molly's orgasm redoubled, overwhelming every nerve in her body. She pressed her face to the back cushion of the couch and shrieked, and her entire lower half began to convulse and spasm. Waves of pleasure rolled through her so violently, her legs lost all strength, and she nearly collapsed. Thankfully, Harry had a tight grip on her cushy ass. He drove up into her again and again, milking every last drop of satisfaction from their bodies. Molly could feel Harry's cum leaking out around his cock and

mixing with her own gush of juices. Her pussy started to spasm and then let loose a torrent of fluid, spraying over Harry's lap and soaking the couch. The release was explosive and messy, and she didn't care. If anything, it only made her want him more.

Her vision went white, and her hearing faded to a high-pitched ringing, drowning out even her own scream. The orgasm seemed to have no end. Each thrust sent a fresh wave of pleasure through her, leaving her shaking and gasping for air. The brute below her didn't stop. He kept her impaled on his cock as he slowly thrust, pushing her through the longest, most intense climax of her life. She could feel every twitch of his cock inside her, and it drove her insane.

Molly's body seized and released over and over, like she was being electrocuted by ecstasy. Finally, her limbs stopped obeying her, and she collapsed forward, tired and trembling. She rested her full weight on Harry's chest. She moaned, squealed, and laughed at the same time, unable to process a coherent thought for several seconds. Harry wrapped his arms around her and sucked on her neck as his thrusts slowed.

Molly's face was red and sweaty as the last waves of her orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy continued to clamp down on Harry with desperate, fluttering pulses, milking the last spurts of cum from his cock. The room reeked of sex, and the couch was absolutely drenched beneath them.

Molly felt weightless as she slumped against Harry. He was still buried in her, and her pussy refused to let go. She could feel his breath on her neck and the slow, contented rise and fall of his chest. When she finally tried to move, her legs twitched uselessly, and she realized just how completely she'd been wrecked. She lay there, draped over Harry, gasping and grinning into the darkness while Harry toyed with her puckered hole.

Finally, Harry got up with a groan. Molly watched as he pulled on his boxer briefs. Harry then walked over to her, kissed her deeply, and squeezed her naked tit. Harry then left her behind in the empty room, naked and dripping cum.

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The next morning, Hermione and Ginny found Molly alone in the kitchen, already awake and humming as she kneaded dough at the counter. The kitchen had the warm, yeasty scent of rising bread, but it did little to cover the thick smell of sex in the air.

Ginny slid into a chair and watched her with a careful sort of interest. Hermione took the chair next to her, not quite making eye contact. Molly moved around the kitchen with a spring in her step. When she turned to the girls, her smile was so big it made her look younger.

Ginny wasn't the type to wait. "So, did you sleep well last night, Mum?" she asked, and the forced innocence in her voice was so over-the-top it made Hermione snort.

Molly didn't flinch or blush. She stretched the dough with a strong, confident hand and said, "I slept better than I have in years, actually." She arched an eyebrow at her. "Not that it was a particularly restful night."

Hermione's face went red, and she looked down at her hands. Ginny grinned and glanced at Hermione. "You know, you were ... loud," Hermione said quietly.

The dough thumped on the counter as Molly turned to face them. "Well, dear, I don't see the point of being quiet. Especially at my age." She laughed and wiped her hands on her apron. "Besides, it's not as though the rest of the house is a model of discretion."

Ginny leaned forward and set her elbows on the table. "So, what are we supposed to tell Dad?" she asked.

Molly sat across from them and regarded both girls for a moment. "We're not going to tell him anything," she said. Her tone was soft but absolute. "Your father isn't a fool. He knows the ways of the world, and he knows me better than anyone."

Ginny blinked. "Are you saying he doesn't care, or he just pretends not to?"

Molly smiled slyly. "I'm saying that what goes on in this house, and in every other magical family, is a bit more complicated than you'd like to think." She poured tea for all of them. She waited until both girls had taken their mugs before she continued. "It's very common in our world for husbands and wives to have outside arrangements. Sometimes it's out of necessity. Sometimes it's out of desire. It just isn't discussed in polite society, that's all."

