

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

-

Summary: Harry knew something was wrong the second he opened his eyes. A few things caught his attention first. First, the hair fanned out across his chest was honey brown, not the fiery red of his wife's. Second, the naked body pressed against him was soft and curvy, not petite and toned like Ginny's. And third was the fact that said lithe redhead was currently sitting at the foot of the bed, sipping a cup of tea while she stared at him, her husband, naked and cuddling another woman.

-

'I may have overdone it a little.'

That was the last clear thought Harry remembered before everything turned hazy. The world seemed to sway around him. Or perhaps he was the one swaying. He couldn't tell anymore. He felt warm, the liquor in his bloodstream making his skin feel flushed and relaxing his nerves. He'd been nervous before this. Why was that?

The sound of raucous laughter drew his attention. A hazy red blur that he recognised as Ron was guffawing into the air with one arm slung around a darker-haired figure who Harry assumed to be Neville.

Right. He was at a party. He never liked parties much, so maybe that explained why he had indulged so heavily.

He could somewhat recall a game of sorts he'd played with Seamus. The specifics eluded him now, but knowing Seamus, it probably involved copious amounts of liquor.

What had he been doing again?

Frowning, Harry glanced around. Everywhere he looked, people were laughing and letting loose. Drinks flowed freely, and it was nearly impossible to spot anyone without a glass of ale or a bottle in hand. People mingled and chatted, laughter and a hundred different conversations filling the room to the brim. Music played somewhere off in the distance where others were

dancing along to the beat on an impromptu dancefloor. He even spied a few couples snogging along the edges of the room, while hands pawed and explored over rumpled clothes. All in all, it was one hell of a party. Were they celebrating something?

He shook his head. His thoughts felt thick and sluggish. It did not matter. He could sort it out later. He had been on a mission, or at least he would be, if he could only remember *what* that mission was.

Let's see. He had been playing a drinking game with Seamus. Seamus had won, as always. Harry had insisted on one more round and lost again before finally admitting defeat to the Irishman's ridiculous tolerance. Then, wanting some air and perhaps to sulk, he had left to find someone. But who?

Ron's booming laughter rang out again, and Harry squinted across the room. His best friend was little more than a reddish blur, though the bright hair stood out enough to stir something in the back of Harry's muddled mind.

Red hair...

Red hair?

Red hair! Ginny!

Of course! He was looking for his wife. How could he have forgotten that?

Smiling widely, Harry swivelled his head around and scanned the room. Though the world was still swaying and his vision was hazy, Ginny's fiery red locks were like a shining beacon in the dense crowd of partygoers. She sat nestled on the far side of the room, a lazy smile stretched across her freckled features as she spoke quietly with another witch. Without any preamble, Harry made a beeline right for her, the memories of his losses having all but evaporated at the sight of his beautiful wife.

Like a giddy schoolboy, Harry dropped into the seat beside Ginny and scooped her up into his arms. Ginny squealed in surprise, laughter bubbling up from her throat as she half-heartedly

attempted to push him away, all the while Harry pressed a trail of kisses along her cheek and jaw.

“Harry!” she laughed, giving his chest a playful smack. “Get off you lug! What’s gotten into you?”

Harry ignored her question but allowed her to pull away ever so slightly, if only so she could enrapture him with her beauty. From her freckles scattered across her porcelain skin like constellations of stars to her mesmerising brown eyes that shone like polished chestnut. She was an angel made flesh, here to take his breath away at every turn and capture his heart completely. Harry couldn’t stop her even if he wanted to.

“Merlin, you’re gorgeous,” he breathed, the words unbidden but wholly honest all the same.

Colour rose to Ginny’s cheeks, but her smile softened from playful to fond. It was a smile she only ever reserved for him. She giggled softly under her breath and gave his chest another featherlight smack.

“And you’re drunk,” she replied, leaning in to press a brief kiss to his lips. “I take it that means you’re enjoying your birthday after all?”

