

Daphne Greengrass' right eyebrow arched upwards as she stared at her visitor in silence from across the desk in her office. The longer her boss stared at her like that, the more Ginny Potter née Weasley fidgeted in her chair. She couldn't believe she'd actually just said it, but there was no taking it back now. She'd finally asked to have her deepest, darkest fantasy fulfilled. All that was left was to see how her boss reacted to the request.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to repeat that, Mrs. Potter," Daphne said at last. "I want to be sure that you said what I believe you said before I respond to it." She was going to make her say it again?! Ginny closed her eyes and took a breath before summoning her courage and again looking into those striking blue eyes of the owner of the Holyhead Harpies.

"Steal my husband," Ginny repeated. "I want you to steal my husband." Daphne looked at her for a few seconds before nodding.

"That's what I thought you said." Daphne clasped her hands together and rested them atop her desk. "May I ask why? You're not hoping to entrap me in some kind of scandal, are you? If you are, I can assure you that blackmail and threats will do nothing to change the fact that I now own the Holyhead Harpies." Ginny shook her head.

"It's nothing like that," she mumbled, looking down. She had a hard time looking her boss in the eye. The last owner of the Harpies tended to go on long speeches in front of the team to try and get them to respect her, but Daphne Greengrass didn't need to say a word. Her very presence commanded respect from all who met her, let alone those who worked for the quidditch team she'd purchased. Ginny had never had any problem rolling her eyes when the previous owner blustered on meaninglessly, but with Daphne, it was all she could do not to throw herself at her new owner's feet and worship her as her queen. From the first time Daphne had called the team into the facilities so she could formally introduce herself to them after the purchase, Ginny had known she was in trouble. And now, nearly six months after that fateful purchase and meeting, she'd finally caved to the temptation.

"Then why?" Daphne asked. "What do you have to gain in asking me to steal your husband from you? Are you looking to get out of the marriage, but perhaps you fear how the public will react if you leave the most famous wizard in the country?"

"No." Ginny shook her head, still looking down at her feet. She felt like a little girl who had been called into the headmaster's office, only with an even greater deference than she'd ever felt for Dumbledore or anyone else. "I love Harry. I don't want to leave him."

"Then I'm failing to understand," Daphne said. "One of your brothers runs that joke shop, but I can tell that this is no prank. You're serious about this, and unless I'm mistaken, I believe it's something you've been trying to work up the courage to ask me for quite some time." Ginny nodded. "I'll need you to summon more of that courage to explain this to me. If I seduce your husband, what will you get out of it?"

"My deepest, darkest fantasy realized," Ginny blurted out, blushing immediately afterwards.

"Oh?" Daphne leaned in closer in interest. "It's your fantasy to have your husband cheat on you, is it? But why come to me for that? Surely there would be easier choices than me. More discreet choices."

“It couldn’t be just anyone.” Ginny finally looked up again, blushing at having those dark blue eyes trained on her. She felt like her boss could see straight through her with just a glance. “I don’t want to play pretend. Asking Harry to let me watch him with another woman doesn’t interest me at all. I want someone to *take* him, without him knowing how I really feel about it. Harry’s the most strong-willed man I know, and he loves me deeply. It would take an extraordinary woman to be able to seduce him out from under me.”

“And you know I’m that woman,” Daphne stated, as if it wasn’t that unusual for someone to revere her to that degree. It probably wasn’t, either. Ginny nodded again.

“If I’d never met you, I would’ve been able to keep my crazy fantasies to myself,” Ginny said. “But as soon as you entered the room for that first meeting as owner, I knew I’d never get it out of my head again. You’re the woman who can steal him from me.”

