

Summary: Ginny loves her husband dearly. More than anything really. But he exhausted her sometimes. Not mentally, but physically. With a seemingly never-ending sex drive, Harry can keep her up all night screaming only for her body to scream back sore and exhausted the next morning. Nearing her breaking point Ginny decides to seek the aid of a friend to entertain her man for her. Maybe now she can finally get some damn sleep.

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Friendly Favour

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“Morgana’s tits!” Ginny hissed as she hopped off her broom with a wince.

“Alright there Gin?” Her teammate, Demelza Robbins asked as she landed beside her.

Ginny groaned and nodded. “Yeah, just a bit sore.” And Merlin was she. Her entire lower body was practically screaming in protest and the intense maneuvers Gwenog was making them run today were not helping.

Demelza ‘ahhed’ with a look of sympathy. “Know what you mean. Ole’ Jones can be a bit of a slave driver yeah?”

“Nah. I can handle Gwenog. It’s my bloody husband.” Ginny huffed out with a laugh.

Her teammate's eyes darkened slightly and she stepped closer to take Ginny’s arm.

“Gin he’s not- you know?”

Ginny shook her head confused before realization dawned on her. “Merlin no! No Harry’s a sweetheart ‘Mel.” The ginger girl looked around for a moment, searching for any wayward reporter or fan that may have wandered onto the Holyhead Harpies practice pitch. Seeing no one, Ginny pulled Demelza to the side with a tug.

“Look you gotta keep this between us okay?” She asked with a serious tone.

Her teammate’s eyes widened, but she nodded without a word. “Good.” Ginny sighed.

“What I meant was- Harry he’s- Fuck me how do I put this? He’s a bloody animal in bed.”

“An animal? I don’t- Oh! Ohhhh.” Demelza grinned wide, her eyes twinkling with barely contained mirth. “So you’re not sore from Gwenog’s insane drills. You’re sore because you’re getting shagged rotten every night by your husband.”

“You have no bloody idea.” Ginny huffed. “Merlin, it’s like he never gets tired! Just last night we must’ve went at it for hours! I lost count of how many times I came Key-Key. At one point I’m pretty sure I even passed out, only to wake up who knows how long later and he was STILL fucking me! It’s like this every night!”

“Damn.” Demelza muttered. “You’re one lucky witch, I’ll tell you that much Gin.”

Ginny groaned and rubbed her temples in frustration. “I wouldn’t call it luck. Do you know how *exhausting* it is sleeping with Harry? Don’t get me wrong, I love him and the sex is incredible! But I don’t know how many more nights full of rough sex I can handle. I need my fucking beauty sleep!” She cried.

“I don’t know what to tell you love. Usually, friends come to me when they’re having trouble getting laid, not trouble with getting laid TOO much.” Demelza snorted. “Have you tried talking to him about this?”

“No, I can’t do that.” Ginny said. “He’d listen of course, and I know he’d be more than willing to back off, but like I said, I love Harry and I do love having sex with him. If I were to ask for a reprieve then he’d just be worried he’s being too much every other time we sleep together.” The redhead blushed slightly and looked away from her friend. “Plus

he's- ah- got a really nice cock.”

Demelza paused for a moment before snorting loudly. “You’re such a slut!” The brunette laughed. “Complaining about your husband shagging your brains out and yet you’re here drooling over the thought of his big dick!”

“I am not!” Ginny squawked.

The shorter girl giggled at her retort and waved Ginny off. “Look love, sorry to say it but this is a problem that you’re gonna have to learn to deal with. Either that or have someone else shag him when you need a break.”

Ginny knew her friend meant it as a joke, and perhaps she should have just taken it that way. But in that moment, with her legs shaking in exertion just from *standing*, that joke sounded like the most brilliant plan in the world.

The question was who to pick though.

Someone who Harry would find attractive. That much was obvious at least. Her husband deserved the best of the best after all, so no throwing a Millicent Bullstrode at his feet and calling it a day. There were a few options right off the back. Katie Bell was still a close friend of hers and had grown even more beautiful in recent years. By extension, Alicia and Angelina were good options as well. Both girls had become absolute bombshells since they left Hogwarts, with the latter even going into modelling. Though with Angelina’s recent breakup with George, perhaps she wasn’t the best choice.

More and more names popped up in Ginny’s mind as she mulled over her choice. While many of the girls she thought of were attractive, Ginny didn’t really have any sort of strong connection with them. In her mind, if she was going to let another woman fuck

her husband, she at least wanted it to be a friend.

