

Breeding Season

Chapter 1

The orchard behind the Burrow always smelled incredible in the summer. Fruits and flowers bloomed, filling the air with a sweet aroma. Hermione picked her way down the path, and the hem of her Muggle skirt rustled against her smooth thighs. Ginny walked at her side with her red hair done up in a messy bun that left her pale neck bare and begging for nibbles. They had both stayed up late, trading secrets on the boys in their year. At some point, they decided to sneak out to Luna's place.

Hermione's blouse strained to contain her perky breasts. Ginny's Weasley sweater clung tight to her own impressive chest, and the chill of the late-night air made her nipples spike out against the knit, catching Hermione's eyes whenever she thought Ginny wasn't looking. Both girls had the kind of waists that drew eyes. Hermione's waist was slim, and her hips were wide. Ginny's body was a tad thicker, which only added to her sexiness. Their jutting asses swayed in unison as they walked, and their shapely thighs brushed every few steps.

"You're looking a bit cheeky today," Ginny said, glancing sideways and running a finger along Hermione's spine. Hermione shivered and arched away, feigning annoyance, but the blush on her cheeks said she didn't mind.

"Speak for yourself," Hermione shot back, nodding at the way Ginny's pleated skirt barely covered her ass. "It's a miracle Mrs. Weasley lets you out of the house dressed like that."

Ginny grinned and tugged her skirt even higher. "She's got her hands full with the twins. And anyway, you're not my mum."

"Thank the Lord for that," Hermione said, and their laughter echoed out into the orchard.

The Burrow, with its endless add-ons and towers, loomed behind them, but Hermione didn't look back. They'd agreed to see if Luna wanted to come over for a sleepover.

Luna's house was at the edge of the woods. It was a rundown shack that looked abandoned except for the smoke drifting from a crooked chimney. The windows were so filthy that even sunlight struggled to get in. Hermione wrinkled her nose at the sight.

"She really lives here?" Hermione asked, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"Her dad's a right nutter," Ginny said. "But Luna's really nice."

They circled around the back, avoiding the rotting vegetables in the garden. A single window sat low to the ground, covered with a curtain of faded tea towels. Hermione knelt in the damp grass,

motioning Ginny to crouch beside her. "Let's see if she's in there before we knock on the window," Hermione said.

Hermione pressed her face to the glass and let her eyes adjust to the light. Inside, Luna stood in the center of the room, utterly and unapologetically naked. Her skin was moon-pale and smoother than anything Hermione had ever seen. Her long blond hair fell in tangled ropes down her back, and her perky, upturned breasts looked soft enough to eat. Her nipples were pale and nearly invisible. They were just faint shadows on her milky skin. But the real shock was who was with her.

Harry Potter ... every girl's obsession and fantasy, stood inches away, as naked as Luna. His hair was even messier than usual, and his green eyes were ravenous as he reached out and cupped Luna's breast. His hands were huge, but he was gentle as his thumb circled her nipple until it stood out from her chest. His cock hung thick and heavy between his legs. It jutted up against the flat of Luna's belly. Hermione's mouth dropped open.

Ginny pressed against her shoulder and stifled a gasp. "Bloody hell. He's ... enormous," she breathlessly stated.

Harry bent down and kissed Luna. The kiss was slow and deep, like he had all the time in the world. Luna moaned and melted against him, and her hands slid down his chest to wrap around his cock. She stroked him with practiced ease, and Harry's eyes fluttered closed.

Hermione felt the heat rising in her cheeks and, lower down, a slickness gathered between her thighs. She couldn't tear her eyes away.

Inside, Harry slipped his hands around Luna's waist, lifted her as if she weighed nothing, and spun her so she straddled his shoulders in a standing sixty-nine position. Luna's legs parted gracefully, and her bald little pussy glistened right in Harry's face. Her tiny asshole winked above it, almost taunting him.

"Is she going to ..." Ginny started, but Luna cut her off by squirming so much that her glistening slit smeared wetness all over his lips.

Harry's tongue darted out and licked at her lips with greedy abandon. Luna squealed and wrapped her arms around the back of his thighs. She wriggled so her cunt was mashed hard against his nose and mouth, and Harry sucked at her, making obscene slurping sounds that echoed through the thin glass.

At the same time, Luna leaned forward and took Harry's cock into her mouth, swallowing him nearly to the hilt in one go. Her throat bulged around him, and Hermione could see the stretch in Luna's jaw. She bobbed her head up and down, and her lips slid up the slick shaft, then down again until her nose touched Harry's thinly-trimmed pubic area.

