

Even though they were the away team, the roar of their loyal fans was deafening. It was so loud he could barely hear his own girlfriend's happy screaming in his ear, and she was literally on his back. The entire team, reserves included, piled in. The moment was pure elation. He could still feel the incessant beating of the snitch against the palm of his hand as testament to the fact they'd actually won.

And it was the catch that tipped them over. As good as their chasers were, Puddlemere's keeper had been in rare form. They'd still managed to score, but they'd been losing 160-110 before Harry spotted the snitch. It'd been a defensive masterclass that lasted over seven hours. He was exhausted, his bones were sore from more than one bludger hit, but he was elated too.

The same couldn't be said for the Puddlemere supporters. Everyone in navy blue was slowly, dejectedly making their way out of the stadium while those in green rushed down to the front of the stands and started to sing.

With a pat to his girlfriend's bum, he placed her down on the ground. Though not without one more appreciative squeeze for good measure. He jumped as she pinched his bum on the way down. More than one of their teammates rolled their eyes at their antics.

And to think, a few months ago I was wallowing away in the Auror Department absolutely miserable. It was incredible to him just how quickly things could change when you decided to take the plunge. The League Commissioner, a stocky man named, Alfred Winthrop, came out bearing the trophy. A raised dais appeared in the middle of the field. The team was ushered up there as the commissioner started his preprepared speech, "Ladies and Gentlemen, witches and wizards, our biggest congratulations to the Holyhead Harpies on the incredible accomplishment in the face of struggle and injury this postseason. They truly are champions!"

There was a roar of approval from the remaining crowd as he took the rather impressive trophy and handed it to Gwenog. The team gathered around, and everyone got a chance to touch it as the crowd cheered. Time dragged on, and as the shadows hung heavy over the stadium, they finally made their way toward the lockers.

In their two previous playoff victories, there'd been some... wonderful extracurriculars after the fact, but tonight seemed a bit different. Everyone was already riding on the high of their victory, and it was just a matter of time until there was a comedown.

So, as he stood in front of his locker, there weren't any straying hands or illicit touches. Instead, they merely showered, applied some salves and got dressed. Gwen was the last one in, and she made a be-line right for him, "Potter, hurry that tight behind up and get out there for the media. Can't win the game for the team and hope to avoid it."

It was probably his only complaint about his new profession. He didn't like dealing with the media when he was a teenager, and now was no different, but considering the victory they'd just achieved he figured he could grin and bear it, "I'm on it, Captain."

"Sara will be waiting for you." Sara was the teams Public Relations Manager, a nice, professional older woman who was stellar at her job.

He got more than one pat on the bum as he left, and even a wolf whistle from Rosie. Ginny gave him a wink, and as he made for the door, he thought he saw a mischievous little glint in her eye that he loved. But he didn't get a chance to dwell on it.

Waiting for him in the corridor, Sara gave him a smile, "Congratulations, Harry, it was a fantastic game. I think you understand that there are some people eager to ask some questions."

"Lead the way." He gave her a smile back. Just because he didn't really have any interest in dealing with the media didn't mean he wasn't going to be friendly.

Leading him down the tunnel, he followed a now familiar path to the media room. There were about fifteen people waiting inside, all of whom he'd seen at least once before, some with cameras others with dicta-quills, and there was one person there in charge of the wizarding radio broadcast. There was a table at the front of the room with one chair waiting for him. Taking his seat, he poured himself a glass of water before nodding his head, "Alright."

Sara handled the order, pointing to one man in the front, "Aaron Baddeley for the Daily Prophet Sports column, Harry. I just want to start by saying congratulations, it was a wonderful end to an intense game. Your dive was borderline insanity, though you're not exactly known for discretion on the pitch."

In all fairness to him, his final dive had been rather reckless, but he knew that he could pull it off and took the risk. He knew it was unlikely that the Puddlemere seeker would follow. Still, he didn't appreciate the odd setup to the question, "Would you mind talking us through those final moments?"

"We fell into a defensive stalemate. Wood was in incredible form, especially after some early goals whereas our beaters had control of the midfield, so I knew that it was going to come down to the snitch. Once I saw it, I wasn't going to miss the opportunity when Dixon was none the wiser. Lucky for me, the move paid off and we won because of it."

Sara pointed to another reporter, a blonde woman, who probably graduated from Hogwarts right around the time that he started, "Polly Thorne for Quidditch International, the season has obviously only just finished but the sport waits for no one. Not everyone may be aware, but since you were an emergency signing, you'll become a free agent as of the new signing period starting next month. There are substantial rumors circulating that multiple teams intend to make offers given your performances. So, while I'm sure you want to enjoy this victory, our readers are curious if you have any opinion on your future?"

