

## Breeding Season

### Chapter 5

Ginny and Hermione took the narrow path that led from the garden to the edge of the Weasley orchard, following the line of gnarled trees. It was late in the morning, but it was already hot. It was the kind of summer day that made everything feel slow and sticky. Ginny wore tiny cutoff shorts and an old Holyhead Harpies t-shirt knotted at her waist, while Hermione had borrowed a loose sundress from Ginny's closet and kept her bushy hair pinned up and away from her face. They walked in silence, ducking under apple branches and dodging fat bumblebees.

Ginny hadn't said anything yet, but Hermione could tell she was irritated. Harry had left their room half an hour ago, claiming he wanted to "stretch his legs". They hadn't seen him since. Ginny hid her annoyance behind a mask of boredom, but Hermione could see the truth. They had both gotten used to having Harry in their room. They had grown fond of his kisses, and they thoroughly enjoyed how he pawed at their taut bodies at every opportunity. Every few steps, Ginny would reach up and slap a branch, sending a shower of dew to the ground.

They reached a spot where the orchard opened up into a clearing. Ginny stopped and squinted into the sunlight. Something about the scene felt off. There was a yellow scrap of fabric fluttering from a low branch, almost like someone had left their scarf behind.

"Where the hell is Harry?" Ginny muttered, shading her eyes with her hand.

"He couldn't have gone far," Hermione said. "He doesn't really do nature walks."

"Yeah," Ginny said flatly. "He does Luna, though."

Hermione followed her gaze. At the far edge of the clearing, near the old fence, Harry stood with his back to them, but he wasn't alone. Luna had her bare legs wrapped tight around his hips. Luna's yellow dress hung like a flag from the branch, and she wore nothing else. Harry had his trousers around his ankles and was holding Luna up by the ass. His hands were full of her. Luna's hair fell over her back like a sheet of spun silver. They could see Luna's whole body, and as Harry manhandled her, her perky breasts jostled against his chest. She looked like she weighed nothing at all.

"Oh my goodness," Hermione whispered. She reached for Ginny's elbow, but Ginny was already staring with her mouth half open.

Harry pressed Luna up against the fence post and started to move his hips faster. Luna met each thrust by tightening her legs and rolling her pelvis forward. Her body undulating in a slow, erotic rhythm. She tossed her head back and squealed, which echoed across the clearing. Ginny could feel herself flushing, but she didn't look away.

"Is she ...?" Hermione asked in a squeaky voice.

"Yeah," Ginny said. "She's really going for it."

Luna clung to Harry, gripping his shoulders tightly. She arched her back and made a soft wailing sound, almost like she was singing to herself. Harry's jaw was clenched, and he looked down at Luna with affection. He shifted his grip and slid his hands higher up Luna's back, and she responded by grinding harder against him. Luna's toes pointed to the sky, and her legs shook with each rising wave of pleasure.

Hermione made a strangled sound. "I can't believe they're doing this out here," she said. In reality, she was just annoyed that she hadn't thought of it first.

"Luna doesn't care who sees her," Ginny said. She watched as Harry slowed his thrusts and kissed down the line of Luna's throat. Luna shivered and nuzzled into his cheek, smearing her lipstick on his skin. Ginny felt her own body react. Her heart hammered in her chest, and she wondered what it would be like to be held and fucked so thoroughly, without any care for who saw.

The couple in the grass moved with increasing urgency. Luna started to whimper, and her dreamy voice carried through the orchard. She reached back to grab the fence post for leverage, and Harry pushed deeper into her with his hands now on her thighs. Luna squeezed her eyes shut, and her body trembled so violently that Hermione took an involuntary step forward, as though to catch her if she fell. But Luna held on, riding the convulsions. Her face was flushed and ecstatic.

Liquid began to drip down Luna's legs, darkening Harry's jeans and the grass below. She looked utterly wrecked. Her hair was a mess, sweat glistened on her pale skin, and her eyes rolled back in her head. Every time Harry thrust, Luna let out a squeak that sounded silly. It should have been funny, but it wasn't. It was raw, honest, and kind of sexy.

Finally, Luna's legs slipped from Harry's waist, and he caught her effortlessly, setting her down so gently that Ginny felt a pang of jealousy. Luna collapsed against his chest, shuddering from head to toe. Harry wrapped his arms around her and pressed his face into her hair. He whispered something into her ear, and Luna giggled softly while her body was still wracked by her powerful orgasm.

