

Breeding Season

Chapter 6

Harry lay on Ginny's bed with his legs spread wide, proudly displaying himself to the two girls kneeling in front of him. The room smelled strongly of their wet arousal. Hermione and Ginny were completely naked, and their skin glowed in the golden afternoon light coming through the window.

Both girls lay on their stomachs between Harry's thighs and focused solely on him. Ginny had his balls in her mouth, and she sucked them gently, swirling her tongue in slow circles. Then she pulled back and grinned up at him with shiny lips. Hermione held the base of his cock with both hands, and her frizzy hair stuck out around her face. She licked up and down his length, catching the drops of precum and humming as if she loved the taste. Harry groaned and stroked her cheek with his thumb.

The girls worked together, glancing at each other and giggling. Ginny nudged Hermione, then took the head of Harry's cock into her mouth and bobbed down until her nose touched Hermione's hands. Hermione let go, and Ginny swallowed him with a few more bobs of her head. Wet sounds filled the room and made Harry groan. Then Hermione leaned in, and their lips met in a messy kiss right over his cock. They giggled and blushed but kept going. They took turns, switching back and forth. Sometimes both licked his shaft at the same time, and their tongues touched as they competed to see who could bring him more pleasure.

Both of their feet bobbed overhead. Ginny's toes wriggled in the air, and her heels thumped against her wide ass as her legs bounced. Hermione's legs bent up and crossed at the ankles. Their round bare asses stuck up in the air, ready and waiting to be fucked. Harry watched them work on him together.

Hermione moaned on his cock, then looked over at Ginny. "Let's make him last as long as possible," she said to Ginny. Ginny grinned and held his cock steady while she kissed the tip. Hermione joined her, and together they licked up and down his shaft with slow, wet drags of their tongues. Harry moaned and dropped his head back.

They seemed to enjoy teasing him. They whispered to each other, and Harry only caught bits and pieces. He heard "He's about to lose it," and "I bet I can make him squirm first." Ginny nipped the base of his cock with her teeth while Hermione sucked a mark on his inner thigh. They both laughed when he squirmed, then switched places and worked harder.

They were both very playful and showed no embarrassment. Ginny even slapped Hermione's ass, making her thick cheeks jiggle. Hermione yelped, then laughed, and pressed her face deeper into Harry's lap. Ginny winked at Harry, kissed Hermione's cheek, and went back to what she was doing.

When they paused, Ginny and Hermione rolled onto their sides facing each other across Harry's lap. Their bodies touched from chest to knee. Their hands moved over each other's stomachs and hips, and suddenly, they kissed. Harry watched their tongues meet, and their hands slip between each other's thighs. Each spread their legs for the other, and Harry watched as their fingers glided over their damp, pink folds. He stroked their hair softly, overwhelmed by the sight.

Then the girls changed positions. Ginny crawled up and straddled Harry's face, placing her knees on either side of his head, and her pussy hovered just above his mouth. Fat drops of pussy juice dribbled off her plump, hairless lips and plopped onto Harry's face. Hermione straddled Harry's hips, guided his cock to her pussy, and dragged her sopping lips along his length. Harry groaned into Ginny's pussy as Hermione slathered his cock in her juices. When she was finally ready, she held the fat head to her opening and sank down until he was fully inside her.

Now the roles had reversed, and Harry was the one pleasuring them both. Ginny straddled his face and rode his tongue hard, grinding her swollen, dripping cunt against his open mouth so that her slick folds parted around his lips and her clit pressed firmly against the tip of his tongue. She cried out with every circle of her hips, and her juices coated his chin and ran down toward his throat as he licked deeper into her hot, quivering entrance.

Hermione bounced vigorously on his stiff cock, and her tight pussy gripped and slid along its full length while her full breasts jiggled and bounced with each downward thrust that buried him to the hilt. Her inner walls clenched rhythmically around the thick shaft, and the wet friction produced a continuous slick sound as she rose and sank. Hermione arched her back, presenting her flushed breasts and stiff nipples. The two girls moved together, sometimes leaning in to kiss each other with open mouths and probing tongues.

Ginny pressed her slick folds harder against his tongue and lips, and she moaned and cursed as her hips ground in rapid, demanding circles that smeared her abundant juices across his face and forced his tongue to stroke repeatedly over her clit and into her entrance.

