

As she climbed the stairs, she could already hear the muted murmuring of hundreds of Hogwarts students. It wasn't often that Gwen had the chance to come to a game herself, but the Harpies didn't have a game or practice and it just happened to line up perfectly with the first match of the new year at her alma mater.

As she emerged up into the viewing stands, the noise became significantly louder. The restrained excitement of the student's section just carried up to the stands. It was a sunny morning, barely a cloud in the sky with a hint of chill in air that was to be expected in early November in the north of Scotland.

Admittedly, she wasn't there for her own enjoyment alone. The professional teams were always keeping their eyes out for new talent, and the Harpies were no different. As both player and manager, she had to be on top of that sort of thing lest the owners of the team decided there was someone else better for the job.

All five of the previous year's starters for Gryffindor were of some interest to her and the rest of the league. Wood, Spinnet, Johnson, Weasley and Weasley. Even if she knew the Harpies were unlikely to sign any of the blokes, it was good to see what their potential competition looked like in the future.

Despite struggling mightily in the house tournament, they were actually a rather impressive group. 'Hampered terribly by an absolutely abysmal performance at seeker.' They hadn't had a good one since Charlie Weasley graduated. The former seeker was scouted by nearly every team in the league, but he made abundantly clear in every one of his interviews that the only thing that had his attention was dragons.

Gwen found a familiar face amongst the stands, and went over to take a seat, "Alright, professor? Mind if I sit here?"

Sprout gave a joyful little chuckle. Her former head of house was always happy to see her, "Gwenog Jones, I had no idea you were coming today, why didn't you tell me?"

"Sometimes it's good to leave it as a surprise. Less fanfare if I show up at random."

"I'm sure there's some truth to that. There are a few ladies on the pitch today who'd be a right mess if they knew that you were here." She scooted over and made some space, "Oh, sit down, sit down."

Sitting beside the plump older woman, she pulled her into hug, "So, how has the new year been?"

"Mad, absolutely mad. Oddest year that we've had here in years." She leaned in close, "At Halloween, there was a troll that managed to sneak into the castle."

"How in Merlin's saggy left..." Gwen was so shocked, she briefly forgot herself. A quick 'shush' from Sprout had her talking more softly, "How the ruddy hell did that happen?"

"No one knows for sure... not even Dumbledore." She didn't sound entirely convinced by that, but she wasn't going to tell Gwen all her misgivings, "But it was three first years that managed to incapacitate the beast."

"That's mad." Gwen's cousin, Megan, was a first year in her old house, and they exchanged letters on occasion, but she hadn't heard a word about it, "Was everyone all right?"

“Thankfully, yes! Things could’ve gone so much worse.” That was an understatement if she’d ever heard one. They were lucky that the kids involved hadn’t been turned into pulp on the floor.

A great cheer went up from down below, and their conversation was interrupted as the players made their way out of the tunnel. The teams circled the perimeter of the field once before each moving toward their starting positions. The three Gryffindor chasers were the only ladies on the pitch, and Gwen was confident that the newest addition would be one to watch to if she was anything like her teammates.

There was one other thing that caught her eye though, “Professor, who’s the new Gryffindor seeker?” Looking through her omnioculars, the bespectacled boy was rather small, not a bad thing for a seeker, at least at the school level. ‘But a stiff wind looks like it could blow him over, so I imagine a bludger could kill him.’ He was flying the newest model of Nimbus, which surprised her too.

“Oh, that’s Harry.” Surprisingly, Pomona sounded excited about the other house’s player, “Harry Potter.”

That caught the famous beater off guard. Gwenog was old enough to remember what the previous war had been like. She was just starting at Hogwarts when it all came to an end thanks to a baby boy and the sacrifice of his parents. That was all anyone was every really told about it, and it meant that the child responsible was famous across Britian.

Still, that did raise a question, “Is he not a first year?”

“Oh, he is, but he was given a special exception.” She snorted out a laugh, “Minerva was rather ecstatic about that because otherwise their prospects at seeker were rather... abysmal.”

That explained, at least to some extent, why he was rather small. ‘Still plenty of time to grow.’ The quaffle was released as they watched, “So about the same as last year if not for him then?”