Ginny looked at Hermione and shrugged. "Should we ...?" Hermione trailed off, waving her hand toward the scene.

"Nah," Ginny said. "Let them have their fun."

They turned and walked back toward the Burrow, moving quickly through the trees. Neither girl spoke for several minutes. Hermione's face was bright red, and Ginny felt the heat in her own

cheeks. They kept their heads down, but Ginny knew they were both thinking about the same thing. Both were now wearing panties that were completely soaked through, and Hermione could feel hers clinging to the shape of her overheated pussy.

By the time they reached the garden, the tension had started to fade. Ginny glanced back at the orchard, half expecting to see Harry and Luna following them, but the clearing was empty. She led Hermione up the back steps and into the kitchen, where the smell of that morning's breakfast still hung in the air.

They took the stairs and ducked into Ginny's bedroom, shutting the door behind them. Ginny flopped onto her bed. "Bloody hell ... what a freak."

Hermione sat on the floor and hugged her knees. "I've never seen anything like that. She was so loud."

Ginny smiled and shook her head. "You get used to it. She's always been wild, you know. You should see what she does with her wand handle."

Hermione pressed her face into her hands. "I can't even think about that right now."

Ginny rolled onto her side and propped her head up with one hand. "You're telling me you wouldn't want to switch places with her? Even just once?"

Hermione looked up, her lips twisted in confusion. She wanted to deny it, but she couldn't. "I don't know," Hermione said quietly. "Maybe."

Ginny picked at the threads of her blanket. "I mean, if you're going to do it, why not do it like that? Just ... let go."

Hermione nodded, then laughed nervously. "I admire her, honestly. She doesn't care what anyone thinks."

Ginny smiled. "Yeah. She never did."

Hermione leaned back against Ginny's bed and closed her eyes, trying to slow her thoughts. She could still hear Luna's squeals and see the look on Harry's face. It made her feel strange inside. There was excitement mixed with a little bit of fear and uncertainty.

"You're not mad?" Hermione asked.

Ginny shrugged. "Why would I be mad? Harry's not my boyfriend. And even if he was, I wouldn't want to be the one to slow him down."

Hermione looked at Ginny with new respect. "You're a lot cooler than you let on."

Ginny rolled her eyes. "Don't tell anyone, or I'll hex you."

They sat in silence for a minute, thinking about what they had just witnessed. Hermione finally spoke. "Do you think ... do you think Luna wants more than just, you know, a shag in the orchard?"

Ginny considered her question. "With Luna, it's hard to say. She's not like other girls."

Hermione smiled. "Yeah. She really isn't."

They both looked out the window at the blue sky above the orchard, lost in their own thoughts. After a while, Ginny said, "You know what's weird? I actually feel better now."

"Me too," Hermione agreed. "It's like, we were getting too clingy. We need to learn to just let go and do what feels good ... you know?"

Ginny laughed. "I know what you mean, Hermione."

Hermione grinned, and the tension finally drained from her body. She lay back on the bed beside Ginny and let out a long sigh. Neither of them wanted to admit that they were still eagerly waiting for Harry to return.

## **Breeding Season**

With Ginny gone to visit a friend, Hermione had the room to herself for the afternoon. She tried to use that time to read in peace and quiet, but she couldn't focus. The memory of Luna and Harry in the orchard crept into her mind every time she blinked. It was impossible not to think about Luna's musical cries and Harry holding her up so effortlessly. She remembered the weightless, floaty feeling in her chest as she'd stared at Luna's body, and how that feeling had only gotten stronger on the walk back to the house.

In the end Hermione put the book down and wandered the kitchen to make herself a fresh cup of tea. She drank it at the table, staring at the window. Hermione knew that Ginny was meeting Parvati in the village, which meant she wouldn't be back for hours. The thought left Hermione with a prickly, nervous sort of anticipation. She'd made her decision that morning after seeing Harry and Luna going at it. She wanted to be like Luna. Well, not exactly like Luna. She was a bit too out there for Hermione's tastes. However, Hermione did want to be like her in one aspect. Hermione wanted to be more adventurous. She wanted to see if she could really let go.

She climbed the stairs, showered, and changed into a light cotton sundress. It was lavender with thin straps and little flowers at the hem. She spent too long brushing her hair, trying to tame it into something that didn't look so much like a shrub. Hermione didn't bother with too much makeup, but she did spray a bit of perfume on her collarbones and lower belly. She checked

herself in the mirror and felt a surge of embarrassment. The dress was way too short and practically see-through in the light, but that was the point, wasn't it? If she was going to do this, she should go all the way.