Her eyes flicked up to Demelza's petite form. At some point, the girl had switched from giving Ginny advice about her current situation to chatting animatedly about some new gossip or another. The red-haired chaser felt herself inspecting her teammate's body, taking in the slight swell of her curves accentuated by lean muscle. She would never call Demelza busty, or even curvy by any means, but the girl did have a very cute and petite look to her that drew the gaze of many men.

Ginny hummed to herself with a small smile. Perhaps she didn't have to look so far after all...

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"Gin- I- You want to what?" Harry asked with disbelief.

In front of him, his wife stood with a small smirk and rolled her eyes. "Don't overthink it dummy. It's only a bit of fun."

Harry was bewildered by his wife's current proposal. One moment he was happily cleaning away in the kitchen in preparation for dinner later in the evening, and the next Ginny was talking about inviting another woman into their bed. While for many blokes, their wives proposing the idea of a threesome would be a dream come true, Harry was a bit more of a realist.

"I'm just a bit blindsided I suppose. I never thought you'd be someone who's interested in a threesome." He said a bit strained.

"Oh no, not whatsoever." Ginny said with a laugh.

Harry furrowed his brow in confusion. "Then why-"

"Ugh you never listen." His wife smirked. "I never said anything about a threesome. I

said I want YOU to fuck another woman.”

Harry reeled back. He tried his best to force words from his lips but nothing ever came.

Ginny took pity on his floundering and leaned up to place a lingering kiss on his lips.

“Look love, it’s just something I want to try. I promise no matter what happens I’m not going to be jealous or go all Lestrage crazy on you.” She giggled. “This is something I want, but if it makes you uncomfortable then you don’t have to do it.”

Harry thought for a moment, weighing his options internally. On one hand, he really had no interest in sleeping with another woman besides Ginny, and yet on the other, it did seem awfully important to her.

It was a strange debacle he found himself in to be sure, but he supposed there were always worse difficult decisions he could have to make.

He let out a sigh through his nose and wrapped his arms snugly around Ginny’s waist.

“Is this something you really want?” He asked.

“More than you know.”

Harry took a breath, letting the reality of the situation wash over him before nodding.

“Okay. I guess we can give it a go.” He said slowly.

A smile broke out across Ginny’s face. With a small squeal, she jumped up, practically wrapping herself around his waist. “Oh thank you! Thank you!” She laughed. Jumping down, the redhead brushed off his rumpled clothes with a frown. “You better get cleaned up. She’ll be here in a few hours.”

“Wait you already invited someone?!”

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It was shortly after dinner that the doorbell rang. Harry took a calming breath, hoping to

ease the odd bundle of nerves in his chest.

“I’ll get it love.” Ginny said excitedly. “Why don’t you go relax in the living room for a moment?”

Harry obeyed his wife’s request without argument. Moving to the living room, he settled quietly into his favourite chair. With an instinctual flick of his wand, a small glass of bourbon floated over to his outstretched hand. He took a sip of the brown liquor, letting the burning sensation soothe his anxiety as the alcohol slid down his throat.

The sound of the front door opening reached his ears like a herald of uncertainty. Sounds of whispered conversation followed. One of the voices was familiar, his wife’s excited chatter something he’d recognized anywhere. As the voices drew closer, it was with a startling recognition that Harry realized he knew who the mystery woman was after all.

Sure enough, not but a few seconds later, Demelza Robbins stepped into the living room arm-in-arm with his wife. The short brunette witch had a faux look of confidence on her face, diminished by the ever-present red blush that hung heavy on her cheeks. Her body was framed by a modest black cocktail dress, one that did nicely to accentuate her gentle curves but not in a way that would have someone call it ‘slutty’.

Ginny beamed at Harry and pushed Demelza forward. The other girl yelped a bit in surprise but soon composed herself. She faced him with a small smile, though her eyes refused to meet his.

“H-Hey Harry.” She stammered.

“Demelza.” He greeted back. His eyes flicked over to Ginny, seeking some sort of guidance for what to do next. His wife in turn simply gestured towards Demelza while

mouthed something along the lines of 'compliment her'. "You- uhm- you look good."  
Harry did his best to ignore the way Ginny facepalmed at his words.

"Oh- uhm- Th-thanks."

There was silence for a few beats. Neither he nor Demelza seemed to know what to say. He tried to think of something, anything, but his mind was too frozen by uncertainty to think of anything.

From the corner of his eye, he watched as Ginny rolled her eyes and sighed loudly.

"Oh for gods sake." She muttered before stepping forward and yanking her friend by the hand.

Harry had but a moment to prepare himself before Demelza's soft body was suddenly squashed against his. The petite witch squeaked in surprise and went shock-still as soon as she realised where she was.