Frankly, Harry hadn't heard anything about any rumors. As far as he was concerned, the only thing he'd been worried about in the past month was winning for the Harpies. And given the incentives of being with the team, that only the privileged few could attest to, he didn't have any intention of going anywhere else any time soon. Resting his elbows on the table in front of him, Harry shrugged, "I can't speak to any rumors. Any offers that come my way, I'm going to hear out, but... if the Harpies want me, this is where I intend to play. They took a chance on me, and Gwenog's coaching is nothing short of top notch. Given the success we've had together, it seems foolish to look elsewhere."

The faint sound of scribbling followed that statement before Sara called on another reporter, "Graham Murray, Wizarding Sport Quarterly, it's a well-known fact that you were the first male member of the Holyhead Harpies in their storied history, what exactly is that like?"

Harry resisted the urge to roll his eyes. It wasn't the first time he'd gotten that sort of question, just the other day Ron had asked him something similar, as though he was going to tell him that they had constant orgies. *Even if it's half true.* "I imagine it's no different than working for any other quidditch club," Harry said with a frown, "The players on this team are professionals, and they behave as such. The fact that they happen to field a predominantly female team doesn't change that fact in the slightest."

It went on and on. Half the time it felt like he was being asked the exact same question worded fifteen different ways, as though they were just looking for the moment that he'd slip up and tell them he was actually moving to the Vratsa Vulture to compete with Krum or something. Finally, Sara ended things, "That's all the time for questions, thank you for your time, everyone."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Harry stood and beat a hasty retreat out of the room before anyone could press for one last question. As he headed back to the locker room, he found that it was largely empty. The only person waiting for him was his smiling girlfriend, "Hey there handsome, all done?"

Hugging her, he gave her a little kiss on the forehead as he chuckled, "I swear, that was more exhausting than the entire game."

"Poor boy," Ginny giggled, "Just have to get you home so you can rest. Carrying the team and dealing with the press must have been absolutely exhausting. Wouldn't want you anything less than perfectly rested." It was an innocuous enough thing to say, but he saw that glint in her eye again.

"What are you planning?"

She gave him a little smirk, "Nothing, absolutely nothing. I swear."

"Right, because I believe that." He pinched her bum, "Come on now, tell me."

"I'm not **planning** anything, honest." She pinched him right back, "And even if I was, I would expect you to know me well enough that it's going to be fun if I was planning something."

"In other words, you've already planned it and now it'd just be best if I went along with it."

She leaned up to plant a kiss on his lips, "Smart boy." Taking his hand, they left the stadium together and had an entirely mundane night at home. There was no partying or depravity, just a good night's sleep. No, the rest of that would come later.

"No," He heard Ginny say in the sitting room, "we need a rest. It was a hell of a bloody game, so give us the week and we'll be happy to celebrate with you next weekend." His hair was wet from a shower after a long night's sleep. It was half past four and he'd only been up for about an hour. His girlfriend had clearly had a more active day than him.

"Language."

Ginny chuckled, "Yes, mum, sorry."

"I'm going to hold you to it, though, sweetheart. Next weekend!"

"Wouldn't miss it." As Harry stepped into the room, Molly's head disappeared from the fireplace.

Leaning against the doorframe, he asked, "Not up to family dinner?" He knew that they were both in perfectly good shape to head over to the Burrow. And since they both enjoyed spending time with her family, the only reason she would've turned her mother down was if she already had something planned. And given she was in a rather lovely black dress that hugged her athletic body with her makeup done too, he figured that whatever plans she'd made were going to be coming to fruition some time that night.

Turning, Ginny gave him a wicked smile, "Not tonight. We have company coming over."

"Oh, do we?" He knew where this was going, but decided to play dumb, "Who could you possibly have invited?"

Rolling her eyes at his antics, Ginny just stood, "As though you don't know!"

He just gave her a smile, "Should I go and change? Wouldn't want to be underdressed?"

Biting her bottom lip, she sauntered over to him, "No, I think you look fantastic... but you'd look even better in nothing at all."

Reaching down, he cupped her lovely bum, "Could say the same thing about you."

Ginny winked up at him, "Patience, wouldn't want the girls to walk in on a show."

"Right? Because it's not something they haven't seen before." Harry snorted out a laugh, "And it's not as though that's exactly why you want to have them all over."

"Of course, not." She feigned innocence, even though she couldn't hide that look in her eye, "I just wanted to be able to have a nice, private celebration of our victory where we couldn't be bothered, and the rest of the girls were all for it."

