

Breeding Season

Chapter 7

Late August sunlight blazed down on the cobblestones of Diagon Alley, baking the crowds as they prepared for the new Hogwarts term. Everyone from first-years to seventh-years, along with their families, flooded the narrow lane and the shops lining it. The Weasleys always made a day out of it. The twins spent the morning looking for rare supplies to continue making their homemade joke products while the rest of the family scuttled from Quality Quidditch Supplies to Flourish and Blotts with fluttering lists and inevitably shrinking money purses.

Harry, as an honorary Weasley, walked with Hermione and Ginny, and he tried not to trip over himself as he repeatedly checked out their sexy bodies. He wore his favorite faded t-shirt and pair of jeans. Ginny, ever conscious of her legs and how long and sexy they'd gotten, had squeezed herself into the shortest shorts Molly had allowed and a Chudley Cannons tank that rode up every time she twisted to shout something at Ron, flashing smooth skin and the curve of her hips. Hermione, for her part, wore a buttoned-up shirt that was unbuttoned enough to show off a decent amount of perky cleavage. Her short pleated skirt displayed an awful lot of bare leg, which Harry enjoyed.

"We're going to Twilfitt & Tattings first, right?" Hermione asked as they fought through the crowd.

"Madam Malkin's is packed," Ginny said, glancing inside the rival robe shop as they strolled past. "Besides, Twilfitt & Tattings does better tailoring. Madam Malkin's always stuffs the bust and assumes we're all shaped like a barrel."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "You know, I never paid attention to that."

Ginny grinned at him, ignoring Hermione's eye-roll, and twirled a strand of red hair around her finger. "That's because you're always looking at our faces. You're such a gentleman," she giggled and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

Inside Twilfitt and Tattings, the air felt refreshingly cool, and the shop smelled faintly of pressed linen and potpourri. Bolts of fabric lined the walls, and a few well-dressed mannequins in Hogwarts colors stood guard near the dressing rooms. A witheringly thin witch in a purple hat wagged a tape measure at Ginny and Hermione and herded them behind a curtain to be fitted.

Harry trailed behind, watching them vanish. He sat on an upholstered bench, pretending to thumb through a wizarding magazine, but mostly he was watching the people outside. Suddenly, a flash of red hair outside the window caught his eye.

The girl was ambling along the Alley with a kind of confidence that demanded attention. She had on a white crop top that looked three sizes too small, and it stretched tight across her full, rounded tits. She also wore a green plaid skirt that barely clung to the cock-hardening curve of

her hips. Harry eyed up her smooth, shapely legs. Her skin was the color of fresh cream, and her legs went on for miles. She wore black five-inch heels that made her legs look even sexier. 'Susan Bones is really stepping it up this year,' Harry told himself.

Her clothes, while sexy, didn't look new, and she was carrying a bag from a secondhand shop. Harry knew that the Bones family didn't have much gold due to the Class system in place. Her parents had died when she was very young, leaving her an only child, and her aunt Amelia didn't have any children. This left them in a tough spot. However, Susan seemed to be making the most of it. In his opinion, she looked sexy as hell.

Not long after, he spotted another couple of girls from his year. Daphne Greengrass walked in the lead, and she was somehow even more striking than he remembered. Her black hair was thick and glossy, and it fell in a smooth curtain down her back, with a few wisps framing her lovely face. Her skin was pale and perfect, and it starkly contrasted with the midnight-blue top she wore. The shirt was sleeveless, and the neckline plunged so deep that Harry could see the entire inner slopes of her pert tits almost down to her belly button. The soft, pale globes shifted with every step, threatening to spill free. Every time she strode forward, the fabric moved and promised to reveal even more of those firm, perky breasts, and she didn't look remotely self-conscious about it. She walked like she owned Diagon Alley, and the crowd parted for her as if they'd been told she was royalty.

Her skirt was another matter altogether. It was made of very thin and light green and black tartan fabric, and it was so short that it barely brushed the tops of her thighs. The wind coming down the street kept tugging it higher and higher, threatening to expose the full curve of her smooth, rounded ass cheeks at any moment. Harry tried not to stare, but it was a losing battle. Daphne Greengrass's body demanded his, and everyone else's, attention. Daphne's legs were toned and shapely, and the pale skin gleamed in the sunlight.

Next to Daphne, Tracey Davis looked like a bombshell from a different world. If Daphne was the cool, untouchable queen, Tracey was the wild party girl who caused nothing but trouble. Her dark hair bounced against her back as she strutted alongside her friend. Her cut-off blue denim shorts were so short that from behind, Harry could see the full under-curve of her thick, round butt cheeks. The soft flesh bounced and jiggled with each step. The shorts were paired with a white tank top stretched tight over her heavy tits, and the fabric was so thin Harry could clearly see her nipples pressed against it. She walked with a bounce in her step that made her full breasts jiggle freely and her ass shake. It was quite the sight.

