

Summary: Angelina, Alicia and Katie use Harry's yard for some additional training ahead of their championship quidditch match. After they're done training, they enjoy his hospitality for a bit longer. (Harry/Angelina, Harry/Alicia, Harry/Katie)

"Welcome back, Harry!" Angelina called out cheerfully as Harry stepped out into his back yard to greet his guests. "Thanks for letting us use your place!"

"Hey, don't mention it," Harry said easily. "It's my pleasure to have you." It really was, too. Angelina was always welcome in his home, and every time she'd capitalized on that open invitation had been a memorable night for Harry, and often for Hermione as well. Hermione wasn't around this time, as she was spending some time with her parents, and Harry didn't know if he would have the chance to fuck Angelina tonight either. She'd asked if she, Katie and Alicia could come over and use his spacious backyard for some extra training as the chaser trio worked their hardest to prepare for their upcoming QSL championship game.

Their Dorchester Dragons had an opportunity to not only win the trophy, but earn the promotion to the primary British and Irish Quidditch League as well. The chaser trio was definitely taking this opportunity seriously and doing their absolute best to prepare for it, which was why Angelina had asked him if they could use his yard for some extra training outside of their regular team practices.

Harry had been happy to agree, and he was even happier about it now that he'd stepped out to watch them train for a bit. The three girls weren't on their brooms right now and instead were standing on the ground and focusing on tossing the quaffle back and forth as quickly as they could without letting it hit the ground. They were spread out a fair distance, so they would have to run, jump, stretch or bend their bodies however necessary to catch and throw the quaffle around. That meant that Harry could see their bodies jumping and jiggling around in their short shorts and tight shirts they were training in, and he was content to stand and enjoy the view in silence while the girls focused on their training exercise.

Angelina's body was familiar to him; naturally, as he'd fucked her many times by now, but that didn't mean he couldn't still admire staring at her while she trained. As they so often were, his eyes were quick to drift to her big arse. So what if he'd spanked, groped and fucked that arse often? He could have watched it jiggle in those short shorts as she ran around after the quaffle all day long.

Beautiful as that bum was, though, his eyes didn't stay on it for *too* long. He had not had the pleasure of fooling around with either Katie or Alicia, so it was understandable why he spent more time staring at them training. Both girls were incredibly sexy in their own right.

All three of the chasers were in good shape; they worked hard, and it showed. Katie's stood out the most in terms of muscular definition. She wasn't bulky or anything, but the

peek of abs he caught when the bottom of her shirt lifted up during a jump interested him. Katie was the tallest of the three, with small breasts and a toned bum that Harry, being the arse aficionado that he was, could certainly appreciate.

As for Alicia, his eyes went where most men's would when she was running, jumping, or doing much of anything. Her tits had been the source of more than a few wanks over the years, and even though she was clearly using either her clothing or a spell to keep them from bouncing around too much while she exercised, there was no stopping his admiration of her chest. If he had to guess, he would say that the only girl he'd fucked who might have bigger tits would be Lavender, though he would have to see Alicia topless to be sure. Hopefully he'd be able to answer that question one day, even if it wasn't today.

"I'll go ahead and get started on dinner," he offered, earning a cheer from Alicia as she tossed the quaffle back to Katie.

"Sounds great, Harry!" Angelina said. "We'll be finished soon. Hope it's okay if we use your guest shower after we're done."

"Of course," he said. Katie tossed the quaffle to Angelina, who nearly dropped it and had to bend over quickly to catch it before it hit the grass. Harry got a prime view of her arse in her shorts as she bent over. "My home, and my shower, is yours."

--

Harry was pretty sure that asking Katie to keep an eye on the food he was preparing was bad etiquette as a host on his part, but he couldn't bring himself to feel guilty about that when shagging Angelina against the shower door while the water hit their bodies felt this fucking good.

Angelina's suggestion that she use the master shower in Harry's bathroom while the other two took turns in the guest shower seemed reasonable enough, but the look Angelina gave him as she threw out the suggestion revealed that she fully expected him to join her in the shower at the earliest opportunity. He'd waited no more than two or three minutes after he'd heard the shower turn on, and then made some excuse about needing to fill out some forms for work that were due to the next day and asked Katie to keep an eye on the food while he took care of it.

