

Breeding Season

Chapter 2

Ginny and Hermione were giggling as they made their way upstairs to Ginny's bedroom. It was mid-afternoon, and the house was filled with the noises of cooking and the shouts of Fred and George somewhere on another floor. Hermione tapped the door with her knuckles and said, "Harry? Molly said you're in here. Are you awake?"

"Come in," he called.

Hermione pushed the door open. Harry was sprawled across Ginny's bed with his hands folded behind his head and his feet crossed at the ankles. His eyes lit up when he saw them. Ginny was in front, and Hermione followed. Ginny's skirt was so short it barely covered her ass, and her tank top was cropped just under the line of her ribs. Hermione wore the same outfit, only in a size smaller. Her nipples pressed against the thin cotton fabric, making it obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Harry smiled at them and made no attempt to hide the thick bulge in his jeans.

Neither girl spoke at first. Ginny's cheeks turned pink, and Hermione fiddled with a strand of her hair. They looked at each other as their faces grew hot. It was Hermione who spoke first. "Did Mrs ... I mean, Molly ... did she have a word with you?"

Harry's green eyes sparkled. "She did. She gave me the full rundown."

Ginny's blush deepened. She looked at him from under her thick, long eyelashes and said, "And what did you think about it?"

Harry sat up, flexing his swimmer's body. "I think that I wouldn't mind getting to know you both a lot better." His gaze swept from Ginny's shapely calves to the bare skin of her belly. They then moved to Hermione's smooth thighs. "If you want, of course."

Hermione's eyes widened. "Isn't that a bit ... forward?"

He shrugged. "You're the one who asked Molly to talk to me about it."

Ginny licked her lips. She'd never been this close to Harry in such little clothing, and the heat between her legs made it impossible to think straight. She sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off her trainers. Hermione did the same, and she smoothed her skirt down over her thighs as she sat on Harry's other side. The mattress was just big enough for the three of them, and they ended up pressed right against him.

Ginny's heart hammered in her chest. "You're not nervous at all, are you?"

“Should I be?”

Hermione snorted. “With what Luna said, I think you know exactly how this works.”

Harry grinned again, and this time there was a cocky tilt to it. “You mean the bit about breeding?”

Both girls gasped, then glanced guiltily at each other. Ginny was the first to recover. “Mum says it’s important.” She bit the inside of her cheek and played with a stray thread on her skirt. “She says you’re probably the best wizard in the world for it.”

Harry reached out and put his hand on her bare knee. “That’s nice of her.”

Hermione’s voice trembled slightly. “And do you want to?”

Harry’s hand slid up Ginny’s thigh, and the air seemed to get warmer. The fingers of his other hand tickled Hermione’s delicate skin on the back of her thigh, making her shudder. “Right now, I want to make both of you feel good. That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

Ginny nodded, and her eyes were glued to his hand as it moved higher up her leg. Hermione closed her eyes for a second, then nodded too. “We should ... experiment. For science.”

Harry’s fingers circled the backs of their thighs, caressing the soft, pale skin. Ginny’s breath caught in her throat, and her legs parted a little without her even realizing. Hermione squirmed, but she didn’t pull away.

“You’re not feeling so shy anymore, are you?” Harry teased.

Ginny blushed and shook her head. Hermione watched as Harry’s hand moved higher and higher up Ginny’s thigh. She reached out and put her hand on his forearm, feeling the solid muscle. Harry turned, and his hand left Ginny to settle on Hermione’s leg instead. Hermione’s skin was soft and smooth, and her thighs tensed as he stroked them.

Ginny watched, feeling slightly jealous as Harry leaned closer to Hermione. “I think you’re both gorgeous,” he said. “And I think you should let me show you how much.”

Hermione shivered at his words. “Show us, then.”

Harry’s hands moved up the backs of their legs and toyed with the hem of their skirts. His fingers played with the edge, and then he lifted them up, exposing the cotton thongs both girls wore. Ginny’s thong was cherry red, and Hermione’s was pale blue. He ran his hand up over Ginny’s bare ass, then did the same to Hermione. Both girls gasped, but they pressed into his hands.

Ginny felt the heat radiate from his palm. She arched her back, thrusting her ass into his palm. "You're not very gentlemanly, are you?"

Harry squeezed her cheek and grinned. "I'm only as gentlemanly as you want me to be."

Hermione's breathing was ragged. "Umm ... Does that hurt? Your jeans are bulging quite a bit," Hermione asked as she looked at his crotch.

Harry looked down at the tent in his jeans, then back at them. "If you're curious about it, you can set it free and see for yourselves."

Ginny hesitated only a second. She slid down the bed, so her face was level with his lap. The bulge in his jeans strained at the zipper. She reached out with trembling fingers and popped the button. Hermione, feeling emboldened, slid next to her and unzipped him. They tugged the denim down together, and Harry's cock sprang up, barely contained by the thin fabric of his boxer briefs.

