

Weekend At the Weasleys

Part 3

"Mmmm! Brilliant as ever Mrs. Weasley," Harry moaned in culinary bliss. He happily ate his piece of pie that was made from the apples grown in their orchard. Beside his piece of pie was a big scoop of homemade vanilla ice cream. He even experimented and mixed his pie with the ice cream and found that he liked it very much. He saw Molly look up at him and smile. Those days, she didn't often receive compliments on her cooking anymore. It was nice to hear that someone still appreciated it.

"Thank you, dear," she smiled at him. Mr. Weasley jumped in.

"He's right. It was as wonderful as ever, Molly," Arthur groaned as he bowed his back from his chair and stretched. His stomach was bulging from eating so much. He sighed in happiness as he dug back into his dessert.

Harry suddenly jumped when he felt something touch his crotch. Both Ginny and Hermione were on each side of him, so he knew that it wasn't them. Angelina was on the other side of the table right next to Fleur. That left the naughty, little Veela who just happened to be sitting directly opposite him. If that wasn't proof enough, the cute smirk on her gorgeous face surely was. He could feel her small foot rubbing against the inside of his trouser-clad thigh before sliding back up and massaging his rapidly inflating cock. She was doing a good job pretending that nothing was going on. Harry's breath hitched when she added a bit more pressure.

"Yes. Eet eez very good," she agreed in a thick, French accent, raising her perfectly manicured eyebrow at him.

"Yeah ... Good," he ground out, trying to avoid acting like a fool. He was thankful that Arthur and Molly were more than a little oblivious at this point. Harry did his best to act as if nothing were happening, all the while Fleur was giving him her impromptu footjob. He jumped in shock when Hermione's hand touched his thigh. Looking over at her, she smiled cheekily at him, not knowing what Fleur was doing. While Fleur played with his crotch, Hermione's hand started squeezing his leg. She gave him a look that told him that he would definitely be seeing her later that night. He wasn't sure if he would survive until then. Already the blood was leaving his brain and going straight to his groin. His cock was straining in his trousers as he desperately waited for dinner to end. After a few more minutes, the elder Weasleys called it a night and retired to their room. Harry quickly excused himself so as to not get caught. He certainly didn't want to press his luck. Needing to clear his head and calm down, he decided to take a quick stroll through the orchard.

Harry walked between the apple trees, breathing deeply. The only source of light was the twinkle of the few stars that escaped being covered by the overcast night sky and the lights of the Burrow that were shining in the distance. Harry nearly yelped when suddenly, someone

jumped out at him. Harry grabbed his chest and huffed as Fleur giggled. "Did I frighten you, 'Arry?" Fleur teased him.

"You scared the shit out of me," he whispered.

"Forgive me," she said. Even though he could barely see her face, he knew that she was smiling. He could hear the amusement in her voice. "I will make eet up to you," she told him as her voice suddenly got much sexier. Harry gasped as she suddenly dropped to her knees right in front of him. Within seconds she had his pants down and was slobbering all over his shaft as she gave his cock a tongue bath. Every inch of his rigid pole was licked clean by her talented tongue. Harry let out a soft moan, trying to keep things quiet. Holding his shaft in her hand, Fleur brushed the head with her teeth on purpose to tease him. She felt him jump from the sensitivity. "Poor 'Arry!" she said quietly, looking up at him as her hand vigorously stroked his monster cock. "I weel make eet better," she promised before placing the head between her lovely lips. She pushed her head forward and took him down her throat in one go.

"Oh, Fuck!" Harry gasped as his body went rigid. He let out a shuddered breath and closed his fluttering eyes as Fleur expertly worked his straining cock. Her head bobbed back and forth rapidly as she fucked him with her throat. Only his heavy breathing and the wet sounds of her sucking him off could be heard over the ambient noise of the buzzing insects.

"Where is he?" they heard a female voice quietly call out. They immediately recognized the voice. It belonged to Ginny. It seemed that she was talking to herself as she looked for him. Fleur let go of his cock and smirked. Suddenly, her hand was a blur as she dipped her head and started sucking on his sack. Harry closed his mouth and clenched his teeth tightly, trying really hard not to make a sound as Ginny fumbled through the orchard.

"Angie probably already got to him," Ginny snorted. "The little slut ..." she added as she continued to look. Harry let out a held breath as Ginny left their immediate area. That wasn't the only thing that he released. He quietly groaned as cum spurted from the tip of his swollen cock. Cum painted Fleur's face and landed in her silvery blonde hair as her tongue massaged his bloated sack. She quickly wrapped her lips around the tip to drink down the remaining cum. Once he was drained, she stood up and waved her wand, cleaning herself up.

