

They were sitting against the wall of the Great Hall, just near the door. Harry had Susan on one side and Ginny on the other, Luna was just to the other side of Ginny. They were waiting for their friends to finish with their testing for the academic tournament. They weren't the only ones either. There were people from all three schools there to support their classmates. The entrance was quite full because of it.

"I honestly don't know why they would do this to themselves." Susan said with a shake of her head.

"I know," Harry chuckled, "they've been in there for three hours. I'd be pulling my hair out by now."

"Who knows, they might be?" Ginny remarked, "If Hermione ran into something she didn't know... I can imagine she'd take a few strands out at least. It'll probably only be worse once she's done." She was reading over a parchment of Luna's, she pointed to something and turned to the blonde, "I think you might want to add a bit more to the conclusion, Luna."

Meanwhile, Harry looked at her blankly, "She's going to spend the rest of the day in the library after this is over, isn't she?"

"You mean checking and double-checking her answers? Yes, yes, she is."

"You'd think she'd be more confident in herself," Luna said, handing Ginny back her own assignment, complete with a few little marks of correction that were necessary, "She has fewer wrackspurts rattling around her head than just about anyone in the castle."

"She does have an amazing ability to focus, so I can't say that I'm surprised."

Luna smiled slightly at his easy acceptance just as the doors opened and some frankly harried looking students stepped out. The first through fourth years flowed out of the hall, all ninety plus of them across the three schools. Those gathered actually started cheering for them, much to their surprise. People didn't often take as much of an interest in academics as they did in quidditch or dueling, after all. T

hey all stood as Hermione was one of the first ones out, "So, how was it?" The other fourth years followed not far behind her. Susan made her way over to Daphne and Hannah, while Ginny moved over to Demelza and Sigrid.

"Comprehensive... and difficult." She told them off-hand, mind clearly elsewhere. Padma followed just behind her and nodded her agreement "I need to go to the library."

"Hermione, you've spent more time in the library than anyone. Surely, it's time to take a break, yeah?" Harry tried to reason with her, knowing that it was a likely futile attempt.

"I'll take a break tomorrow," she told him dismissively, "I want to go and check some things while it's still fresh."

"Right," *As though she would forget any of it anyway.* He shook his head, faint smile on his lips. *I wasn't expecting anything less, but it was still worth a try.* "Congratulations on finishing this first event of the tournament."

That got a smile from her, "Thanks." With that she headed toward the staircase and the library.

"I don't know where she gets the bloody energy," Padma muttered with a shake of her head, "My brain feels fried. I'm just glad that I was smart enough to finish all my weekend assignments last night. Because I'm going to head back to Ravenclaw Tower to relax... and sleep... probably until dinner tomorrow."

Harry chuckled, "From everything you've said, this is going to be the worst of it. Might want to work on your stamina though, Pads."

She frowned but her eyes were smiling, "What? How to do you develop the stamina for three hours of rigorous testing?"

Harry shrugged, "Don't know, but I imagine it will come in handy for OWLs next year."

She gave him an impish smile, "You might just be right there, Harry. I'll be sure to work on my stamina in the future." Leaning up, she pecked him on the cheek, "But I really am tired, so I'll see you later." Hooking her arm with Luna's, she led the younger girl away.

The Entrance Hall cleared out rather quickly, "Mad the both of them, I swear." Ginny said fondly, coming to stand at his side. Demelza and Sigrid were walking together out to the grounds, talking amongst themselves, "They're still discussing the questions, trying to figure out where they might've gone wrong."

It seemed that most of the examinees were happy to get as far from the Great Hall as they could, as quickly as they could. Hannah and Daphne dragged Susan along toward the kitchens. Dinner wasn't for an hour or so yet, and he could imagine that they were hungry.

"Well, looks like it's just the two of us." Ginny smiled up at him, "Any idea what we could get up to?"

There was one thing he'd been considering, but it was dependent on what everyone was up to after the testing. He leaned into her conspiratorially, "I was thinking of going down to Hogsmeade."

Ginny looked up at him with big, amber eyes, "Yeah?"

"Yep," he gave her a smile, "I know you said you wouldn't mind coming along the next time and well... it's not the next time but..."