"Now here's how this is gonna go. You two-" Ginny said gesturing to them both. "-Are gonna start things off by snogging. Now." She growled.

Demelza looked at him with wide eyes, her gaze flicking to his lips with a look of uncertainty before dashing away.

Harry took a breath. This is what Ginny wanted after all right? He certainly didn't want to disappoint his wife so perhaps he needed to set his anxiety aside for a bit and simply relax as she said. This was for her after all. This was for her.

"Hey-" He said, bringing his hand up to Demelza's cheek. "We'll take it slow, yeah?"

The chaser nodded and took a calming breath. Slowly their mouths inched towards each other. He could feel the warmth of her breath wash over him before finally, their lips connected in a soft kiss.

Demelza whimpered into his mouth as their lips made contact. Harry responded in kind, deepening the kiss slightly and forcing a deep throaty moan from her lips. At this point, it was like all the fears and anxiety washed away from Harry's mind. It wasn't long before he realised that his and Demelza's tongues were wrapped together, fighting each other for dominance while they both moaned in unison.

"Good!" Ginny chirped from somewhere to their right. "Now love, I want you to pull down the top of Demelza's dress. 'Mel, I want you to start grinding your bum into my husband's crotch."

Harry did as he was told without question. As gentle as he could, he slowly peeled down the top of Demelza's black dress, letting the straps fall down past her shoulders, until with a gasp, her perky round breasts were freed.

He feasted on the sight of her pale mounds. They weren't big or voluptuous, but both tits could easily be described as comfortable handfuls. Her pinkish-tan nipples were pointed and hard under his gaze. Harry couldn't help himself and brought his hands up to cup the girl's breasts. Demelza inhaled sharply as his palms wrapped around them. The brunette witch whimpered against his touch, pushing her chest against his hands as he began to knead the soft flesh.

"Fantastic!" Ginny smiled. "Think you two can handle it from here?" Without waiting for a response, his wife leaned down and placed a quick kiss on his cheek. "Great! I'm off to bed then. Ta!"

Harry watched in bewilderment as his wife scampered off out of the room while another woman sat topless on his lap. While part of him wanted to chase after her and ask just what the hell was going on, a far larger part was way more interested in the half-naked



woman currently grinding against his cock. A woman that his wife gave him blatant permission to shag to his heart's desire. As unusual as this situation was, Harry wasn't going to look this gift horse in the mouth.

Demelza yelped out in surprise as she was suddenly hauled into the air. Instinctually she wrapped her legs tight around Harry's waist and clutched fistfuls of his shirt. He carried her over to the couch, setting her down gently on the plush sofa. The brunette blushed up at him, though she made no move to cover her bare chest. In fact, Harry watched as she pushed her breasts out enticingly while slowly spreading her legs open wide. The silky black dress rode up as her thighs opened up, revealing the light pink of her thong that just barely covered up her sex.

"Well?" She said with only a small nervous waver. "Don't keep a girl waiting Harry."

"Perish the thought." He smirked before quickly shucking off his shirt.

He fell into Demelza almost needingly. The only thought on his mind at the moment was to get as close to the girl as he could, to feel as much of her skin on his as physically possible. Their lips met for the second time that night, hungrier and more passionate than the first. Demelza whimpered against his lips as his hands mauled her chest, while Harry groaned approvingly as her own rubbed his clothed cock.

Demelza fumbled with the clasp of his trousers. She broke their kiss twice to curse under her breath in annoyance before finally letting out a small cheer of victory as the button finally came undone.

Harry moaned as a pair of soft hands wrapped themselves around his cock. He reached down to match her stride, roughly pushing aside her knickers and rubbing his digits along her wet slit. Demelza's breath hitched, her hands moving faster to jerk his cock.

To Harry, something about this current situation was extremely erotic. Despite barely even touching each other, the pure lust pumping through his veins at the moment was borderline euphoric. Perhaps it was the newness of it all. Demelza was unexplored territory so to speak and part of him did find the idea of exploring her body so very enticing. Then again, it could also be the taboo nature of it all. Here he was, undressing another woman while his wife slept soundly upstairs.

Another heated moan from Demelza's lips stirred a pulse of excitement in Harry's chest. He needed to hear more, to make this petite beauty scream his name.

Harry hooked his arms under the brunette's thighs, prompting a squeak of surprise from the girl.

"Wh-what are you doing?" She stammered nervously, though the gleam of lust in her eyes betrayed her true excitement.

Harry looked her pointedly in the eye as he began to lower himself to the ground in front of her. "Just relax." He whispered, squeezing her thighs reassuringly as he inched closer and closer to her glistening slit. "Let me take care of you."