“I can.” Daphne sounded confident about her chances of success, but in a matter-of-fact way. She wasn’t bragging; she just took it for granted that she would naturally be able to seduce Harry if she chose to do so. To her mortification, that confidence made Ginny wet. “Interesting, Mrs. Potter. Your husband is a fine wizard; even I will admit to that. I have extremely high standards, and he is a rare enough man to meet them in every conceivable way.” She smiled slightly. “Minus the fact that he is married, perhaps. But it would seem that not even that is going to be a problem, is it?”

“It’s not,” Ginny whispered. It almost came out as a moan. She felt like her face was on fire. She was ashamed at how excited she was getting at the realization that this might really be happening. After years of burying this fantasy deep down, she had shared her secret with the one woman who might actually be able to do it.

“When I succeed, will it impact the chances that you re-sign with the Harpies when your contract is up?” Daphne asked. In her head, Ginny noted that she said *when*, not *if*. Her success was already established as far as Daphne was concerned. “You’re our best chaser. I will have a difficult time replacing you should you ever come to regret asking for this and decide you want to get away from me and my team.”

“That’ll never happen.” Ginny licked her lips. “I don’t want to play for anyone but you, Ms. Greengrass.” Ginny’s deep obedience to her owner must have been clear enough in the way she spoke and bowed her head, because Daphne laughed and sat up straighter in her chair.

“Then I believe I will accept your request, Mrs. Potter. But do be certain that this is something you want, because there will be no going back for any of us once I’ve made him mine.”

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“At last, you’re where you belong. It took longer than I expected, I must admit. But I *always* get what I want in the end, including the hero of the wizarding world down on his knees for me.”

It was fascinating to Ginny that Daphne’s seduction had taken longer than she’d apparently expected it to. It had barely been a month since Ginny had made her confession and requested that her boss steal her husband from her, after which Daphne had begun her efforts to seduce Harry. Harry, the man who had risked his life to thwart Voldemort at 11, killed a basilisk to save Ginny’s life at 12 and continued to go on adventures worthy of storybooks ever since. Harry, who could resist the imperius curse even

when cast by exceedingly powerful wizards through strength of will alone. Harry, who loved Ginny as dearly as she loved him, and who had never given any of the beautiful women who threw themselves at him a second glance. Ginny had expected it to take many months even for a woman of Daphne's caliber to successfully seduce him, if she managed it at all. That he would have succumbed to her seduction after barely over a month was a shock to Ginny, whose hands had been shaking uncontrollably when she poured the memory her boss had given her into her pensieve to watch.

Ginny couldn't blame Harry for giving in as quickly as he had, though. There was a reason this had been the woman Ginny finally shared her fantasy with and made her insane request of. Her sister-in-law was a veela, but Daphne Greengrass was still the most gorgeous woman Ginny had ever seen in her life. The blonde-haired Slytherin's beauty and presence were so daunting that most boys hadn't dared approach her when she was in Hogwarts, and even a blustering idiot like Malfoy had left her alone. And Daphne's beauty had only grown as she matured, as had her presence. It may have taken a month for Harry to acknowledge it, but not even he could resist.

When her boss had approached her last week and informed her that her husband was going to be a guest in her private owner's box for the upcoming Harpies game, Ginny's eyes had bulged, and her breath had left her in a gasp. She'd expected the seduction to pay off in Daphne's bedroom, or perhaps her office. Instead, her boss was sitting on the luxurious couch in her owner's box with her legs spread and her dress and underwear folded up neatly on top of an end table. Harry was naked as well, down on his knees in front of the couch with his hands clasped in his lap.

"I can't believe I'm really about to do this," Harry whispered. He licked his lips, and Ginny was sitting close enough to see the guilt on his face as he contemplated what he was about to do. As far as he knew, he was about to cheat on his unsuspecting wife with her boss.

"You can leave now, if you wish," Daphne said, shrugging her shoulders. "I'm not forcing you into anything, Potter. You accepted my invitation of your own volition. If you want to put your clothes on, leave and try to go back to your happy life of faithful monogamy with your wife, you're free to do so." Daphne crossed her left leg over her right and rested her hand under her chin. "But there will never be another opportunity for you if you leave now. I don't like having my time wasted or my expectations raised for nothing. Either get licking or get lost."