"Seriously?" Her voice was hopeful and eager.

"Yep, definitely not next time. More like the fourth." That did nothing to dissuade her. If anything, it just made her more excited.

"That's not what I meant."

"I know what you meant, and yes, I'm serious." Harry wanted to introduce his friends to Orina and Anya properly. They'd heard stories of course, and even seen them in passing during the first Hogsmeade trip, but something deep down really made him want to do it right. *And that something has absolutely nothing to do with that insane dream I had.*

And he knew, even once they met Orina and Anya, there was the separate issue of sitting all the ladies he'd been with down and having an honest discussion about just what was going on. *That might have to wait until I know exactly what's going on myself. Hopefully, Iliyana has made some progress on that issue.*

Ginny grabbed his arm and pulled him toward the stairs, "We should get going then."

"It's a bit of a long walk."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to make you carry me this time." Ginny shot back at him. They didn't even need to go back to Gryffindor Tower. He'd had the foresight to bring the invisibility cloak along. And while it was no longer big enough to cover him and Ron both under it completely, Ginny was quite a lot smaller. *And far more pleasant to be pressed against.* And besides, they could always cast a Disillusionment Charm if they needed to.

They made their way to the statue of the One-Eyed Witch. They passed a few people on the way, but no one stopped them. They checked the corridor before Harry whispered *Dissendium* and opened the passage. Ginny jumped down the slide without hesitation.

Looking around the narrow passage, she whistled and threw him a cheeky smile, "You take girls to the nicest places, Potter."

"Oh, quiet you. Or I'll send you right on up to Gryffindor Tower." Harry replied, amused.

"You wouldn't." She challenged him, standing on tiptoes to look more intimidating. It lost its effect when she blew some strands of her flaming red hair out of her eyes.

He poked her on the nose, much to her annoyance, "You're right. I wouldn't. Now let's get going."

They started walking in comfortable silence for the first few minutes, "So... what are Orina and Anya like? You haven't really told me much about them." He could sense the redhead's eager nervousness.

"Sorry about that," He rubbed the back of his neck, "I don't like talking about them where just anyone can hear and we haven't had any time alone since you ambushed me in the showers." The fact that his exploits hadn't been the talk of the school since the start of the year spoke volumes about the girls he'd been with. He knew there were plenty that would be bragging about it from the top of the Astronomy Tower if they'd been in any of those girls' shoes.

"I totally get it, Harry. You don't need to apologize. Merlin knows, you're the talk of the school too often for your own good as it is." She nudged his arm with her shoulder, "And I wouldn't say ambushed. I just joined you to make sure we were both as clean as possible. It's always easier when there's someone there to wash your back for you."

"Been in many showers with someone else to know that?" He teased.

"Nope, It's just common sense."

"I'm sure that's only reason to do it with a partner, right?" They both chuckled slightly at that, before Harry continued, "Anya and Orina are brilliant. They're kind and loving and just easy to talk to and..."

"Clearly make you very happy," she was smiling at him, a small genuine one at the happiness in his voice, "You've been more at ease since you met them. And confident. Which honestly, has only added to the sexiness." *There was more to that than just them, but they've certainly been instrumental in it.*

"You make me happy to you know?" Harry asked, a hint of concern tinging his voice.

“Oh, I know.” Ginny turned to look him right in the eye, “Just like I know we’re not the only ones. Don’t worry, I’m not jealous. Well maybe a little bit,” she gave him a little wink, “but not because they make you happy. More because you’ve been able to come down here four times to see them. And it’s been weeks since I’ve gotten a proper moment alone with you.”

“Says the girl who snuck into my dorm.”

Ginny snorted, “Didn’t hear you complaining. And you weren’t exactly awake when I did that.”

They chatted about nothing and everything until they neared the end of the passage. Ginny piped up with, “Have you thought about bringing some brooms down here? Would definitely cut down on the travel time. Could probably be down here in a few minutes.”

“Bit of a tight squeeze, don’t you think?”

“Oh come on, we both know that you wouldn’t have any trouble.”

“It’s not a bad idea.” He agreed, “I’ll give it some thought. A couple of old Cleansweeps wouldn’t cost too much.”

