

Summary: After losing a bet to Ginny, Angelina Johnson is forced to act as her teammate's maid for the day, complete with a frilly skirt and skimpy blouse. However, as she will soon learn, Ginny has far more in store for her than some light dusting. Especially when Ginny's husband, Harry, joins the fray...

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A Deal is a Deal

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"I am SO going to get you back for this!"

"Ah ah ah! You know the rules- only speak when spoken to! Now let's see how your new outfit fits. Give us a turn!"

Angelina growled lowly under her breath, doing as she was bid and turning around slowly for the young chaser to eye her up.

Ginny hummed in absentminded approval. The ginger woman reached out once to lightly smooth out some of the ruffles in Angelina's short skirt, but other than that, she seemed happy with the end product.

And why wouldn't she be? Dressed head to toe in black frills and white lace, Angelina looked the picture of a stereotypical slutty maid. The poofy skirt she wore barely went down past her hips, doing little to cover her creamy mocha arse or her thong-clad cunt. The only thing that even came close to obscuring her long smooth legs was a pair of fishnet leggings and black leather thigh-high boots. To make matters worse- her top wasn't even close to being better.

Where a traditional maid outfit would have some sort of corset or blouse to at least *somewhat* cover her massive bust, the one that Ginny chose for her was anything but traditional. Instead of a corset, Angelina was forced to wear what could only be described as a frilly tank top that dipped heavily in the front, showing off a *very very* generous amount of cleavage. In fact, Angelina swore that if she so much as turned too quickly, one of her tits would likely come popping free from its frilly confines.

All in all her outfit left very little to the imagination, which meant it was a whopping success for Ginny.

“You look divine love!” Ginny giggled, giving Angelina’s bum a firm swat. “Now c’mon, the manor isn’t going to clean itself!”

Angelina sighed heavily and followed the chirpy redhead out of the expansive bedroom and into the greater part of Potter Manor itself. As she quietly stalked after her young teammate, the curvy chaser couldn’t help but lament over the events that brought her here.

It began as all unfortunate events in her life did- after a night of far too much drinking. The Hollyhead Harpies had just clinched their spot in the National Finals against Puddlemore United. As such, she and the other harpies had gone out on the town for a night of celebration and some unbridled debauchery for their single teammates.

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A Week Prior

“Fuck off Gwenog! There’s no way Turkey will last even two quarters against Japan’s pro team!” Angelina slurred, her mug of steaming cider sloshing as she bumped shoulders with her older team captain.

Gwenog scoffed and took a healthy swig of her own cider. “Like hell, they won’t! Japan’s entire defence all depends on Kenzuri running interference against the other team’s seeker. With him out with a shoulder injury, Menekse will catch the snitch for Turkey before Japan even has the chance to score 50 points!” All around them, the level hum of conversation around the dimly lit bar seemed to drown out the worst of their drunken argument, though they still drew the occasional wary glance from the other patrons nearby.

Angelina rolled her eyes with a drunken hiccup. “Puh-lease Jones! Menekse couldn’t catch the snitch even if it was glued to his bloody hand!”

Suddenly, another body appeared between the two arguing teammates, this one petite and chirpy compared to the other two curvy ladies. “What’s this I hear about catching snitches?” Ginny Potter asked with a martini glass in hand.

“This one-” Angelina began, nodding to Gwenog. “-thinks Turkey will somehow edge a win out over Japan come the first round of the World Cup line-up!”

From beside her, Gwenog scoffed. “And as I told her! Without their star Beater, Japan doesn’t stand a chance against Turkey’s Chaser lineup, much less their Seeker!”

It was Angelina’s turn to scoff now. Turning, the mocha-skinned chaser levelled their red-haired teammate with an unimpressed look. “Are you hearing this Gin’?! The audacity I swear!”

“Hmm.” Ginny hummed. “I dunno Angie, I think Gwen kinda has a point.”

“What?!” “Told ya!” The two women shouted at the same time, drawing more glances from the surrounding crowd.

Ginny rolled her eyes at the two women and shoved them aside, taking a seat at the bar where she ordered another drink from the bewildered bartender. “Well, it makes sense when you think about it. Japan was at the absolute bottom of the league before Kenzuri joined the roster.

