

Tired and sore, she floated down to the middle of the pitch. There was a horrible bruise forming on her ribs from a nasty bludger that'd been directed her way by the Portree beaters. Every breath felt labored as she joined her teammates and was pulled into the mass of bodies that were bouncing around in excitement.

The Harpies just won the British and Irish League Final, it was the fifth time in Ginny's fifteen year tenure with the team, and their third time consecutively. She was an old hand on the team now, vaunted in the British quidditch community. Three times she'd been league MVP. Six times she'd served on the English National Team, three times for the Euroleague and three times for the World Cup. She'd managed to win one of each and been named MVP in the last World Cup.

Everything she'd ever imagined accomplishing on the pitch had been done and then some. The years hadn't diminished any of her competitive fire, far from it. Every year she went into the season with a renewed desire to be the very best but... something about this victory just didn't feel quite the same. The season felt longer than any other she'd participated in. Every publicity event made her irritated and dealing with younger, cocky teammates had left her frustrated almost daily. *I can still fly circles around every one of them in my sleep.* They weren't all like that, one of them was genuinely interested and had looked up to her much the same way she'd looked up to Gwenog years before.

There was butterbeer and firewhiskey and even champagne waiting for them in the locker rooms, but Ginny paid them no mind. She headed straight to the team healer, and got her ribs taken care of before going to her locker to change.

Gwenog was no longer a player on the team, she'd transitioned to the manager two years prior, and she was the only person on the team who was still there from her first year. Quidditch wasn't a sport that often lent itself to exceptionally long careers, but Ginny had been relatively lucky.

The one-time beater gave her a smile as she lent against her locker, "Coming out to celebrate, Potter?"
"I don't think so, Gwen."

It was obvious from the look on the other woman's face that she'd been expecting that answer. "More important people to see, huh?"

Just the mention of her family brought a smile to her face, "Damn right." They both chuckled as she closed the locker and headed for the door.

Heading out the door, she did a brief media appearance, resisting the urge to curse Rita Skeeter when she had the audacity to ask about, 'her husband's mistress', before heading out down the player's tunnel. *Fucking bitch. You'd think after a decade she'd just let it go already. And calling her a mistress, how ridiculous.* Whatever frustrations she felt from dealing with the vultures went away quickly when she saw her five favorite people in the world waiting for her.

Harry was holding three-year-old Madeline Black over his head, making the young girl giggle. Her hair was a deep red, the recessive gene Harry had from his mother coming through, and her eyes were the same emerald-green as her father's. Ginny loved the little girl dearly, not that the same wasn't true for all the children in their little family. But something in her heart would ache just a little bit more when she saw him with Maddie. And she was mature enough to admit the reason why. *Maddie looks most like what one of our children probably would.*

Harry and Gabby's middle child, Aurelie, stood like a shadow by her oldest sister's side chattering on about the game. Estelle, now going on ten years old, handled her younger sister's idolization of her well. Listening to every word and trying to get a word in when her sister took a break to actually breathe.

A fond smile came to her lips without any thought as she walked toward her family. When they noticed her though, the girls screamed, "Ginny!" And charged at her with all the childish excitement they could muster. Little Madeline was forced to waddle behind her sisters after Harry placed her on the ground, but she waited and gathered them all in a hug.

"You scored so many goals!" Aurelie gushed, she was the biggest quidditch head of the girls, at least so far. Madeline was still a bit young to know for sure how interested she'd be, "It was like.... like you were the only player on the pitch! So awesome!" Aurelie was one fan whose enthusiasm never bothered her.

"And I scored all of them for you three!"

She heard Harry mutter to Gabrielle, "She used to score them for us, you know." Their veela lover giggled and slapped him in the chest.

"Congratulations!" Estelle said primly. She had all her mother's grace at just ten years old. *Well at least all the grace she shows to the rest of the world.*

"Thank you, sweetie." Ginny kissed the top of her head.

"Up. Up." The youngest girl demanded with a tug of her sleeve. Ginny laughed merrily as she reached down and picked up Madeline, carrying her on her hip toward Harry and Gabby. Their husband, because of course he'd been sure to make the Black name official for Gabby as well, had his arm wrapped around Gabby's waist, but both of their eyes were only for her.

"There's our champion." Harry leaned into give her a kiss, brief but meaningful, "The press wasn't too bad was it?"

"No worse than usual."

"So absolutely 'orrendous then?" Gabby asked with a sly smile.

"Right in one." Ginny chuckled, happy to be in the comfort zone that was her family, "But I'm sore and tired, and... insanely hungry, sooooo..."

"Can we get milkshakes?" Aurelie asked hopefully from her mother's elbow.