"O-Oh Merlin!" She cried as his tongue made contact with her sensitive clit.

Harry swirled his tongue around the swollen nub at the same time as he sank two of his digits inside her cunt. Her inner walls instantly clamped down tightly around his fingers. It took some effort to even push them deeper inside her. Yet despite his agonizing slow pace, Demelza was spewing out moans louder than ever before.

Every flick of his tongue against her clit, or push of his fingers inside her cunt elicited another cry of ecstasy from the girl. Her entire body *shook* with an unseen force as if her entire being was coming undone.

As Harry sank deeper into her quim he sucked harshly on her clit. Demelza screamed with strangled breath and bucked her hips against his face. If her edge wasn't approaching before, it certainly was now.

He pushed against her tight walls, raking his fingers in and out of her weeping cunt with precise movements. The tips of his fingers ground against a patch of rough flesh with each pass, driving Demelza wild.

Her end came suddenly yet it was not unexpected. The brunette threw her head back and screamed. Harry felt her body tense above him before her two-toned thighs suddenly clamped down around his face. Despite the sudden cutoff from oxygen, Harry persisted, lapping at her trembling pussy while her orgasm raged.

Through her squirms and gasping breaths, Demelza was just able to find the strength to unlock her legs and push his face away. Harry watched as the girl groaned and clutched her pussy protectively. She turned to the side, curling up into a small ball while the last tremors of her climax ran rampant through her petite form.

"You okay?" He asked as he rubbed small circles into her back.

"M-mhm." She whimpered. "Se-sensitive. Need a m-minute."

Harry chuckled and continued to run her back soothingly. A few minutes passed before she let out a small sigh and sat up.

Demelza turned to face him with a bright red blush and shy smile, yet faltered as she caught sight of the no longer erect shaft.

"Tsk, that won't do." She muttered to himself. "On the couch, now."

Harry was slightly taken aback by her shift in tone but listened regardless. No sooner had he sat down than did the brunette knelt between his legs. She wasted no time in

pulling his pants the rest of the way down and shucking them away.

“Why hello there~” She cooed as she gently cradled his half-erect cock in her hands. Demelza dipped down, running her wet tongue up his shaft from the base to tip. Pausing at the tip, she twisted her tongue around his sensitive glans, swirling his cock head around her mouth like a lewd lollipop.

“Fuck, just like that ‘Mel.” Harry groaned. He rested a hand on the girl’s head as she began to slowly take more and more of his thick cock inside her mouth. It took some effort on her part to even make it past the first few inches, but the brunette witch was proving herself to be persistent.

The feel of her hot, wet mouth around him was intense. Electric-like pleasure rushed up his spine with every bob of her head. Every time she’d pull back, the girl would suck harshly on his cock-head while writhing her tongue against the underside of his shaft. The sensation was almost too much to bear and Harry nearly sighed in relief each time she’d swallow his member once more.

With one final thrust of her head, the brunette took him as deep as she could. Harry felt her throat spasm around him as she choked and gagged on his thick meat. Finally, Demelza pulled back with a choked gasp while her hand continued to jerk him rapidly.

“I’d *love* nothing more than to keep choking on this big dick, but I can’t wait anymore.” She said quickly.

Standing, the brunette tore off the rest of her dress and threw it to the side haphazardly. She didn’t even bother to wait before turning and planting her arse directly onto his lap. His cock was trapped snugly between her cheeks. Harry groaned and gripped her hips tightly as she began to grind her pert bum against him.

Harry was mesmerised at the sight before him. Unconsciously he began to knead and massage the firm flesh under his fingers, enraptured by the way the skin, fat, and muscle all contorted and jiggled under his. Every now and then his hands would cause the two firm cheeks to spread apart, revealing the girl's wet pussy and tight crinkled asshole to him.

Demelza giggled at the feel of his wandering hands and leaned back into his chest. "We've got all night to play, but for now I *need* your cock inside me. Please Harry~" She pleaded.

"Who am I to deny such a sexy minx like you?" He said deeply into her ear.

Lifting her hips up, Harry lined his cock up with her dripping entrance. Demelza shivered against him as his cock head spread her pussy lips apart. With a single thrust, Harry slammed himself into her sweltering depths all the way to the base. He grunted as he was met with the very same intense tightness his fingers had fought against earlier.

"FUCK!" Demelza cried. "Oh god, it's so deep!"

Harry grunted in agreement. The sheer heat and vice-like grip of her pussy felt overwhelmingly good. He groaned as Demelza began to rock back and forth atop him. The petite witch panted and whimpered with each small movement, as if each thrust of her hips would cause his cock to split her apart.