“Right in one, dear.” Even though Herbology had never been her strongest subject, she carried on with it all the way through her NEWTs simply because she enjoyed her Head of House as a teacher. She always seemed to be optimistic, which certainly made it easy to like her.

They both fell silent as they watched the game. As always seemed to be the case, the Slytherins were playing dirty. ‘There’s a reason why none of that lot ever seem to find their way into the league.’ The lone exception seemed to be their seeker, Higgs.

The chasers for the Gryffindors seemed to be as good as advertised, Wood would certainly have a spot in the league come graduation, and the Weasley twins had an almost preternatural ability to work in tandem. ‘Probably wouldn’t be half bad in the league as long as they were on the same team together.’ But from everything she’d heard from both Sprout, and even Charlie when she discussed his brothers during his interview, they weren’t interested enough in quidditch to take it professional.

Even though she was there to see a few other players, Gwen couldn’t help but let her eyes drift back to the youngest player on the field. Harry Potter was a naturally gifted flyer, that was clear for anyone to see. He weaved through the field almost effortlessly even as he looked for the snitch. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose or just on instinct, but he managed to obstruct half a dozen of the Slytherin plays before they even made it to Wood.

“Potter, how long has he been flying?” Gwen knew with utter certainty that all four of the Heads paid extra attention to the quidditch teams even if they pretended not to. There was something to be said for having those bragging rights.

“You won’t believe me if I tell you?”

“But you’re going to tell me anyway?” Gwen prodded.

“His first time on a broom... was the first lesson of the year.”

That might’ve been the most outlandish thing her old professor told her so far. ‘Which really is saying something, considering, well... troll.’ Something about that information was incredibly tantalizing. There were some people who were just meant to fly, the air more natural to them than the ground. She’d heard about a Bulgarian teen with a similar propensity.

That sort of talent needed to be nurtured in the right way. ‘Hard to believe I’m even considering it.’ The Harpies had traditionally been an all-women’s team, but that sort of skill was hard to ignore. ‘And even if not the Harpies, the whole league would benefit from that sort of talent.’ Not to mention the English National Team.

“You look like you’re planning something, dear.” After seven years of teaching and advising her, the only person more capable of reading her than Pomona was her mother.

“I’m not planning anything... just considering certain things.” The corner of her lip turned up into half-smile, “I might just need to have a conversation with Minerva before I head out today.”

There was a ruckus from the crowd below that brought their attention back to the game in front of them where something quite odd was happening. Harry Potter’s broom was jerkily shaking in the air, like it was trying to buck him off. ‘Like it’s being cursed.’

There was a gasp as he was thrown off but somehow managed to hold himself up even as it continued to try and shake him. And then... it just stopped as quickly as it started. Somehow, he managed to pull himself back up onto the broom. ‘Adrenaline really is an amazing thing.’ As though nothing ever happened, he went right back into the game. Everyone, save the Slytherins and their supporters, cheered him on.

The game didn’t last much longer after that. Harry found the snitch and made a bee line for it, Higgs followed with him, but when the snitch went into a steep dive, the young Gryffindor had the stronger nerve and managed to pull off a move that would’ve looked perfectly at home in any professional stadium. His actual catch left something to be desired, considering he nearly swallowed it, but he won the game for his team all the same.

“Well, that was an exciting match, wasn’t it?” Pomona applauded along with quite a few others in the box.

“Very.” For a school match, it really had been, “And I really do need to talk to Minerva.” There were seven flyers on her team that all could have a reasonable chance of making it in the professionals. It’d be a shame if they weren’t all aware of the opportunities that could see them maximize their potential.

“Just remember, there are some talented players on your old team, too.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll be back for their first match of the year.” Gwen assured her as she stood. It wasn’t hard to find her old Transfiguration Professor, she’d been by the announcer the whole game, trying to stop some of his more outlandish commentary.

“Hello, professor.”

Minerva turned and smiled, “Gwenog Jones, I wasn’t expecting to see you here today.”

“I’d heard that you had some rather promising talent on the team this year, and I always try to get out to see what new players we’ll be seeing in the league in a few years.”