Hermione whimpered and shuddered around his cock while her inner walls fluttered and clenched in tight spasms that milked the shaft while clear fluid leaked down around the base and onto his balls. Even so, she maintained her steady rhythm of rising and sinking so that every descent stretched her fully.

When Harry reached up to grip Ginny's firm ass cheeks, pull her closer, and spread them so that his tongue could reach even deeper into her cunt, Hermione leaned forward to take Ginny's stiff nipple into her mouth. She sucked it greedily, trapped the peak between her lips, and flicked it with her tongue while she continued to ride Harry's shaft with undiminished force. Ginny screamed in response, and her cunt contracted hard around Harry's tongue. She threw her head back and shook violently as her juices ran down his chin, neck, and chest.

At intervals they switched positions so that Hermione could sit on his face and grind her dripping pussy against his tongue. Her swollen labia parted to let him lap at the steady flow of her arousal while her clit dragged across his lips. Meanwhile Ginny sank down onto his cock and took every inch into her hot, fluttering channel. Her walls stretched tightly around the girth, and her hips rolled to work the full length in and out. For the most part, however, they coordinated their movements and drove each other to higher levels of pleasure. Their taut bodies were slick with sweat and shared fluids. The room filled with the sounds of heavy panting, high-pitched squeals, the wet slap of flesh against flesh, the soft squelch of penetration, and the repeated thud of the headboard banging against the wall.

Ginny came first. She clamped her thighs tightly around Harry's head, trapping his face against her cunt as her body convulsed in hard, rhythmic spasms. She screamed through the peak, and her inner walls fluttered and contracted against his tongue while a sudden rush of her juices flooded his mouth and spilled over his lips and chin. Hermione followed only moments later. Her pussy clenched in a series of powerful, milking spasms around Harry's cock, and the tight muscles of her inner walls squeezed and released along the full length of the shaft until the pressure became impossible to resist. He couldn't hold back any longer. Thick ropes of cum surged deep inside her, coating her walls and filling her completely as her continued contractions milked out every drop. Hermione screamed in pleasure, and her body thrashed so hard that Ginny was forced to hug her tightly to keep from falling off.

They collapsed together in a sweaty heap on the bed. Harry blinked up at the ceiling as his cock softened inside Hermione while residual tremors ran through both women. They were all completely spent.

Ginny spoke first, and her voice was rough from the screaming. "Sharing's so much fun."

Hermione giggled and nuzzled closer against Harry's side. Her hand caressed slow circles across his damp chest while her thighs remained parted and slick with the mixture of their combined fluids. "We're going to need a few more practice sessions before we get it perfect."

Harry had no problem with that.

Breeding Season

Molly Weasley had never considered herself a particularly patient woman, especially when it came to the needs of her own body. She'd spent a lifetime tending to the needs of others ... particularly her family and her beloved house, but as she cleaned the kitchen after midnight, she realized with a start that it'd been days since she'd taken Harry to bed. The realization came with a slow, teasing ache that blossomed deep in her belly. It rapidly swelled into a throbbing need that refused to let her concentrate on anything as simple as scrubbing a pot.

The boys had all been home. Ron, the twins, and even Charlie for a quick visit, had created chaos in the Burrow and had left her with very little privacy. Still, Molly felt it was beneath her to

let everyone get in the way of her pleasure. That was the sort of thing she'd cautioned Ginny against when the girl thought herself too shy to even ask a boy to Hogsmeade. So Molly washed her hands, dried them on a tea towel, and stalked through the dim kitchen like a woman with a plan.

Arthur was already snoring away in their bedroom. Good. She didn't need to invent an excuse for slipping out tonight. She made her way up the stairs, careful to avoid the creak in the third step. The house was heavy with the silence that only came after a day of riotous energy. Molly let herself enjoy the peace and quiet for a moment, then tiptoed down the hall to Ginny's door.

From inside came a low, muffled giggle, then the unmistakable sound of a feminine moan. Molly rolled her eyes but smiled. She cracked open the door and peeked inside. The room was softly lit and warm, and the scent of sweat and sex drifted out with the light. Harry lay sprawled atop the comforter, naked to the waist. Ginny herself was curled up beside him, wearing only a Gryffindor Quidditch shirt. Harry's hand was between her legs, and his fingers were lazily caressing her slick folds. Hermione was curled up on his other side, only wearing a tiny white thong.