That’s right, it was his birthday, wasn’t it? This party was for him. That explained why he’d been so nervous. He never liked making a big fuss over his birthday. Despite this, however, he was having a good time. It certainly felt like it now that he had his wife at his side.

The thought of his wife drew his focus back to Ginny. His gaze drifted over her, taking her in completely while the alcohol in his veins began stripping away. the usual filter between his brain and his body. The green dress she was wearing clung to her, dipping low enough to show the soft curves of her breasts and ending high on her thighs. He recognised that dress. It was the same one she’s worn to the Ministry Summer Solstice gala the month prior — the same gala they had spent trading teasing touches before Harry finally had enough and promptly pulled her into a side corridor, hiked up the skirt of that sinfully sexy dress, and fucked his wife against the wall until her legs gave out.

That had been a good night.

And now here she sat, with that very same dress that had driven sober-him into a frenzy just a few weeks ago, clinging to her petite curves as if the liquor in his blood would do anything to quell his hunger for her. Heat pooled in Harry's chest, the fire of arousal easily overtaking the warmth of the alcohol. The party, the noise, the people, it all faded into a distant hum. The only thing that mattered was the woman beside him and the overwhelming urge to make her scream his name.

Harry's smile morphed into a sharpened smirk. He leaned in close, his lips brushing against his wife's ear.

"I'd be enjoying it a whole lot more if you were on your knees right now."

His voice was low and rough, causing a shiver to visibly run down Ginny's spine. He watched as the pinkish blush from earlier deepened to a scarlet red across Ginny's cheeks. She shifted beside him with a cough, her thighs not-so-subtly rubbing together as she shot him a look that was part exasperation and another part a deep burning *want*.

"*Harry*," she chided, though her tone was still light. "We're not alone."

Harry blinked, his drunken brain catching up slowly. He turned his head and finally noticed the other figure sitting to Ginny's left. Knowing blue eyes stared back at him from behind a pair of smoky eyelashes. Pink glossy lips, plump and full, were upturned into an amused smile. Blonde hair cascaded down the sides of a heart-shaped face like a waterfall of fluffy blonde ringlets, giving way to a jaw-dropping figure that wouldn't be out of place in a copy of *Wicked Witch* magazine. The figure, in every sense of the word, was flawless save for three jagged, silvery scars that trailed across her right cheek and down the length of her jaw.

"Lavender," he breathed, surprised not just by the other girl's presence, but how absolutely *fantastic* she looked in her red cocktail dress that clung tightly to every one of the blonde's curves.

"Hi Harry," Lavender giggled, the sound as bubbly and flirtatious as the blonde herself. "Don't mind me. Gin' and I were actually just talking about you before you showed up."

“That so?” Harry asked, glancing at his wife with a questioning look. “Nothing bad I hope?”

“Oh not at all!” Lavender replied. The blonde leaned forward and slipped an arm around Ginny’s waist, essentially trapping the redhead between her and Harry. “We were discussing the birthday present she has planned for you, that’s all.” Lavender tilted her head down, her pink glossy lips almost brushing against Ginny’s cheek that seemed almost...seductive in a way.

“Isn’t that right Gin’? In fact, this seems like the perfect time to put your plan into action.”

Harry tilted his head to the side in confusion.

Beside him, Ginny’s blushed was deepened even further by Lavender’s words. If he were a bit more sober, he would have noticed the way that her thighs pressed together as if she were trying to smother something between them.

“Are you sure?” Ginny replied, her words directed at Lavender instead of him. “I wouldn’t want you to feel pressured...”

“Pressured?” Lavender laughed. “Sweetie I’ve wanted this for *years*. Adding you to the mix just sweetens the deal.”

As the blonde said this, she trailed a single finger down the length of Ginny’s jaw. Ginny’s breath hitched, a sound that was half a gasp and half whimper escaping from her lips before she turned her focus back onto Harry.

And then everything went black.

-

The Next Day

The first thing Harry registered was the throbbing in his head. It was a dull, relentless ache that started behind his eyes and seemed to press down on his entire skull. He groaned, the sound scraping his throat raw. His mouth felt like sandpaper and there was a slight stiffness to all of his joints.