"Fuck, yes, give me that cock!" Angelina grunted as he fucked her up against the door. The warm water of the shower sprayed down onto them, and Angelina's long wet hair stuck to her back. She had to wipe some of it out of her eyes on occasion, but otherwise her hands were holding onto his shoulders for balance and security as their wet bodies slapped together rhythmically. His thrusts weren't slow or gentle, so she needed whatever insurance she could to make sure she didn't fall.

Harry hadn't been sure if he would have the chance to fuck Angelina tonight, and with Hermione visiting her parents, Fleur busy with Bill and Luna off doing Luna things in whatever corner of the world she happened to be in this week, it had been entirely possible that he would go a night without sex at all. That was a rare occurrence in Harry's life these days, and while he couldn't have complained if it happened to turn out that way, he was relishing fucking Angelina in his shower.

"I, ah, I wanted to do this during our weekend in France, you know," she said in between moans as his cock kept driving into her and pushing her back and arse against the shower door behind her. "Just never got around to it." She let out a half-laugh, half-groan. "I blame the insatiable veela slut for that."

"You're pretty damn insatiable yourself," Harry pointed out. "I had to ask poor Katie to watch the food so I could come up here and take care of you." He moved his hands down Angelina's back and pressed his knuckles up against the door so he could grope her wet arsecheeks.

"If you want to go back down and be a good host, we can stop right now," Angelina said with a grin. It was a bluff, and Harry knew it. She would curse his name if he stopped fucking her now. If he was in a malicious mood, he could very well have presented the possibility of following through and had Angelina begging him to keep going.

"Fuck no," he said. He didn't care about teasing her or making her beg. He *did* want to get back down there so Katie wasn't left looking after his dinner for too long, but he wasn't leaving before he'd cum inside of Angelina.

Rather than stopping, he would just have to fuck Angelina even harder. With that thought in mind, he picked her up by her big arse, physically pinning her against the shower door. Angelina gasped in surprise but went along with it, moving her legs so they hung over his forearms and hugging his neck while he fucked her with her feet dangling and her body completely under his control.

Harry was bouncing her on his cock more than he was thrusting at this point, but the position came to him naturally. He'd ended up fucking her much like this during their very first time together in her locker room after the match, and that had gone well enough that a repeat here in the shower felt very right to him. His hands moved to the spot where her hips met her arse, and her thick cheeks pressed firmly against the clear shower door as he bounced her on his dick. He idly wondered if it was possible for her arse to leave a print on the glass, and if so, if there was some way for him to preserve it so he could amuse himself by watching Hermione discover it later.

He was pulled out of that humorous thought when Angelina's familiar squeal-growl alerted him to the climax she'd obviously been after when she made eyes at him before coming to the shower. Harry groaned as he felt her pussy tighten around his cock, and he put even more effort into fucking her hard. His balls were tightening, and his own orgasm

wasn't far off. He just had to hold onto his sexy former teammate and bounce her on his cock for a little bit longer, and--

"Ange, can you hear me?" a voice asked, making Harry's eyes shoot open. "I knocked for like ten times. I can't find Harry anywhere, and the food's ready to be taken off. Do you...*oh!*"

It was Katie's voice, and Katie's gasp of surprise when she saw what was happening in the shower. Harry didn't know if he'd silenced but not locked the door and that was why they hadn't heard Katie knocking or if he hadn't put any charms up at all and it was just the sound of their shower fuck that had drowned everything else out. Regardless, Katie had opened the door and come in to investigate, and her investigation had led her to this. She could see Angelina's bum against the glass, and Harry's hands holding her up and his body pinning her there. She could probably see his cock too, and she might even be able to see some of his cum dripping down his balls along with the shower water as he came. She *definitely* heard his grunt as he erupted inside of her teammate. And after a moment of silence, they all heard Angelina begin to giggle uncontrollably.

"We'll be out in just a minute, Katie," Angelina said through her giggles. "Mind leaving a second towel out for Harry? I was so horny that I forgot."