"Sorry to interrupt, girls," Molly said. "But I need to borrow Harry for just a minute."

Ginny groaned theatrically and flopped back with her arms stretched wide. "You couldn't have picked a worse time. I'm already wet and ready."

Hermione tried to stammer out some protest but gave up and buried her face in the duvet. Harry looked up at Molly with an easy affection she'd come to adore. He didn't reach for a shirt or even the blanket. He just propped himself up and grinned. He was so at home in the Burrow, and so comfortable in her presence, that Molly felt her heart squeeze in her chest.

She crossed her arms and shot him a look of impatience. "Well? Are you going to let me die of neglect while you laze about with these two hussies?"

Ginny snorted and kicked at Harry's thigh. "Go on, then. If you aren't back in an hour, I'll send Hermione to fetch you."

He rolled his eyes and stood. He was so unselfconscious with his state of undress that Molly felt a flush in her cheeks. He was, for all his unassuming nature, a beautiful specimen. He was broad-shouldered and lean-muscled, and his cock was so huge that one look could make a woman's knees buckle. Molly let her eyes roam, and Harry noticed. He always noticed, and he always let her look. In turn, Molly would often flash some bare skin when no one else was looking. Harry certainly appreciated that.

He tugged a pair of shorts over his nakedness, put on his shoes, and followed her out. Molly led him down the stairs, through the kitchen, and out the back door into the orchard. The night air

was cool, and the wind was gentle. The moonlight from the full moon gave everything an enchanted look. They walked side by side, and Harry's shoulder brushed hers every few steps.

She led Harry down a twisting path and past the pond until they reached a patch of grass so soft and thick it felt like a bed. She stopped and turned, facing him in the moonlight. "Why do you let those girls boss you around so?" she teasingly joked.

Harry shrugged and raked a hand through his hair. "They're not so bad. Besides, I like a little trouble from time to time."

She liked the way he said it. It was like he was inviting her to give him trouble of her own. Molly reached for her wand, which was tucked into the pocket of her robe, and flicked it at an old wheelbarrow that stood under the nearest tree. The barrow shuddered, then transformed with a quiet pop into a large, comfortable bed that was draped in a thick blanket and a mountain of feather pillows.

Harry let out a soft chuckle, and his eyes lit up with amusement. "You never cease to amaze me, Molly."

She unfastened her apron, let it fall, then shrugged off her robe. Beneath the robe, she wore nothing but a thin shift, which she promptly peeled over her head and tossed aside. She stood naked in the moonlight, unbothered by the chill. If anything, it made her nipples stand out even prouder atop the massive swell of her breasts. She'd always been big-chested, but motherhood had made her even more so. They hung heavy and full, with broad, pink areolas and nipples that jutted out like the tips of her thumbs. She had wide, childbearing hips, and her belly was soft and toned. But her bottom was the thing she prided herself most on. Her ass was round, high, and jiggle, with the kind of bounce that had always made Arthur's eyes shine.

She saw Harry looking, and she couldn't help but pose a little. She put her hands on her hips and let her tits sway heavily with the movement, and she cocked her head. "Come on, then. I don't have all night."

He grinned and peeled his shorts away, tossing them onto the grass. He was already hard, and his thick cock jutted far from his muscled belly. The head was flushed and already beading with pre-cum. Molly felt a thrill rush through her, and her pussy grew wetter at the sight. She climbed into the bed, arranging herself in the center, and beckoned him forward with a crook of her finger.

Harry kicked off his trainers and climbed in after her, and the mattress sank beneath his weight. He hovered over her for a second, and his eyes swept over every inch of her bare skin. He then bent his head to suck one of her fat nipples into his mouth. The sensation shot through Molly's body like lightning. She grabbed his head and pulled him closer, smothering his face in the soft, heavy flesh of her tits. She let him worship her tits in a way no man ever had. He sucking hard

and swirled his tongue over the stiff peak, and his teeth grazed it just enough to send sparks straight to her cunt. She heard herself moan. The sound was loud and utterly unashamed.