This was an incredibly risky gambit to make, because Ginny knew that Harry did not respond well to ultimatums. Daphne obviously had succeeded to the point that she'd gotten him down on his knees in her private box, ready to service her at the beginning of a very important match in the Harpies' season. But what if she'd pushed too hard here? If Harry backed off now, how would Daphne ever save face and get him back to this point? Ginny held her breath and watched, wondering what she was about to see. Daphne hadn't commented on how her private box encounter with Ginny's husband had gone. She'd just given Ginny the memory and left without a word. Had she succeeded, or was Ginny about to watch her husband stand up in defiance as he had done so many times over the years when threatened?

Her answer came when Harry's hands left his lap and rose to rest on Daphne's legs. Daphne smiled, uncrossed her legs and spread them again.

"That's better." Daphne beckoned Harry forward with her finger. "Let's see how good you are with that mouth, Potter."

Ginny licked her lips and her knees knocked together as she watched, filled with nervous energy. She knew how good he was. Harry had been eager but uncertain the first time he'd put his head between her legs. He hadn't known any more about this than she had, but they'd figured it out together, exploring, learning, perfecting. They had been each other's firsts, and for a long time Ginny thought that she would forever be the only woman who spread her legs and had Harry's lovely green eyes looking up at her as he worshiped her with his mouth.

But now those same eyes were looking up from between the legs of Daphne Greengrass, and Ginny was right there to see it. Being in the pensieve memory meant that she could get as close as she wanted without disturbing the scene any, so she got close enough that she saw it all. Those eyes, which had so often looked up at Ginny with love and fondness as he pleased her with his mouth, burned dark with lust now. He didn't love Daphne, but that didn't make him any less susceptible to her beauty and her presence.

What floored Ginny more than anything was how fervent Harry was in eating Daphne out. He enjoyed going down on Ginny, but she knew that it was almost entirely because he knew how much pleasure it brought her. He took pride in being able to make his wife feel good, and he'd honed his skills to the point that he ate her masterfully. But she had never seen such desperation in his licks, in the way he clung to Daphne's thighs and moved his face around while eating her out. Harry licked Ginny to make her feel good, but it seemed to her that he was going down on her boss like he was a man dying of thirst and only Daphne's pussy would save him.

There was a hunger driving every lick, kiss and shake that Ginny did not recognize. It made her feel lesser than, and *that* got her even hotter. Without thinking about it, Ginny whipped her shirt over her head and started to play with her perky breasts while she watched her husband devour another woman's pussy. Daphne made herself more comfortable, lifting her legs off of the floor and draping them over Harry's shoulders. His hands went under her to grab her arse, and Ginny felt irrationally jealous that it wasn't *her* hands grabbing that arse. Daphne's bum was round and thick, as perfect as the rest of her body, and Harry couldn't get enough of squeezing it. Ginny felt like she was witnessing the beginning of an addiction for her husband. He wouldn't be able to get enough of Daphne's body after this, and who could blame him?

The match had already started by this point, and the crowd was roaring as Ginny and the rest of the Harpies took the pitch against the Wimbourne Wasps. But neither of the private box's occupants was paying any attention to the match, and neither was Ginny. She could still remember the nervous fluttering in her stomach when this game began, but quidditch itself hadn't had anything to do with it. Her mind had been on what might have been happening inside that box, but its privacy wards did not allow anyone to see inside of it from out there. Now that Ginny was here in the box in this memory, she could see for herself that what was happening in here was far more exciting than her match against the Wasps.