--

"It's not *that* funny," Katie grumbled while blushing and looking at the wall, refusing to meet any of their eyes. Angelina was giggling, but it was Alicia who Katie was really reacting to. She'd realized that she'd missed something about halfway through dinner when she caught Katie blushing at an otherwise innocent comment from Angelina about feeling nice and clean after her shower. Alicia was persistent in trying to get it out of them for the rest of the dinner, and not long after she'd cleared her plate, Katie finally blurted out what she'd walked in on just to bring an end to the interrogation. But the end of the questioning had just meant that Alicia laughed long and hard, so Katie's embarrassment only increased.

"Oh, I beg to differ," Alicia said, breathless from all of her laughing. "I don't think it'd be half as funny if it wasn't for the part about Angelina's arse pressing against the glass. But just picturing you standing there with your mouth hanging open while that fat bum was...was..." Alicia lost herself to laughter again, and Katie sighed and stared down at her lap. Harry was sure she'd chosen one of the chairs solely so she didn't have to be too close to anyone else throughout the teasing she would have inevitably known was coming.

"I'm sorry if that was weird for you, Katie," Harry said, fighting not to smile himself. He found the whole thing rather amusing too, and Alicia's laughing fits were infectious. "I didn't mean for that to happen."

"Still, it's not as if it was a surprise, right?" Angelina said from beside him on the couch. She and Alicia had each taken an arm and plopped him down on the couch between them,

and Harry was very comfortable to be seated between them both. “I mean, you two walked in on me getting fucked by Harry for the first time. And you knew it was still going on.”

“Yes, well, I just wasn’t expecting to see *that*,” Katie mumbled. “I didn’t know what to do.”

“I would’ve known what to do,” Alicia said.

“Oh yeah?” Katie said, her voice rising as she finally looked directly at Alicia in challenge. “And what would you have done, then, Alicia? If it’d been you who walked in on Harry shagging Angelina in the shower when you were just trying to figure out what you should do about dinner, what would you have done?”

“Easy,” Alicia said, smiling like she’d been waiting for that question. “I’d have joined them.”

“Alicia!” Katie gasped.

“What?” Alicia shrugged. “Don’t you remember what Harry said that day in the locker room, after he was finished with Angie?” Katie’s blush got brighter, and she shook her head. “Oh, I think you do.”

“I believe he said that you two were welcome to join in the next time we fooled around,” Angelina supplied when it was clear Katie wasn’t going to answer.

“Precisely!” Alicia said. “I bet you haven’t been able to get that offer out of your mind ever since, Katie.” Katie said nothing, but her continued blush said plenty for her, just in case Harry had forgotten the way Angelina’s fellow chasers had stared at his cock in the locker room, and stared at him some more during the party to welcome Hermione into his home. He had not forgotten at all, and he was pleased to have Alicia bring it up. He was even more pleased that she brought it up while leaning against him more and pressing one of her tits against his arm.

“You haven’t brought it up since, Harry,” she said. Her voice got quiet and seductive. “There were too many people around for me to bring it up at the party, so this is really my first chance to ask you how serious you were when you made that offer.”

“Oh, I was very serious,” he said, looking into her eyes and smiling. “I’m sorry I didn’t reach out to invite you, but so much has been going on, But the offer was sincere.” He pulled his other arm away from Angelina so he could reach up and cup Alicia’s cheek. There was excitement brimming in her brown eyes as she looked at him. Her skin was a lighter shade of black than Angelina’s, and felt so soft against his fingers after her shower. “And it still is.”

“And how soon would I be able to take you up on that offer?” she purred, leaning her face into his touch.

“As soon as you want,” he said right away.

Alicia let go of his arm and swung her leg over to straddle his lap. “How about right now?” she purred, sitting down and pressing her arse against his cock through their clothes.

“Right now?” Harry repeated. “I think that can be arranged.”

He used his magic to pull her casual skirt, blouse, bra and knickers off of her body and levitate them over into a pile on top of the table in the sitting room, and Alicia grinned in delight at going from fully clothed to naked so quickly. He didn't do the same for himself. Instead he undid his trousers and pulled his cock out, because that was all he really needed or she really cared about. Alicia wanted his cock, and he didn't keep her waiting for it. He held her arse cheek with one hand, and with the other he moved his cock into position. Alicia did the rest, dropping down to slide his dick inside of her for the first time.