While the grinding of his cock inside her cunt felt great, Harry wanted more. Moving down from her ass, he hooked his hands underneath the girl's thighs and tugged upwards. Demelza gasped sharply as the sudden position change caused his cock to sink even deeper inside her. With her legs now spread wide in the air and being used as handholds, Harry pulled himself out of the brunette's tight canal until just the tip

remained. Then, with a single massive thrust, he hammered into the girl again. He did not keep a gentle nor steady pace. Instead, he purposefully *rammed* his cock into her cunt with merciless force.

Demelza screamed. Screamed louder than ever before. Her entire body fought against his grasp. Her arms spasmed out, looking for anything to grab as she came. They were forced to settle on the soft upholstery while her back arched in writhing pleasure. With her legs forced wide open her pussy was on full display. As Harry's cock tore through it over and over again, her poor cunt gushed with her juices, soaking everything from her ass, his thighs, to the couch beneath them both.

Her cries trailed off as her body convulsed more and more. Nails digging into the plush couch, Demelza couldn't utter a single other word. She could only listen to the repeated wet '*SMACK SMACK SMACK*' of Harry's cock pounding into her quivering cunt. There was no clear line for her where one orgasm ended, and the next began.

For Harry, it was nearly just as overwhelming. He gasped into the girl's ear while he continued to take his pleasure from her cunt. Over and over again he pounded into her with rapid hard thrusts. The trembling of her pussy was undoing him bit by bit, but at that point, he could hardly find it in himself to care. There was only one goal in Harry's mind at that point: to fill Demelza's womb with as much of his seed as he could.

With a roar, Harry finally let loose and erupted inside her. His thrusts became jagged and wild as his cock pulsed over and over again, filling the brunette's sopping-wet cunt with his white sticky cum. Demelza mewled contently with each spurt of cum that splashed against her inner walls.

Finally, after the last droplets of cum was milked from his cock, Harry fell back into the

sofa and cradled Demelza's limp form against his chest.

He was content to simply lay there and bathe in the afterglow but it seemed the brunette had other plans.

"Demelza what are you-"

"Shhh" The girl said as she slipped out of his grasp and sank down to the floor. "Ginny told me all about your... exuberance in bed. Needless to say, I'm more than a bit intrigued." Harry groaned as her mouth slipped over his spent cock, the girl moaning happily as she sucked their juices clean from his shaft. "So I'm not going to stop until you fuck me just as hard and long as you fuck your wife Mr. Potter."

Harry cursed as she sank down on his cock once more. He certainly wasn't going to argue with that.

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Ginny yawned and opened her bleary eyes. With a groan she sat up and stretched, revelling in the absence of any sore muscles or exhaustion that had once plagued her body.

Dressing quickly, the ginger girl skipped downstairs and was greeted by the delicious smell of Harry's cooking.

"Morning love!" She said joyfully, prancing into the kitchen and giving her husband a kiss on the cheek.

Harry chuckled from his place at the stove and continued to go about cooking breakfast.

"Morning. How'd you sleep?"

"Wonderfully!" Ginny sighed. "What about you mister? How'd you and 'Mel... get along?" She asked with a wide smirk.

Harry rolled his eyes. "It was very enjoyable." He replied simply.

Ginny scoffed at her husband's chaste attitude and turned to retrieve the orange juice from the fridge. "Well where is she then? You didn't run her off already did you?"

"Of course not. She's in the guestroom sleeping."

"Hmm, well I better go wake her then since breakfast is almost ready." Ginny murmured.

Making her way down the hall, she soon found herself in front of the guestroom door.

Without even bothering to knock, Ginny pushed the door open with a smile.

"Oh Melly! Time to wOAH!" Ginny stared wide-eyed at the scene before her.

Demelza was completely nude and prone on the bed with her arse pushed up in the air.

The blankets and sheets from the bed were thrown wildly around the room. Red welts and dried white streaks of cum covered her body. The girl's hair was a tangled mess, and if Ginny didn't know any better then she'd say those were bruises around the brunette's neck. Her poor pussy and asshole looked absolutely wrecked as well. Like something long and thick had split them open and reshaped her holes to its liking.

Ginny had a good idea of what exactly was big enough to do that. In fact, she herself had woken up in this very same position multiple times since she married Harry. With a smirk, the redhead backed out of the room and closed the door.

She was so gonna gloat about this at the next practice.

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#### Author's Note

This was a one-shot I've been wanting to post for awhile now and I'm happy to finally be able to share it with you all! Hope you enjoyed!



Thanks for reading!