Both girls stared. It looked even bigger than the last time they saw it. It was thick and long and already leaking a drop of clear fluid at the tip. Ginny reached out first and ran a finger along the shaft. She giggled at the way it twitched in response. "Merlin," she whispered. "You're ... huge."

Hermione's eyes were wide. "That's not normal, is it?"

Harry shrugged with a smirk on his handsome face. "I'm told it's a gift."

Ginny hooked her thumbs in the waistband of his boxers and yanked them down. His cock sprang free and slapped against his lower belly. It was rock hard, thick as her wrist, and the head was flushed and glistened with pre-cum. Hermione reached out, then drew her hand back. "Are we really doing this?"

Harry put his hand on hers and guided it to his cock. "If you want to stop, just say so."

Hermione's hand closed around the shaft. Her fingers didn't even touch as they wrapped around it. The skin was silky and hot, and it throbbed in her grip. Ginny wrapped her own hand above Hermione's, and both hands moved together, slowly stroking it up and down.

Harry groaned and leaned back on his elbows. "That's perfect," he said in a husky voice.

Ginny looked at Hermione and smiled nervously. "You first?"

Hermione nodded, and Ginny let go so Hermione could stroke him alone. She started slow, watching the skin slide over the shaft. The pre-cum smeared all over the head and her hand.

Hermione hadn't done this before, but she wasn't squeamish, and she watched with scientific detachment as she wrapped her hand around Harry's thick shaft and experimented with the best way to stroke it. The skin was so soft that it glided over his cock with barely any friction, and she tried different grips. At first, she held it right below the swollen head, then moved her hand down to the base where she applied more pressure. She watched his face constantly for feedback, noting every twitch of pleasure. She made sure to catalog in her mind the best way to coax a moan from his throat. Her other hand was awkwardly placed on his thigh, providing balance, and she bit her lip as she worked him, fascinated by the way her fist felt as it slid up and down the rigid length. Ginny, meanwhile, was sitting so close their knees were touching. Her skirt was bunched around her hips, and her face was flushed red as she watched Hermione's every move with hawk-like attention. She didn't say a word, but she shifted in place every so often. Her breathing was rapid and shallow.

Harry was having the time of his life. Two beautiful girls were fighting for the honor of jerking him off, and he made no effort to moderate his own enthusiasm. He gave Ginny's ass a firm squeeze and then ran his fingers teasingly along the inside of her thigh, just under the hem of her skirt, and she gasped and nearly fell off the bed. Hermione stifled a giggle and used the distraction to lean forward and swipe her tongue over the tip of Harry's cock. She wasn't sure what to expect, but the taste of him made her want to try again. She licked him twice more, each time covering more of the sensitive head, and she was rewarded with a low, guttural groan from Harry. She tried to fit the tip into her mouth, but it was almost too big. She settled for swirling her tongue around the crown and then going back to pumping him with her hand.

Ginny's patience only lasted so long. She watched Hermione for another minute, then said, "Alright, enough ... it's my turn." She didn't wait for permission. She reached over, grabbed Harry's dick at the base, and guided Hermione's hand away. Ginny's grip was clumsy, and she lacked Hermione's careful analysis, but she made up for it in enthusiasm. She bent over and gave the tip a long, slow lick, like she was enjoying a particularly tasty lollipop. Her tongue left a glistening trail of saliva, and she stared at his cock with genuine amazement. "Bloody hell, Harry," she said. "It's even bigger up close." She wrapped both hands around the shaft, stacking them on top of each other to show just how much there was to handle. "How does this even fit inside anyone?"

Hermione blushed deeply, but she didn't look away from the spectacle. She instead reached out and ran her fingertip up the strip of skin on the underside of his head, making Harry twitch. "I think some people are just naturally talented," she said, as if they were discussing his flying skills and not his cock. Her voice was a little shaky, but she never lost that note of curiosity.

Ginny alternated between licking the head and pumping the shaft with both hands. The pre-cum was starting to flow freely, and she used it to keep everything slippery. Occasionally, she'd glance up at Harry's face to see his reaction. Every time, he met her stare with blazing green eyes and a cocky little grin. Ginny smiled back, then took a chance and tried to fit as much of his cock in her mouth as she could. She gagged a little and pulled back with a laugh. "There's no way that's possible. Hermione, you try!"

Hermione was mortified and delighted in equal measure, but she bent down and did as Ginny asked. She wrapped her lips around the tip and sucked, hollowing her cheeks. The sensation was strange but not unpleasant. Harry's hand found the back of her head and gently pushed her forward. She let him guide her, then pulled back and ran her tongue along the slit at the top, tasting the pre-cum again. Hermione shuddered and moaned at the taste. She looked up at Ginny for approval, and Ginny nodded as if she'd just earned a boatload of House points for Gryffindor.