“*Fuck!*” Alicia groaned. “This is the cock I've spent months thinking about! It's a cock worth cheating for!”

Angelina snorted. “As the only one of us with a husband, or a steady boyfriend even, I completely agree,” she said. Harry felt the couch shift as she got up to give them as much room as they wanted, but he didn't actually see her go. His face was full of Alicia's tits, and that was how he wanted it.

She'd leaned her body forwards as he slid lower down on the couch. He moved into almost a supine position against the cushion, and she hugged his head and pushed her tits right up against his face. She seemed to know exactly what he wanted, but of course she did. After years of guys gawking at her boobs, how could she not know how much Harry would appreciate being smothered in her cleavage?

“We can go back in the kitchen and dig into the dessert if you really don't want to watch this,” Angelina said quietly as Alicia started to rock back and forth on Harry's cock. “Or I can pour us some wine and we can enjoy the show, like you guys enjoyed watching Harry turn me into a cheater in the locker room. Your choice.”

Katie's mumbled reply was too soft for Harry to hear, and Angelina didn't say anything back. He didn't know whether the other two chasers were going into the kitchen to have some dessert or settling in to watch him together with Alicia, and there wasn't much chance for him to figure it out. If they'd stayed in the sitting room, they were either staying silent or speaking quietly enough that he couldn't hear them over the sound of the couch squeaking, or Alicia's moans as her slow rocking rapidly grew into a much faster back and forth grind on his cock. And turning his head to look to see if they were still in

the room would have meant pulling his face out from between Alicia's tits. Harry was interested to see if Katie had retreated or if she'd stayed to watch, but not nearly interested enough to remove his face from the large, soft boobs that were welcoming him. Answers about Katie and her embarrassment over what she'd seen would have to wait for later, because all Harry could bring himself to care about right now were the tits in his face and the cunt grinding on his cock.

He was content to let Alicia handle the riding, which wasn't exactly a difficult concession with how enthusiastically her hips were rocking back and forth. She gasped and moaned his name as she rode his cock, and Harry's hands squeezed her arse and helped her keep grinding with as much force as she could muster. He didn't need to worry about a thing, because she was taking care of herself and her pleasure just fine using his cock.

If there had been anything that might have gotten in the way, it would have been her ability to keep this pace going without any help from him. But Alicia was an athlete, and even after hours of training with her fellow chasers, she still had more than enough energy left to keep the ride going as she chased the pleasure that she'd apparently been thinking about ever since that day in the quidditch locker room.

Feeling Alicia's cunt moving on his cock, not to mention her tits jiggling and rubbing against his face, made Harry regret not going out of his way to reach out to both her and Katie to invite them over. It was true that there had been loads going on in his life, and particularly in his bed, but a fuck like this was worth taking time out to pursue.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Alicia chanted, keeping her rocking going. "Now that I'm here, I don't think I'll ever want to leave! How does that sound, Harry? Do you want me to just keep grinding on your cock and shoving my tits in your face forever?"

Harry liked the sound of that. Spending the rest of his life with his face buried in Alicia's tits would be an enviable fate. Of course, telling her as much would have required him to pull his head back so she could hear him speak, and he wasn't about to do that. He instead took one of her breasts into his mouth and sucked on her nipple.

"Yes!" she gasped. "Yes, suck my tit, Harry!" Her rocking got wilder, and she started bouncing a bit too. Until now, she had been riding him with obvious concentration, but her movements became jerkier and less controlled now. But they were no less enjoyable for her loss of control. Harry actually enjoyed it even more now that he could feel Alicia's desperation. It made him want to make her lose even more of her control, if that was possible.

Harry took a risk. He used a quick bit of magic to clean and lubricate her bum, and before she could even react to that, he slid a finger into her arse. It was a slow, shallow anal penetration, but it was enough to make Alicia hiss and tighten the hold that her arms had on his head. It was also enough to push her to her peak, and a high peak at that.

“Oh, *fuck!*” she shouted. “Fuck, fuck, *fuck! Harry!*” He could feel her body trembling against his as she came, and he could but follow. He kept his lips sealed around her nipple and closed his eyes as he came inside of her, Alicia cursed and trembled some more when she felt his cum rushing into her, but the one thing she didn’t do was get off of his lap or pull his cock out of her cunt.