“Just a thought.” She told him as they reached the hatch that led up into Honeydukes.

“Cloak or charm?” he asked, pulling out the translucent material.

“Cloak, the charm makes me itch.” He didn’t question why she, a third year, had cast the charm or more likely had it cast on her. *Probably helping the twins with some mischief*, “Besides, it’s more fun trying not to get caught underneath the cloak than the charm.”

“And the fact we’ll be pressed together has absolutely nothing to do with it?” He asked deadpan.

Ginny smiled unrepentantly, “I can think of worse ways to spend the evening.”

“True,” he moved up the ladder to the hatch and peaked underneath to see that the store room was empty, “Alright, coast is clear. Come on.” Once they had the secret passage shut behind them, Harry pulled Ginny in front of him and draped the cloak over them. They walked together up the stairs, taking a moment to get the rhythm right. They opened the storeroom door quietly to find a largely empty sweet shop.

“You’re done for the day, Orina dear. You already clocked out and I’ve told you plenty, we don’t want your work for free. I can finish everything else up on my own. Your treats were a wonderful success... as always.” Mrs. Flume’s footsteps carried down from the stairs to their apartment above their sweet shop as she made her way down.

“Thank you,” Orina was just finishing the count at the till. She reached behind herself to untie her apron, “All done, have wonderful evening Mrs. Flume.”

“You too, dear.”

There was only one customer in the shop, an old witch looking at the Chocolate Frogs. As Orina moved out from behind the counter, Harry and Ginny pushed out of the storeroom right next to her.

Whispering, he got close enough that she could hear him, “Orina...”

The young veela jumped in surprise, drawing the attention of their only customer, but she quickly went back to what she was looking at. A big smile broke out onto Orina's face and she gestured for the to follow as she headed toward the door with him. Once they were outside, she spoke to the air quietly, "Hello handsome, wasn't expecting you tonight. Not sure how you snuck up on me, usually I can feel you with my allure when you're nearby."

"It's quite a special cloak." It was the truth, Harry knew. No invisibility cloak should last for generations. *Not to mention, it completely hides the people beneath it, better than the charm could ever hope to. Well except for our shoes if we're not careful.*

"I would agree. Come, Anya should be at inn already." Harry had to nudge Ginny slightly to get her moving as she was staring at Orina. They followed behind the beautiful woman toward the Three Broomsticks. Slipping in behind her, the pub was probably half full with witches and wizards, and a couple of families all eating their dinners. Rosmerta was bustling about behind the bar, filling mugs with butterbeer.

Noticing Orina, she greeted her, "Hello there, long day?"

"Long, but fun... as always." Orina smiled. From everything she'd told Harry, she did truly enjoy her job. Baking was a passion that she was happy to spend her days doing.

"Well, you just missed Anya. Should be upstairs. Gonna come down to eat?" Rosmerta stepped from behind the bar and started handing out full, frothing mugs of butterbeer.

"Maybe later, might just order for the room instead tonight," Orina walked toward the stairs.

"Of course, just let me know."

Harry and Ginny had to dodge a gruff-looking wizard, who might have already had a bit too much to drink as he stood hurriedly to get to the loo. But they managed easily enough and followed Orina upstairs where it was quieter. The wood creaked beneath them, but nobody noticed the extra footsteps and they reached the girls' room without any trouble.

Stepping inside, Anya was lounging on the bed, eyes scanning over a magazine. She was wearing an overly big shirt and a small pair of pajama bottoms. Her eyes went to the door as it opened, "There you are. How much extra time did you give Flumes tonight, half-hour or more?"

"Twenty minutes," Orina admitted, unconcerned. While Anya didn't mind Sprintwitches, she wasn't as passionate about it as Orina was about baking for the Flumes, "I have surprise for you."

"Oh," that got the other veela's attention. She threw down the magazine and bounced forward on the bed, "What is it?" She was probably expecting something delicious from the oven at Honeydukes.

"Best surprise, I would say." With that Harry threw the cloak off of him and Ginny, both girls eyes immediately went to the short redhead and their smiles grew bigger and slightly predatory, "Vell, two surprises apparently."