Grabbing her hand, Ginny started walking out of the stadium, "Now that sounds perfect, milkshakes and a nice juicy burger." The family had a pleasant meal together and when Ginny slept that night between Harry and Gabby, she dreamed of making their little family bigger. It was a dream that seemed to come every night for months.

The next day was a Sunday, and Ginny found herself sitting in Gwenog's office early in the morning. She was meant to be there to clear out her locker for the offseason. While she'd done that too, it was going to be the last time.

"You're serious?" Gwen didn't sound that surprised, but she was losing her star chaser and wasn't happy about it.

“We just won another league title. I get to go out on top. And... I’ve played long enough.” Ginny told her firmly. There wasn’t a doubt in her mind that this was the right decision, “It’s been a dream come true. But there are other dreams I have, too. And I think it’s time that I start putting those first.”

Gwen shook her head, “And there’s nothing I can do to change your mind?”

“Nothing.” With that one word, Ginny felt a weight lifted off her shoulders after months of indecision and doubt. *This is what I need, not just what I want.*

“You’re not taking your girlie with you, right?” She was referring to Gabby, “I don’t think the owners could handle losing their most famous player and best relations manager in the same day.”

Ginny snorted out a laugh and assured her, “No, it’s only me that’s retiring.”

“So should I expect to hear that you’re preggers in the next month... or two?” There was a teasing lilt to her voice. Whatever anger she felt at losing Ginny, she’d clearly been anticipating it to some extent.

Ginny chuckled lightly, unable to hide stop the wide grin that bloomed at the thought, “Probably... I know I’m going to be making every attempt to make sure that you do.”

Shaking her head, Gwen stood and walked around the table. She opened her arms to offer Ginny a hug. Happily accepting it, her manager whispered into her ear, “I’m happy for you. But you’re going to be damn hard to replace.” Chuckling wetly, she held her at arm’s length, “There will be paperwork and press to deal with, but that can wait until another day. I imagine there’s somewhere else you would like to spend today.”

For over a decade they’d been friends and teammates, some days it was hard for Ginny to believe considering she’d looked up to the other woman since she was a child. She felt tears sting at the corner of her eyes at the gesture, “You’d be right in one.”

“Have you told them yet?”

Ginny shook her head, “Gabs mostly knows, but Harry doesn’t at all. I wanted it to be a surprise.”

“Well then, at least until tomorrow, we’ll just keep this between us.” Gwen rubbed her arms but then shoved her toward the door, “Now get out of here, Potter. You have some news to share with people more important than me.”

Stopping at the door, she turned to look back at Gwen, “Thanks.”

“Just go.” She shoed her with her hand, “I’ll see you soon. The Harpies aren’t quite done with you yet.” Opening the door, Ginny hurried to the training facility’s floo. A couple of people tried to stop her for a chat but she politely declined and hurried on her way.

Once the emerald-green flames dimmed and she found herself in her home. It was quiet for a Sunday, but that was because Fleur was having Estelle and Aurelie over to visit with Victoire and Dominique, while Andromeda had asked to spend some time with little Madeline.

The girls were the future of the House of Black, and so Andromeda had become like something of a third grandmother to all of the girls. Still, she didn’t expect it to be quite so quiet, and it could only mean one thing. She walked through the house, looking in every silenced room. *Even a decade and three kids later*

we still manage to get up to trouble in every nook and cranny of the house. She ended up on the third floor before she got her answer. It was quite obvious when she saw that the doors to the family library were thrown open.

As she entered the surprisingly large room, she was met with the site of her husband holding their lover up by the knees while her back was pressed against one of the bookshelves, "Oui... oui.... pound my fucking ass you beast!"

"If I didn't know how much you love... getting bred. I'd think you loved... nothing more than being my butt-slut." Harry teased her. Neither of them noticed her and she made use of that fact.

Quietly, she padded over to them and as she watched his firm bum contract as he pulled out, she struck. *Smack.* Her spank made him snap his hips forward with an extra bit of force and drove all the air from Gabby's lungs in the process. Her beautiful bosom quaked on her chest and her eyes fluttered shut in pleasure, "Oh fuck... so 'ard..."

Harry's attention obviously went straight to his redheaded wife, "We weren't expecting you home... so soon, love."

"About that," she stepped up to his side, and looked down at the obscene sight of her husband's throbbing prick stretching open Gabby's tiny puckered hole. His pelvis and lower abs were covered in her juices from more than one squirt, "I have something to tell you."

Harry looked at her expectantly, but she was too enticed by the sight of Gabby's empty pussy pulsing with need to answer right away. With two delicate fingers, she filled that tight hole and finally got her other lover's attention. Bright blue eyes snapped open and were filled with lust and need, and affection as well, "Ginny, mon... amour... please..."

