

“Fuck, that feels amazing!” Angelina groaned, pushing her hips back towards Harry to meet his thrusts. “I swear, your cock always feels so damn big in my arse, no matter how many times you bugger me!” Harry said nothing, continuing to focus on fucking the thick arse in front of him. He understood why Angelina was still so excited to get down on all fours and offer her arse up for him because he would never tire of slapping this fat arse while he fucked it.

“That’s because it *is* that damn big, you lucky bitch,” Alicia said, filling the relative silence left by Harry’s single-minded focus on fucking her teammate’s bum.

“I *am* lucky,” Angelina agreed, groaning after another hard thrust buried Harry’s cock deep in her arse again. “But so are you.”

Harry glanced down at the floor, where Alicia was sitting on Hermione’s face. All that Hermione could see of Hermione from the neck up was her thick brown hair, which looked as bushy and tousled as it had in her younger days, thanks to Alicia running her fingers through it and tugging on it while she rode her face on the floor of the condo’s sitting room.

“Damn straight I am,” Alicia agreed, smiling up at Harry and Angelina while humping Hermione’s face. “We’re all lucky that the newlyweds invited us to come and play.”

Harry and Hermione’s wedding night had been reserved for the two of them alone, but there were a certain number of women who had been given access to the villa they had rented for their honeymoon and an open invitation to drop in and help them celebrate whenever they had the time. Naturally, Fleur had been the first to take advantage of said offer, arriving the morning of their first day there to enjoy a threesome with them. They’d had most of the rest of the day to themselves, but not long after dinner, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie all came in together. After relaxing in the sitting room and chatting for a bit, Angelina had turned things raunchy by climbing onto his chair with him, planting that big arse in his lap, and wiggling around as she asked if Hermione would be okay with her borrowing her new husband's cock for a bit. Hermione had laughed, gotten up off the couch and given her permission, which had gotten the ball rolling on the fun all five of them were having in the sitting room.

Hermione was still wearing her blouse, but the red knickers she’d been wearing since their afternoon shower were balled up on the floor next to the couch. Katie Bell was responsible for that, and she was also responsible for making Hermione's legs squirm, and her hands tug on the chaser's brown ponytail while she lapped at her pussy. Katie had still been a virgin before giving her first time to Harry, and she'd never gone down on a woman before or since, as far as Harry was aware.

She hadn't needed to be talked into eating Hermione out, though. Katie's current contribution was her idea. She could have waited her turn or even joined Harry on the couch to have him finger her or something while he was bugging Angelina. But Katie had crawled onto her hands and knees instead and kissed Hermione's inner thighs. She'd licked her pussy through her panties as well, and Hermione had been squirming and lifting her legs off of the floor by the time Katie started taking her underwear off so she could lick her directly. Harry was impressed with how much Katie’s confidence and playfulness had improved in the short time since he’d taken her virginity, even if he was the only one who knew that he had been her first partner, and Hermione was more than likely becoming only the second at that moment.

Harry was glad that Hermione was having so much fun with two of his former and potentially future quidditch teammates because he was having an excellent time bugging Angelina on the couch. He

would have been perfectly happy to spend the entirety of his honeymoon with his wife alone. But Hermione hadn't just been okay with allowing the other girls in their lives to drop in on them; she'd suggested it in the first place. Hermione's willingness to let him keep his dalliances with Fleur, Angelina and Audrey going when they got together, and even bring more girls like Luna and Gabrielle in on the fun, had been a surprise to him.

It was the best kind of surprise, though. Hermione was his forever, *and* he still got to fool around with numerous other beautiful women with her full approval. Fucking Angelina's big arse, making those juicy cheeks jiggle with his thrusts and his spanks, and listening to her moans and grunts as she pushed her hips back to meet him, and all while his wife had one chaser riding her face while another ate her out, was a highly unconventional way to spend the first night of his honeymoon. But his relationship with Hermione had been very unconventional from the beginning, and this start to their honeymoon demonstrated that it wouldn't be changing or getting any less adventurous just because they were now married.