Harry's hands roamed everywhere. They slid up the soft flesh of her arms, down the sides of her waist, and then to her hips, where he grabbed fistfuls of her flesh and squeezed. He slid one hand down between her thighs and found her already soaked and open. Her pussy lips were puffy and parted in anticipation, and her clit was swollen and slick. He wasted no time in slipping two thick fingers inside her and curling them against the sensitive front wall until Molly's back arched hard and her toes curled in pure ecstasy. Her inner walls clamped down around the invading digits.

She spread her legs wider, letting him see her glistening folds, her smooth, puffy mound, and the way her entrance fluttered around his fingers, and she let him do whatever he wanted. She'd never felt so desperate to be filled. Harry kissed down her body, pausing at her belly to nuzzle and lick her cute belly button. Molly giggled and pushed his head lower. He licked her pussy with flat, broad swipes of his tongue, never once teasing or pretending he didn't love the taste. He lapped up her juices and pushed deeper to fuck her with his tongue. Molly grabbed his hair, ground herself against his face, smeared her wetness across his mouth and chin, and let the waves of pleasure roll through her. Every time he sealed his lips around her clit and sucked hard, she felt an incredible pleasure radiate through her body, making her thighs tremble.

When she was close to cumming, she pulled him up by the hair and dragged his mouth to hers. She kissed him deeply and messily, tasting the muskiness of her own arousal on his lips and tongue.

Harry then surprised her by hooking both of her legs in the crooks of his elbows without even a warning. Molly let out a startled squeak as her knees were forced toward her chest, and her bare feet lifted to point at the twinkling night sky. The movement folded her clean in half, flattening her back to the cool sheets and raising her ass off the bed so that her bare, quivering pussy was left helplessly exposed and tilted upward. She realized, with a giddy little thrill, that he'd positioned her like the world's most wanton breeding sow. Her legs were spread, and her cunt was upturned in a perfect, shameless invitation.

She caught Harry's eyes, and she couldn't help but giggle at how obscene it must look. "Careful, Harry," she teased, and her voice trembled with excitement. "I've gotten knocked up more than once from this position." She laughed giddily, but the warning was real enough. If his cock emptied itself deep inside her, she'd likely be carrying another Weasley by spring.

Harry grinned and didn't hesitate. He lined himself up and pressed the tip against her engorged, parted lips. He pushed inside with a single, confident thrust. Molly's breath left in a shuddering gasp as her cunt expanded to accommodate his obscene girth. She couldn't help the noises that burst from her, and her loud, needy cries echoed off the trees. She felt her pussy stretch wider than ever before, and the inner walls hugged him in a strangling, wet grip. Each inch

drove deeper, brushing nerves that had never been touched so completely, and the head of his cock pressed firmly against her cervix.

Her vision blurred from the intensity of the sensation. The pleasure was so fierce that it felt like an unquenchable fire inside her belly. He began to thrust, and the fullness only increased. His cock rammed the sensitive front wall of her pussy again and again, hammering her g-spot with relentless precision. The repeated battering sent rippling waves of pleasure through her insides. She felt every veined ridge of his shaft as it slid in and out. Her inner walls twitched and spasmed around him, making each thrust even tighter and more pleasurable.

It was dirty and completely overwhelming. The sounds of their fucking filled the orchard. There was a constant, obscene slap of her ass being pounded, plus the wet, scandalous squelch of her cunt being stuffed. Molly couldn't help but listen to it, and every vulgar noise was an affirmation that she was being fucked senseless by the largest cock she had ever witnessed.

The smell was just as erotic. There was the smell of fresh grass and earth mixed with the hot musk of her arousal. Her pussy juice leaked freely, wetting the blanket beneath her and slicking Harry's cock so thoroughly that it glistened in the moonlight. Every time he pulled back, her swollen lips clung to his shaft, and her entrance stretched around him, refusing to let go. When he slammed forward again, she could hear the slap of her folds against his hips and the lewd, wet squelch of his cock plunging into her core. The sound alone nearly made her cum.

Molly felt her climax building, and she was powerless to stop it. She clawed at the blanket, arched her back, and pushed her heavy tits up and into Harry's view as the pleasure mounted. Her nipples throbbed and ached with need, and her thighs shook from the strain of being spread so wide. Harry never slowed and never let up. He kept fucking her hard, and his thick cock invaded her again and again, until Molly felt herself unravel completely.