The second thing was warmth. A soft, heavy weight was draped over his chest, and a curtain of hair was spread out across his skin. He blinked his eyes open, the morning light filtering through

the curtains feeling like needles. He shifted slightly, the honey blonde draped across his chest hair tickling his skin.

...

Blonde?

Harry's mind came to a screeching halt. He glanced down quickly, his heart beginning to pound painfully against his ribs. Even without his glasses he could still make out the light golden hue of the curls splayed across him, a hue that was completely wrong. Ginny's hair was red, a bright, fiery red. This was... *Wrong. Wrong. Wrong.*

Wandlessly summoning his glasses, Harry affixed them to his face and took a better look at the mess of blonde curls. The glasses did not change the colour of the hair. Swallowing thickly, Harry's gaze drifted lower, taking in the soft, curvy body pressed against his side. This body was all soft lines and generous curves, nothing like Ginny's lean, athletic frame from years of Quidditch.

Panic began to cut through the early morning fog. What happened? Where was Ginny? *What did he do?*

The third thing that Harry noticed that morning as his wide panicked eyes swept across the room, was that while it was most certainly not his wife's naked body pressed against him, Ginny was hardly absent from this whole ordeal.

Warm brown met panicked green. From the foot of the bed, Ginny sat cross-legged and dressed in her usual nighttime clothes which comprised of a pair of cotton knickers and one of his old t-shirts. She was staring back at him, her face impassive as she lifted the steaming cup of tea in her hands and took a sip.

The silence was suffocating. Harry stared back at his wife, his eyes wide and panicked. He tried to think of something to say — anything really that would explain just why the bloody hell he was in bed with another woman, and yet he couldn't. He couldn't even remember how this had happened for Merlin's sake!

And yet here he was, naked in bed with another witch pressed up against him. And all the while his wife sat staring down at him, completely calm. She wasn't angry. She wasn't crying. She was just watching him, her expression unreadable.

And then she spoke.

"Was it worth it?" she asked, her voice just as even and unreadable as her gaze. Yet for Harry, it was no better than a Killing Curse to the heart as he felt his entire world begin to shatter.

-

9 Hours Earlier

When Ginny had told him of what just her and Lavender had been discussing, he'd at first thought that it was some sort of joke. And yet when the two witches pulled him up — Ginny's small, warm hand in his and Lavender's arm linked through his other, he came to the startling conclusion that his wife was completely serious. The playful flirtation evaporated, replaced by a thick, palpable tension that was equal parts anticipation and raw desire.

Quicker than he could comprehend, the noise faded, replaced by the familiar pop of Apparition and the sudden, quiet stillness of his own home. The journey that followed up the stairs was a clumsy, laughing affair of tangled limbs and whispered promises, the three of them finally stumbling into the master bedroom after a lengthy journey filled with teasing touches and Lavender's flirtatious giggles.

As the bedroom door clicked shut behind them, Lavender was the first to move, stepping away from them and turning with a slow, deliberate grace. With her back to them, the blonde looked back, her gaze meeting Harry's as she lifted her hand. With a snap of her fingers, the zipper of her dress slid downwards, parting the silky fabric of her dress as it fell away. It pooled at her feet, leaving her in nothing but a pair of sheer black lace knickers that did little to cover the wide swell of the blonde's plump ass.

Lavender turned and Harry's eyes trailed upwards as the rest of the blonde's body came into view. She was a masterpiece of soft curves. Her breasts were large and heavy, topped with rosy

pink nipples that were already hard and pointing towards him, practically begging to be touched. Her waist gave way to a set of full, rounded hips that framed her plush bum perfectly. Her knickers clung to her mound, the damp fabric already darkened where it pressed against her slit, hinting at the wet folds beneath.