He just shook his head as the fireplace flared green and out stepped Hannah holding a bottle of whiskey. Her brunette hair was up in a tight ponytail, and she was wearing a dress that only just fell to the curve of her bum. Since that first time Harry participated in the post-game reverie, the beater had been rather ravenous for both him and his girlfriend... something that neither of them minded in the slightest.

The young woman oozed confidence with every step, "Alright, I'm here, time to party."

"Bit eager, Han?" Ginny asked as they embraced. She took the bottle and placed it down on a nearby curio.

"Me? No, of course not! Why else would I be here first?" Without missing a beat, she stepped over to Harry and kissed him on the base of his jaw, her hands wandered too, groping the front of his trousers.

"Hoping to get a bit of fun in before everyone else arrived?" Ginny asked.

"Well... I wouldn't say no." Whatever she had in mind was going to be put on hold, at least for the time being, as the fireplace flared green again and out stepped Gwenog and Angelina together, "Damn... just gonna have to wait till later."

"How will you manage?"

“Impatiently...” They greeted their teammates and a few minutes later, in came some people he wasn’t really expecting. Ingrid Carlsberg, Ruby Satterlee, and Eliza Fonesca. Ingrid was the other starting chaser, whose knee was on the path to recovery still if the brace was anything to go by, while the other two ladies were the other reserves. Harry was certainly friendly enough with them, but despite what he’d been told by Angelina after winning his first game, they’d never been present for any of their festivities. Not that he was complaining that they were there now.

Rosie and Emilie arrived after them and the last to join them were Grace Grafton, Isabel Williams, and Nicola Steiner, the two reserve beaters and keeper respectively. The only members of the team not present were the original starting and reserve seekers. He didn’t know if that was because they were struggling with Splattergoit still or because they were sour over his position on the team.

But since he was surrounded by a bevy of beautiful athletes, something which had become ridiculously common in his life, he couldn’t say he much cared about the reason. Being the only lad certainly wasn’t a bother to him as drinks were poured and they started celebrating their victory.

Free from any prying eyes, the girls were all more than happy to imbibe and let loose. As the night wore on, it seemed that it really might just be a party, not that he minded, though he was lucky enough to have Nicola and Ingrid on either side of him, “You really didn’t have a girlfriend at Hogwarts until your sixth year?” The blonde Swedish woman was absolutely flabbergasted.

“Well, there was a brief one in fifth year...”

There was a snort from behind him, and Angelina leaned over the back of the couch, “Harry, that wasn’t a relationship, that was a disaster. You and Cho were an absolute mess.”

“That’s... entirely fair.”

“What were you girls thinking?” Nicola asked, she was German and brunette with dark eyes and pressing her rather impressive bust into his arm, “If he’d been at school with me I would have had him up in my dorm every chance I got!”

“There were plenty of girls who thought about it! Trust me!” Angelina tittered, she’d had her fair of drink at this point, and it was showing.

“Even you?”

“I thought about it once or twice, especially when I heard his nickname. But I know for sure that our teammate Katie would’ve done it, and Ginny probably would’ve bent over if he even dropped a hint.”

“No... that’s not true at all!” His girlfriend laughed as she sat down right on his lap and offered him a drink that he took without question.

“Yes... it is.” Angelina said blandly, “Even when you were seeing other blokes trying to get past your crush on Harry, I would wager that you were frigging yourself thinking about him.” His girlfriend blushed as red as her hair, and that was more than enough answer for the rest of them.

Harry just smiled and gave her hip a squeeze, “It’s not your fault that I was oblivious, love.” He tilted his head back and took a drink of what Ginny gave him. The second it touched his lips, he knew that it was something more than what he thought. He suddenly felt like he could go three rounds in a boxing match

with a mountain troll... and come out the victor. If that weren't enough, there was suddenly a very hard, very urgent problem extending down his right pant leg most of the way to his knee.

Knowing that Ginny would never give him anything that would hurt him, he leaned in and whispered in her ear, "Gin, what was in that?"

She gave him a wicked little smirk and he had a feeling that the night was just about to take the turn that he was expecting, "Just a little something to make sure we have your full attention for the rest of the night."

It was at that moment that he felt a finger running along the prominent bulge running down his thigh, "No wonder Gwen made an exception," Ingrid whispered almost reverentially, "I won't lie, I was rather against it, but Ginny was rather insistent, and considering you haven't breathed a word... and this... I can see why."