They took turns, swapping places every few seconds. They got more comfortable with each attempt, growing bolder with every pass. When Hermione had both hands wrapped around Harry's cock, she noticed Ginny's hand next to her own. Their fingers touched, and she felt a flash of heat. She suddenly had the sense of being in a secret club with only the three of them as members. Harry's hips jerked a little, and he let out a wordless moan. Ginny giggled and used her thumb to rub slow circles around the base of the head, earning another groan for her efforts.

Harry was content to let them go at their own pace. He focused on running his hands up and down the girls' thighs, squeezing and stroking their delicate skin. Every so often, he'd dip his fingers under the edge of their thongs to tease the bare flesh beneath, and both girls would shiver and press closer to his touch.

After several minutes, Ginny said, "Are we doing this right? You haven't ... you know ... finished yet."

Harry chuckled and caressed their thighs. "You're doing amazing. I'm just trying to last as long as possible. I want to enjoy this."

Hermione, emboldened by the praise, took his cock in both hands, twisted her wrists in opposite directions, and stroked up and down at a steady pace. Ginny added her own hands above and below, and together they worked his cock like a team. They watched the skin pull and slide, and soon Harry was panting, close to the edge.

Ginny leaned in and sucked the tip into her mouth again, bobbing her head several times before pulling off with a loud, wet pop. "You're leaking, Harry," she said teasingly.

Hermione laughed as they continued to tug on his meat. "I think he likes having an audience."

Harry chuckled and slid his fingers underneath the crotch of their thongs. His fingers slid over their wet slit, making them gasp and squirm. "I'd like it more if I had some visual stimulation," he hinted. The girls looked at each other and blushed.

Harry reached for Hermione, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her bodily on top of him. She squeaked in surprise, and he wasted no time. He lifted her tank top up and over her

head before tossing it aside. The cool air made her shiver, but her perky breasts were already on full display, rising and falling with each nervous breath. Her nipples were a soft pink, but the tips were flushed a deep rose and stood stiffly at attention. Harry watched as the chill in the air puckered her areolas into neat little saucers.

He turned his face up to hers, catching her with a hungry, appreciative gaze. "They're beautiful," he complimented her while running his fingers down her arms, then across her chest. He cupped one breast and then the other, marveling at how easily they fit his hands and how the flesh gave under his grip. Every touch made Hermione squirm and bite her lip, but she didn't try to cover herself. Instead, she looked down at him with wide, vulnerable eyes. Her expression was a mixture of nervousness, excitement, and disbelief.

Ginny edged in from the side as her curiosity overcame her shyness. She reached out and gently brushed her fingers over Hermione's right breast, pausing to flick the hard tip with a single, teasing finger. Hermione gasped and shivered, and goosebumps rose on her skin from the contact. Ginny giggled, clearly enjoying the freedom to explore. She then shot Harry a mischievous look.

Harry grinned and rolled Hermione onto her back, planting kisses along her collarbone and down to her chest. He moved leisurely, exploring every inch of soft, smooth skin. When his mouth closed around her left nipple, Hermione arched her back involuntarily, and her hands gripped his hair. She held him there, guiding his lips to the places she wanted kissed and sucked. He circled her nipple with his tongue, flicked the tip lightly, and then sucked, drawing it into his mouth with gentle pressure. Hermione moaned louder than intended, and Ginny's eyes went wide.

"Yes, just like that," Harry encouraged, glancing at Ginny as he continued to lavish attention on Hermione's breasts. "Want to try?"

He shifted slightly, allowing Ginny to lean in. Her face was tomato red, but she wasted no time in joining the action. She tentatively lowered her mouth to Hermione's right nipple and mimicked Harry's technique, licking in small, experimental circles before sucking lightly. Hermione trembled, and her whole body went taut. The sensation must have been overwhelming because she could only whimper and grab at the sheets with both hands.

With a satisfied smirk, Harry trailed his hand down Hermione's side, over her stomach, and along the waistband of her pleated skirt. He hooked his fingers under the fabric and paused. "May I?" he asked.

Hermione nodded, unable to speak, and Harry slid the skirt down her hips. The skirt pooled at her knees, revealing her powder blue thong straining against her mound. He lingered, tracing the outline of her slit through the thin fabric. The thong was damp, and the dark patch was clearly visible. Harry felt his own arousal spike at the sight. He eased her skirt off completely,

leaving her in just the thong and a pair of matching pale blue ankle socks. She looked down, as if surprised by how little she had left to cover herself.

Harry reached for her ankles, finding the socks oddly endearing. He slid them off slowly, revealing her small, delicate feet, and he tossed the socks aside. Hermione squeaked, mortified at the attention paid to her feet, but Harry only smiled and kissed her ankle as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She blushed even deeper as she watched him toy with her sensitive body.