They both wore heavy eyeliner and lipstick, and Daphne's nails were painted a glossy black, while Tracey's were neon pink. The two of them made a spectacle as they sauntered past, and more than one wizard stopped mid-stride to gawk at the display of pale cleavage, bouncing tits, and barely-covered asses. Harry felt a little bad for ogling, but not bad enough to stop watching. He realized that his jaw had gone slack and his cock was beginning to stir.

"Eyes up, Harry," a soft voice teased next to him.

Molly settled onto the seat beside him. She plopped down with a sigh and dropped her shopping bags at her feet. Her own summer dress was almost as revealing as the outfits outside. It was made from thin white material with a deep scoop neck that showed off her impressive cleavage. The thin spaghetti straps barely contained her full, perky tits, and the heavy, jiggling flesh rose and fell with each breath. The skirt of her dress rode up high, and when she crossed her legs, the entire length of one thick, smooth thigh was exposed to the sun and to Harry's very appreciative gaze. Her skin was warm and lightly flushed from the walk, and she dabbed a handkerchief across her forehead before fanning herself with it, which made her breasts shift invitingly.

"I knew you liked to watch the girls, but I didn't expect your eyes to pop out of your head," Molly said, pretending to be scandalized. She elbowed him playfully in the ribs.

Harry shook his head and gave her a sheepish grin. "Sorry, Molly. It's just ... they're not even pretending to hide it anymore. Those skirts should be illegal."

"Oh, please. Look what I'm wearing," she said, winking at him. "Besides, it's not just those two. Look around, dear. Every girl in Diagon Alley is showing off as much as she can get away with."

Harry blinked and looked around, really noticing it for the first time. There was Susan Bones again. Her white crop top rode even higher now that she'd bagged a few extra packages, and the underside of her full breasts was nearly visible. Lavender Brown drifted through the crowd, and her see-through silver dress was so thin that he could see the faint outline of her nipples. Even Hermione and Ginny, who were now stepping out of the fitting room to show off their tailored uniforms, had made sure hemlines of their skirts were shorter than they ever had been. The fabric of their button-down tops hugged their bodies and displayed copious amounts of cleavage. Harry eyed Ginny's round ass and long legs, and gaped at Hermione's softer curves and full chest.

He turned back to Molly, who was watching him with a knowing smile. "Is there some sort of competition going on? Did I miss the memo?"

Molly laughed and patted his thigh. "You could say that. But it's not about being top of the class for most of these girls." She leaned closer, and her voice dropped to a whisper. The scent of her warm skin filled his nose. "They're all in their prime, Harry. Once a woman reaches a certain age, the end of summer does something to us. It's breeding season, after all."

Harry choked on his own saliva and stared at Molly, who patted his back with concern and then laughed again. "You're not daft, Harry. You know how it works. When the air gets hot and the days start getting shorter, women get a little wild. Me included, if you haven't noticed." She crossed her legs the other way, and the dress hiked up even further. It was almost to her hip, and the soft inner thigh and the barest hint of the crease where it met her body fully on display.

She didn't bother tugging it back down, and Harry tried not to think about the fact that she was almost certainly bare underneath.

"Breeding season," he repeated, feeling incredulous.

Molly shrugged, and the action made her heavy tits shift under the thin fabric. "It's not proper to say it, but yes. Our biological need grows stronger, and we start showing off our full tits, round asses, and wet little cunts, hoping to lock in a good man before they're all taken. Don't think you're immune, either. You're most definitely the alpha male of your year." She gave him a sidelong glance and a wicked smile. "You must have noticed all the attention you're getting. Even the ones who pretend not to care, like that Greengrass girl ... they're all looking. They want that cock of yours buried deep inside them."

Harry glanced down at his lap, trying not to let Molly see how hard her words and the sight of her exposed thigh were making him. Hermione and Ginny stepped up, both grinning and blushing as they modeled their new uniforms. Molly clapped and praised them, and the four of them gathered up their bags.

Outside, the Alley was busier than ever. They headed for Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour, and as they walked, Harry was bombarded on every side by short skirts that barely covered jigging ass cheeks, plunging necklines that displayed heavy swinging tits, and the heady scent of aroused pussies in summer heat. He glanced at Molly, who winked back, and then at Ginny, who caught his eye and stuck her tongue out teasingly, fully aware of the effect the day's parade of flesh was having on him.