Watching Alicia riding Hermione's face out of the corner of his eye compelled Harry to fuck Angelina's arse even harder. He got a firm grip on both arsecheeks and slammed into her so hard that Angelina had to give up on her attempts at pushing back at him and instead grab onto the arm of the couch just to hang on under the increased intensity of the bugging. She didn't complain about the leap in aggression, though. She might not be able to meet his thrusts as she had been before, but her deep moans let him know how much she approved of getting her cheeks clapped on the couch.

"Fuck, yeah!" Angelina cried out after a couple more minutes of rough anal on the couch. Her hips were lifted slightly now, and she had one hand between her legs to frantically finger herself. She enjoyed having anal sex with him, but adding the fingering in as well would get her off even more effectively. Still, Harry had another trick up his sleeve that would help make this even more intense for her.

"Too bad you didn't think to bring George's little prototype with you," he muttered into her ear while pausing with his cock fully buried up her arse. He spoke directly into her ear so only she could hear him. Hermione knew all about George's fetish for voyeurism and cuckolding and also about Angelina's growing fondness for doing the cuckolding. He didn't know if she'd said anything to Alicia or Katie, though, and he wouldn't spill the beans. This bit of dirty talk was just for Angelina. "I bet he'd have really enjoyed a little glimpse at me making you my honeymoon butt slut, just like I said I would."

Angelina let out a long, shaky moan, and he knew it wasn't just because he'd slapped her right arse cheek and then pulled his hips back to give her another mighty thrust. Harry would never have been okay with watching Hermione with another man, and he knew she wanted no other man but him. But if this cuckolding stuff did it for George and Angelina, good for them. And good for Harry, too, because it meant that he got to bugger George's wife during his honeymoon, tease her with the possibility of recording it all for her husband, and feel the way it made her come undone.

"Maybe you can tell him all about it when you get back," Harry suggested, quietly enough for no one else to hear but with more than enough authority in his voice to make Angelina whimper. "I'm sure he'd love to hear you describe every second of your night getting bugged on the couch while your teammates are all over my wife."

Between the thrusts, the hand that was working overtime between her legs, and now him bringing up the fetish that she and her husband had discovered, Harry got Angelina to grunt and claw at the arm of the couch as she came hard.

Harry wasn't long in following her. How could he be when he had been pounding Angelina's arse hard on the couch and now had her grunting and cumming, to go along with the fascinating threesome playing out on the floor? Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Alicia sitting up straight and moaning, likely squirting on Hermione's face. And looking down at the other end of the sexy trio on the floor when he pulled out of Angelina's arse to cum all over her lower back and cheeks, he could see that Hermione's hands were clutching Katie's brown hair and her legs had crossed together around her head.

Even as Harry slapped his cock down on Angelina's back to shake off the rest of his cum at the end of a thrilling bout of anal sex with his potential future teammate's fat arse, he would wager that Hermione had enjoyed her night just as much as he had. And that was how it should be, really. This honeymoon was all about both of them having a blast no matter who they currently happened to be enjoying themselves with.

--

Romance and kissing while stretching out in a large bed were staples of almost every honeymoon. But Harry assumed it was far less common for the deep, passionate kisses in the middle of the bed to involve neither of the newlyweds.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. He and Hermione were involved, in a sense, even if neither of them were doing any kissing. But they were happy to welcome Audrey and Penelope into their bed the afternoon of their second day on their honeymoon, where these loving kisses were taking place. Audrey and Penelope first connected via a threesome with Harry. After multiple failed attempts to get Penny to join her and Percy for a threesome, Audrey finally got a taste of her husband's Ravenclaw ex, thanks to Harry's involvement. It was only fitting for the two women to share a moment like this during Harry and Hermione's honeymoon. Harry and Hermione weren't the only couple brought together by the irresponsible spending habits of the Weasley brothers.

Audrey and Penelope had never looked back from that first threesome. Harry had quickly noticed the closeness developing between the two women, and he wasn't the only one. Percy might be oblivious to what was happening between his wife and ex-girlfriend from his Hogwarts days, but Harry and plenty of others witnessed that love build. He was happy to witness the pair holding hands and turning their heads towards each other to kiss while they occupied the bed that ostensibly was his and Hermione's to use.