“Don’t you have scouts for that sort of thing?”

“Most teams do, and when I can’t make it, I send someone around so they can provide a memory, but I always like to do a proper evaluation for myself.” She shrugged her shoulders, “Can be a bit exhausting being a player, manager and scout, but I manage.”

“That you do.” Minerva agreed. It didn’t matter how many years she spent away from the castle, something about McGonagall would always be intimidating. And considering her own reputation, that really was saying something, “So, I take it you’d like a word with the team, then?”

“If you wouldn’t mind.” Letters could be sent if she refused, and would be anyway to make certain things official, but she would prefer to meet them in person.

“Far be it from me to prevent any student from being informed about their potential.” With that she stood, “Come along then.” They made a familiar trip down into the tunnel where the changing rooms were, “Wait here, may as well surprise them. Angelina might actually faint.” Snorting out a laugh, Gwen found it hard to believe that her austere former instructor had such a propensity for mischief.

Gwen waited just round the corner as the professor made sure the lads were decent before she went and gathered the girls as well. A few short minutes later, she heard the door open as Minerva came to retrieve her.

Understandably, the room was humid from the steaming hot water that had been filling the showers only a few short minutes earlier. Most of them still had wet hair to show for it. The moment she stepped out from behind McGonagall, there was an audible gasp from all of them, save for Harry. ‘Slap!’ Unable to contain her excitement, Angelina battered Alicia’s knee, “Merlin... you’re...” Wood was such a quidditch head that he didn’t seem to be doing much better.

“Gwenog Jones.” Minerva announced her when the words failed the young chaser, “Captain and manager of the Holyhead Harpies. She was rather impressed with the display you all put on today and wanted to introduce herself.”

For a moment, she found herself just looking at them and one of them in particular. Harry was a scrawny lad, that was for sure. His glasses looked as though they’d been broken half a hundred times and repaired just as many. His famous scar stood out boldly against the pale skin of his forehead. But the thing that she noticed above anything else was his eyes and that they were the most striking shade of green she’d ever seen. ‘Good chance he’ll have a dozen girls chasing him in a few years thanks to those alone.’

Shaking herself from her brief distraction, she told them, "As Professor McGonagall said, I was impressed with your performances today. I know talent when I see it, and I would say that this team has it in spades."

'McGonagall was right, Johnson does look about ready to faint.' It was hard not to snicker at her reaction, but she managed, "With that said, I can see a future for each of you playing the game professionally, provided you hone your skills, and develop both in the game and physically." One thing that was sorely lacking at Hogwarts was physical education, something that was certainly necessary at the next level.

"You really think so?" Now Wood was the one who was ready to faint. Given his genuine fascination with the sport, hearing that from a renowned professional was a dream come true.

She nodded at him, "I don't make a habit of lying to adolescence for the sake of stroking their egos, Mr. Wood." That left him grinning as though he'd single-handedly managed to win the World Cup.

"So, with that in mind, I wanted to tell you that I'm going to have our development team send each of you an owl. If you have any serious interest in pursuing the game, it will include a training regiment, nutrition guide, and the times and locations for a summer developmental program run by the league." It happened every summer, and she was surprised that Wood, at the very least, hadn't been invited the year before.

The chasers and keeper all looked ecstatic at that news. The twins were predictably uninterested. The only person who surprised her was Harry. For a split second, he looked just as enthusiastic as the others and then as quickly as it came, he deflated. She found it rather odd.

The chasers started talking excitedly amongst themselves, so she figured it was best to let them go, "Again, congrats on the victory. I really was impressed." With that, most of the team headed excitedly toward the door. No doubt to tell their housemates about her impromptu visit.

There was one person who lagged behind, and Gwen just couldn't help herself, "It's Harry, right?" The boy looked at her with those big eyes and gave a shaky nod of his head, he seemed nervous "I just wanted to let you know, you might be one of the most talented flyers I've ever seen."

He brightened at that, and she could see a blush on his cheeks, "Thank you." It was probably the first time that someone didn't immediately make mention of his achievement as an infant. 'Or more like his parent's achievement.'

"I heard you've only been flying for a few weeks. Is that right?"