Ginny barely even registered the announcer's booming voice declaring that she had scored the game's first goal, because she was far too invested in watching her husband at work between her boss' legs. Harry didn't seem to have heard it either, or if he did, it wasn't enough to pull him out of his single-minded determination to give her boss' pussy an open-mouthed tonguing. Daphne did look up though, and Ginny watched her smile out in the direction of the large transparent wall that offered a magnificent view of the pitch. But she looked off in that direction only for a moment before Harry's eager pussy worship had her moaning and looking back down between her legs.

“Mmm, perhaps you’re not in need of much teaching,” Daphne said. “Your wife must have done an excellent job in training you up and teaching you to be an obedient boy.” Daphne was giving Ginny too much credit, honestly. Harry had certainly learned plenty between her freckled thighs, but she hadn’t trained him like some pet. They’d learned together, as equals. And now he was using what he’d learned to please her boss, but without any of the love and fondness that was there with Ginny. Ginny looked back at him with love whenever he did this for her, but Daphne smiled and patted his head the same way Hermione would pet Crookshanks. And Harry didn’t chafe at the treatment. He only seemed to put more of himself into his licking with the praise and pats he received.

It was already a stunning thing to watch, and that was before Harry took both Ginny and Daphne by surprise by bringing his mouth over Daphne’s clit and hissing with his tongue. Ginny had felt this sensation only once, for a few seconds, and it had been so intense that she’d passed out. That had been over a year ago, and they’d been too afraid to try it again after that. But he brought that hissing parseltongue ability back now with Daphne, who gasped and stiffened on the couch. Her hands pulled on Harry’s head hard, and her legs squeezed together tightly around his head. After a few seconds of direct contact between her clit and his hissing tongue, Daphne was no longer moaning. Now she was outright screeching as she pulled on Harry’s hair and held his face against her pussy. He was pressed in so tight that Ginny couldn’t see his face no matter how close she tried to get, but she was equally interested in watching her boss lose control.

Daphne Greengrass’ eyes were closed, her head was thrown back against the comfortable couch behind her, and her mouth was open wide as she screamed in ecstasy. Watching this gorgeous woman orgasm was the sexiest thing Ginny had ever seen. Harry wasn’t the only one with a likely addiction forming there in the private box, because Ginny would never be able to get enough of seeing her boss like this. Her right hand had already slid under her shorts earlier to rub at her pussy through her underwear, but now she moved her knickers aside and shamelessly shoved two fingers inside to fuck herself.

Despite that overwhelming sensation, the pleasure so intense that Ginny had passed out in seconds, Daphne did not collapse against the couch and lose consciousness as Ginny had the one and only time her husband had hissed against her clit. But it still had a marked effect, even on a woman like Daphne. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she sat there and recovered with her eyes closed. Ginny watched her gradually come down from that high. It began with her legs loosening their hold on Harry’s head, at which point Ginny could see how red his ears had gotten from the pressure. Her feet dropped down to the floor and her hands let go of Harry’s hair, which was even more ruffled and messy than it usually was after all that tugging.

Lastly, Daphne’s eyes opened and looked down at Harry. Ginny whimpered and moved her fingers faster inside of her cunt when she saw the look on her boss’ face. Daphne’s eyes were wide, looking almost deranged as the full weight of what had just happened and how Harry had made her feel crashed down on her.

“I hope you’re comfortable down on your knees for me, Potter.” Daphne’s voice was low, and it commanded obedience. Ginny had never heard this tone from her boss, and it caused her to let out another little whimper and rub at her clit with her thumb. “Because I’m *never* letting you out of my grasp now.”

Harry licked his lips and said nothing. Ginny squealed and shook as she came harder than she had in months.

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Out on the pitch, the Harpies were slowly but surely taking control of the match. The Wasps were one of the better teams in the league, but to the thunderous approval of their home fans, Holyhead was pulling ahead. That was thanks in no small part to the work of their chasers, particularly Ginny, who the team's announcer astutely pointed out was flying with an even greater edge than usual. The woman just didn't understand what was motivating Ginny, and how could she? Even as she'd flown and scored relentlessly, her mind had been racing, filled with thoughts of what might be happening between her husband and her boss in the private owner's box. Imagining the potential cuckolding taking place during the match had led to Ginny having her best performance of the season.