Harry and Hermione were getting plenty out of offering up the use of their bed, of course. While Audrey kissed her lover and fondled one of her perky breasts, Harry pulled the legs of Percy's wife apart and thrust into her from his knees. Hermione, meanwhile, wore the magical strap-on and moaned from all the sensations it emitted as she slid it back and forth in Penelope's pussy.

They weren't fucking with excessive force or speed; they both understood how to have their fun while adding to the passion between Audrey and Penny rather than taking away from it. Their thrusts did not rock their partners' bodies or make them struggle to maintain their kiss of passion. Instead, they matched their pace to that of Audrey and Penelope, giving them an even greater rush than they would

ordinarily feel while kissing and touching each other in bed. Harry angled his hips up slightly while rocking back and forth, making sure that his cock hit Audrey's g-spot on each thrust to bring her as much pleasure as possible. He could hear her moan into Penny's mouth, and he knew that he wasn't just imagining Audrey's hands squeezing down a breast or squeezing Penny's hand harder any time his cock hit just right. He was fully capable of shagging Audrey until she screamed and shook; he had often fucked sounds out of her that her husband was never going to hear her make in his life. But that wasn't the assignment today. He was here to add to the passionate moment she shared with her lover, and Harry was happy to do so. He didn't need to slam his cock in hard to enjoy himself with Audrey anyway. This slow pace allowed him to savor every thrust he gave and every second he spent inside of her tight pussy, and he would have had a great time even without any of the other elements that made this such an arousing experience for him.

There was plenty else to appreciate, though. Watching Audrey and Penelope kiss and touch each other like they'd never be able to get enough of either was exciting to watch. They were always like this together, always so happy for every moment they could squeeze in with each other. Not merely watching but taking part in their passion and making Audrey moan into her partner's mouth with each thrust was lovely. Just as lovely was being able to turn his head slightly and watch Hermione doing her part to bring that same pleasure to Penny. For someone who hadn't been born with the proper equipment and had to learn how to use her magical strap-on, Hermione's skills had progressed a great deal. She couldn't move her hips with as much power as Harry could, and it was doubtful that she would ever approach that level. That power wasn't necessary to fit the current pace of the lovemaking, though, and Hermione knew what she was doing. Harry could see his wife's lovely round arse rocking and clenching as she moved her hips skillfully and had Penelope closing her eyes and giving Audrey's big breast a firm squeeze.

Harry noticed his wife looking his way, seemingly appreciating his work like he had been admiring her giving Penny what she wanted. He smiled at her, and Hermione grinned back. They already knew they made a great team, and not just while shagging each other. They'd given several women a serious double-teaming, including Percy's wife and ex who shared their bed currently. But as they were proving now, they could also team up to make love to a pair of women and make their stolen moment together that much more passionate.

Was this an ordinary turn of events for a husband and wife on their honeymoon? Of course not. But it fit Harry and Hermione perfectly, and he could see the same contentment he felt on his wife's face as they smiled at each other. There would be plenty of time for the two of them alone on their honeymoon. They'd already had numerous such moments thus far, even with their night of fun with the chasers and Fleur dropping in a second time this morning so they could spit-roast her outside on the balcony. More of those moments would come, and they would love all of them. Right now, though, they were both pleased to welcome Audrey and Penelope into their bed and make them the center of attention.

Hermione looked away from him so she could lean over Penelope, and her fingers started to dance across Penny's inner thigh on a clear path toward her pussy and clit. Following his wife's lead, Harry focused on bringing Audrey to new heights of pleasure. His rocking already had her feeling great, but he increased the speed of his thrusts just a bit, stimulating her G-spot more frequently while still not moving hard enough to force her to break her kiss. He saw Audrey's eyes close and watched her release Penny's breast and put her arm around her as the kissing, touching, and lovemaking all culminated in a toe-curling ecstasy that she'd only been able to find by looking outside of her marriage and turning to others for her pleasure.