"Yes, ma'am." Gwen didn't like being called ma'am, it made her feel old, which at twenty-two she most certainly wasn't. 'Even if it is rather endearing.'

"Just call me Miss Jones or even Gwen if you're comfortable with it." He nodded his understanding, "Given the skill you put on display, I really hope you'll consider the developmental camp next summer."

His good mood fell away, and he was frowning at her the next second, "I don't think that's possible."

Blinking in surprise, she glanced at McGonagall who looked irritated, "Why not?"

“My aunt and uncle aren’t exactly fond of our sort,” It was the diplomatic way of saying that they were right aresholes, “They wouldn’t be willing to get me there even if I begged.”

That left Gwen gobsmacked. ‘I doubt many people even know that the savior of magical world lives with magic-hating muggles.’ But in her mind, that was far from a good enough excuse to miss out on what could be a potentially bright future, “That...”

“That won’t be a problem, Mr. Potter.” McGonagall interjected, “If you’re interested, I’ll ensure that you’re able to attend.”

That brought the single most genuine smile she’d ever seen to his face, and Gwen couldn’t help but smile back, “Thank you!” All that earlier excitement was back, and he hurried toward the door. He stopped before heading out though and turned back to look at Gwen, “I’ll be sure to follow the instructions in your letter when I get them.” It was clear he meant every word.

“Good, I expect you’ll be even better the next time I see you then.” She saw his cheeks darken at that, and she had to resist the urge to chuckle. It was rather adorable.

As he rushed out the door, he left the two witches in there alone. Looking over at her former professor, she could sense an air of sadness about her, “So... his family?”

“Is a great regret of mine.” McGonagall’s voice quivered on the words as she tried to hold back her emotions, “I’ve let others dictate things to me for too long, but not anymore.”

It was hard to know what to say. Instead, she just placed a comforting hand on the other woman’s shoulder. From McGonagall’s reaction, Gwen had a feeling that she was underestimating the state of his home life.

For a few tense moments, they stood there together before Gwen finally spoke into the silence, “I think I’ll be off... I have some owls that need to be sent.”

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The bludger darted around the field, barely missing one of the Tutshill Tornados players as they moved in formation toward the Harpies goal. Gwen wasn’t having any of that, she dove into the path of the bludger and bashed it with all her might in at the lead chaser. Her whole upper body reverberated with the force of the strike, and it would’ve hit its mark too, if it weren’t for someone suddenly darting through the center of the field.

There was a painful sounding crunch as the bludger slammed into the back of her own seeker... after she’d been led into the path by a black-haired wunderkind that she was largely responsible for. ‘Gods damnit, Harry!’ The eighteen-year old phenom had the absolute audacity to turn abruptly off his line and go right by her ear after the maneuver and even threw in a wink for good measure. ‘Cheeky little...’

As it turned out, he didn’t just do it to rile her up, “And Potter has seen the snitch!” From there it was only waiting for the inevitable. Unfortunately, their chasers didn’t manage to grow the lead enough to overcome that inevitability. It came less than a minute later, “And Potter maintains his perfect record! Tornados win!” There were plenty of Tornados fans at the Harpies ground cheering him on, not to mention a good many people that were really just infatuated with Harry.

Gwen hated losing with a passion, but if there was one person that she could stomach beating her, it was him. She'd seen him grow from a naturally gifted flyer to the single best seeker in the country, and arguably internationally as well. 'We'll find out for sure come the World Cup this year.'

And despite being a beater herself, she couldn't help but take a bit of the credit for his success. 'After all, I was the one apparating over to Privet Drive half the summer to make sure he could make it to the camps.' For years, she'd been his mentor. A friendly ear to turn to when things got out of hand. In fact, she inadvertently helped him ensure Voldemort would never harm anyone ever again.

When the Triwizard Tournament came around, he'd been disappointed by the lack of quidditch and owled her the very next day. She would've felt the same if it happened while she was at Hogwarts, but she reminded him that just because there were no matches to be played didn't mean that he couldn't practice, maintain his routine, and continue to improve. That was far from the best advice she gave him that year, though. No, that came when she found out that he'd been selected as a fourth champion.