He guessed there were worse places to spend a hot afternoon.

Breeding Season

Tomorrow they'd be leaving for Hogwarts, and Harry intended to wring out every last drop of freedom from their final night at the Burrow. Hermione lay sprawled naked on Ginny's bed with her thighs parted wide and her chest rising and falling in frantic, shivery breaths. Her full breasts were flushed pink, her nipples were hard and crinkled, and her hands clutched at the sheets as she writhed and arched her back.

Ginny knelt between Hermione's legs. She was equally naked, and her pale skin was flushed from exertion. She had her hands spread on the insides of Hermione's thighs, holding her open, and her mouth was buried in Hermione's pussy. Ginny's tongue flicked, swirled, and danced around the slick folds. She then dragged it up the length of Hermione's slit and pressed in at the top, where Hermione's clit was swollen and aching. Ginny sucked it between her lips and flicked her tongue rapidly across the swollen nub, and Hermione's whole body tensed as she shuddered and let out a soft, wordless whimper.

Harry stood at the edge of the bed, watching. His own hands were wrapped tight around Ginny's wide, childbearing hips. He was fucking Ginny from behind, and his cock was buried deep in her tight, wet slit. Every thrust was accompanied by a loud, wet squelching sound that filled the room. Ginny's silky pussy clung to him snugly, and the inner walls fluttered and gripped along his full length. Every time he pulled out even a little, he could see her taut, flushed lips stretching obscenely around the girth of his cock. When he slammed back in, the wet noise that followed was filthy. The slap of his hips against her round, jiggling ass echoed off the walls.

The air in the room was thick with the scent of sex. It was a dizzying, musky perfume of wet pussy. Ginny's own juices were leaking out, dribbling down her thighs, and coating Harry's balls, and with each thrust he could feel her getting wetter as her pussy milked every inch. He reached his thumb up to her asshole and pressed it against the puckered ring. He began rubbing in slow circles until the muscle softened, and Ginny moaned. The sound was muffled by Hermione's cunt. Ginny started licking even faster, and her tongue dove deeper into Hermione's dripping folds.

Hermione's face was twisted in pleasure. Her brow was furrowed, her mouth was slack and open, and her whole body quivered as Ginny licked and sucked on her clit. "Ginny ... oh, Ginny ..." Hermione gasped, arching her back off the mattress. Her fingers ripped at the sheets, and then she threaded them into Ginny's hair, pulling her face hard into the wet, throbbing mess between her legs so that Ginny's nose and chin were soaked.

Ginny giggled and redoubled her efforts. Her tongue stabbed deep into Hermione's entrance before flicking fast and hard at her clit again. She then sucked it gently between her lips as her bare ass pressed back into Harry's hips. Her pussy gripped him tight as she rocked herself on his cock and used the momentum to grind her face even deeper against Hermione's cunt. Her own body trembled, and Harry could feel her shiver and clench around him as she sucked Hermione's clit with increasing intensity. The wet sounds of sex grew louder and more frantic.

Harry's cock was completely glazed in Ginny's slick juices, and he watched in fascination as his thick length appeared and disappeared between her spread cheeks. Ginny's pussy was a mess of white cream and wet, pink flesh. The plump, hairless lips were puffy and stretched, and with every thrust he could feel her getting closer to the edge. Her silky inner walls rippled furiously around his girth. The bed sheets under Ginny's knees were already soaked through, and there was a spreading dark stain of her juices that made Harry fuck her even harder. He wanted to see how much more she could take.

He leaned over Ginny's back, gripped her hair, and yanked her head up for a moment so she had to gasp for air. "Do you like how she tastes?" he asked as her pussy pulsated around his cock.

Ginny turned her face over her shoulder to look at him. Her lips were shiny, and her chin was dripping with Hermione's juices. Her eyes were bright with lust. "She's so sweet," she said, then

dove back between Hermione's thighs and started tonguing her even more furiously, sucking hard on the swollen clit while her tongue lashed it in rapid strokes.

Hermione's voice rose as she started to tense and spasm. "Oh god, Ginny ... don't stop!" Hermione pleaded.

Harry pushed a finger into the tight hole of Ginny's ass while he pounded into her soaked cunt. He stretched the tight ring open and worked it deeper, and Ginny moaned in helpless pleasure as she ground herself back onto his cock, letting him fill her as deep as he could go. Harry groaned and fuck her harder, determined to make Ginny cum before he did.