Ginny was emboldened by Harry's naughtiness, and she scooted closer. "You're really pretty, Hermione," she breathlessly stated as she looked over Hermione's sexy, half-nude body. "I always thought so, but ... wow."

Hermione's answer was a nervous giggle, but she didn't hide herself. Harry, now completely absorbed in his work, took the edge of Hermione's thong between two fingers and tugged it downward. She let him, but as the thong passed her hips and exposed her smooth, bare mound, Hermione's hands shot down to shield herself. Her pussy lips were pressed tightly together, and the skin was flushed and shiny. The sight of her so exposed made Harry's cock throb painfully.

"It's okay," he said soothingly, and he gently lifted her wrists away from her mound. "I want to see all of you."

Hermione hesitated, but she let him move her hands, and her knees fell open a few inches. Harry admired the perfect baldness of her pussy, the delicate symmetry of her lips, and the way her clit peeked out when she shifted her hips. "You look incredible," he said, and kissed her just above her mound. His lips then moved down to the inside of her thigh. Hermione moaned and grabbed at his hair again, desperate for something to hold on to.

With Hermione now fully nude and splayed out beside him, Harry turned his attention to Ginny. She was still in her own tank top and skirt, watching the proceedings with awe. Harry reached for her, pulling Ginny gently into his lap. She climbed over him with a giddy, nervous laugh, straddling his thighs, and Harry grinned up at her. "Your turn," he said, and Ginny nodded, biting her lip as she crossed her arms and yanked her own tank top off.

Her breasts were every bit as perky as Hermione's, but a touch fuller, with a smattering of freckles across the bridge between them. Her nipples were a slightly darker shade of pink. The areolas were slightly larger, and the tips were a bit fatter. They were obscenely hard. Ginny saw Harry staring, and she grinned proudly, thrusting out her chest. Unlike Hermione, Ginny didn't seem shy about her body. She pressed her breasts together with her hands and jiggled them for his benefit.

"Do you think you can handle these?" she teased. Her voice was breathy and shaky but still somehow confident.

Harry laughed and gave them an appreciative squeeze, letting his thumbs brush over the fat, stiff tips. Ginny gasped and arched her back, shuddering at the sensation. Harry flicked her left nipple with the pad of his thumb. He then pinched it lightly and tugged until Ginny whimpered. He did the same to the right before leaning forward and taking it into his mouth. He rolled the tip between his lips as he tugged on the other one.

Ginny's hands went to his hair, and she pulled him closer, grinding her hips into his lap. Harry could feel the heat of her pussy through her panties, and he growled softly, nipping at her nipple and watching the way her whole body trembled.

Hermione, who was still sprawled out and catching her breath, watched with fascination. She pressed her thighs together and rubbed, feeling her own wetness smear against her thighs as she watched Ginny squirm and moan in Harry's lap. When Ginny glanced over at her, the two girls shared a look that was equal parts embarrassment and excitement.

Harry's hands moved down Ginny's sides. He squeezed her waist and then gripped the hem of her skirt. He slid it up, exposing her bare thighs and the tiny red thong beneath. The skirt bunched at her hips, and Ginny helped him by unbuttoning and wiggling out of it before tossing it toward the growing pile of clothes on the floor. Her thong was little more than a tiny scrap of fabric, and it did nothing to hide the dark, damp stripe down the center. Harry ran a hand along the outside of her thighs, then hooked his finger under the waistband and snapped the elastic lightly.

"Cute," he said, watching Ginny's face for her reaction.

She grinned, then stuck out her tongue. "You're just jealous you don't get to wear one."

"I'll stick to admiring them, thanks," Harry replied, and started to peel the thong down her legs.

Ginny turned away, braced herself on her hands and knees, and looked back over her shoulder, blushing furiously as Harry slowly tugged the thong down her round, jiggly bum. The fabric slid over her hips, then caught between her thighs, drawing a sharp gasp from Ginny as it pressed against her soaked slit. Harry tugged the thong down, exposing her completely, and he admired the way her bare lips glistened and pressed tightly together. Ginny's whole body shivered, and she tried to cover herself with her hand, but Harry was insistent. He caught her wrist and gently guided it back to the mattress, leaving her entirely exposed.

He leaned in and pressed a line of kisses from the small of her back to her tailbone, then down between her cheeks. Ginny whimpered, and her knees shook, but she held the pose, arching her back and pushing her hips out as if begging for more. Harry let the thong fall to the floor and ran his hand up her thigh. His fingertips smeared the slickness between her legs.

Hermione, watching all of this, felt a bolt of jealousy and arousal. She wanted to be part of the fun. Overcome by the impulse, she scooted closer and reached out, placing her hand on Ginny's trembling thigh. Ginny gasped, and she looked back at Hermione with pleading eyes. Hermione responded with a deep blush, knowing the night was just getting started.