Hermione could barely breathe. She reached down, almost without thinking, and pressed a hand between her own legs. Ginny noticed and did the same. Her fingers worked up under her skirt, and she bit her knuckles on her free hand to keep from making a sound.

Luna picked up speed, sucking Harry with frantic energy while her ass bounced above his face as he tongued her pussy. They moved in a perfect, dirty rhythm as they each pushed the other closer to the edge.

Then Luna slipped, and her hips slid forward so her pussy mashed right over Harry's open mouth. He held her tight, pinning her in place, and tongued her harder. He sucked her clit between his lips, making Luna's eyes roll back, and she screamed as her body jerked and spasmed. Harry didn't let up. His mouth was glued to her cunt, drinking down every drop of her orgasm.

Hermione felt her own orgasm rip through her, and she slapped a hand over her mouth to muffle the moan. Ginny's fingers moved even faster, and she shuddered against Hermione's side, breathing hot into Hermione's ear.

Inside, Luna slid off Harry's shoulders and knelt before him, stroking his cock with both hands. She sucked just the head, swirling her tongue around it, then took him deep again. Harry's face was wet with Luna's juices, and he grinned down at her with glazed eyes.

Hermione pulled back from the window. Her heart was hammering in her chest. "We shouldn't be watching this," she whispered. Her voice was thick with arousal and guilt.

Ginny nodded, but her eyes stayed glued to the glass. Hermione grabbed her wrist and yanked her away, both girls stumbling backward onto the cold grass. They lay there with their chests heaving, not saying a word. It was several minutes before either of them could move.

Breeding Season

The next morning, Hermione couldn't focus on her studies. Every time she read a sentence, she saw Harry's cock in Luna's mouth, or the shine of Luna's pussy as she bounced on his face. Her hands kept drifting down between her legs until she had to clench them in her lap and squeeze, willing the memories to go away.

Ginny was no better. She kept staring out the window, biting her thumbnail, and jumping at every noise. When a knock rattled the Burrow's back door, both girls jumped. Ginny sighed and got up to answer the door, and Hermione quietly followed.

Ginny went to the door and opened it. Luna stood outside. She was rain-splattered and smiling sweetly. Her odd eyes shined in the morning light. She wore a t-shirt two sizes too small and a pair of patchwork jeans that clung to her hips.

"Hello!" Luna said, stepping inside without waiting to be invited. She shook out her hair, sending droplets everywhere. "Did you want to talk about what you saw yesterday?"

Hermione blanched. Ginny's face turned bright red. Luna shut the door behind her. "Don't be embarrassed. It's healthy to be curious about sex."

Hermione recovered first. "We ... we weren't spying on you. We just wanted to see if you wanted to come over, and ..."

"You saw me with Harry," Luna said, voice matter-of-fact. She flopped onto the Burrow's kitchen bench, legs splayed wide, and looked at them both with an innocent expression. "Was it fun to watch?"

Ginny sputtered. "We didn't ... I mean ... you and Harry?"

Luna nodded serenely, without a care in the world. "He's quite skilled. I wanted to see how he would handle a simultaneous climax. He didn't disappoint."

Hermione's mouth opened and closed. "But ... why? Are you and Harry ...?"

"I'm not his girlfriend," Luna said. "But he is excellent breeding stock."

That stopped both girls cold. "Breeding stock?" Ginny echoed, wrinkling her nose.

Luna tucked her hair behind her ears. "The magical world is small. Every family wants to have lots of children. We need to keep the lines strong. If I want to birth healthy, clever children, I need a father with good genes. Harry is quite exceptional."

Hermione blinked. "So you're ... what, auditioning him?"

"Exactly." Luna grinned, pleased that they understood. "There are plenty of girls here who'll want him for the same reason. If I'm not assertive, someone else will secure him before I have the chance. That would be a poor investment in my future."

Ginny stared. "You make it sound like you're shopping for real estate."

Luna shrugged. "Everyone needs to think about their future, and I didn't want to put it off until it was too late."

Ginny shifted in her seat, embarrassed but curious. "Do you actually ... love him?"

Luna considered the question. "I like him. Love is for after you make the babies."

Hermione put her face in her hands and groaned. Luna looked at both of them. Her eyes were wide and direct. "If you want to share, we can arrange something. But you'll have to get in line. I'm not the only one with an interest." A long silence followed.

Ginny bit her lip, trying to process everything. "So ... you just asked Harry, and he said yes?"