This time around, Ginny didn't give a damn about the match. The praise she was receiving from the announcer and the cheers from the fans was all just noise to her, because the memory of what had been happening at the same time in the owner's box was all she cared about. She sat naked on the floor of the box, humping one of her hands and using the other to play with her breasts.

Daphne definitely had the better seat, though. Unlike Ginny, she actually was watching the match, though she was doing it while riding Harry's cock. Harry was sitting in one of the lounge chairs, and Daphne was in his lap, her back against his chest and her hands on his knees as she alternated between grinding and bouncing on him. She looked powerful, in control and unbearably sexy no matter what motion she happened to be using at any given time. Whether she was ruling over a team meeting, handling a league negotiation or stripping naked to ride the cock of one of her star player's husbands in the middle of a match, Daphne Greengrass was a woman to be admired and obeyed.

"This has been the most enjoyable game of the season thus far," Daphne said. Even though she'd been in Harry's lap for what had to be about a half an hour by now, her breathing was barely laboring at all, and she sounded far more relaxed than Ginny would have been if it had been her riding her husband. No matter how hard she was or was not riding Harry, his cock was so thick that it always was a challenge for Ginny. She loved that challenge, but it didn't change that she would not have been anywhere near as composed as her boss was at this stage.

To add insult to injury, Harry wasn't anywhere near as composed as Daphne was. It didn't seem to matter how slowly she moved on him, because even the slightest wiggling or slowest grinding on his cock from Daphne had him moaning and holding onto the arms of the chair tensely. After years together, Ginny could recognize the struggle within Harry quite easily. She always felt great pride when she managed to put in the work to get Harry to this point, but Daphne had him just barely holding on seemingly without trying much at all. Did her pussy really feel that perfect? Who was she kidding? Of course it did! There was no chance that the tightness of Daphne's cunt would be any less perfect than the rest of her was. She had to feel perfect for him. Perfect enough to make even a man with Harry's convictions enter an affair.

"I think I just might have to have you as a guest in my box for every single match from now on," the owner of the Harpies continued. Ginny whimpered and humped her hand faster on the floor, but it didn't seem like Daphne was waiting for any kind of response from Harry though. She leaned her body forward a bit, shifting her angle and bouncing harder on his cock. Ginny vaguely remembered that this was around the time that the big pursuit for the snitch started, and it made her wonder if Daphne had noticed this and was bouncing harder on Harry because she sensed that the match would be nearing its end.

If that was the case, it was sure as fuck working. Harry was groaning loudly now, and his eyes were closed. Ginny could see the war taking place inside of her husband, but with every bounce, it was apparent to her that not even Harry was going to be able to fight this off for long.

“Farrell with the pass to Potter—and another goal for the Harpies to widen their lead! The Wimbourne seeker will have to catch the snitch quickly if he wants it to matter! Ohh, and he’s going for a dive, straight through the area currently being patrolled by Gwenog Jones! Will this reckless maneuver pay off?!”

“I admire your perseverance, Potter,” Daphne said. “Of the few men fortunate enough to have been in this position with me, none have lasted as long as you have. You’re quite the catch indeed. But I *always* get what I want. And I want you to cum inside of me before my girls catch the snitch and end this match.”

Daphne bounced even harder on his cock now, showing both Harry and Ginny that she still hadn’t been fucking him at her full capability. Ginny couldn’t decide where to look. Between her boss’ big tits bouncing with every drop or the pleasure on her gorgeous face as she fucked her conquest while watching the Wimbourne seeker foolishly charge right into the path of Gwenog and a perfectly aimed bludger, Daphne was captivating on her own. There was also the view Ginny had of the point of contact, her boss’ pussy lips sliding up and down the length of her husband’s cock as she rode him flawlessly. Whether she had him balls-deep inside of her, Ginny could see everything but the tip as she pulled back up or everywhere in between, it was an extremely difficult view to ignore. They looked perfect together. No pussy would ever feel as good for Harry’s cock as Daphne’s did. Ginny knew it, and knowing it and seeing it made her shamelessly hump her hand.