When she did eventually pull back and get up, well after they’d stopped cumming, Harry’s questions were answered. Angelina and Katie were sitting in chairs that offered them a view of everything that he and Alicia had gotten up to. Angelina was nonchalant about it, smiling and sipping at her wine. Katie was holding onto her empty wine glass tightly with both hands, and her face was flushed. But she hadn’t left, and she wasn’t looking away either.

--

Harry returned to the kitchen, feeling satisfied after a very enjoyable evening with his former teammates. They’d had dessert once he and Alicia cleaned themselves up, and all four of them sat around chatting for over an hour afterwards, reminiscing about their Hogwarts days together and telling stories about what they’d been up to since. Katie had gotten over her embarrassment as they talked about less explicit subjects, and she’d been laughing along with the rest as they recounted stories about Wood and the Weasley twins. It had been loads of fun, even in between the sex.

He was so lost in his memories of the night that he nearly walked right into Katie, who he wasn’t expecting to be standing there. He had to stop suddenly, and it was a close enough call that her hands instinctively shot out to grab his shoulders. They were standing very close to each other. He actually didn’t think he’d ever been this close to Katie before.

“Whoa, sorry, Katie,” he said, shaking his head. “I thought you went home?” He’d seen her walk out the door the same time that Alicia and Angelina had, even.

“I pretended to,” she said. “I told Alicia and Ange that I would go around back and grab the quaffle and our training gear before I left, but that was really just an excuse for me to sneak back in from the other side and talk to you alone after they left.”

“Okay,” Harry said slowly, frowning. “Something on your mind?” What was it, and more importantly, why did she not want to say it while her friends were around?

“I wanted to explain why I was so weird about everything today,” she said.

“You don’t need to explain,” he said, shaking his head. “Honestly, I think most people would say that you were the only one of us all who acted normally.” It could become easy for Harry to overlook with how many women had fallen into this routine so easily, but the things he got up to were far from standard. “Not being comfortable walking in on your friends shagging in the shower is pretty natural, I think.”

“That’s not it,” she said. “Or it’s not all that it is, at least. I just...well...oh bloody hell, this is so embarrassing!”

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to,” Harry said, giving what he hoped was a comforting pat on the back.

“I *do* want to,” she whispered. “It’s just...” She sighed, shook her head and took a deep breath. When their eyes met again, she looked resigned. “I’m actually a virgin.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “Oh,” he said simply, at a loss. “Well, that’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“It is when you’ve spent years pretending you’ve done it so your friends won’t think you’re a dork,” she said quietly, hanging her head.

“Ah,” Harry nodded. He understood that. Looking back, he was pretty sure that some of the stories Seamus had told couldn’t have been anything but rubbish meant to make everyone else think he was cool and experienced. “So Angelina and Alicia don’t know?”

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “I know I should’ve told them years ago, but eventually too much time had passed, and I knew they would tease the hell out of me for lying about it this long.”

“Understandable,” Harry said. “Do you mind if I ask why you decided to tell me?”

“It’s kind of tied up in the same reason why I haven’t done it with anyone,” she said. She was speaking really fast now, like she wanted to get it all out and be done with it. “As embarrassed as I am about not having done it, and more about lying about having done it, I didn’t want to just fuck some random guy. It had to be the *right* guy, you know? I wanted to be able to remember my first time and smile, and the longer I waited, the more important it became to me that I pick a guy who’s worth the wait.”

“Would I be right in thinking that you’re considering me as that guy?” Harry asked carefully. It was the obvious implication, because why else would she tell him any of this? But he didn’t want to get ahead of himself. He hadn’t been with a virgin since he and Ginny had been each other’s firsts, and it felt like this needed to be handled with some degree of care.

“Yes,” she said, blushing but holding eye contact with him. “I, uh, to be honest, I always kind of had a thing for you when we were at Hogwarts together, And I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind since that day we walked in on you and Angelina. Like, *holy fuck*, I’ve never seen anything like that, and I could tell how much she loved it, and I got so embarrassed today because I was watching you with them and it was like reliving all of the fantasies I haven’t been able to get out of my head for months now. And I know you’re with Hermione now, and I’m not trying to get between that, but obviously she’s

not the only girl you're sleeping with, and I know you said I was welcome to join in, so I figured—“

“Katie,” Harry said gently, giving her shoulders a squeeze and interrupting her rambling. “The answer is yes.”