Luna giggled in a free-spirited way. "Of course. Boys will do anything if you ask nicely and let them touch your tits."

Hermione and Ginny exchanged a look, and Luna smiled, utterly unfazed. "Are you interested in Harry?" Luna asked. "Or is this just academic curiosity?"

Hermione stammered, and words caught in her throat. "I ... I don't know."

Ginny gave a shaky laugh. "Maybe."

Luna nodded. "Just let me know. Sharing resources is efficient."

She drifted toward the garden, and her bare feet left faint prints on the flagstones. Hermione and Ginny watched her go, still reeling. "She's mental," Ginny whispered.

Hermione shook her head. "She's just ... different."

Breeding Season

That evening, after Luna's blunt lesson in magical dating, Hermione and Ginny retreated to the kitchen to regroup. The house was quiet except for the sounds of Mrs. Weasley clattering pans and humming to herself. Hermione waited for Ginny to speak first, but Ginny just sat at the table and spun a spoon against the hard surface.

Finally Hermione blurted out, "Your mother is the only one who'd know."

Ginny glanced up and looked at her warily. "You want to ask her?"

Hermione nodded, and her nerves made her voice quiver. "If what Luna said is true about families, and, you know, breeding stock ... I want to hear it from someone who's lived it."

Ginny thought for a second. "You're mad, but alright."

They found Mrs. Weasley at the counter. She was watching over a knife that was magically chopping carrots. She looked up and gave them both her warmest smile. "Is there something on your minds, girls?"

Hermione shifted on her feet. Ginny shot her a look that clearly said, "It was your idea."

Hermione took a deep breath. "Mrs. Weasley ... We wanted to talk about boys."

Molly waved her wand, and the knife dropped to the counter. She wiped her hands on a tea towel and motioned for them to sit at the kitchen table. She took her own seat at the head of the table and folded her hands.

"Go on. Let's hear it," she said.

Ginny looked down, and Hermione picked at the sleeve of her cardigan.

"It's just ..." Hermione started, then stopped. Her cheeks turned pink. "Luna said that magical families are obsessed with having lots of children. She said that women are supposed to ... find the best possible fathers."

Molly's eyebrows rose, but she didn't look surprised. "Did she, now?"

Hermione nodded. "She said it's the only way to keep wizarding lines strong. She said she's ... auditioning Harry for it. Is that normal?"

Mrs. Weasley leaned back, exhaled, and regarded them both. "It's more normal than you might think, dear. Our world is very small. There aren't as many magical children born each year as you'd expect. Haven't you ever wondered why the families with many children are so much better off than those with only one ... or heaven forbid, none at all?"

Hermione's brow furrowed. She hadn't thought about it, but now that Molly had mentioned it ...

"There's a class system built into the magical world. I gave birth to many, so we are in the upper class. Your father got a high-paying job in the Ministry, and we live in this large, beautiful house on a flourishing orchard. Meanwhile, the Lovegoods live in a small shack and barely have enough gold to scrape by. It was a sad day when Mrs. Lovegood passed away after only having poor Luna," Molly explained, shaking her head.

Ginny perked up. "Is that why you had so many kids?"

Molly's lips twitched. "Partly. I love my children, but it's also practical, dear. If you want your name and your magic to survive, you have to do your part. But it's not as simple as that, I'm afraid. Most men aren't potent enough to produce so many. I got very lucky with your father."

Hermione blushed. "Is that why Luna ...?"

Molly grinned. "She's cleverer than most. She sees the potential in Harry. If she can win him now, she'll secure strong children and a bright future for her family."

Ginny shot a glance at Hermione. "But Luna doesn't even want to be his girlfriend. She just wants him to ... breed her."

Mrs. Weasley chuckled. "That's more common than you think, Ginny. Wizards have always had mistresses, and witches have always made their own arrangements. It's only the prudes who pretend otherwise."

Hermione's jaw dropped. "Do you mean ... this is all planned?"

Molly shrugged. "It's not so much planning as it is nature and necessity." She sipped her tea, then set it down with a gentle clack. "I'll tell you something I've never said out loud. Over half the marriages in the magical world are the result of very smart and determined women making sure the best matches happen before someone else gets there first."

Ginny raised an eyebrow. "So you're saying that if I want Harry, I have to fight for him?"

Molly smiled proudly. "I'd expect nothing less from a Weasley."

"But what about me?" Hermione asked.

Mrs. Weasley reached over and patted her hand. "Any boy would be lucky to have you. And Harry ... well, if he's got as much potential as Luna says, I think there's more than enough of him to go around."