Arguably the thing Ginny would remember most of all was the look on Harry’s face, though. His guilt at cheating on her had popped back up occasionally throughout the memory, though it had never been strong enough to get him to stop. But she didn’t see any guilt on her husband’s face now. It wouldn’t surprise her if she was the furthest thing from his mind just then. He had been as helpless before Daphne as Ginny herself had been, and now that month of seduction was reaching its apex. He had Daphne on top of him, bouncing seriously on his cock, and there was no turning back now.

“Ooh, Blythe narrowly avoids the bludger—but now Bailey’s path to the snitch is clear! She moves in confidently—and catches the snitch with ease! The Harpies win and set themselves up in prime position to compete for the league championship!”

Daphne succeeded in her objective, of course. Just before Ginny’s teammate caught the snitch to win the match, Harry let out a sort of growling moan, held onto Daphne’s sexy body tightly from behind and began to cum inside of her. Ginny admired the look of wide-eyed ecstasy on her husband’s face for a few seconds before moving her head down to watch him fill her boss with his semen. And for the love of fucking Merlin, did he ever fill her! Harry had always had pretty big orgasms, but this was even bigger than Ginny could remember seeing. He erupted inside of Daphne, filling her with so much cum that it dripped right back out of her pussy to run down his balls and onto the chair between his legs.

Harry wasn’t the only one who came. Ginny came too, but she bit her lower lip almost to the point of drawing blood. She didn’t have to worry about being caught, but that wasn’t what this was about. She wanted to hear and see all of this and didn’t need her own useless moans getting in the way of having her fantasies realized right in front of her.

It was worth biting her own lip to keep quiet, because while Daphne's moan of pleasure was quiet, particularly compared to how she'd howled when he hissed to vibrate his tongue against her clit, it was still a sound Ginny would remember for the rest of her life. It wasn't just a moan of physical satisfaction. That moan, and the haughty smile that spread across Daphne's beautiful face, represented her triumph. Ginny had asked her to steal her husband, and that was precisely what she'd done. This was why it had to be her. It couldn't be pretend, it couldn't be something that happened once and then was overcome. Ginny needed a witch who could truly steal Harry, and as she watched Harry empty his balls inside of her boss' cunt, there could be no doubt that Daphne had done it.

While Ginny and her teammates celebrated their huge victory on the pitch, Daphne relaxed in Harry's arms. He held her by the waist, hugging her almost tenderly with her back against his chest, and the way Daphne stroked the back of his hands made Ginny's throat feel even more dry and parched than it already did. They were in the deep end now, and there was no returning to shallow waters or climbing out to safety.

"Your arse is mine, Potter," Daphne declared. Was she talking to Harry, or to Ginny, who she knew would view this memory at the first chance she got? It didn't matter either way, she supposed. Harry didn't contradict her; he only held Daphne tighter. And Ginny sure as fuck wasn't going to argue the point when she next saw her boss in person. She'd already revered this woman. Seeing how utterly she had claimed Harry had only made Ginny want to bow at her feet and acknowledge her superiority even more than she already had.

Daphne took Harry's hands, moved them up to her breasts and smiled when he gave them a slow, lazy grope. Harry rested his chin on her shoulder, and he even kissed the side of her neck. He'd gotten off, but he still couldn't get enough of Daphne even after his orgasm.

"As I warned you: there's no going back now, Potter," Daphne whispered, so quietly that Harry didn't react to it. Even Ginny only heard it because she was leaning in so close and holding her breath. And then, with her back still to Harry, Daphne gave a wink that was meant for one person alone.