Penelope followed not long thereafter, no doubt pushed there by Hermione's thrusts, her fingers at play and the sights, sounds, and feeling of Audrey cumming. As he watched and continued to thrust in pursuit of an orgasm of his own, it occurred to Harry that all three of these women were in bed with him to share this moment partially because they'd found their Weasley companion (past or present) dissatisfying.

Their debts had been cleared, but he really owed all of the Weasley brothers a thank you, Percy included. His obliviousness had made all of this possible, from Penny and Audrey developing feelings after their first threesome with him to joining Harry and Hermione for a night of passion during their honeymoon.

--

“My sister and your wife look adorable together, don't they?”

Harry peeled his eyes away from Fleur's bouncing breasts and looked to his left, where Hermione and Gabrielle were locked in a 69 on the towel Hermione had spread out near the outdoor hot tub. Hermione was on her back, and her fingers dug into the flesh of the 18-year-old veela's arsecheeks as she ate Gabrielle's pussy out. Harry couldn't blame her for wanting to grab Gabi's heart-shaped arse. He knew he'd be squeezing her arse just as hard and eating her out just as intently if it had been him on his back on the towel.

“Definitely,” he said. Adorable probably wouldn't be the first word he would have chosen when he looked over and watched his wife and Gabrielle pleasuring each other with their mouths, but he didn't feel like quibbling about vocabulary at the moment. In addition to the arousing sight of a naked Hermione 69ing the equally naked young veela that he'd deflowered on his stag night, he could look back directly in front of him and take in a view that would make millions green with envy. Fleur had worn a skimpy bikini into the hot tub, but he was pretty sure she'd put it on solely so he could take it off of her, which he had been happy to do a few minutes after they'd hopped in together.

Now he was resting in a seated position against the edge of the tub, his arms propped up while Fleur straddled him and rode his cock. She couldn't ride him as hard as she was capable of there in the water, but she was still moving quickly enough to make waves, literally. Water sloshed over the edge of the tub as the sexy veela rode Harry, though thankfully Hermione had possessed the foresight to set up her towel outside of the splash zone, so she and Gabrielle could continue licking to their heart's content without getting wet.

This was the fourth time Fleur had paid them a visit on their honeymoon, though the first that she had brought her little sister along with her. Harry had already gotten to shag Gabrielle in his bed shortly after her arrival, while Fleur used the magical strap-on to give Hermione a rough doggy-style fuck on the floor next to the bed. There had been an exciting sort of competition that had developed, with Harry matching Fleur's intensity by throwing her sister's legs over his shoulders and shagging her hard enough to rock the bed beneath them. At the same time, the elder veela slammed into Harry's wife, pulled her hair and spanked her arse.

The competition had ended in explosive orgasms for all four of them, but things were decidedly less competitive and more calm now that they'd headed outside and done some veela swapping. That didn't make it any less pleasant, though. Throwing Gabi's legs over his shoulder and fucking her until her eyes glazed over and she squealed, trembled, and came had made for a fantastic afternoon, doubly so

since he got to hear Hermione groan into the carpet while Fleur treated her like her own personal slut. But having Fleur writhing on his cock in the hot tub at what was a leisurely speed by her standards had him feeling like a king.

If Fleur had any competition for the most objectively beautiful woman he'd ever met, it was her little sister whose pussy Hermione currently had the pleasure of feasting on. And this impossibly beautiful veela was addicted to *his* cock. She loved her husband, but when she wanted satisfaction, he, Harry, was her first choice. That was why she'd taken advantage of Hermione's invitation and dropped in on them every day during their honeymoon. Fleur Weasley couldn't get enough of him, and she'd given him no reason to think that would ever change. It was a good thing for him that fucking her felt so damn good and also that he had enough stamina to welcome her into his arms and onto his dick whenever she came calling.

What they were doing this time lacked a lot of the intensity that made satisfying Fleur so demanding, but that didn't stop Harry's will from being tested. Any time he was inside of a veela's pussy, he was effectively locked in a constant battle to last long enough to make them cum, and that battle still existed even with her not bouncing away like she so often did. Fleur's pussy made itself a perfect fit for his cock, as it always did. Every rock and wiggle felt exquisite, and seeing her wet tits shaking right in front of his face had him feeling almost hypnotized.