Afterwards, they quickly rose to be number 4 globally among the other teams. Yet when Kenzuri got hurt last month during the preseason, Japan barely scraped together a win during their last two games. And that’s ONLY because they were facing Oman and Maldives, whose quidditch teams make the Cannons look like all-stars.”

Angelina sputtered defensively at the younger girl’s words while Gwenog cheered in triumph.

“See Johnson?! Even little red is on my side! Face it! Japan is gonna get creamed by Turkey!”

“Yeah, yeah. We’ll just see about that!” Angelina responded with a scowl.

Beside her, Ginny giggled and bumped her shoulder. “Awe don’t be like that Angie! I was just calling it like I see it!”

“Well, you better get your eyesight checked 'cause I still think you’re bloody wrong.” Angelina said, nudging the younger witch back.

Ginny snorted and took a sip of her martini. "Care to make a wager on that?" The ginger girl said with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

Angelina hummed to herself, her drunken mind not seeing any harm in a friendly wager. Plus, her ego practically demanded her to accept any challenge sent her way.

"Fine! What do you have in mind?"

Looking back, Ginny's predatory smirk should have been Angelina's first clue that this was a bloody stupid idea. Too bad she was far too inebriated to notice such a thing then.

"Simple. Whoever wins gets total control over the loser for an entire week. Essentially the loser will become the winner's slave, and must obey *any* command from them until the week is up."

Ginny explained with a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

Angelina nodded, her drunken mind still not fully comprehending just what the young chaser was up to. "Sounds perfect. Anything goes I assume?"

"Why it wouldn't be interesting if there were boundaries now would it Angie?" Ginny tsked with a click of her tongue.

The older witch thought about it for a moment, though in truth her mind had already made itself up the moment Ginny presented the bet. "You've got yourself a deal Potter!"

Ginny's smirk widened into a large Cheshire grin. "Wonderful. On a completely unrelated note- what's your dress size?"

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Present Day

In the end, Japan had lost...bad.

At 180 to 20 it wasn't even a competition and Angelina felt the full weight of what she agreed to fall upon her shoulders as soon as the final score was loudly announced over the wizarding wireless.

Less than 10 minutes later, Ginny appeared in her living room via Floo with a feather duster in one hand and a skimpy maid dress in the other. Needless to say, Angelina swore off ever drinking around the younger redhead again after that.

It was too late too little though, which is why she was currently working her way through the main sitting room of Potter Manor, dusting the various picture farmers and knick-knacks that lined the walls and bookshelves. Behind her, Ginny sat in one of the many comfortable wing-backed chairs that dotted the room, watching with rapt attention as Angelina worked. Occasionally, when Angie was forced to bend over or step on her tiptoes to reach something, she'd hear Ginny wolf-whistle her way followed by a faint '*click!*'. Why the redhead was taking pictures of her arse? Angelina didn't have a clue, other than Ginny was a lecher of course but that wasn't exactly a secret.

On and on it went. Angelina would be on her hands and knees in the kitchen, scrubbing the tiles floors while Ginny watched from behind, the steady '*click!*' of a camera flash following behind her. A few times the younger redhead would even get physical, whether by giving Angelina's arse a firm slap as she passed by or by sneaking up behind the older witch while she was distracted wiping down the counters and reaching around to fondle her tits.

To say the perverse touching by one of her teammates surprised Angelina would be a bit of a stretch. She was no stranger to getting a bit handsy with one of her fellow Harpies from time to time. Hell- She and Gwenog Jones had even hooked up from time to time during the off-season, but the giddiness in which Ginny squeezed her arse or slipped a hand inside Angelina's thong made the chaser think the younger witch had a bit more planned for her than some light dusting. All day it went on, with Ginny ordering her to thoroughly clean each room of the sprawling manor until Angelina's hands and arse were sore from overuse. Yet not even when exhaustion had long settled into her bones and Ginny had filled up her third film roll with lewd pictures of Angie's arse did the worst truly come to pass. No- that only happened when the clock struck 5:00 p.m. and the main floo flared to life.

