

Anya buttoned up her blouse, while Orina was pulling up a pair of trousers. Everything the two beautiful young veela did, Harry found enthralling. He sat on the bed, watching them with his half-hard cock resting against the inside of his thigh. He'd spent the night in their room at the Three Broomsticks. It was the first time since the World Cup that they'd been able to spend the night together.

Bouncing off the bed, he moved behind Anya and pressed against her curvy, panty-clad bum, he whispered low in her ear, "I think you should stay. I don't have to be at practice until after lunch. We still have hours."

"We have work, Harry." Anya insisted, though he could tell it was difficult for her to resist.

Harry pouted, "You could say you're sick."

She giggled and looked over at her friend, "We have created monster. He's simply insatiable."

"With such stunning women in my life," Harry filled his hands with her pert cheeks, "how could I be anything other than insatiable?"

Orina shook her head, amused, "We would love to stay. We could spend hours in this room draining your big balls until you finally have nothing left for us. Can you imagine? We'd be filled and covered with your cum. I think it would be harder than at stadium... you've developed even more stamina since then. We'd probably need to let you use our bums as well to finally see the job done."

Groaning, Harry's cock throbbed against Anya's pearl-smooth skin, "You're teasing me!"

"She's teasing you?" Anya couldn't believe him, "You're one grinding his fat cock against my ass." Despite her insistence that they needed to get to work, she still swirled her hips in little circles that made him want to throw her back onto the bed.

"She's right... I can smell her wet pussy from here." Orina added.

"Fine... fine." It took a great deal of effort on his part to admit defeat, "I concede. You're right."

Orina came over and patted him on the cheek, "Do not worry, handsome. I'm sure you'll be able to find some pretty vitch to help you get a load out."

"You're evil... both of you. Your teasing will be the death of me." He pouted, which only made them both laugh. They found it adorable but not convincing in the slightest.

"Except for you know that we're not just teasing you." Anya corrected him.

Throwing his trousers at him, Orina hurried him along, "Now, I need to be at shop in five minutes. Move your cute bum." Harry pulled them on, stuffing his erection in with some difficulty, and threw a shirt over his head. He retrieved his invisibility cloak and was ready to head back to the castle.

They headed out together, locking the door behind them. Harry was sure to match his steps with one of the girls as he descended the stairs beneath the cloak. Behind the bar, Madam Rosmerta was doing her daily routine. Cleaning the mugs and the counter and making sure that everything was in order for the later lunch rush.

For decades, Rosmerta caused the boys of Hogwarts no end of trouble. Not because she was harsh, but because they often had to hide their hard-ons in the pub. He knew of more than one lad that fancied her terribly... and it was pretty obvious why.

The innkeeper had lustrous, blonde hair that always hung loose to her shoulders. And sultry eyes that always seemed to make you feel like you were important even if you'd only just come in for a pint. She had a pretty face and kind demeanor... and an equally pretty and kind smile for anyone that walked through the door. Considering she'd been there since his parents were students, like most witches, she didn't look anywhere near her age. *She probably makes a bloody killing just on her looks alone.*

But what really got the boys' attention, and some of the girls' too for that matter, was her wonderful curves. Her tits were big and soft, and she took advantage of that fact by offering a scintillating hint of her cleavage at every opportunity. Her bum was wide and firm and looked pinchable whether she wore robes or a dress, or the rare occasion when she threw on a pair of muggle trousers.

"Morning girls!" Rosmerta greeted them kindly, "How are my favorite lodgers?"

"Morning Abby." They said almost in unison, before Orina continued for them both, "We had... wonderful night." It was funny, Harry never actually knew the innkeepers first name before. *I wonder how many people actually ask.*

"Can I get you anything?"

"Oh, no. We're already running late as it is anyway." Anya declined.

Rosmerta had a knowing look in her eye, "Well, I'll see you for lunch the, yeah?"

"Of course," Orina promised making for the door. Rosmerta walked out from behind the bar and Harry was forced to take a step back as she went right behind the girls.

"Fantastic," She followed them all the way to the door, placing her body in the open entrance as the girls headed outside, "you were the only ones here last night, so I'm going to keep things locked up until the lunch rush later. Have a good morning girls."