The Daily Prophet was the one to tell her, and she didn't even bother sending an owl, she just went straight to Hogwarts and requested a meeting with him which Minerva was willing to allow. It was there that she gave him the best possible advice, "You don't have to compete in a single one of these tasks, not really." Gwen managed to read through the tournament's rulebook that morning before going over to her old school, and there was a rather simple loophole, "Any one of them could leave you maimed or worse."

Granted, quidditch was dangerous in its own right, but it was nothing compared to the tasks that had been done in the past. 'Honestly, who thought it was a good idea to throw them up against dragons?'

She still remembered the concern on his face, and the relief that she had a plan, "So what do I do?"

"Go in, cast a spell, and walk right back out." It really was that simple, "Do that, and you've fulfilled the contract."

"Won't people think that's rather cowardly?"

"Maybe," she couldn't care less personally. The idea of him dying in any one of those idiotic tasks was enough to leave her heart tight in her chest, "Or... it will go a long way of proving to anybody who doubts it that you had no intention of entering your name into the tournament to begin with."

As it turned out, she was right. By refusing to participate, everyone realized that he was telling the truth. That he'd never had any interest in being part of the tournament. There were some people who mocked him for his lack of effort, but he just told them to piss off.

The end result was something no one could've anticipated. A Death Eater, posing as Mad-Eye Moody tried to kidnap Harry but was thwarted rather easily. When he was brought in for questioning, which was handled exclusively by Amelia Bones, he revealed the continued existence of both Voldemort and Peter Pettigrew.

The entire Ministry's contingent of Aurors went to Riddle Manor in Little Hangleton, and there they captured the debilitated wizard. From there he was taken to the Department of Mysteries where no one had heard word of him since. The entire thing caused a massive embarrassment for the former-Minister

Fudge, who refused to believe any of it, and he was ousted in favor of Bones. In short order, Pettigrew found himself in Azkaban and Sirius Black was exonerated.

There was an attempt by some of his former Death Eaters, including Lucius Malfoy, to free their former Lord, but it failed miserably. 'And since then, things have been going rather smoothly.' Harry was finally able to focus solely on those things that he enjoyed and wanted out of life, even though Dumbledore tried to feed him some nonsense about destiny and prophecies.

A bump on her shoulder pulled her from her reminiscing. Angelina looked at her with a bemused smile, "I should really just be used to it at this point. In six years at Hogwarts, he only ever missed the snitch once, and that was only because of Dementors."

"We'll get 'em next time," Gwen assured her youngest teammate, "Lucky for us, the Tuts chasers are piss poor at best."

They both chuckled at that as they headed down to the field and toward the lockers. Stopping to sign some autographs, she noticed Harry on the other side of the stands doing the same thing. She had to hide her smile as she got as many as she could.

The rest of the day followed the usual pattern. Showers, media appearance, then right back to the locker room to head out for the night. By the time it was all said and done, Gwen and Angelina were the last two getting ready to head out. The only difference was that Gwen had a reason for her lollygagging, though she wasn't going to tell the younger woman that, "I'll see you tomorrow for practice, Johnson, good game today."

"Thanks captain!" They parted ways, Angelina going toward the players' floor while she headed for her office... only for as long as it took for her teammate to turn the corner though. The second she was gone she turned right back around and headed for the opposing team's locker room.

The stadium was quiet at this point, almost entirely empty, a far cry from how it had been just a couple of short hours earlier. The door was quiet as she slipped inside. There was one person there waiting for her. He was shirtless, his black hair was messy, as usual, and his beautifully sculpted back was pointed right towards her.

Padding over to him, Gwen wrapped her arms around his shoulders and placed a kiss to the side of his neck. She felt him shiver with delight as she spoke against the shell of his ear, "That was some game today, Potter."

Taking one of her hands in his, she could hear the smile in his voice, "I could say the same to you, Jones."

"Except we lost," Her fingernails scraped against the hard planes of his chest. The years of dedication and focus, ever since the moment that first owl arrived were plain for anyone to see, "That was a downright ridiculous move you pulled off, by the way. Nat is going to be smarting from it for a week, I can tell you that much. And I didn't appreciate that cheeky wink either!"