"Our lovely wife has some news for us..." Harry said, eyes still on Ginny, clearly not intending to let it go. That didn't stop him from sliding in out of the incredible bum that hugged his cock, though it was at a more sedate pace.

"Really?" Gabby asked breathily, biting down on her lower lip. It was wonderful torture for her to have the attentions of both Harry and Ginny on her at the same time.

"Oh, yes." Ginny said absently, seeing the two people she loved and lusted after most in the world in the midst of carnal delights always caused her great distraction, "I may have..." she took a steadying breath, "No in fact, I did. I retired today."

"What?" Harry asked, surprised.

"Magnifique!" Gabby clapped absolutely chuffed at the news. The movement sent her beautiful tits shaking deliciously, momentarily distracting both Harry and Ginny.

Ginny beamed at Gabby, knowing full-well that she'd had more of an inkling toward her decision than Harry. There was a reason why she'd wanted it to be a surprise for him, after all, "I talked to Gwen. Gave her the news. The championship game was officially my last game with the Harpies."

Harry looked at a loss for words, and it made for quite the comical sight considering his cock was lodged in Gabby's bum, "I... why?"

Reaching up, Ginny stroked his cheek, "Because there's nothing left for me to do on the pitch. Because there's other experiences I'm ready to have."

His emerald-green eyes lit up at the implications, "Really?"

"Oh yes." He dropped one of Gabby's legs from his arms, which caused the witch to moan at the new angle of penetration. Her leg stretched so that she could stand on tiptoes on the ground.

Ginny squeaked as he pulled her close and kissed her deeply. His hand wasn't idle either, dropping to her spandex clad bum and groping her sculpted cheeks. *Fucking Merlin... the things this man does to me.*

Gabby whimpered needily, and did her best in her vulnerable position to wiggle her hips and get Harry to start fucking her again. The sight of them kissing so passionately only serving to drive her own need higher.

Without pulling away from her husband, Ginny sunk her fingers as deep into the horny veela as she could manage and found that particularly sensitive rough bit of skin deep on the top of her pussy. Gabby's eyes rolled to the back of her head as she tightened around both Harry's cock and Ginny's fingers, "Oh merde..." She went off like a firecracker and covered both her lovers in a squirt of her girl-cum

Ginny pulled away from her husband and smiled wickedly, "Merlin... will she ever stop being such a needy little slut?"

"You... you wouldn't 'ave me any... any other way." Gabby panted out as she rode the waves of her orgasm. The Potters both laughed at that.

Leaning down, Harry whispered deep and gravely into her ear, "You're overdressed, love."

"Am I?" she asked teasingly.

"Oui..." Gabby insisted for him, "Ow is he going to fill your little pussy with all those clothes on?" She smiled widely as her hand went down and wrapped around the base of Harry's sex-soaked length, "Oooh... 'e likes that idea. You should feel the way 'e just throbbed inside of me. I think 'e even came a little."

Slapping his bum playfully, she instructed him firmly, "None of that now, Mr. Potter. There's only one place any of your cum is going from now on."

"I'm going to 'ate this part." Gabby bemoaned.

"You've gotten more than your fair share over the years." Ginny countered with a smile.

"True." Gabby agreed. Seemingly having enough of their little repartee, Harry reached to her sleeve and pulled her wand from within.

Her wand responded to him almost as if it were her, and with a wave she was completely naked, "Impatient, are we?"

“To fuck a baby into you... absolutely.” The words alone were enough to send her heart racing, “Where have you been, Gin?” His emerald eyes darkened and she could feel a drip of her own arousal on her thigh as he commanded, “Bend over.”

Ginny listened immediately, finally pulling her digits from Gabby’s dripping sex, and she bent over right next to the other woman. Their faces were mere inches apart. The veela kissed and nipped at her neck and the shell of her ear, “I’m...” Her mouth opened in bliss, as Harry fucked the words right out of her head. She managed to return to herself long enough to tell her, “I’m soooo... ‘appy for you.” Her awareness didn’t last long as seconds later, her world became entirely focused on Harry’s cock sawing in and out of her gripping bum.

Moaning, Ginny looked back at her husband as she felt his long, rough digits poking and filling her tight quim. With a pop, he pulled free of Gabby’s arse and stepped up behind the redhead. Ginny squealed loud and high in unadulterated pleasure as he filled her cum-hungry hole with every inch of his shaft. He fucked her hard and fast, chasing his own peak with every thrust.