Anya looked over Rosmerta's shoulder right at him, and smirked at his seeming misfortune, "You too." She gave no room for him to slip out. She closed the door with a loud thud, and had it locked a second later. Harry was forced to step out of the way, he hoped quietly, as she turned.

Moving back behind the bar, she kept cleaning the mugs. Harry was relieved to find that she was still none the wiser to his presence. Beneath the invisibility cloak, he could only admire the older woman as she went about her business. She was wearing a simple green dress, the same pale color as her eyes with thin straps and plenty of her incredible chest on display. Every twist or turn of the mug in her hand caused the soft flesh to jiggle gloriously.

Trapped for the moment, Harry could only stand there and admire her at her work. Every time she turned to grab another glass, he was treated to the sight of her shapely backside and it was quite the sight. He was lulled as she started humming to herself. The minutes ticked by slowly as he was even careful of his breathing so as not to be caught.

That turned out to be done in vain when she suddenly said to the air, "You know, you can take that cloak off whenever you like, Harry."

His eyes bulged in shock, but he didn't listen right away. Rosmerta scoffed in his direction, "Oh, come on now. I know you're there, handsome."

Slowly he pulled the liquid fabric off his shoulders and offered the innkeeper an uncertain smile, "Morning, Madam Rosmerta."

"Abigail, dear, or Abby, whichever you prefer." She said turning back to put the last mug on the shelf behind her. She leaned over the bar and he was treated to more than just a hint of her bosom, "Now what should I do with you?"

"I'm just heading back up to the castle." He insisted.

"Oh, is that all? After breaking a slew of rules to come down here to begin with." She gave him a wry laugh, "If I'm honest, I'm surprised you're even awake, much less have the energy to walk all the way back to the castle."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Don't play dumb, Harry." Abby shook her head, "It doesn't suit you. You came down here to fuck the brains out of those two veelas pretty little heads. And if the sounds they were making were anything to go by, you did a damn fine job of it."

"The rooms..."

"Are silenced, yes, to other customers." He paled at those words, "I need to know if there's an emergency, so I paid a charms master to make me the exception."

"So..."

"I've heard the thumping and the moans... every time you've visited. Gotta say, wasn't expecting you to stay the night this time." She was smiling at him, highly amused by his obvious blush, "It's funny though, I'd be able to tell you were here anyway just because of the way they glow."

"Right... uh... sorry, I suppose." Harry said awkwardly. He certainly hadn't been expecting to have this conversation this morning.

"Oh, why?"

"For..." He wasn't sure what to say. He just thought apologizing was the right thing to do given the circumstances.

"You're not the first student to have a tumble in one of my rooms... trust me I could tell you some stories." she chuckled at her own memories, "But most of them aren't nearly so... enduring, or vigorous as you. It's always a coin toss whether the girls leave disappointed afterward, but not with you." Abigail threw him a wicked sultry look, and it went right to his groin, "Listening to you go at it is better than reading any Playewitch."

He could see her nipples poking against the fabric of her dress, as she stared wistfully at him, "Do you know what I was doing while you were busy railing those two gorgeous young girls last night, Harry?" The way she said his name was absolutely sinful.

"No, but I want you to tell me." Harry was shocked by the turn this conversation was taking, but he didn't have the slightest problem with it. Walking over to the bar, he leaned on it right across from the curvaceous innkeeper.

They were just inches apart from one another. Her eyes drifted down to his lips, "I slept... well I say slept, but I didn't get much sleeping done." She bit her lip as Harry brought a hand up to fiddle with the strap of her dress, "I was too busy playing with myself. Every time you ravished one of them, I was three knuckles deep in my pussy. Or wand deep. Or even using a conjured toy once. Fucking myself in time with your thrusts. When you went slow... I went slow... when you went fast... I hammered away until I squirted all over the bed."

"Every time?" His fingers moved from the strap of her dress down to the curve of her full, soft tit. Her breath hitched as his fingers slid beneath the thin material and tweaked one of her stiff nipples.

"Fuck yes... I don't know how you managed to go so long... but, I wasn't about to miss out." He had the older woman all hot and bothered, she was panting against his cheek.