Anya jumped off the bed excited, her allure emanating out of her without any thought. It had Ginny staring at her as she approached, her breathing quickening slightly. His first lover leaned up and pulled him into a kiss, "We have missed you."

"You always say that," He replied cheekily.

"That's because it's always true." Orina retorted, looking not at him but at Ginny, "And who is your friend?"

"This is Ginny." Harry introduced her.

"Ah, this is Ginny." Orina stepped closer to her, fingers coming up to play with a loose strand of vivid red hair, "He has told us about you. I remember seeing you at Honeydukes. I thought it was you then, just the hair gave it away. You were right, it's like fire."

"Hello," The redhead managed to find her voice. Whatever the allure was doing to her, she managed to fight through it admirably, "It's... nice to meet you both. Harry's had nothing but good things to say about you." Her recovery didn't change the fact that he could see her nipples poking against the front of her black, long-sleeved shirt as he stood behind her. It was quite easy since she was short enough that he could look right over her head.

"Likewise," Anya replied from behind her, still kissing at Harry's neck, "you play quidditch as well, no?" They both loved to fly, and were fans of the game, but Anya was the biggest lover of quidditch out of the two.

"I do," Ginny replied easily as Orina grabbed her hand and pulled her over to the bed, "I'm a chaser though."

"He says you are best chaser he knows." Anya leaned against Harry's shoulder, ceasing her kisses, and looked at the pair as they sat on the bed. Even when they weren't making love, or properly fucking for that matter, both Orina and Anya could be quite touchy. It was something he'd grown used to.

"That's just him being nice," Ginny's breathing was a little erratic, as Orina seemed fascinated by the younger woman, "He's met Moran for Merlin's sake."

"You'll be better than Moran one day." Harry cut in, and Ginny smiled at him, genuinely touched.

Anya wasn't doing much better than her friend as her eyes never left Ginny even as she touched and kissed him, "We look forward to seeing you play...both of you play next week."

Ginny's eyes finally broke away from Orina as they darted over to Anya, "You're coming to the first match?" She got two nodded heads in response, "We'll have to do our best to put on a show then." Her breath hitched slightly as Orina dropped a hand to her thigh.

Orina giggled, light and musical, "Oh, I'm sure you both will be brilliant."

"I wouldn't mind a show now, too." Anya muttered against his shoulder, looking at him meaningfully. While he knew full well that was the most likely outcome of their visit, he hadn't expected either of his two lovers to be quite so... forward. *Though, I probably should have. They've made it quite clear that they're creatures of passion. Why would this be any different?*

Orina reached up and played with the material of Ginny's shirt, "You know he didn't just tell us about your quidditch prowess?"

“No?” Ginny licked her lips and turned to look at the veela who was so tantalizingly close to her, “He probably mentioned my Bat-Bogey Hex too, right? Made Malfoy scream like a little girl on the Express.”

Anya snorted out a laugh, “Yes, he might’ve mentioned that as well. Said something about never wanting it directed his way. If the boy is anything like his father, I can say I would have done same... or worse.” Her hand glowed briefly red against his chest.

Scowling slightly at the mention of Lucius, it was quickly wiped away by a gasp as Orina cupped Ginny’s breast through her shirt, “He did tell us all about that, yes. He also told us about the way you... helped him at... the Burrow, he said it was call... when no one else could.”

“Oh, yes,” Anya chimed in, “he was quite explicit about what wonderfully naughty girl you became once you had his cock in your hand.” Ginny was staring at him, mouth open and panting. The look sent a throb right down to his cock that Anya wasn’t helping in the slightest by scratching her nails across his chest.

“And then the way you sucked him off in bathroom the day of the trial... and with your parents only few floors below. Quite daring.” Orina’s fingers slid along Ginny’s shoulder and down her side to the hem of her shirt. Her hand moved back up, pushing the material upward and revealing the hint of Ginny’s abs.

“I... uh... I figured he could use a little stress relief.”

“Plus, you really wanted to.” Orina teased her.

“Yes,” Ginny nodded staring at the older woman like she was the most beautiful thing in the world, “I **really** wanted to.”

“I imagine it is struggle not to climb into his bed every night when you’re just next tower over.” Orina straddled Ginny’s waist and grabbed at the hem of her shirt, pulling it over the athletic redhead’s head. It left her torso bare save a crimson red bra.