She found Harry outside on the back steps, peeling an apple. He wore an old Quidditch t-shirt and jeans, and his hair was even messier than usual. He looked up and smiled. "You look nice," he said, and Hermione felt her cheeks flush.

"Thanks," she said, settling beside him. She tucked her feet under her and tried not to fidget. Harry offered her a slice of apple. She took it and nibbled, not meeting his eyes.

They sat together for a while, listening to the distant drone of bees and the shouts of Ron and George playing Quidditch far off in the fields. Harry gave off a safe, easy vibe that made it easier for Hermione to speak. She sucked in a steady breath.

"Harry ... I saw you and Luna in the orchard yesterday," she quietly confessed, glancing sideways to see his reaction.

Harry didn't look shocked or even embarrassed. He just chewed his apple and shrugged. "Yeah. She said you two might have seen us." He tilted his head. "Did it bother you?"

Hermione shook her head. She stared at the grass and tried to find the right words. "No, I mean ... maybe a little. I was surprised, but mostly I just ... I kept thinking about how Luna acted, like it was completely natural. She didn't care at all."

Harry smiled and chuckled. "That's Luna. She thinks if you want something, you should just do it." He reached out and tucked a stray curl behind Hermione's ear. The gesture was so gentle it brought goosebumps to her neck.

"I want to try it too," Hermione blurted out. She couldn't believe she'd said it, but suddenly she was relieved to just get it out. "Not with Luna. With you," she said, making sure he understood. "I want to see what it's like not caring who sees, or what anyone thinks."

Harry's eyes widened, but not for long. He set his apple down and took Hermione's hand, threading his fingers through hers. "Are you sure?" he asked. He gave her a knowing look, as if he already knew the answer.

"Yeah," Hermione quietly answered. She swallowed loudly. "I want to try."

Harry squeezed her hand and stood. "Let's go, then."

"Now?" she squeaked, startled at the abruptness of it. She glanced at the house, expecting Molly or someone else to walk out at any moment.

Harry nodded, clearly amused at her reaction. "No time like the present." He guided her off the steps and into the orchard, holding her hand so securely that Hermione couldn't have backed out if she tried. They passed the shed and the chicken coop, then cut through the overgrown pumpkin patch. The Burrow looked smaller from this side, tucked behind the thick hedge of gooseberry bushes, and Hermione realized with a thrill that they really could be alone here.

Harry led her to the edge of the orchard, where the trees packed close and the ground was soft with moss and fallen leaves. There was a picnic table in a little clearing. Harry paused there, and Hermione realized that this must be a place where he'd brought Luna as well.

Her heart started pounding, and for a minute she wanted to turn and run back to the house. But Harry was calm, and almost casual about it. He sat on the table and pulled Hermione close, holding her hips with his hands. Hermione felt her whole body tighten as he kissed her. At first, his kiss was soft and romantic, but he quickly deepened it until his mouth pressed and sucked at hers until her knees went weak.

She kissed him back with mounting desperation. Her hands gripped his shoulders, and she felt the tension inside her start to shift into something else. Harry slid his palms up her sides, then gathered her hair into a fist and tugged gently, exposing her throat. He trailed kisses down the line of her jaw and onto her neck, and each one was hotter than the last. Hermione gasped.

He peeled her dress off her shoulders and let the straps slide down her arms. She trembled, but let him do it. The dress pooled at her waist, and her skin prickled as the warm breeze hit her bare chest. She wore nothing underneath. Her perky tits stood proudly on her chest, and her nipples were already hard and ready to be sucked. She'd never let herself be this exposed out in public.

Harry studied her for a moment, then bent to kiss her chest. He licked circles around her nipples, then gently nipped the crinkled tips until Hermione made a sound she'd never made before. She clung to his head, not caring if he noticed how much she was enjoying it. Harry slid the rest of her dress off, leaving her in only pale purple panties and her white trainers.

Hermione trembled as Harry caressed her mostly naked body. He guided her to climb onto the table, facing away from him, and she did so. Her hands shook as she supported herself on the hard wood. Harry stood behind her, sliding his hands up her thighs. He pushed her knees apart, then ran his fingers along the edge of her panties, stroking her covered slit until her legs quivered.