Giving him a quick peck on the cheek, his girlfriend hopped off his lap and gave her teammates better access to him, "Have fun." She walked across the room to a seat and sat facing him, a second later, Hannah was kneeling on the ground between her knees ready to devour her pretty pussy. *Well, I guess that really was just a matter of time.*

The second she was gone, Nicola and Ingrid worked together to get his cock out. When his rigid length thudded out into the open air, they both moaned. Nicola fisted him in her hand, and then stacked her other on top of it, and then Ingrid put another on top of that, and his crown was still visible, "Fuck, we've been missing out."

Angelina's face was just next to his and she was looking down at where they were stroking him, "We told you."

"It's hard to believe until you see it for yourself. And even harder to believe that he knows how to keep his mouth shut." Nicola replied with a laugh in her voice. Her thumb went up to his weeping slit and started lubing up the rest of his crown.

"Do you really think we would lie to you?"

"We won't ever doubt you again." Ingrid assured her, before looking over to the rest of the room. There were four other women that were particularly interested in what was going on at the sofa, "I think we should make up for lost time, no?" The rest of the reserve players were watching them like hawks, and the moment she flicked his cock in their direction, they moved. Suddenly, he had four beautiful witches at his feet all staring intently at his cock. Ruby seemed to be a bit shy, but interested all the same.

There was a throaty moan from his right that drew his attention. Looking over, he was treated to the sight of Gwen sitting down on Rosie's face as the Japanese witch grinded her pussy against Emilie's. The other girls seemed to notice his distraction, and weren't having it for even a second. Ingrid opened her pretty lips and suckled on his tip to pull his gaze back where it belonged.

Her blonde head bobbed back and forth as she tried to take as much of him as she could manage. The other girls took the time to pull his trousers all the way off. Their hands roamed over every exposed bit of skin as Nicola freed him of his shirt.

There wasn't one inch of his cock that wasn't being treated to some of their wonderful ministrations. Both of his balls were getting suckled, one by Grace, the other by Isabel. Ingrid was nursing on his dome while Nicola and Eliza were kissing up and down the length of shaft. That just left Ruby, who despite her obvious hesitation, leaned in and licked on his shaft right where it met his bollocks.

Surrounded by so much intense pleasure, he felt like a Greek god. Six women were working in tandem, with an incredible amount of coordination, on his rock-hard manhood. *Fucking hell, thank Merlin I listened to Ginny.* He couldn't imagine something like this ever would've happened if he stayed in the Auror department.

Ingrid popped off his cock with a moan, "Fuck, you even taste good." Her moment of rest gave the other girls an opening. Nicola and Eliza both moved higher until they were making out with his cockhead between their plush lips. Ingrid didn't seem to mind that much as she just started kissing his groin just above the base of his cock. The girls weren't just paying attention to him though. Slowly but surely, each of them was losing bits of their clothing and he could hear the telltale wet *slicking* sound of horny slits getting filled with fingers.

Looking past the absolutely incredible thing happening to his cock, he managed to take in the debauchery happening in the rest of the room too. Ginny was still sitting across from them, her dress was at her waist and she was tweaking one of her pale nipples as Hannah kneeled between her legs. The beater's peachy bum was pointed right at him as she fingered her own slit. Ginny's other nipple was between Angelina's lips. Ginny wasn't some pillow princess, though and she was hammering her own digits between the dark-skinned witch's legs.

His attention snapped right back to the girls currently worshipping him with a groan. *Gluck.... Slurp...* Nicola won the battle with Eliza and dropped her lips down his length as far as she could manage and then she sucked hard. Her cheeks hollowed and she started bobbing back and forth like a woman possessed.

"Fucking hell..." Their masterful job on his manhood was driving him ever closer to a massive peak. His hand drifted over to Ingrid as she kissed his bare chest. He tweaked one of her stiff nipples. He was looking for a distraction, anything to stifle the ever-growing pressure in his groin, but it was futile, "Uhhnn... cumming!"

The girls actually wiggled in eagerness, but it seemed that Nicola decided she was going to be a greedy little girl. Pulling back, she left just his crown in her mouth and lashed his that wonderful spot just below the crown as soft hands continued to jerk him incessantly. The cum raced up his cock, and she quickly realized that she bit off more than she could chew. Grace popped off his bollock and rebuked her, "Come on you greedy little slut, you didn't earn by yourself!"

His first blast filled Nicola's mouth and knocked against the back of her throat. *Glugh.* Some of the thick white seed escaped the corner of her lips, and the second one made her pop off entirely. His still pulsing cock shot ropes into the air that landed on the girls who still had the presence of mind to stroke him through his peak. They were covered and he was pretty sure that Ruby came the moment that some of his offering landed across her cheek. Somehow, he just kept cumming and the girls weren't complaining. *Just what was in that bloody drink.*

Eliza and Nicola stroked him until his cum just oozed from his tip to slide down his length. He was treated to the sight of the six girls licking and sucking every drop off each other and him. Hannah joined in as well, eager little cumslut that she was. And through it all, he remained perfectly rigid.