Hermione smiled as warmth spread through her. "Thank you, Mrs. Weasley."

Molly gave her hand a squeeze. "Call me Molly, dear. You're family here."

The kitchen clock ticked. Ginny giggled and waggled her eyebrows at Hermione, and for the first time all day, the tension broke. "Do you think we should write to Harry and ask him about this?" Ginny asked, suddenly feeling nervous about his response.

Hermione also appeared nervous at the prospect. "I dunno ..."

Ginny then turned to Molly. "Um ... Maybe you could talk to him and ..."

Molly sighed and rolled her eyes as she got up to continue with breakfast.

Breeding Season

Harry arrived at the Burrow just after noon. The summer sun made the grass impossibly green, and the Weasley home looked like a fairy tale castle. He could hear the distant bickering of twins from a bedroom window and the clatter of dishes from inside. He squared his shoulders and rapped on the back door.

It flew open almost before he finished knocking. Molly Weasley stood there with both hands on her hips, wearing a yellow house dress that ended mid-thigh and had a neckline so deep it showed off half her breasts. Her red hair was up in a loose bun, and it drew his attention to her lovely face. Up close, she looked younger than her years. Her skin was flawless, and her brown eyes were glittering. Her lips were so full and pouty that they looked made for sucking cock. The dress didn't so much hide her curves as display them, and Harry couldn't help but glance down at the gap between her tits as she folded her arms.

"Well, there's my favorite houseguest," Molly said, smiling.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Weasley," Harry replied. He felt the familiar stirring in his jeans and tried not to look too obvious about it.

"Oh, none of that 'Mrs. Weasley' nonsense, dear. It's Molly when you're in my house. Come in, come in."

He stepped into the kitchen, which smelled like freshly baked bread. He could see the clock with its many hands, each pointing to a Weasley child.

Harry sat at the table and drummed his fingers while Molly fussed with the kettle. Every move she made seemed designed to jiggle her body. When she reached up for the tea tin, her ass stretched the dress so tight he could see the outline of her panties. When she bent to pull mugs from a lower cupboard, her neckline gaped, and Harry saw the swell of pale, perfect cleavage all the way down. Molly turned and caught him looking. She didn't scold him. Instead, she smiled wider.

"Ginny and Hermione are out at Luna's house. They'll be back before supper. But you and I, dear, we need to have a little chat first."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Am I in trouble?"

"No, no ... Nothing like that," Molly said. She brought over a mug of tea, but instead of sitting across from him, she slid onto the bench right beside him. Her thigh pressed against his.

"Harry, I know you've been spending time with Luna." She patted his knee. "She's a lovely girl. She's very forward, but that's what makes her charming."

Harry grinned and sipped his tea. "She's certainly not shy."

Molly's hand drifted from his knee up to the middle of his thigh. "No, she's not. And neither am I."

Harry felt her fingers ghost over the seam of his jeans, and he tensed with anticipation. She leaned in, and the scent of her hair and the heat of her chest surrounded him.

“Ginny and Hermione ... they’ll need a man who can take care of them. Not just any man, mind you. They need a strong wizard ... someone with a future.” She squeezed his thigh. “I see the way you look at them, and I see the way they look at you.”

Harry laughed. “You’re very observant.”

“My job is to make sure my girls are happy.” She slid her hand higher. “And Luna’s right, you know. The magical world does need more children, and I won’t have my girls left behind while the rest of the girls are snapping up the best wizards.”

She locked eyes with him. “So, before I allow anything further, I need to test your ... suitability.”

Harry leaned back and put his arms on the bench. “I’m at your disposal, Molly.”

She snorted, amused. “You are a wicked, wicked boy.”

Her fingers flicked open the button of his jeans. She tugged the zipper down, tugged down his jeans, and Harry’s cock sprang out, heavy and already hard. Molly drew a breath, and her eyes went wide with delight. She wrapped her hand around him and was amazed that the tips of her fingers didn’t even touch. Not only that, but she could have fit three of her hands on his shaft with extra room left over.

“My word, Harry,” she said. “You’re bigger than I expected.”

Molly dropped to her knees in front of him. She pulled the shoulders of her dress down until her breasts tumbled out. They were huge, round, and tipped with dusky pink nipples as thick as Harry’s pinky finger. Her areolas were wide and soft, and her tits quivered as she settled onto her heels.

“These are for you to look at, dear,” she said in a teasing voice. “You might as well enjoy yourself while I conduct the examination.”