She screamed as the orgasm fiercely hit. Her pussy clamped down on him like a vise, milking his cock for everything it could give. The muscles deep inside her contracted and fluttered, squeezing him in waves that wouldn't stop. In the chaos of her climax, she felt a sudden heat as Harry groaned. His body went taut, and then he was cumming inside her. Thick, heavy globs of his seed flooded her depths and painted her insides. The sensation tore a new orgasm out of her, and it was even stronger than the first. Her mind went fuzzy as her body shook uncontrollably. She was cumming so hard that she couldn't even make a sound.

But the brute didn't stop. He held her there, bent in half with his cock still thrusting as he pumped her full of cum. The pressure and fullness became too much, and Molly lost control of her body. Her cunt spasmed violently and a thin jet of clear liquid sprayed from her, splattering Harry's hips and belly. She was squirting, and she couldn't stop it. She'd never done that in her wildest years with Arthur, but the feeling was so liberating and filthy that she howled again, louder than ever.

The messy, squelching noises increased as her juices mixed with the copious load Harry had just deposited inside her. Every thrust from him forced a fresh spurt of cum and arousal out of her, making a slippery mess of both their bodies. She could feel it running down her ass and pooling beneath her. The sheets were already soaked through, and she couldn't have cared less.

Her orgasm just wouldn't end. Every time she thought it had peaked, Harry would shift his angle or drive a little deeper, and the pleasure would come roaring back, making her toes curl and her eyes roll back in her head. Her legs twitched and kicked uselessly in the air, and her hands clutched at Harry's biceps for something to hold onto. She felt like a wild animal, writhing, panting, and snarling with need, and Harry was just as feral. He fucked her with a singular purpose, pounding her until her cries dissolved into pitiful whimpers, and her whole body was numb from pleasure.

When he had finally had enough of her, she was left trembling and weak. Harry eased her legs down gently and settled his full weight atop her. His cock was still buried inside, and it was still so hard she could feel it throbbing with every beat of his heart. Molly wrapped her arms around his back and clung to him, desperate to keep every inch of him inside. Their bodies were soaked, sticky, and utterly spent.

They lay together in the makeshift bed, panting and gasping for air. Molly had never felt so alive, or so thoroughly fucked. Her cunt still clenched involuntarily around Harry's cock, desperate for more even as she could barely move. She couldn't stop giggling with the reckless joy of what they'd done.

She ran her hands over Harry's back and pressed kisses to his shoulder. She could feel the cum leaking out of her with every tiny movement, and it cooled in the night air as it oozed down her slit and over her asshole. She didn't care, though. She'd never been so proud of a mess in her life.

After a few minutes of lazy, blissful cuddling, Harry finally withdrew from her. Molly could actually hear the wet pop as his cock slipped free. It was followed by the slow, sticky trickle of their combined fluids dripping from her abused pussy. She sighed, feeling content and satisfied in a way she hadn't felt in decades.

Harry flopped onto his back beside her with one arm thrown over his eyes as he caught his breath. Molly gathered the blanket up around them, tucked herself into the curve of his side, and let her hand rest possessively on his slippery cock.

She was still panting, her heart was racing, and her pussy throbbed as she gently massaged his cock and balls. She let herself bask in the blissful feeling, and she found herself nearly purring as she nuzzled against Harry's shoulder.

Molly ran her fingers through Harry's sweat-damp hair and pressed a kiss to the hollow of his throat. He smiled down at her and pulled her closer until her breasts squished against his chest.

"Ginny's going to come out here if I'm not back soon," Harry finally rasped.

Molly just laughed, stretched like a cat, and pressed her slick, sticky cunt up against his hip. She felt so completely and gloriously full of tingling cum that she wanted to shout for joy. Instead, she snuggled in closer and closed her eyes.

She didn't bother to clean up. She wanted every sticky drop to linger on her skin as proof that Harry had claimed her body. Maybe she'd even let Arthur have sloppy seconds, if he was up to the task. She smiled at the thought and drifted off into a satisfied daze, held safe and warm in Harry's strong, manly arms.