“Alright, let’s see if you’re as good with that broomstick as you are with the one on the pitch.” Ingrid insisted as she bent over the couch and wiggled her bum at him.

“What makes you think you should get him first?” Nicola asked, and it almost sounded like she was genuinely put out by it. But while they argued, there was someone else who wasn’t in the mood to hesitate, much less argue.

It was Ruby of all people that crawled up from between his legs and sat herself down on his cock. And there was something about it that immediately caught his attention, “Is that...”

“Her tiny little bum, yes.” Isabel confirmed as she stood behind her fellow reserve, “She a notorious little butt-slut, even though she doesn’t like talking about it.”

“Oh! He likes that!” Grace giggled as she placed a kiss against his thigh, “I just watched his bollocks twitch.”

She wasn’t wrong. It was a different sort of friction to being inside a warm, wet pussy... more constrictive and particularly tight where the ring of muscle was clutching around his cock. And there was something illicit about doing it for the first time. Ruby sighed as she managed to sit herself all the way down on his impressive truncheon, “Fuck... so big...”

Ruby had always been the quiet one of the group, so he really hadn’t been expecting this from her. But without hesitation, she started bouncing her grippy butt along his shaft, “Oh god! Stretch my little butt.”

They rutted like rabbits while the girls around him kept each other company. She came and her already tight bum became almost impossible to thrust into, but that didn’t stop him. He took hold of her hips and hammered up into her clutching butt. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head, and her pussy squirted juices out on to his abs, but she wasn’t done yet, not by a mile.

“Turn her around.” Gwen commanded, He looked past Ruby to see her standing there with a bright blue facsimile of a cock that was identical in proportion to his own. Not one to question his captain in a situation like this, he did exactly what she asked.

The second her twitching cunt was turned her way, Gwen filled Ruby up. Squealing in utter delight, she whimpered and moaned as he and Gwen worked into a steady rhythm, abusing her tight body and making her cum again and again. He could feel Gwen’s dildo pressing against the underside of his cock as through as they fucked her together.

The reserve chaser quickly turned into a limp mass of mind-addled pleasure. Her juices steadily leaked down from her pulsing pussy to where his cock was lodged in her ass. Ruby was in an orgasm haze, unable to even form coherent words by the time he pulled her down against his groin and filled up her greedy asshole. When he pulled free, her abused hole gaped and let a little trickle of his cum escape before tightening back up.

“Holy fuck... that’s hot.” Grace whispered to herself.

And it just kept going, hedonism at its very finest. There were kings who probably never sampled the sheer delights that he did that night. Twelve women, and every single one of them was filled and covered with his seed by the time everything was said in done.

He fucked Rosie on the counter of their kitchen while she ate Angelina out. He had Ingrid stacked on top of Nicola as they kneeled on the stairs. Hannah finally got her much-desired load of cum, the little semen demon that she was, pinned against the wall of the corridor. Eventually, they ended up in the master bedroom where he had a dozen beautiful girls all lined up at the edge of the bed with their tight holes ready to get railed just by him.

And that was exactly what he did. Eventually, it became too much, and they started to tap out, falling asleep where they lay covered in sweat and juices. And if it weren’t magical contraception, he was quite confident half the team would’ve been pregnant at the end of the night.

In the end, it was just Harry, Gwen and Ginny still burning away the midnight oil. He somehow found it in him to switch back and forth between their soft pussies as they hugged against each other, kissing all the while.

“Come on, love.” Ginny begged, “Just one more... just give us one more.”

“We want it, Potter!”

With a weak groan, he started filling Gwen with cum. Somehow, his balls were still producing seed after gods only knew how many loads had been unleashed. Gwen closed her eyes and gave a satisfied smile as her hand drifted down to her taut belly. Still, Harry wasn’t going to leave out his best girl. Squeezing the base of his cock, he stopped the torrent of cum for just a moment and slotted himself in her pristine, familiar cunt.

Beaming at him, she reached down and stroked his cock as he gave her the very last of what he could muster that night.

He found himself between the two women, with their heads on either side of his chest. He thought that Hannah was asleep, and she just might’ve been, but that didn’t stop her from finding her way to his cock and latching onto his soft member as she snoozed.

Before they finally drifted off to sleep, Gwen whispered, “So... think you’re gonna re-sign for the team? I heard something about you entertaining other offers.”

Barking a laugh, he squeezed her bum, “I don’t think I’ll ever play for another team, captain.”

“That’s what I like to hear.”