"I'm home!" A familiar voice called, making Angelina freeze up from where she stood fluffing the pillows in the master bedroom.

Laying on the bed itself, Ginny perked up and threw aside the magazine she'd been reading up until that point with a wide grin.

"Oh goodie! He's right on time!"

Before Angelina could respond the same voice from before called out from downstairs. "Gin'? You there?"

"In the bedroom Harry!" Ginny called back. "Ooo I'm so excited to see what he thinks about our little arrangement!" The redhead squealed with glee. "Okay, you stay here and continue what you were doing and I'll go lead him in."

"Ginny..." Angelina began, her voice a bit stern as she stared down the younger witch. "What are you up to?"

"Nuh ah ah!" The petite witch cooed. "None of that Angie! You remember our deal- absolutely nothing is off the table!"

Angelina had no clue what the girl could mean by that, nor did she have the time to ask. With a forlorn expression, the chaser-turned-housemaid watched as her younger teammate practically danced out of the room to meet her husband who was currently ascending the stairs.

"Hey there love!" She heard Harry greet his wife from outside the room. "You wouldn't believe the day I had- Gin' what are you doing- Woah!"

The sound of hurried footsteps followed by sputters of confusion was Angelina's only warning before the door to the bedroom burst open to admit a very excited Ginny and an even more confused Harry Potter.

"Tada!" Ginny sang loudly. "Happy Birthday love!"

Harry's eyes widened when he saw her. Angelina tried to hide her blush as he took in the sight of her lacey skirt-clad arse and thin top that did little to hide her curvaceous bust.

“Uh...heya Harry! Long time no see?” She greeted weakly. It would be pointless to try to cover herself with her hands as there was far too much of her body on display at the moment for her to properly hide everything. As it were, Angelina instead chose to simply weather the emerald-eyes wizards studying gaze for the time being.

Thankfully, Harry seemed far more confused and shocked than he did horny at the sight of her. In truth, he only flicked his eyes up and down her body for a few torturous moments before he turned back to his wife.

“Gin’ why in the world in Angelina in our bedroom dressed in one of Gabrielle’s lingerie sets?” Harry asked in a surprisingly calm voice.

At the mention of her outfit belonging to the lecherous Delacour Veela, Angie’s blush deepened and she nervously smoothed some of the ruffles in her ill-fitted skirt.

“Welllllll....Seeing how both Gabby and Demelza were going to be busy this weekend, I decided that I’d find us another witch for your birthday threesome. Angie just so happened to volunteer herself last week soooo here we are!” Ginny explained.

“Wait what?!” Angelina sputtered. “Birthday threesome? Volunteered? Is this what you’ve been planning this whole time?!” She cried in realization.

“Yep!” Ginny said simply, a cheeky smirk firmly affixed to her face. The petite redhead squeezed herself against Harry’s side, one of her hands absentmindedly rubbing small circle’s in her husband’s chest.

“Why you little minx!” Angelina growled. “If you wanted to invite me into a threesome with you and your husband all you had to do was ask! You didn’t need to trick me into being your bloody maid for a week!”

“Ginny you didn’t...” Harry began with a groan.

The red-haired chaser ignored her husband’s groan and giggled. “But where’s the fun in that? At least now we have an excuse to keep you around all week! This is going to be so much fun!”

Angelina rolled her eyes, for the first time that day her body began to relax as she finally knew the truth about the whole situation. “Fine, but I’m not scrubbing any more floors you hear me little red? Fuck my hands are gonna be sore for days because of that.”

Ginny rolled her eyes in response but nodded.

“So you’re okay with this Angie?” Harry asked.

Angelina thought about it for a moment. Sure it was quite sudden all things considered, and she was more than a bit miffed that Ginny hadn’t been truthful with her from the get-go, but it wouldn’t be a stretch to say she was *opposed* to the idea. After all, she’d seen Harry naked before during the many times she, Alicia, and Katie had burst into the Gryffindor boys’ locker rooms, and she most definitely liked what she saw then. Looking at the man before her now, Angelina couldn’t help but shiver slightly in excitement at the thought of just how exactly he could’ve grown since then.