Leaning in, he felt her shiver as he whispered in her ear, "It seems so unfair that you had to take care of yourself when so much potential was just on the other side of the wall." She nodded her head eagerly, "Do you want a taste of what you were missing out on, Abigail?" It was a rhetorical question, because he wasn't waiting for an answer. With an ease that showed his athleticism, he hopped over the bar and was stood right next to the buxom barmaid.

Abigail gasped as he slid his hand behind her neck and pulled her in for a kiss. She melted into it, humming low in the back of her throat. Harry reached down and squeezed one of her wide bum cheeks and made her squeal into his mouth.

Pulling away, she was blushing like a schoolgirl all because of a schoolboy, "Damn, they taught you well... and that was just a kiss."

Harry chuckled against her jaw as he kissed along it down to her neck, "I'll be sure to tell them."

"I'd wager..." she took a sharp breathy as he nipped at her sensitive skin, "they probably already know."

"Probably, but everybody likes to hear of a job well done." Without warning, he pulled down the top of her dress and revealed her full, pale tits. Her areola were small and crinkled, no bigger than a knut while her nipples were long and stiff, begging for some attention.

Harry was happy to give it to them, leaning down he sucked the nub between his teeth and bit down ever so gently, "Oh fuck... that's amazing." The Madam didn't seem interested in being nothing more than a bystander as her slender fingers rubbed his bulge through his trousers, "And that feels... very promising."

Harry licked around her sensitive nipple, and looked up into her pale-green eyes, "I think you should take it out, Abigail." She didn't need to be told twice as she eagerly undid the snap of his trousers and pushed

them down his legs. It made it impossible for him to keep worshipping her wonderful tits, but there was still so much more to enjoy.

His cock bobbed out of his trousers and thwacked against her belly. Her pretty dress was stained with a bead of his crystal-clear precum, "Oh Merlin," Abigail stared down at his raging erection adoringly, "I thought it had to be big. Skill counts for a lot, but the way they were... I figured it had to be that wonderful combination..." she was speaking to herself more than him and she trailed off as she toyed with the leaking head, "Going to be one hell of a tight fit."

Harry snorted out a laugh, "We'll make it fit."

"Oh, I know." She turned her back to him and leaned her upper body over the bar, presenting her thick, voluptuous bum to him, "You're just going to have to go slow... at least at first. It's been a while, and even longer since I had one that big."

Harry pushed her dress up so he had the best possible view of her peachy behind and took his member in hand, "No knickers, aren't you just a perfect, slutty barmaid?"

"I am today." Abigail said breathily, incredibly eager for what was coming.

Nestling his swollen glands between her cushiony cheeks, he slid his length between them, teasing her terribly, "I wonder, how many students have you had before?"

Abigail looked back at him sharply, "None."

He smacked her ass with his heavy cock, drawing a lewd moan from her, "Really, never once." She nodded back at him, biting on her lip, "Slutty barmaid with no one to take care of her needs. How horrible."

"You could take care of me right now, you big-dicked bastard." She growled out, losing her patience.

He angled his cock down to her dripping slit, and rested his cock at her entrance. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she slapped a hand down on the hardwood of the bar as he burrowed inch after inch of his length into her welcoming tunnel, "Well, if you insist."

"Oh gods!" He was about halfway in when she squealed, unable to contain herself. Her tunnel was ridiculously wet already, covering his veiny shaft in her juices. H

"You were right, that is quite a tight fit." Harry teased her, blowing on her neck and making her shiver as he continued that first tortuously long stroke, "When was the last time anyone was in this tight, little cunt?"

"A year, probably more." Abigail said, face going red with effort, "And it... fuck... wasn't like this."

He took that as a compliment, "Shame, a body like this should be getting fucked more often than once a year."

"Most lads... just aren't worth it." He bottomed out then with an inch of his cock still out in the air of the bar. He wasn't concerned with it though.

Grabbing her hips, he stood up to his full height. Abigail tried to stand on tiptoes, but he was too tall and she was held up by only him and the bar, "Well, I'd be happy to be the exception."

Her eyes were closed, but she nodded her head eagerly, "Bloody hell, yes. You haven't even started fucking me yet and I'm right on the edge."

Harry corrected that criminal injustice in the next second, pulling his cock free of her heat slowly. When only his bulbous crown was still hugged by her snug lips, he pushed forward and filled her. Her legs dangled helplessly as he thrust into her grippy tunnel.