As Harry stared at the beauty before him, his wife made her move. Ginny stepped behind the blonde, her own hands coming up to cup the blonde's heavy breasts. Lavender's breath hitched at the contact, but the blonde remained still, allowing the redhead her fill. Her thumbs brushed over the curvier girl's hardened nipples, teasing them as she leaned in to press a soft kiss to the side of Lavender's neck. Harry watched, his own breath catching as Ginny's hands roamed down Lavender's body, one sliding down her flat stomach to dip between her legs.

"Let's get you out of this," Ginny murmured, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of Lavender's knickers and sliding them down her legs. She tossed them aside, giving Harry an unobstructed view of Lavender's pussy. It was as beautiful as the rest of her, the lips plump and glistening with arousal, a small patch of blonde hair trimmed neatly above them.

Ginny's gaze turned to him. After only a few years of marriage, Harry didn't need her to speak to know what she wanted. He closed the distance between them, his hand coming up to cup the back of his wife's neck as he captured her lips into a heated kiss. Pressed between them, Lavender shifted and whimpered. Her naked breasts were pressed into Harry's chest while Ginny's hips were slotted snugly against her ass. She shifted again, impatience growing in her chest as she leaned forward to nibble gently on Harry's jawline.

Feeling Lavender's soft, impatient movements, Harry broke the kiss with his wife, a smirk playing on his lips as he looked down at the blonde wedged between them. He shifted his grip, one arm wrapping firmly around Ginny's waist to hold her close, while his other hand tangled in Lavender's blonde hair, tilting her head back. He claimed her mouth next, his kiss just as demanding, just as possessive. Lavender melted against him, a soft moan escaping her lips as she returned his passion with an equal fervor.

Ginny wasn't idle. Her hands roamed over Harry's back, her nails scraping lightly against his skin before she reached down between their pressed bodies. Her fingers found the hard bulge straining against his trousers, giving it a firm squeeze that made Harry groan into Lavender's mouth.

"He's so hard for us, Lav," Ginny murmured, her voice a low purr. "I think it's time we gave him the rest of his present."

With a flick of her wand, Harry's clothes vanished, leaving him naked and aching hard between them. His cock sprang free, slapping against Lavender's stomach. The blonde's eyes widened, a hungry look crossing her face as she reached down to wrap her hand around his thick shaft. She began to stroke him slowly, her thumb smearing the bead of pre-cum over the head.

Ginny's own hand joined Lavender's on his shaft, their fingers intertwining around his girth. The dual sensation of Lavender's soft, tentative grip and Ginny's firm, familiar touch, was electric. Harry groaned, his head tilting back as they worked him in tandem, their hands sliding up and down his length.

"Let's take this to the bed," Ginny suggested, her voice a low, husky whisper that was full of promise. She gave his cock a final, firm squeeze before releasing him and taking Lavender's hand, leading the both of them towards the large bed.

They moved as one, a tangle of limbs falling onto the soft mattress of their bed. Lavender settled on her back, her blonde hair fanning out against the pillows, her legs parting instinctively. Harry moved over her, settling his hips between her thighs. He looked down at her, then glanced at Ginny, who was kneeling beside them, her eyes dark with anticipation.

They moved as one, a tangle of limbs falling onto the soft mattress of their bed. Lavender settled on her back, her blonde hair fanning out against the pillows like a golden halo, her legs parting instinctively. Harry moved over her, settling his hips between her thighs. He took a moment to just look at her, to appreciate the soft, generous curves of her body. Her breasts

were large and heavy, the rosy nipples hard and begging for his attention. He leaned down, taking one into his mouth, his tongue swirling around the sensitive peak as he sucked gently. Lavender arched her back, a soft moan escaping her lips as her fingers tangled in his hair. He could feel Ginny's eyes on them, watching, and it only heightened his arousal. He released her nipple with a wet pop, giving the other one the same attention before moving back up to capture her lips in a deep, passionate kiss. He positioned himself at her entrance, pushing into her slowly, savoring the tight, wet heat that enveloped him. Lavender let out a soft gasp, her back arching as he filled her completely. He began to move, his strokes deep and steady, his eyes locked on hers.