"You appear to be struggling, Harry," Fleur said. He looked away from her chest and into her eyes to see her smirking at him knowingly. She knew how deep he was having to dig. It all felt amazing, and Fleur's hot tub ride, accompanied by the sights and sounds of Hermione and Gabrielle going to town on each other, didn't make it any easier for him to keep his head. If Harry didn't do something drastic, he might cum before he'd managed to get Fleur off.

That could not stand. Fleur had climbed into this hot tub so he could satisfy her daily craving for cock, and he wasn't going to fail. He made his intentions clear by sitting up straighter in the tub, no longer leaning against the edge of it or resting his arms on the top. His left arm went around her waist to support her back, and his right hooked around the back of her thigh to pull her up into his lap. Her left foot dangled over the edge of the tub, and her right pressed against the top.

As soon as he had her secure in his arms in the new position, Harry went to work. He crouched enough above the water to give Fleur some proper deep thrusts, still not going as hard as he could in different circumstances but putting more than enough into the snapping of his hips to have Fleur groaning and grabbing onto his shoulder for support.

"Yes!" she cried. She'd been having her fun writhing in his lap, but it was no surprise to him that she was getting louder now that he'd taken over and started fucking her. He could give it to her like this better than anyone else, which played a prominent part in why she couldn't get enough of him. Harry's hips snapped through the water so he could build a brisk pace, driving his cock in to the hilt inside of Fleur's warmth. Speeding up like this only hastened Harry's own demise, but he had been rapidly approaching his orgasm as it was. This way, he could catch up and hopefully drag her there alongside him.

He happened to glance over again at the sound of a thump and a muffled moan, and it nearly spelled his immediate doom. The muffled moan had probably been Hermione's, but the thump was caused by Gabrielle's legs dragging across the towel and the ground beneath it as her hips humped Hermione's face. He couldn't be certain, but his intuition told him that his wife had just made the gorgeous veela

cum. She was probably squirting all over Hermione's face and tongue at that very moment, and Harry came very close to losing it when he saw that and considered the likely implications.

Fleur's enthusiastic moans helped drag him back, though. He looked back at her and saw that she had her head thrown back. Her long, silvery-blond hair hung down so low that the tips nearly touched the bottom of the water, swinging back and forth just above its surface as Harry made her body bounce in his arms with each solid thrust. She was so close now. His work was almost done. He just needed to ignore the sounds and thoughts of his wife making Gabrielle cum for a few more precious seconds. If he could do that, both veela would get what they came for (which would be the second time for both since their arrival earlier in the day and about the sixth or seventh for Fleur over the course of her four honeymoon visits.)

After one thrust, and then another, and one more emphatic push as deep inside of Bill Weasley's wife as Harry's cock could fit, Fleur finally screamed out her pleasure and came on his cock, still with her head pointed straight up at the sky above. As soon as Harry heard her scream and felt her pussy clench around him in climax, he let go, buried his face in her perfect breasts and erupted inside of her. He shot jet after jet of cum inside Fleur, showing her he still had plenty of semen left for her after taking care of Gabrielle earlier. That was no surprise to her, of course. She knew what he was capable of and what she could hope to receive every time she was with him.

Fleur had been the first of the Weasley wives to discover what he could do, and none of them, not even Hermione, were more addicted to it than the horny veela.

--

"Gabrielle seemed excited."

Harry chuckled at Hermione's massive understatement and squeezed her hip as she cuddled into his side in bed. Fleur and Gabrielle had left a few minutes earlier, but not before Hermione suggested that the younger veela could make use of one of their guest rooms for as long as she needed it until she got settled. Gabrielle planned on moving to England to pursue a career and also spend more time with her big sister, but everyone understood that her desire to be a regular fixture in Harry's bed played a big part in her decision as well. Much like her big sister, Gabrielle couldn't get enough of him, to Harry's delight.