Hermione looked up with uncertainty. "But you and Arthur ..."

"Have an arrangement," Molly finished for her. "He's had mistresses off and on for years. He's even got a few children out there who aren't mine. That's just how things work, dear. It's not a betrayal if everyone knows and no one gets hurt."

Ginny's mouth fell open, and for once she had nothing to say. The tea in Hermione's mug sloshed as her hand trembled with the weight of this new knowledge. Molly reached out and patted Ginny's hand, then she did the same to Hermione's. "It's not about love, or even loyalty. It's about being honest with yourself and with each other. There's no shame in needing more, or wanting more. Not in the magical world."

Ginny finally managed to speak up. "So you and Harry ..."

"That's between Harry and me," Molly interrupted, but there was no threat in her voice. "And if I have it my way, it won't be the last time. That's life."

Hermione blinked. "But why doesn't anyone talk about it, then? Why keep it a secret if it's so normal?"

Molly shrugged. "Because some people prefer the illusion of normalcy. It's easier than facing the truth. You'll find, as you get older, that most people would rather live in a polite fiction than admit what they really want." She ran the tip of her finger around the rim of her teacup. "It's not just magicals, either. I'm sure it's the same in the Muggle world, Hermione."

Hermione frowned, but she slowly nodded. "I suppose so. But it's still strange to hear you say it out loud."

"It's stranger to pretend otherwise," Molly said gently. "You'll find your own way, girls, and you'll make your own choices. But don't ever be ashamed of wanting something or someone."

Ginny stared at her, and she saw her in a completely new light. Hermione looked at Ginny, then at Molly. She tried to match the quiet woman in the apron with the loud, whorish sounds they had heard through the walls last night.

Molly tilted her head. "Well, I hope that helps. If you have questions, ask them now. If not, please stop listening in on us."

Ginny's face turned pink. "Sorry, Mum. We just ... we weren't expecting ..."

"... me to have a life outside of being a housewife?" Molly finished with a twinkle in her eye. "Get used to it, girls."

Ginny looked at her and smiled. "I guess it makes sense," she said. "It just feels weird thinking of you and Harry. Really weird."

Molly chuckled and shook her head. "Try to think about only Harry then. After all, he's the one with the big, throbbing" Molly then shut her mouth with a blush on her cheeks.

Hermione snorted tea through her nose. Ginny started to giggle. The mood in the kitchen grew lighter at once.

Molly reached across the table and squeezed Ginny's hand. "Honestly, Ginny, eventually you'll understand. You too, Hermione. For now, let's not judge each other. Let everyone find their own happiness."

Hermione nodded. She felt better after hearing Molly speak so openly. Ginny just stared. Her mind was full of thoughts about Harry, this new information, and the world she had never really questioned before.

Molly finished her tea, stood up, and stretched her arms. "If you two don't mind, I'd like to start breakfast. I'm starving."

Ginny shook her head but kept smiling. Hermione was still thinking it all over. She was surprised by Molly's boldness, but she respected her more now. Ginny looked at Hermione. "So what do you think of all this?"

Hermione sipped her tea. "I think it's ... interesting."

Ginny laughed. "I'll say."

Molly rolled out dough for cinnamon rolls and hummed a happy tune Hermione did not know. The girls watched quietly, and they realized there had always been a hidden world under their normal lives.

After a short time, Ginny leaned over and whispered, "Do you think Harry will keep coming around to ... you know ... spend time with Mum?"

Hermione shrugged. "Harry does what he wants. He always has." She looked at Ginny. "Are you okay with that?"

Ginny sighed dramatically. "It's weird, but I guess I can get used to it."

Hermione nodded, and the two girls sat in quiet comfort. They suddenly had the sense that more was possible than they had ever thought. As Molly put the cinnamon rolls in the oven, the world inside the Burrow felt a little bigger and far more interesting.