Ginny wasn't content to just watch. She leaned in, her lips brushing against Harry's ear. "Don't forget about me," she murmured, her voice a low, husky whisper that sent a shiver down his spine.

He turned to her, capturing her lips in a searing kiss. He could feel Lavender's eyes on him, the way her walls tightened around his cock as she watch him kiss his wife while he continued to move inside her.

"I could never," he said, breaking the kiss to stare deep into his wife's eyes. Ginny starred back at him, her pupils blown completely with arousal. She held his gaze as he slipped a hand between her thighs, her soaking wet heat practically quivering against his finger tips.

He slipped a single finger inside, then another, then one more, pumping them in and out as he continued to thrust into Lavender.

Ginny moaned, her head falling back as she rode his hand, her hips bucking against his touch. He could feel her walls clenching around his fingers, her breath coming in short, sharp pants. He knew her body so well, knew exactly how to touch her to make her fall apart. He curled his fingers, rubbing against that special spot inside her that drove her wild.

Ginny was always extremely easy to make cum, the tightness of her cunt and her oversensitive nature was a devastating combination that meant even using just his fingers was enough to

have her falling over the edge within a few minutes, her body shuddering as she cried out his name with a strangled whimper, her juices flooding his hand.

Harry didn't stop, his thrusts into Lavender becoming harder, faster. He could feel the blonde getting closer as well, her legs wrapping around his waist, pulling him deeper. He wanted to feel her cum around him, wanted to hear her scream his name as well. He reached down, his thumb finding her clit, rubbing it in tight circles. That was all it took. Lavender's body convulsed, her back arching off the bed as she came without warning.

"OH FUCK!" she cried, her pussy clenching around his cock like a vice. The feeling of her coming undone beneath him was almost enough to send him over the edge, but he held back, wanting to make this last.

He pulled out of Lavender, his cock slick with her juices. Looking towards his wife, who was still kneeling on the bed, her chest heaving, her eyes dark with lust, Harry pressed his hand against the small of her back and guided her forward.

Ginny complied with his unspoken request, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face. She turned over, presenting her perfect arse to him. He took a moment to admire the view, the way the soft, silvery slight of the moon slipping through the window highlighted the toned muscles of her back and the firm, round globes of her arse. He'd always loved fucking her like this, loved the way she looked on her hands and knees, her back arched, her wet pussy glistening and ready for him. He reached out, his hand caressing the smooth skin of her arse before giving it a light smack. Ginny gasped, wiggling her hips in invitation.

He positioned himself behind her, guiding his cock to her entrance. He pushed in slowly, savoring the familiar feel of her tight heat. She was always so tight, so wet for him. With another light smack to her pert ass, Harry began to move, his strokes hard and fast, the sound of his hips slapping against the redhead's rippling bum soon filling the room. Ginny moaned, pushing back against him, meeting him stroke for stroke.

Having finally recovered from her own climax, Lavender rejoined the fray, her sweat kissed skin making her glisten in the moonlight as she move to lie before Ginny with her legs spread wide. Harry watched as his wife didn't even hesitate before diving forward, burying her face into Lavender's well fucked quim with a loud, breathy moan. The blonde answered with a moan of her own, her legs threatening to clamp down around Ginny's head as the petite witch began to eat her out, her tongue delving into Lavender's wet folds as Harry continued to slam into her from behind.

The sight of his wife's head buried between another woman's thighs was perhaps one of the hottest things Harry's has ever seen. Unconsioisly his hips began to move even fast, snapping forward with devastating power as he fucked the lithe chaser into the mattress. This had the unintended effect of forcing Ginny's tongue to become even more erratic and hungry, the redheads moans from the savage fucking vibrating against Lavender's cunt. At this rate, it wouldn't be long before the blonde came again.

He was right. Lavender's body tensed, her hands fisting in the sheets as she came with a loud cry, her hips bucking against Ginny's mouth. Ginny didn't stop, her tongue continuing to lap at the other witch's juices, prolonging her pleasure. The sight of it, combined with the feel of Ginny's tight pussy clenching around his cock, was too much. With a guttural groan, he came, his hot seed filling Ginny's tight channel just as Ginny found her second peak and her moans joined in with his own.