Harry’s cock twitched. Molly spat in her palm and stroked him from base to tip. Then, she cupped his balls with her other hand. She rolled them gently, testing their weight. “Nice and full,” she said approvingly. “Now to test the cum.”

Molly attacked his cock with both hands, moving so fast her knuckles blurred. Her other hand massaged his balls with the same relentless energy. She smiled up at him, and her face was flushed. Her brown eyes sparkled with mischief. Every few seconds she would press her full breasts together, letting the head of his cock bump and slide along the soft valley between

them. The sight made Harry's vision go spotty, and he gripped the edge of the bench so tightly his hands hurt.

His balls tightened, and he grunted, "Molly, I'm going to ..." but she just gave him a wicked little wink, leaned forward, and squeezed harder. The first spurt of cum shot high, landing on Molly's cheek and chin, before the rest splattered down in thick, creamy ropes across her bare tits. Molly giggled, delighted, and aimed the tip toward her open mouth just in time to catch a second volley.

Molly let the thick mouthful of Harry's cum slide down her throat, and the taste hit her all at once. It was sweet and salty, with a heady magical charge that lit up her tongue and made her lips tingle. She shivered, blinking rapidly, as her body seemed to register what she'd just swallowed. A hot flush spread from her chest up her cheeks, and she gripped the edge of the table to steady herself. The next moment, the breath caught in her lungs, and her eyes rolled back as a bolt of arousal shot straight to her core. She moaned like a freshly-fucked whore, and the sound was so raw and wanton that it embarrassed her even as her body betrayed her with a convulsive, involuntary spasm.

Her knees buckled, and she nearly toppled forward, barely catching herself on the bench. Her palm was slick with spit and cum, her lips tingled, and her nipples were so hard they ached. She gasped out a desperate, strangled whimper, and her thighs shook as a sudden, overwhelming orgasm crashed through her. Molly's body seized and bucked, and her hips ground against nothing but empty air. For a split second, she forgot about Harry entirely as her nerves lit up and her vision whited out.

The climax lasted for far longer than it should have. When it finally subsided, she was left gasping on her knees, squeezing her own thighs together, and clinging to the bench for dear life. Sweat slicked her hairline, and her heart hammered in her chest. She stared at Harry, open-mouthed and awed, as she tried to process what had just happened. The taste of his cum lingered on her tongue, and the orgasm continued to send waves of pleasure rippling through her abdomen and thighs.

She struggled to speak, and her voice was hoarse. "That ... was ... potent," Molly managed in a breathless laugh. "Merlin's beard, Harry, what did Luna feed you?"

Harry just leaned back with his arms folded behind his head. His cock was still bobbing in the open air, and he watched her with a satisfied, smug little smile. He seemed more amused than surprised. "I think it's just me," he said, but there was a wicked glint in his green eyes.

Molly tried to regain her composure, but her body was still trembling. She straightened up, tucked her breasts back into her dress, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She caught her breath, but her face flamed with a fresh blush as she realized how deeply she'd lost control. She felt a sense of accomplishment at having proven herself right about Harry's "potential," and there was a thrill at just how much he could affect her.

She tried to get up, but her legs wouldn't cooperate just yet. "You keep behaving like that, and you're going to spoil every witch in Britain," she said.

"So ... Did I pass the test?" Harry asked cheekily.

Molly laughed and patted his thigh. She wiped her cheek on the back of her hand, then leaned in and pressed her lips gently to the tip of his cock. She kissed it like it was the most precious thing in the world. "Oh, you passed, Harry ... with extra credit. But if we're being thorough ..."

She glanced down at the still-leaking head and then swallowed it into her mouth, running her tongue in small, tight circles around the crown. Her cheeks hollowed as she cleaned him meticulously, not stopping until every trace of cum was gone.

She finished with a soft pop and a little sigh, patting his thigh again. "That's a proper clean-up. I couldn't let you go around with a mess, now could I?" The only thing he could do was groan in response.

Molly stood up on wobbly legs and smoothed out her dress. "You'll need a good meal to keep your strength up, young man. The girls won't be back for hours. I'd advise a nap before they return. You'll need it."

She pressed a kiss to his cheek, wiped the last bit of cum from her breast, and licked it off her finger. Even as she began bustling around the kitchen, humming happily, she kept glancing back at Harry with a proud, knowing look.

Harry sat there with his trousers still around his ankles, grinning like an idiot. He finally pulled himself together, cleaned up, and made his way to Ginny's room, where he flopped down onto her bed for a much-needed nap. He was still lying there when Ginny and Hermione returned.