"Come to my room tonight, 'Arry," she whispered and grabbed his hand. She moved his hand underneath her skirt. His fingers touched bare skin, and Harry gasped. She wasn't wearing any panties. Her pussy was burning hot and completely drenched in her arousal. "And theese weel be yours," she promised as she ground her clit against his hand. She shuddered before fixing herself up and walking away. Harry watched her go as his cock grew hard again just thinking about taking her sexy body. He shook the cobwebs from his head and came back to reality. Hearing Ginny curse in the distance, likely because she walked into a bush, Harry carefully made his way back to the Burrow to avoid the same fate. He got to an area of the orchard where the trees were much denser. To top things off, the clouds had rolled in and completely

blocked the moon and stars. Going by touch and walking toward what little light that he could see coming from the house, he held his hands in front of him and felt his way home.

A sudden squeak made him jump as his hands touched something amazingly squishy. "Angie? Is that you?" he asked. For some reason, he made the honking gesture with his hands to emphasize his question.

"Yes, it's me!" she whispered. "And if you're done feeling me up ...?"

Harry snatched his hands back, feeling embarrassed. Her hand suddenly grabbed his and she pulled him along.

"Come on," she said quietly as she pulled him out of the dense area of the orchard. They found themselves behind the old broom shed that was close to the house. They were completely blocked from view. Harry didn't even get a chance to ask what was going on before Angelina unbuttoned her jeans and sexily wiggled her hips as she lowered them. She kicked off her shoes and held onto his shoulder as she pulled the jeans from her legs. When she stood up, he had just enough light to see her bald mound. Her arms were suddenly around his neck, and she didn't wait for him to make a move. Her juicy lips touched his, and Harry eagerly accepted her talented tongue into his mouth. Angie moaned deeply when his tongue started to massage hers. When his tongue tickled the area underneath hers, she couldn't help but quiver in pleasure and excitement. The idea of getting caught only added to her pleasure. As Harry devoured her mouth, beads of arousal were dripping down the insides of her shapely and toned thighs. She suddenly pulled her head back and broke the kiss.

"Pants down!" she quietly commanded, breathing heavily. Harry scrambled to follow her orders. He pulled his trousers down and let his massive hard-on spring free. Angelina grabbed his fat cock and gave it a few tugs to make sure that it was at peak hardness. Liking what she felt, she pulled him until her back was pressed against the shed wall. Taking the hint, Harry knelt down and hooked his arms underneath the backs of her knees. He stood up and lifted her body with him. Now completely spread open, Angelina's heart was hammering in her chest while pussy juice liberally dripped from her sloppy cunt. She reached down and grabbed his cock. She took a moment to brush her fingertips over it, feeling how hard, yet how soft it was. She adored the heat radiating from it. Not willing to wait any longer, she pushed it down until the head mashed into her clit. A slutty moan left her lips as she continued to push the head of his cock down. It followed the shape of her slit, opening her lips until the head slid inside of her. As soon as Harry felt his head get encapsulated by her velvety embrace, he pushed forward and battered her g-spot in a single powerful thrust.

A high-pitched squeal left Angie's mouth but was quickly muffled by Harry's lips. Like before, she wrapped her arms around his neck and held on tightly while the brute power-fucked her against the shed. She had never felt such pleasure. As much as she loved George, he couldn't handle a woman of her caliber. Angie was a high-flier, a risk-taker. Her body was a finely tuned machine. She needed something special to make her truly feel alive. She needed the

magnificent size of Harry Potter's cock to hit every pleasurable spot within her at the same time. As he did just that, her back was arching and her toes were curling with every thrust. Pussy juice dribbled from her cunt and coated his fat sack while wet slapping sounds echoed across the yard.

"Hello?" they heard Ginny's voice getting closer. She must have heard the faint sounds of Angelina's wet pussy getting fucked. Angie's eyes grew wide and the pleasure that she felt doubled in intensity. She held onto him tightly as his cock repeatedly rammed her sore cervix. Her body was shaking uncontrollably from the mind-blowing pleasure. Already her walls were beginning to flutter. When Harry's cock hit her g-spot again, and she heard the rustling of leaves on the ground as Ginny got closer, she was forced to bite down on his shoulder as her pussy clamped down hard on him. Harry softly groaned into her sweet-smelling neck as he pushed in as deeply as he could. Angie let out a pleased sigh as a thick load of hot cum filled her insides. He continued to work his hips, making sure that he claimed every inch of her insides. As Ginny got even closer, Angie wiggled from his grasp, grabbed her clothes, and scampered off, leaving him standing there with a semi-erect cock.

"What the ...?" Ginny sputtered as she came around the shed. "Lumos," she whispered. Harry squinted and blocked the light. Ginny, however, lowered her eyes to his cock. She suddenly smirked. "Heard me coming and got ready, huh?" she giggled softly, lowering the dress straps off of her dainty shoulders. As the dress pooled to the ground and she stepped out of it, revealing her fully nude form, Harry just nodded stupidly. "I thought so," she said as she stepped up. She reached out and took his cock in hand. She stood on her tip-toes and nipped at his jaw playfully while her hand worked him back to full hardness.

"I guess it's only fair that I reward you," she teased as she jumped on him and wrapped her legs around his waist. She wasted no time in kissing him deeply while she rubbed her wet and naked pussy all over his cock, adding her arousal to Angie's.