*Smack... Smack.. Smack.* Words became difficult for his partner then as he started plowing her into the bar. He found a steady rhythm, not too fast but not too slow either, that had her teetering over the edge in just a few short minutes. Their bodies clapped together as his thick cock was covered in a fresh coating of her creamy cum. It gathered at the base of his cock as her pussy tried to milk his cock for everything she was worth. It trickled down the length of her thick thighs, all the way to her toes and dripped down to the floor beneath them.

Abigail screamed and shook, red in the face, as her legs shook and shuddered in the air. She spasmed and kicked back at him as she tried to find anything to grab onto to temper the pleasure he was pulling from her body. Her arms gave out as she draped her entire upper body across the bar. He gave her gentle, full strokes as she rode out the waves of her peak. She muttered something into the wood of the bar that he couldn't quite make out.

Grabbing her blonde tresses, he pulled her back. He kissed at her ear, and asked, "What darling?" Her back was bowed obscenely, and he was impressed with her flexibility.

"Turn... me... over." Her eyes were wide, but almost unseeing as she shook with a mini orgasm. Without even pulling his cock free, he spun her around, and that was an entirely new feeling. Her clutching hole felt incredible twisting around his shaft.

Abigail squeaked in surprise, but moaned when she felt him drive his cock all the way to the balls inside of her. Between her orgasm and the new position, he was able to get his cock that last inch and his bollocks were resting against the swell of her bum.

"You're... incredible." She pushed herself up on her elbows to look down at where they were connected, "Fucking hell..." Her pretty dress was around her waist like a belt, but that didn't stop her from seeing the way her womb bulged ever so slightly from the intrusion of his cock.

Harry wasn't in the mood to wait any longer, he grabbed her shoulder with one hand and pinched her nipple between his fingers with the other. He pulled on the stiff nub, and started thrusting into her harder, more insistent, trying to chase his own pleasure now. The bar creaked slightly from the strength of the thrusts.

Abigail stared up at him with adoring eyes and an O-ed out mouth. Her pillowy bust rippled like jelly with every body-shaking connection. Her eyes grew glassy, and fluttered shut as he felt her spasm around his cock again within a few short minutes, her voice was weak and gravely when she said, stunned, "How... are you even... real?" He released her shoulder and gathered her legs, pressing them together made her grippy tunnel even tighter.

He fucked the older woman into a stupor, her head lolling back as the pleasure. She became very aware when she felt his cock swell inside of her, ready to flood her womb with, "Fucking... cover me."

"You want that... young cum, Abigail?"

"I want... that young cum all over my big tits... and my pretty face... and then I'm going to lick up... every drop."

*Pop.* He pulled his cock free of her grippy tunnel and there was a wet splash as her plugged pussy released more of her girlcum to the floor. Aiming his angry, purple cockhead right at her as it swelled. His bollocks pulled tight to his body as his thick, white seed exploded from the slit. The first rope went all the way to her face, and forced her to shut her eye as it drew a line from her hair all the way to her mouth and down to her puffy mound.

By the time he was done with her, he did exactly what she asked and covered her. Her dress was sticky with his seed, but she didn't care one bit. True to her word, Abigail scraped his seed from her body and sucked it into her hungry mouth.

The taste sent her through another orgasm. When she looked at him again, it was as though he was an angel, "Merlin... those girls must be absolutely addicted. Even your fucking cum is delicious." She gave him a smirk, "I'm going to have to thank them."

Harry furrowed his brow in confusion, "Sorry?"

"Oh, this was their idea." She pushed up on shaky arms, and reached for his still hard cock, "They may have known that I was on the other side of the wall last night too."

As her warm mouth engulfed his crown and she started lashing at him with her tongue, he just ran a hand through his hair, stunned. *Well, Anya did say I'd find some pretty witch to help me get a load out. I just didn't expect that she'd arrange it for me.*

He made it to dueling practice with ten minutes to spare after their second round ended with her taking his whole load down her throat. It was only Orina and Anya who noticed the slight hitch in the innkeeper's steps as she worked behind the bar later that night. Neither could hide their beaming grins at the sight.