Hermione looked over her shoulder. Harry's eyes were fixed on her thong-covered ass, and his mouth was open a little, like he couldn't believe what he was seeing. "You're so sexy," he said, caressing her soft skin. He hooked his thumbs in her panties and slowly tugged them down, exposing her completely. He slipped the panties off her feet and set them on the table beside her. Harry then placed his hand on her lower back and guided her body into his desired position.

Hermione's cheeks burned, but she arched her back just like he wanted. Harry's hands held her hips steady as he pressed against her, and she felt his breath on her skin. She closed her eyes and tried to steady her breathing. She had never felt so vulnerable, or so alive.

Hermione balanced on the picnic table with her knees wide apart, and her back arched with her bottom high and exposed. She had never done anything so bold in her life. Even in her private moments, there was a measure of decorum. But now, outside in the sunlight, she felt every inch of her nude body vulnerable to Harry's gaze.

Harry's hands slid from the small of her back down to her hips, and his fingers brushed her skin with a kind of reverence and hunger that made her toes curl inside her shoes. She wanted to ask him if he liked what he saw, but the words got caught somewhere deep in her chest. Instead, she let out a shaky breath and focused on the sensation of his touch. His thumbs dug into the soft flesh, and he spread her cheeks wide open. Her face went red with embarrassment.

She could sense him examining her body. She felt the weight of his eyes on her most private places. He dragged his hand down, and his fingertips grazed lightly over the velvet skin just above her tailbone. They then lowered, making Hermione's heart beat even faster. His thumb circled her tight, puckered hole, and the sensation shocked her so much that she squeezed around him involuntarily. Hermione gasped from the naughty pleasure. Harry laughed softly behind her, and the sound sent a delicious shiver up her spine.

He didn't tease her for long. Instead, he sat on the bench behind her and began to slide her trainers off. Hermione almost protested. She didn't know why she wanted to keep them on, but the act of removing her last shred of clothing made her feel even more exposed. She balanced on one leg, then the other, as Harry worked off the shoes. He then rolled down her socks with slow, deliberate care. Her toes wriggled in the air, almost as though trying to hide from their own nakedness.

Now, with nothing left to shield her, Hermione felt the breeze tickle between her thighs. She tried to keep her head up, but the feeling was too much, so she rested her forehead on her crossed arms and listened to the frantic thumping of her own heart.

Harry ran his palm up her calf and guided her body into the position he wanted. She thought about whether someone could see them. If Ron or George or Mrs. Weasley were out for a walk in the orchard, they'd certainly catch an eyeful. The thought made her almost dizzy, but she couldn't bring herself to care.

She heard Harry's breath catch when he looked at her again. His hands wandered over her back, up her ribs, and then around to palm her breasts from behind. Harry squeezed and toyed with her bare tits, making Hermione mewl. He bent forward as he did it, and he pressed his lips to the bare skin between her shoulders. He then began peppering kisses down her spine. Hermione let out a small, involuntary whine.

She tried to turn her head and look back at him, but she could only see him sitting behind her wide, naked ass. Harry's hands slid lower, and his thumbs resumed their exploration of her backside. He gripped her hips, held them steady, then let his right hand drift between her legs. Hermione tensed and squeaked, but she couldn't move away. If she'd wanted to, she could have said no, but she didn't. She wanted him to do whatever he wanted. Harry stroked her pussy, teasing the slick heat that had pooled while she waited for him. She buried her face in her arms, mortified by how wet she was. His fingers slipped through her folds, gently spreading her open so he could see everything.

He didn't say anything at first. He just kept rubbing her swollen clit in slow, patient circles. She felt her legs start to shake. "You're so wet," Harry finally said, and it was punctuated by a squelch of her pussy. He pressed a finger inside her, and Hermione let out a cry that she tried to stifle with her forearm. He pumped his finger in and out, filling their little secret area with the wet suction sounds of her pussy being stuffed.

The table rocked beneath her as she pushed back into his hand, desperate for more. She felt him add a second finger, which stretched her wider, and then the thumb of his other hand toyed the rim of her asshole again. The contrast in different pleasures was incredible. Hermione's body locked up, and she let out a squeaking whimper. She'd never imagined she would let anyone do this, let alone in the middle of a sunlit orchard. But she trusted Harry. She trusted him to see her like this, and to take proper care of her.

Harry withdrew his fingers and sucked them clean, which made Hermione's knees buckle a little. He kissed the small of her back again, then stood and fumbled with the front of his jeans. She realized that they were really going to do it right there in the open, on the table. She squeezed the edge of the table and took a deep breath, waiting for the penetration.