Harry hissed as Anya reached down into his trousers and fisted his hardening cock, “Especially after the way he tormented you in practice showers. So cruel...”

“That was... totally worth it. And I think about going over there every... night. Even did it once.” Ginny admitted with a needy gasp as Orina cupped one of her breasts in each hand. Her bra was pulled down so that her poking nipples were exposed to the cool air.

“Oh? That is story we haven’t heard.” Orina pushed Ginny onto her back and slid down the bed until her knees touched the floor.

*Snap.* Anya undid the button of his trousers as she grinded her crotch against the side of his thigh. She was enthralled watching her dearest friend working on the redhead, but that didn’t mean that she was going to leave him unattended.

The older of the two veela peeled Ginny’s trousers down her legs, leaving her in nothing but her bra and matching knickers. Her head popped off the bed as Orina placed her hand flat against her sex, a wet patch formed on the thin material immediately. Anya breathed heavily against his neck, “Fuck, look at that... she’s so wet.”

Harry could relate, as his own cock leaked a bead of precum that dropped to the floor. Orina threw a wicked look back over her shoulder, eyes darting to his jutting cock, “Can you blame her. She’s been

waiting months for him.” It was true. Every time he’d been with any of his girls, and they were his girls, something urged him not to take things too far. Not that they hadn’t had plenty of fun, but he’d only ever fucked Anya and Orina.

“Years.” Ginny corrected her, eyes fixated on Harry’s cock. Her hand skimmed down her taut belly down to the waistband of her panties, but Orina grabbed her hand before she could get to her sex.

“Years.” Orina corrected with a chuckle, “Such devotion deserves to be rewarded. And I think now is the perfect time for it.”

“But he’s so big,” Anya cut in as she stroked his cock to full hardness, “Vill he even fit?”

“Oh, we’ll make him fit.” Orina pulled Ginny’s panties down her muscled thighs, and they dropped to the ground, leaving her puffy pussy mound with her neatly trimmed pubic patch of coarse red hair on display, “Just have to make sure they’re both ready, no?” Then without any further teasing, she buried her tongue in Ginny’s sex. The redhead released a deep guttural moan as her leg came up to wrap around Orina’s shoulder. Her eyes closed, one hand going to Orina’s hair while the other fistfisted the sheets.

Anya dropped to her knees and took Harry into her mouth, lavishing his knob with attention. Her tongue flicked against the underside of his cock as she glided along his swollen flesh. She bobbed back and forth, using more spit than he could ever remember before as she got him properly covered.

“Oh... fuck... yes!” Ginny’s voice was strained, tinged with lust, “Right there! Please!” Orina didn’t need to be told twice. The grip she had on the older woman hair only tightened as she squirmed on the bed.

Without stopping her bobbing, Anya pulled his trousers off. Her multitasking ability was honestly impressive even with his cock buried in her throat. Especially since she never took her sapphire eyes off him as she did it. He pulled his shirt over his head and rested his hand in her silver-blond locks as she worshipped his cock.

They only had to wait a few short minutes before Orina brought Ginny to her first peak. The redhead cried out, a roar of pure pleasure. Her chest and face were flushed as her head lolled back to the sheets beneath her.

Anya pulled free of his cock, and stroked her spittle into his flesh as she went down to his balls and started sucking on each one in turn, distending the heavy orbs from his body slightly as she suckled and licked them. When she felt him throb and release another bead of precum, her hand gathered the slick liquid and worked it into his cock with the rest. He was glistening, and there was a bit of spit staining the top of her blouse, “Your balls are so full.” She told him with her cheek pressed against his shaft, “You have so much for her... and for us.” With one last tug, she stood up and pulled him by his cock toward Ginny.

Licking her lips, Orina looked a woman pleased with a job well done. Given that Ginny’s sex was visibly glistening with arousal, as were the tops of her thighs, he could understand the look. Both veela moved to the bed and laid on either side of Ginny. They stripped themselves quickly, but somehow still sexily as hell. They pressed their naked breasts into each of the redhead’s sides. Seemingly unable to stop themselves, they ran their hands along her, “Your body is beautiful.” Anya told her, kissing her neck.