Catching his breath for a moment, Harry pulled out of his wife's cunt and pulled her into his arms. They collapsed together on the mattress, Ginny sliding on top of him and trapping his length between her cum soaked folds. Their lips met, the taste of Lavender's essence heavy on his wife's tongue. Harry groaned into her mouth, his spent cock hardening once more in seconds at the taste. Feeling him stiffen against her pussy, Ginny sat up, her hands on his chest as she lifted her hips and allowed him to slide his cock back inside her used cunt.

She began to ride him, her hips moving in a slow, sensual rhythm. He reached up, his hands cupping her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her hard nipples. He watched as she moved, her body a symphony of curves and muscles, her supple breasts bouncing with each movement. Sensing a pair of eyes against him, Harry turned his attention to the right where Lavender sat watching them while she pistoned two fingers in and out of her sopping wet cunt. The blonde's eyes widened as his gaze met hers.

"Come here," he said, his voice low and commanding.

Lavender didn't hesitate, pulling her fingers from her slick folds and crawling towards them. But before she could reach them, Ginny acted. With a speed born from years of Quidditch, she lifted herself off Harry's cock, his length sliding out of her with a wet, sucking sound, and grabbed Lavender by the hips.

"Your turn," Ginny purred, pulling Lavender forward until it was the blonde straddling Harry's hips now. "Ride him."

Lavender looked down at Harry's glistening cock between her legs, wet with Ginny's release, to his eyes. A slow, wicked smile spread across her face as she reached down, guiding him to her entrance before sinking down onto him in one smooth motion. They both groaned as she took him in, her tight, wet heat enveloping him completely. She began to move almost instantly, her hips rolling in a sensual rhythm that had Harry cursing in surprised pleasure.

But Ginny wasn't done. She moved behind Lavender, her arms wrapping around the blonde's waist. She leaned in, her lips brushing against Lavender's ear. "Look at you," she whispered, her voice a low, husky murmur that sent a shiver down the blonde's spine. "Look at you riding my husband's cock. Is that what you like Lavender? Do you like being a homewrecking whore? Do you like feeling a married man's cock stretch your pussy wide open?"

Lavender moaned, her head falling back against Ginny's shoulder as she continued to ride Harry, her movements becoming more erratic, more desperate. Ginny's hands roamed over her

body, one coming up to cup a heavy breast while the other slid down her stomach to find her clit. She began to rub the sensitive nub in tight circles, her touch firm and sure.

"Doesn't my husband's cock feel incredible?" Ginny murmured, her teeth nipping at Lavender's earlobe. "Aren't you jealous that I get to have his cock like this every night? I saw how much it turned you on when I rode him. Maybe I'll invite you back into our bed in the future, just so you can watch him fuck me while you sit in the corner untouched. If you're good I may even let you lick his cum from my pussy. Would you like that?"

Lavender moaned again, this one far more keening and high pitched than the last. She was close. Harry could feel her cunt already beginning to tighten around him.

"I can feel how close you are," Ginny whimpered, her fingers moving at a devastating speed around Lavender's clit. "I want you to cum for him Lav'. I want you to soak my husband's cock with your juices."

Harry watched them, his hands coming up to replace Ginny's on Lavender's breasts. He squeezed the soft flesh, his thumbs brushing over the hard nipples. He could feel Ginny's fingers working on Lavender's clit, could feel the blonde's walls clenching around his cock as she got closer and closer to the edge. He began to thrust up into her, meeting her movements, his hips snapping up with devastating force.