Hermione's orgasm hit her like an avalanche. She shrieked, her thighs snapped shut around Ginny's face, and every muscle in her body went taut with her release. Her pussy clenched and spasmed hard, flooding Ginny's mouth with a fresh rush of juices, and Ginny sucked on her clit until Hermione nearly screamed. Hermione's whole body writhed on the bed, and her breasts jiggled with every twitch. Hermione squeezed her tits and tugged at her nipples as she finally collapsed back to the mattress, gasping for breath while her thighs trembled.

Ginny barely had time to look smug before Harry picked up the pace and pistoned into her with punishing speed. Her pussy squelched and clenched, milking his cock in rhythmic spasms, and with a deep grunt Harry slammed all the way in and came hard, filling Ginny with hot, sticky ropes of cum that flooded her depths and began to leak out around his shaft.

Ginny kept thrashing in front of him while her pussy still clamped down in brutal spasms around Harry's cock as the last thick ropes of his cum pumped deep into her. Clear juice continued to squirt in short, forceful jets around the base of his shaft, soaking his balls and the already-drenched sheets. Harry gave her ass a firm smack, making her pale flesh jiggle, and Ginny's cunt answered by squeezing even harder and forcing another messy spurt of their mixed fluids out of her.

Hermione crawled closer on her knees. Her eyes were locked on the place where Harry's cock was still buried to the hilt inside Ginny. She reached out and spread Ginny's cheeks with both hands, staring at the stretched, cream-filled hole that was still fluttering and leaking. "Look at that," she said in a voice that was thick with arousal. "It's just pouring out of her." Then she leaned in and dragged her tongue through the mess, licking over the stretched lips and around the base of Harry's cock. She tasted the mix of cum and pussy juice and moaned.

Ginny cried out again, and her hips jerked at the new sensation. Harry stayed buried inside her, grinding slowly while Hermione licked and sucked at the junction of their bodies. Hermione's tongue flicked over Ginny's puckering asshole, then lapped at Harry's shaft, trying to taste everything. The wet, filthy sounds of her licking mixed with Ginny's broken moans.

Harry finally pulled out with a wet, sticky pop. A thick river of white cum immediately followed, spilling from Ginny's gaping pussy and running down over her clit. Hermione didn't hesitate. She

sealed her mouth over Ginny's open cunt and sucked hard, drinking down the flood of seed and arousal while Ginny's thighs trembled. Harry watched for a moment. His cock was still hard and glistening, and he moved behind Hermione.

He shoved her knees farther apart, gripped her hips, and thrust into her from behind in one smooth, deep thrust. Hermione's moan vibrated against Ginny's cunt as Harry buried himself to the base inside her tight, soaked channel. He fucked her with long, powerful thrusts, and the wet slap of his hips against her ass filled the room while she continued to eat Ginny out. Her tongue and lips worked greedily to get every last drop.

Ginny propped herself up on her elbows and thrust her ass higher. "That's it," she panted. "Fuck her hard. Make her cum on your cock while she's sucking me clean."

Harry did exactly as she said and slammed into Hermione with increasing force. Her full breasts swung heavily with every thrust, and her pussy gripped him like a vise. Her wet, silky walls were already fluttering as she got closer. He reached under her and pinched her clit between two fingers. He rolled the stiff, little bead while he pounded her. Hermione's moans grew louder and more frantic against Ginny's cunt until her whole body locked up. She came hard, and her cunt spasmed around Harry's cock in tight, rhythmic waves. A fresh flood of her own juices coated his shaft and dripped down her thighs.

Harry didn't stop. He kept fucking her through it until he slammed deep and held it there, flooding Hermione's pussy with another heavy load of cum. Hermione cried out loud enough to hurt his ears, and she pushed back against him, taking every spurt while Ginny reached down and rubbed her own sensitive clit.

When Harry finally pulled out, both girls' pussies were leaking thick white globs of cum. Ginny and Hermione collapsed onto the mattress while their pussies continued to flutter and contract. Harry let out a contented sigh. He couldn't help but stare at their naked, sweaty tits. He reached out with both hands and grabbed a handful of each. He lightly pinched and rolled their crinkled nipples, making both girls squirm and mewl cutely. The sight of their naked bodies squirming instantly had him hard again.

The rest of the night was spent in a haze of kisses, tongues, and fingers. The three of them tried many positions in every possible combination. Ginny rode Hermione's face while Harry fucked her furiously. Hermione ground down on Harry's cock while Ginny sucked her nipples. All of them traded positions until the sheets were soaked. By the end, the bed was a sodden mess, and the room reeked of pussy and spent cum. They all collapsed onto the messy bed, and each girl picked a side. They cuddled up to Harry, and he wrapped an arm around each. They snuggled in deeper, and within minutes, they were all fast asleep.