For her part, Gabby wasn’t idle as she recovered with admirable speed. Kneeling down, she moved to where they were joined and started sucking on Harry’s swinging bollocks, doing everything she could to coax out the load that was brewing in those smooth orbs.

“Come on... Potter,” Ginny looked over her shoulder and her eyes were pure sin, “You’ve been waiting for... for years. Fill me up. There’s no potion or spell... that’s going to stop you... from putting your baby in me... this time.”

“Fuck, Gin!” His movements became more erratic and forceful as he teetered on the edge.

“I want every... fucking drop, Harry. Make me a mum!” Ginny demanded of her husband. While she’d been as good as a second mum to every one of Gabby’s children, it was her turn now.

His grip on her hips was harsh as he clapped her ass back into his crotch one final time. His cock swelled and stretched her spasming tunnel. The first ropes of his cum were searing hot as they painted the deepest part of her womb white. There was something entirely different about the feeling when she knew this might be the load that would get her preggers. Colors seemed brighter, and there were dancing lights in her eyes as she dug her fingers into the wood of the shelves in front of her.

Her legs shook and her toes curled painfully as he filled her for what felt like an eternity. *I think that might just be a record even for him.* She could feel his warm seed leaking down her thigh from where it’d escaped the seal of her tight pussy. But before it could go any further, she felt a finger drag it up along the smooth flesh of her thigh and back up to her puffy, abused entrance. As Harry pulled free, that finger pushed the lost cum back into her and didn’t let a single drop escape.

Harry gave her firm, pale arsecheeks a firm spank, sending the tantalizing sight jiggling, “Bloody incredible, Gin.”

Suddenly, Gabby was at her side, kissing her shoulder and her neck and her cheeks, lavishing her with attention, “It is amazing, non?”

“Incredible.” *Best thing I’ve ever felt in my life.* And it was true. Despite everything on the pitch, this felt truly euphoric, transcendent even.

Ginny yelped as she was pulled away from the bookshelf and laid on her back on the table in the library. Harry smirked down at her cockily, "We're not nearly done yet. You said to make you a mum, so we're not going to stop until I can't give you one more drop of cum today."

"And lucky for you, we have all day and all night. The kids won't be back until the morning." Gabby reminded her as she came laid beside her.

"I'll be lucky if I can walk when they get back if we're going to go at it the whole... time." The last word came out strained as Harry stretched her puffy lips with his throbbing shaft.

"Well, that's the plan, yes."

They fucked in the library and the kitchen and the living room, only taking breaks to refuel for the next rounds. The idea of having breeding sex with his first wife turned Harry into what she could only think to describe as an absolute sex demon. *Not that he's anything short of outstanding usually.* Every bit of his seed that dripped, or in a couple of cases was eaten, out of her pussy was replaced by twice as much. It was the most ludicrous session of lovemaking they'd ever managed in all their years together.

They finished the night with Ginny riding her husband, Gabby facing her while she grinded her own sex into his face. Just because all of Harry's cum belonged to Ginny for the time being didn't mean that their beautiful lover was forgotten. No, just like Ginny had for her, she'd used her mouth and her holes to bring Harry right to the edge only for him to then stuff more of his jizz into Ginny's horny hole.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Her legs were tired, and her eyes were barely open. Her skin was sweat-slick and her womanhood was starting to feel raw, and terribly oversensitive. *Nothing that magic can't fix.* But still she managed to force her hips down into her husband's. She didn't know if he could hear her, given his head was surrounded by the soft, pale flesh of Gabby's thighs on either side, but she kept telling him, "Come on baby... one more time... fill me... fill me... I want every drop."

Gabby's slippery fingers found her clit, and she dropped down hard and started grinding against his groin as her pussy rippled through another full-body orgasm, "You are already such... such a wonderful... mother. I can't wait to see your beautiful children."

Tears stung at the corner of Ginny's eyes as she felt Harry cum one final time. It was still surprisingly thick, but not nearly as prodigious as his earlier loads. *Then again, I lost count hours ago.* He managed a few ropes before his cock throbbed without anything coming out. *Huh, we actually managed to fuck him empty for once.*

Gabby came one final time on Harry's tongue before they all finally laid down to rest that night. Ginny was in the middle, and none could help but rest a hand on her slightly distended lower abdomen. *Heavenly, blissful. I don't know how else to describe this moment.* A wicked grin came to her lips at her next thought though. *Doesn't mean we're not going to repeat until we know he's done the job.*

As they drifted off to sleep. Harry whispered to her, "I love you so much, Gin."

"Oui." Gabby agreed. And with that dreams took them. Ginny's were of black-haired boys with her eyes, and ginger girls with Harry's. That night, it felt more real than it ever had before.