The combination of Harry's powerful thrusts, Ginny's skilled fingers, and the dirty little whispers into her ear was too much for Lavender. Her body tensed, her back arching as she came with a loud cry, her pussy clenching around Harry's cock as she tumbled over the edge. The feeling of her coming undone on him, the sight of her face contorted in pleasure, was enough to send him over the edge. His own release hit him like a bludge to the gut, a deep, primal groan tearing from his throat as his balls drew up tight. His cock pulsed violently inside her, hot thick ropes of cum spurting deep inside her quivering cunt. He buried himself to the hilt, his hips jerking as he emptied himself, painting her insides with his seed, one powerful jet after another, until he was utterly spent.

The three of them collapsed onto the bed in a heap of panting breaths and tangled limbs. Ginny and Lavender curled up on either side of him, their heads pressed against his chest as he summoned a blanket to cover their bare forms.

-

Present Day

--arry? Harry are you even listening?"

Harry blinked, the sudden influx of memories hitting him like a brick as he was knocked from his stupor by his wife's voice.

"I-- What?" he stammered, the combination of sleep and being hungover wrecking havoc on his mind.

Ginny, for her part, simply rolled her eyes and tried again.

"I asked if it was worth it? The party, that is," she said, her voice much more amused and light this time.

"The party?" Harry asked.

Ginny rolled her eyes again.

"Duh. How else was I supposed to invite Lavender over? I didn't think writing a letter saying 'Hey I think you're fit. Wanna come shag my husband' would go over too well," Ginny giggled.

Harry stared at his wife, his mind struggling to process the sudden shift from the visceral, sweat-soaked memories of the night before to the calm, almost casual conversation happening now. The throbbing in his head seemed to lessen slightly, replaced by a dawning, incredulous understanding. "You... you planned this?" he managed, his voice hoarse. He glanced from Ginny's amused face to the still-sleeping blonde nestled against his side. "The party... you invited her just for this?"

"Of course I did, you great lug," Ginny said, a fond smile playing on her lips. She took another sip of her tea, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "It was your birthday present. And after last

night, I'd say it was a success." She reached over with her free hand and gently brushed a stray strand of blonde hair away from Lavender's face.

A wave of profound relief washed over Harry, so potent it almost made him dizzy. He hadn't cheated. He hadn't destroyed his marriage. The memories from last night settled as he let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding, the tension in his shoulders finally easing. He looked at Ginny, a slow, genuine smile spreading across his face. "You're brilliant," he said, his voice full of awe.

Ginny preened, her chest puffing out slightly. "I know. Now that we know how well we work with a third, I've been thinking about who else might be fun to bring into our bed. Maybe Angelina? She's always so energetic. Or what about that new Seeker for the Holyhead Harpies? The one whose bum I always catch you staring at whenever you come to watch our practices..." Harry's brain, still foggy from alcohol and sleep, struggled to keep up with his wife's sudden, enthusiastic planning. He just nodded, a dumbstruck grin on his face as he listened to her rattle off names and attributes, his earlier panic a distant, ridiculous memory.

Just then, the blonde witch between them began to stir. Lavender let out a soft groan, her eyes fluttering open. She blinked blearily, her gaze slowly focusing on the two of them. "What time is it?" she mumbled, her voice thick with sleep.

Ginny glanced at the clock on the nightstand. "Just after nine. How are you feeling?"

Lavender winced as she tried to shift, a look of discomfort crossing her features. "My pussy is so sore," she complained, her voice a little whiny. "You two are animals."

Harry and Ginny shared a look, a silent, triumphant understanding passing between them.

Before Harry could say anything, however, Lavender's expression changed. A slow, sly smile spread across her face as she looked down at the blanket covering Harry's lower half. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she slithered down beneath the covers, disappearing from view.

Harry felt a soft hand wrap around his already stirring cock, and then a warm, wet mouth enveloped him. He let out a sharp gasp, his head falling back against the pillows as Lavender

began to suck him, her tongue swirling around the sensitive underside. Ginny just laughed, leaning in to press a kiss to his cheek.

"See?" she whispered, her voice full of amusement. "I told you it was a success."

-

Author's Note

This story had the unintended side affect of giving me an idea for a 'Ginny as a cuckquean' fic. If you're interested, let me know and share who she should watch Harry with in the comments!

Thanks for reading!