“So tight... and tiny...” Orina commented tracing her finger around Ginny’s abs. The younger woman’s blush only grew at the compliments, and coming from two such stunning creatures, it really was a compliment.

“Tha... thank you.”

“Oh, no need to thank us. It’s the truth. Harry has knack for picking beautiful women it would seem. Orina shot him a wicked smile as her finger trailed down Ginny’s mound right over her sex and too Harry’s bulbous cockhead. Grabbing him, she slid him through the witch’s hugging, swollen lips. He could only groan at the feel against his cock.

Suddenly, Ginny only had eyes for his cock and where it was about to go. Anya leaned in and whispered against her ear, “Are you ready?”

Nodding, she dropped her fingers to his crown, and touching him right along with Orina, “I’ve wanted this for so long.”

“He’s going to stretch you, maybe even break you.” That only seemed to titillate her more, “You won’t want anyone else after this.”

“Nothing... nothing new there.” Her amber eyes met Harry’s as she beamed up at him. As they placed him at the precipice together, Harry couldn’t contain himself anymore. Pushing himself the first few inches into her tunnel, he broke her hymen with that firm thrust. Ginny squeaked slightly, but there were no tears as she adjusted to his size. He wasn’t sure if it would still be there, he’d heard athletes could sometimes break them and he knew that Ginny had played with herself more than enough as well, so he wouldn’t be surprised if she’d broken it during her self-exploration.

Ginny was warm and tight, and he rubbed a thumb against her foot as her face scrunched up. She was trying to get accustomed to his intrusion, “Holy... that’s definitely bigger... than my fingers.” Her hand moved to his abs, fingertips just grazing against them, “I’m okay... I’m okay...thought would be worse honestly... please... more.... I want all of you...” Her pussy was just as small as the rest of her and hugged his tip like a silken glove.

He slowly drove his cock deeper into her body. While he’d been both Anya and Orina’s first, their bodies were built for the carnal, not to mention the Lust Potion, so he hadn’t been nearly as careful. He wanted Ginny’s first time to be fantastic, and that couldn’t happen if she was in pain. The allure in the room became pressing, and whatever pain she felt dissipated entirely as the euphoria of it washed over all four of them. Both girls gave him a little wink as they made the moment that much better.

They both groaned as his balls rested against the cheeks of her firm, perky bum. Her tunnel spasmed and squeezed even tighter around him, as she quaked through her first cock-induced orgasm. The lines of her abs went from faint to obvious, as she flexed with the pleasure. A small squirt of her juices escaped the seal of her sex and left glistening drips on both of them. Her eyes were glazed over in pleasure as she stared down at her stomach, “It’s so... deep. And it feels so... fucking good.”

“Is it as good as you imagined?” Anya asked, reaching up to tweak one of her nipples.

“Better... so much better.” Her pupils were so big that the amber in her eyes was just a thin band.

Orina's fingers spread apart on either side of his cock as she grinded her palm down into the top of Ginny's sex, "Just wait... it's only going to get better." With both of his veela lovers looking up at him, he started moving his hips.

Her clutching tunnel had no desire to let him go. The lips of her pussy pulled away slightly with him. He grabbed ahold of her knees before he pushed his hips forward, it was accompanied by a wet squelch and a meaty thwack as his balls bounced off Ginny's bum. The little redhead stared open-mouthed; eyes fixed on where his cock was reshaping her pussy.

His movement were steady as she got used to having a cock inside of her for the first time. Her body rocked with every clap of his hips. Her creamy, perky tits rippled and the enticing little buds proved too much for Anya as she leaned down to capture one of them nipples between her teeth.

Orina whispered into her ear, not loud enough that he could hear, but he could imagine the lewd things that were coming from her mouth as she touched the redhead everywhere she could. It was driving them both higher and higher with need, but Ginny wasn't conditioned to it the way he was and she came around his cock again and then again. Her mind was going numb from the heights of carnal pleasure they were subjecting her to.

His shaft was swollen and red but covered with her shiny juices as she soaked the sheet beneath her bum. Without warning he grabbed her at the waist and popped himself free of her sheath, he spun her around and was treated to the sight of her fantastic, well-sculpted bum. He'd stared at it more than enough on the quidditch pitch and now he wanted to watch bounce as he fucked her wonderful little pussy.