"Just doing what it takes to win." He pressed his lips to the inside of her arm, and it sent flutters right to her stomach. 'Don't you always.'

This had never been her intention. He'd always been cute, even when he was younger, but the thought of Harry in that way had never even crossed her mind. As he grew into his teens, she'd catch him looking



at her a little too long, whether it was during practice or in the weight room, or on the occasions when she managed to get out to Hogwarts for a meeting. She knew then that he had a bit of a crush on her. It was flattering. There were women twice her age who would take every bit of attention thrown their way by the famous young wizard. But she couldn't help but feel it was inappropriate.

Gwen had been certain, that with time, he would realize how futile his attraction to her was and move on to someone his own age. 'Merlin knows I have a cousin who would've been perfectly happy to have some of his attention.' He proved that thought to be unequivocally wrong over the years. He pursued her with the same sort of relentless drive as he did perfection while on a broomstick.

Turning suddenly, he was facing toward her legs on either side of her, hands on her hips. It wasn't a matter of wearing her down, not really. It was merely a matter of showing her that it was what he wanted in every little thing that he did. 'It didn't hurt that he turned into an absolute dish either.' Gwen was woman enough to admit that he was handsome, and with those impossibly green eyes looking up at her, she just about melted on the spot.

It was part of the reason, despite the fact he happily would've been the first male player to do it, that she decided against offering him a contract with the Harpies. 'There was just no way that I could've been a productive player, let alone manager, with him around the facility every bloody day.' She had a hard enough time of it the way things were, and that was when they were only seeing each other at his flat or hers.

Scarping her fingers through his hair, she smiled down at him, "Gotta say, I'm still rather miffed about losing though."

He wrapped his arms around her lower back and pulled her in tight, "I can think of one way to get it off your mind." His hand slid down to the curve of her peachy bum and gave it a firm squeeze through her skin-tight green leggings.

"Yeah?" Biting her lower lip, Gwen decided it would be fun to play a bit coy, "Why don't you do it then?"

He threw a sexy little smirk up at her that she wanted to kiss right off his face, but he had other intentions. Sliding down to his knees, his hand moved between her thighs and ran along the crease of her leggings. A wet patch formed on the stretchy material and made an obvious camel toe form. He gave her desperate pussy a three-finger smack that sent a jolt right down her spine. Her finger threaded through his dark hair as she tried to steady herself.

Rubbing at her sex through her leggings, he still was able to play her like a fiddle, "Not wearing any knickers, Gwen?"

"Didn't... didn't see the point." It was a much more common occurrence in her life than ever before. Anytime she knew they were going to be together, she liked the idea of knowing he could get to her quick and easy if the need took them.

His tongue darted out to wet his lower lip, and she knew that she was in trouble. His hands went to her hips and he pulled her leggings down to her knees in one swift motion. There was a strand of her arousal sticking to the inside of her right thigh as he pushed her strong legs apart.

“Oh fuck...” She stared down at him, as he kissed against the inside of her thigh, right where that strand started and then licked it up all the way to her dripping center. Just the taste of her was enough to make him moan.

It was almost unfair for one person to be as gifted as Harry Potter. His tongue danced across her pussy lips, tasting every inch of her, delving deep into her tunnel and scraping along her sensitive walls. From the first time they were together, he'd been talented. It was just something she'd come to expect when it came to him. But through practice and diligence, he'd turned into the single best pussy pleaser she'd ever had the privilege of being with. 'Man or woman.' From the moment she finally accepted that this was what she wanted, he'd made it his mission to be the very best lover imaginable.

Gwen had always considered herself more of a witches' witch, but Harry was the exception. 'Or just exceptional.' As if to prove her right, his tongue started vibrating within her snug tunnel, “Oh... fucking hell! Yes! Right there... right there... Just like that!”

Harry listened to every word, and her mind went blank as her entire body trembled. Falling over the edge was euphoric. It crashed against her like waves on the beach. She screamed, high and loud, for anyone to hear as he ravished her little slit with his skilled tongue. Some of her sticky juices were dripping down the inside of her thigh as he tried to lap up every drop. He drove her from one powerful peak right into the next.