"I'd say so, yeah," Harry agreed, caressing the bare skin of Hermione's hip. Hermione hadn't made a commitment in so many words, but she'd basically given Gabrielle an opening to join them in bed more often than anyone else, even Fleur. It would also be a chance for both of them to get to know her better, and vice versa.

"I wonder who was more excited," Hermione asked aloud. "Her, or you."

"A tie, probably," Harry answered. Gabrielle's smile had been as bright as the sun when Hermione made the offer, but Harry wouldn't pretend he hadn't been just as excited. Harry had no clue where things would end with Gabrielle. Maybe she would move out after a few months of fun to pursue a monogamous relationship and a new life with someone else. Perhaps she would never leave. However long she was a guest in their house, Harry would have a blast.

"You're the best wife ever," he said, making Hermione giggle as he leaned in and kissed her. Hermione would get plenty out of having Gabrielle around, too, especially if Harry passed his tryout and joined the Dorchester Dragons in their move up to the British and Irish Quidditch League for the upcoming season. It wasn't lost on him that, though he and Hermione had discussed Gabrielle's obvious crush and how to handle it ahead of time, she hadn't actually made the offer until *after* the young veela had given her such good head during their 69 outside earlier. Still, he didn't feel any less grateful to her just because she would be happy to have Gabrielle around, too. He thanked her through his kiss, and she was happy to accept.

Before long, it became more than just a grateful kiss. Harry's hand slipped down from Hermione's hip to grab her arse, and she moaned into his mouth, reached up and ran her fingers against his scalp. They'd both gotten off several times throughout the day already, but it felt like they were building up toward another round of passion now that they were alone and naked in bed.

Things hadn't quite reached that point when an owl tapped on their bedroom window. Harry groaned into Hermione's mouth and closed his eyes, intent on ignoring it, but the owl was insistent. Hermione pulled her hands out of his hair, and Harry broke the kiss with a frustrated growl.

"We only allowed a few people to reach us via owl here," Hermione pointed out. "It could be important." Harry nodded reluctantly. "I'll go let it in."

Harry almost objected and said that he could get it, but then he realized that letting her get it would mean being able to stare at her naked arse on her walk to the window. Selfishly, Harry relaxed in bed and ogled his wife's round bum while she got out of bed and went to the window to let the owl in. As soon as the window was open, the owl bypassed Hermione, flew into the bedroom, and landed on the bed next to Harry. It stuck out its leg, and Harry took the letter addressed to him. The owl flew right back out of the room as he unfolded it, so the sender must not be expecting a response.

"It's from Luna," Harry said, recognizing the handwriting at once. While Hermione came back to bed, Harry read the letter from the only regular sex partner who hadn't shown up at any point during his honeymoon so far.

Harry,

I must apologize for failing to join you and Hermione on your honeymoon celebration. Please apologize to her as well on my behalf. Give her juicy buttocks a nibble for me, if you please. After that, tell her to nuzzle her face in your testicles so you will be reminded of me. I'm sure she won't mind.

I did intend to join you, but there was a sighting of a new subspecies of snorkack in Finland that I simply had to see with my own eyes. Sadly, I will not be able to return until after your honeymoon is over.

Also sadly, arranging this trip on such short notice required funds that I do not have at this time. In order to finance the trip, I dipped into your Gringotts vault to borrow some gold. Please don't be angry with me. I do promise to repay all of it, though it might take me some time to get that much gold. If waiting for repayment is unacceptable, I am willing to discuss alternative payment methods. That seemed to work well for the Weasley men, and for their wives. I would be happy to enter a similar arrangement with you.

*Yours,
Luna Lovegood*

(Please accept the alternative arrangement. Payment plans and transactions are boring. Your penis is exciting. So are your testicles. Remember to tell Hermione to nuzzle them in my absence.)

Harry laughed before he reached the end, and Hermione gave him a curious look as she returned to the bed. He just held the letter out for her to read, knowing that his description would never be able to do Luna Lovegood's words justice.

"Looks like I've got another debtor to settle up with," he said. As Hermione picked up the letter and rolled onto her side, he made her jump by wrapping his arms around her waist from behind and giving her left buttcheek a gentle nibble.