Ginny tried to hold herself up on her arms, but they were weak from her climax, so she ended up with her face pressed into the mattress and her back arched obscenely. It looked incredible and only got better when Orina moved to cradle her head in her lap and Anya moved to essentially pin Ginny's chest into the mattress, she gave him a cheeky smile, "Don't want her going anywhere and it gives me best view."

Draping her body over Ginny's back, her head rested on the younger girl's bum as she reached for his cock and brought it back to the welcoming heat that was waiting for him. His flared crown split her tight lips open again and she felt even better in this position.

Ginny moaned deep and wanton into the skin of Orina's thigh, she was kissing and licking there absently, but not actually eating her out. She was too focused on the pleasure coming from her hugging, cum-hungry hole to even attempt it.

It didn't take him long to fuck her through another orgasm. Something about it being Ginny's first time made him want to hold off even longer, so without any trouble he kept sawing into her beautiful behind. He smacked his hand against the firm cheeks and Anya giggled as she kissed the red handprint he left, "She's absolutely gushing, it's **so** fucking sexy."

Ginny was mumbling, "So fucking good... just need your cum... please give me your cum.... I **need** to feel you fill me."

There was a part of him that was reluctant, knowing they hadn't cast the spell and she wasn't exactly thinking straight, but Anya put his mind at ease, "We are veela, our magic is based in passion. It extends

to sex as well and not just our own, but our partners. If you don't want her to get pregnant, she won't. So, fill her up with every drop."

*That explains a lot, because we haven't exactly been careful.* Still given that reassurance, he had no qualms with burying himself balls deep inside of Ginny's gripping sheath. His shaft swelled inside of her and she felt him throb as the first ropes of cum traveled up his shaft. The air was thick with magic as he started filling her.

"Fuck! Yes! It's... so warm... yes. Thank you... thank you... than..." The second the first rope of his cum battered the back of her pussy, she started cumming again. Her body couldn't keep up with all the pleasure and her mind went blank even as he continued filling her past what her womb could possibly handle. Her oversensitive little sheath didn't stop flexing and pulling on his cock even after she lost consciousness. It wanted every drop he could give. Finally finished, he pulled free of her used sex.

*Glop.* A mixture of his thick seed and her juices leaked from her hole and dropped to the floor. Anya caught the next drop before it could fall and brought it to her lips, her eyes rolled to the back of her head at the taste, "You taste good in her."

"I like her." Orina said as she stroked Ginny's vibrant hair, "You pick well. She handled it beautifully" She dropped a hand down to her own sex as she eyed his still hard cock, "Now, come here. You're not nearly done yet."

By the time they were done, they'd all missed dinner, not that any of them seemed to notice. He wouldn't be surprised if Orina and Anya could sustain themselves on sex. *They are creatures of passion as they keep reminding me.* Ginny managed to wake for another round and watched Harry with Orina and Anya intently. They had experience that she was more than willing to take advantage of.

Much as it would be wonderful to spend the night, Harry and Ginny both knew it wouldn't be wise. They'd already missed one meal, people would ask questions if they missed breakfast as well.

Disappointed but understanding, Orina and Anya kissed either of Ginny's cheeks as they hugged her, "It was truly pleasure to meet you."

Blushing, Ginny looked between them, "Yeah, you too." Orina let them into Honeydukes with her spare key. And locked it behind her as she returned to the Three Broomsticks.

They were maybe a quarter of the way back to Hogwarts and Harry found himself carrying Ginny again, "Thanks for the ride... again."

"Honestly, it's my pleasure." He chuckled back at her, "As good as you dreamed."

"I meant what I said, Harry. Way fucking better." They both had dopey grins on their faces at that.

But then something changed, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up as though in anticipation of danger. Ginny perked up on his back as well. *There's something wrong.* And then he felt the draw to get back to Orina and Anya. *So, this is what they meant when they said I'd know if they were in danger.*

"Go," Ginny seemed to know exactly what was going on and he didn't have the time to worry about how right then, "I'll just slow you down right now." Putting her down, he rushed the way he came.