“Yeah?” she breathed, licking her lips quickly. “You're still willing, even though I've never done it before?”

He grinned, wondering if she realized how many guys dreamed about taking the virginities of beautiful girls like her. “Absolutely,” he said.

“I'm not, uh—I'm not ready to do it tonight,” she blurted out. Harry did his best not to let his disappointment show, because he didn't want to put any pressure on Katie now that he knew the truth. “But if you want, I'd like to try, uh, sucking you?”

“If you want to try, I'm happy to let you,” he said. He wanted her to be comfortable and only do what she felt ready for, and if that meant she would try blowing him before she left, so much the better.

“Okay.” She took a deep breath to calm herself, and then she crouched down in front of him. “I'm sorry if I'm not that good at it,” she said, apologizing even as she fished his cock out of his trousers. “I've never sucked a guy before, but I've read articles and stuff.” She blushed while wrapping her fingers around his cock and giving him a light squeeze. “I've also tried practicing on a toy I ordered. It's not as long or as thick as you are, but...”

“Just take your time, Katie,” he said, giving her a pat on the shoulder. He could be rough and demanding, but that wasn't what was called for here. Katie needed him to be gentle and patient with her. “Don't push yourself too hard. And mind the teeth, yeah?”

Katie giggled. “I'll try,” she said playfully, slowly sliding her hand down his shaft, and then back up to rub at his cockhead. She licked her lips again, in a more purposeful manner this time, and then she pressed them to his tip and gave him a kiss. Harry groaned, enjoying the feel of her soft lips on his cock.

Those lips felt nice when she took his head into her mouth to suckle him too. It wasn't difficult for him to tell that she was new at this, mainly because of how she hesitated at each new step she took along the way. But it was just as simple to tell that she wasn't lying about her studying and practicing. It was certainly not the most skilled blowjob he'd ever had, or the most impressive, but she was able to bring him plenty of pleasure by moving slowly and sticking to very basic techniques.

Katie did not try to bob her head quickly, and she never took even half of his cock into her mouth. She focused primarily on his cockhead, licking, kissing and suckling at it while her hand pumped around the base of his shaft. It wasn't fancy, but it felt good for

him and wasn't overwhelming for her. As first blowjobs went, it could be far worse, as Harry could state firsthand.

"That's good, Katie," he said, stroking her hair and trying to boost her confidence while she did her best for him. He played with her hair without tugging on it, and he kept his hips still rather than thrusting forward to force more of his cock into her mouth. He didn't want to scare her off after she'd trusted him with this, and besides, it really did feel good.

Katie got a bit more confident after that, and that confidence revealed itself in how she suckled at his cock harder and stroked the base more firmly. She even got her other hand involved, tickling the underside of his balls with her fingers, and the surprise caused Harry to twitch and cum inside of Katie's mouth. He was so caught off-guard that he didn't have time to warn her it was coming, and Katie had to pull back and take him out of her mouth after a few seconds to cough. She held onto his cock though, and accidentally wound up aiming it so the second portion of his load landed in her hair. She gasped and took his tip back into her mouth to swallow the rest, but the mess had been made.

She didn't seem too worried about it though. "Did I do okay?" she asked him, showing where her priorities were at.

"It felt really good, especially for it being your first time," he said honestly. "You should have seen how many mistakes Ginny and I made when we were learning all this stuff."

Katie laughed. "Well, I've had more time to think about it, to be fair." She reached up to touch her hair. "Mind if I use your shower again? Cleaning charms just aren't going to cut it with it all in my hair."

"Of course," he said, reaching out to help her to her feet. "You're welcome to it."

"Sorry I'm not ready to have you join me in there," she said, walking off to use the guest shower for the second time that day. She stopped in the corridor to look back at him. "But hopefully soon."

"I'll look forward to you being ready for it," Harry said. It had been years since he'd taken a girl's virginity, but if Katie wanted to break that streak, it would be his honor to give his beautiful former teammate a first time to remember.