But Harry paused. He set a hand on her back and lovingly caressed her skin. "Are you ready?"

Hermione nodded. "I'm ready." She wasn't exactly feeling confident, but she was as ready as she would ever be.

Harry's hands steadied her hips, and she felt him line up behind her. The head of his cock pressed against her opening, forcing her silky folds apart. He slid in slowly, letting her body adjust with each inch. Hermione gasped as she felt herself split open in the best possible way. She pushed back against him, and soon he was buried inside her as deep as he could go.

He started to move with slow, steady thrusts, and the wet friction made her head spin. The table creaked under their weight, but Hermione was lost in the feeling of being filled, taken, and owned. She moaned openly now, not caring who heard. The release she'd craved built with every thrust, and soon she was panting, desperate to cum. Her pussy began squelching loudly, and Hermione could feel the hot droplets of arousal leaking down her inner thighs.

Harry's hands gripped her hips tightly as he really started pounding into her pussy. Hermione's whole body tensed, and the coil in her lower belly built until she thought she would burst. She climaxed with a shout, and the orgasm tore through her so hard that her arms gave out. Her upper half collapsed onto the table, and now, only her ass was up in the air. She was being fucked like a total whore, and she loved it.

Hermione's mind blanked under the intense pleasure as Harry pounded harder and deeper into her twitching cunt. Each thrust muffled her squeals, replacing them with the wet, obscene slap of his hips against her bare ass. Her pussy seized him with a desperate, greedy grip, and it milked his cock and fluttered so tightly he could barely move. The table creaked loudly under their writhing bodies, and her pussy juice ran in hot rivulets down her inner thighs to puddle beneath her knees. The air was thick with the scent of sex, and every thrust made her cream his cock even more.

She dared a glance behind her and saw the mess Harry was making of her. With every withdrawal, his cock emerged glazed in her cream. Hermione's pussy painted him, and the thick coating of cream smeared as he slammed back in. Her orgasm grew with every pounding thrust, and the pressure mounted until she felt like she'd burst.

Her asshole puckered helplessly under the merciless pounding her pussy was taking. Harry's fingers pressed on the small of her back, keeping her back arched and pussy open, and one hand moved down to toy with her puckering rim. The sensation made her shudder and clutch even harder, and she moaned with a raw, needy hunger. She didn't know she could want something so filthy, or that she'd crave being fucked this hard, but she did.

Harry's hands suddenly moved, and in one smooth tug, he grabbed the backs of her shaking thighs and hoisted her up. Hermione yelped, but he didn't drop her. He pulled her back against his chest, and, still impaled on his cock, he spread her legs wide, so she was suspended above the table. She felt totally exposed, every inch of her split open for his use. He held her behind her knees and fucked her in the air.

Harry's cock pistoned in and out of her, and each thrust was a brutal, hammering collision that set her nerves on fire. She could feel the thick head battering her cervix, and his balls slapped frantically against her puckering asshole. Her own cream foamed around his shaft, making every thrust slicker and even more humiliating. Hermione cried out his name, praying he'd never stop.

She felt the first sign of his orgasm in the way his chest pressed to her back, and his grip tightened on her thigh. Harry slammed her down on his cock and roared into her shoulder as he came. The sensation of his cock pulsing inside her set off another detonation in her body, and she spasmed violently. She felt Harry's cum flood her cunt, and it sent her over the edge again. Her pussy clamped down on him, desperately trying to milk every drop, and then her whole body went rigid. She shrieked as her cunt erupted, and she squirted out a thick, messy jet that splattered the table and dripped down his balls to the grass below.

Hermione's entire body convulsed in time with the gush of fluid leaving her. She couldn't believe what her own body was doing. Each spurt was followed by another contraction, and she heard herself crying out with every one. Her asshole puckered and spasmed uncontrollably, and her thighs trembled violently in his grasp. Harry kept fucking her all through it, letting the messy evidence of their fucking ooze and trickle out around his cock.

He finally slowed, then pulled out gently, and Hermione felt the plug of Harry's spent cum leak out of her and puddle down her thighs. Her entire lower body was a sticky, glistening ruin, and her mind hovered between embarrassment and awe.

She trembled as Harry turned her around and lifted her up by her ass. Hermione wrapped her legs around his waist and moaned into his mouth as he kissed her. She could feel his cock getting hard again, and she knew that this erotic moment was only the beginning.