Her nails scraped against his scalp as she could only stand there in rapture as he pushed her to her limits. And just as it was about to become all too much... he stopped. Because like always, he knew exactly the right moment. With one last languid lick, from the very back of her slit to her sensitive clit, he pulled away.

His lips, his chin, and most of his sharp jawline was glistening with her as he grinned, “So, that take your mind off of it?”

Her mind was understandably fuzzy after the mind-numbing bliss he'd just subjected her to, but his words managed to cut through the fog. Dopey grin on her face, she gave a little giggle, “Almost... I think you're going to have to try a bit harder.”

“Oh really?” He took a handful of her bum and gave her a hard squeeze.

Nodding her head rapidly, Gwen informed him, “Yep, definitely.”

“I can do that.” Lifting her up, she giggled as he placed her down on her back across the bench. Biting her finger, Gwen instinctively spread her legs as she watched Harry push his trousers down and off his legs. His hard cock sprung up and smacked heavily down against his own thigh as it bobbed in the open air. Her pussy throbbed with need as he stepped up between her legs.

Taking hold of her stretched out leggings, he used them to push her knees towards her head, almost folding her in half. He slapped his dick down hard against her clit. She gasped as he leaned over and captured her lips. Making use of some of her own rather impressive athletic ability, she wiggled her hips and managed to slide her needy cunt against his shaft.

Then she felt it, that exquisite feeling of being stretched as his knob slotted into her welcoming entrance. Moaning against him, her eyes rolled to the back of her head as he filled her with one steady thrust.

Harry wasn't the sort to just start humping away at her, thinking about nothing but his own pleasure until he finished. Instead, he knew how to build up to it, how to steadily coax every ounce of ecstasy he could from their lovemaking.

The movement of his hips was fluid, alternating from slow and steady, letting her feel every inch as it stretched out her tiny tunnel, and then punctuated by a sharp thrust that took her breath away. Her muscles fluttered around girth as she whimpered and moaned out her approval.

His fingertips found her oversensitive nub, and it made her come undone, "Oh... yes... right there! So... uhn!" Words failed her as her caramel skin flushed and her vision went white. Harry found that delicious spot, the perfect angle to just press it again and again.

Her juices leaked from her pussy, down to her puckered hole, as he kept pumping into her snug sex. She wasn't sure where one climax started and the next began as he battered her poor pussy. 'Thwack... thwack... thwack!' Her younger lover stood up straight as he gripped her knees. Every snap of his hips became more fierce, more urgent. She knew what he needed.

Reaching up, she scraped her nails against the ridges of his abs. She snarled out her demand, desperate for him, "Come on! Fucking do it! Fill that pussy up!" He'd already won once that day, pumping a load of cum into the opposing team's captain seemed a good way of winning again.

The noise that came from his throat was deep and animalistic. As he forced his cock as deep as it could go, it was an exquisite sort of hurt as he knocked against the entrance to her womb. She could feel his dome swell as that that wonderful warmth filled her belly. Cooing, she reached down to his flexing bollocks and gave them a squeeze that had him pulsing out another massive rope, "That's it... let it all out."

He put so much cum into her little pussy that it started to leak around the tight seal of her puffy lips. When he was done, he pulled free with a lewd pop. He finally let her bum drop down to the bench beneath her. Grabbing her hip affectionately, he asked, "Your place or mine?"

"Hmmm, I'm thinking mine." Gwen giggled, "Less chance of your godfather coming over unannounced."

He helped her to her feet, and she pulled up her leggings without a thought. Some of his thick cum made a stain as it dripped from her, but no one else was going to see it. From the way his cock throbbed, she imagined he liked the sight.

When she tried to walk, she found her legs had been effectively turned to jelly by the man next to her. He noticed immediately, "Need some help?"

"I think so, yep."

He offered her his back and he carried her to the floo. On the way there, he tilted his head, and she could already see the cheeky grin, "How you feel about that loss now?"

Poking him in the side of the head lightly, she chided him, "You're lucky you're so good, you know that?"

"Somehow, it feels like you're complementing yourself." He chuckled. There was probably some truth to that. All the talent in the world wasn't any good if you didn't develop it properly, after all.