In lieu of answering, Angelina smirked and stalked forward. Every step was accentuated with an exaggerated sway of her bum that drew both Harry’s and Ginny’s eyes to her wide shapely hips. With a sultry smile splayed on her lips, Angelina knelt before the couple.

“How may I serve you sir~?” She purred, raking one hand over Harry’s rapidly tenting crotch.

“Fuck that’s hot!” Ginny gasped, her brown eyes wide and cheeks flushed red. “Answer her Harry!”

Harry chuckled at his wife’s excitement and turned his attention towards the mocha-skinned goddess kneeling before him. “Such an obedient slut.” He said, running a hand through Angelina’s dark brown locks. “Your first order is to prepare your mistress for me.”

“Huh?” Ginny squeaked in surprise.

The petite witch didn’t get much more time to question her husband’s words before Angelina was upon her. The dark-skinned witch *slammed* into the ginger girl, pushing her roughly up against the wall with her tongue already hilted deep within the younger witch’s mouth. Ginny’s

squeak of surprise quickly morphed into a long throaty moan as she melted against the curvy chaser.

Angelina hummed against Ginny's lips while she slowly moved her hands down the younger girl's frame. Soon they found purchase, grabbing fistfuls of the petite girl's arse while she used her knee to spread the younger witch's own legs apart. Ginny responded in kind, gripping the front of Angelina's lacey tank top so tight that she was surprised it hadn't already ripped. The red-haired chaser mewled against her tongue, her smaller body moving on instinct against Angelina's as she practically humped the curvy witch's leg.

Smirking against Ginny's lips, Angelina readjusted her grip on the girl's arse before hoisting her up. Ginny squeaked against her lips, breaking their heated kiss to wrap herself around Angelina's frame. She wasted no time in carrying the younger witch over to the large king-sized bed in the middle of the bedroom. The two witches landed upon the plush mattress with a giggle each, both quickly readjusting to continue their passionate liplock. This time, Angelina wasn't alone in her wandering hands. Somehow during their brief trip, Ginny had managed to peel down the dark-skinned chaser's top far enough to have unimpeded access to her large jutting mammaries. The flash of pleasure as her nipples were attacked by the younger witch's skilled fingers forced a moan of surprise to leak from Angelina's lips. Ginny responded with her own throaty moan, her tongue twisting and writhing against Angelina's in a lazy fight for dominance between the two.

'So that's how you wanna play it...' Angelina thought with a smirk.

Not one to back down from a challenge, Angelina broke their passionate make-out session with a gasp, quickly recovering by latching onto Ginny's freckled neck and sucking hard. Ginny cooed into her ear, one of her hands coming up to instinctively wound its way into Angelina's hair, but Angie wasn't done just quite yet. She still had orders to follow after all.

Slowly but surely she made her way ever southward, kissing, nipping, and sucking on every piece of bare skin she could find, leaving a plethora of purple hickies in her wake. Eventually,

she arrived at her true prize. With a wide smirk and a teasing wink, Angelina popped the button on the ginger girl's pants free and *yanked*. Both jeans and knickers came free, revealing a small patch of bright red hair above a set of soft pink pussy lips.

"Oh yessss~" Angelina hissed to herself, dipping her head forward as if hypnotised by the sight of Ginny's puffy nether lips.

The younger witch's legs parted without even asking, opening readily for Angelina to bury her face into her dripping wet quim. The moan of delight that echoed around the room as the older chaser's tongue first delved between Ginny's folds forced a shiver of excitement down Angelina's spine. The tangy sweet taste of the younger witch's juicy quim permeated her lips. It was *addicting* and Angelina soon found herself moaning with unyielding passion as she continued to tongue Ginny's wet folds with a newfound passion.

"Oh fuck y-y-es! Oh Morgana that f-feels s-s-so good Angie!" Ginny cried, the younger witch eagerly pawed at her own tits as the mocha-skinned goddess below slurped and sucked at her sensitive clit.

Suddenly, a weight settled onto the bed next to Ginny. The redhaired vixen glanced up, eye glazed heavily with lust, at the smirking visage of her husband.

"Enjoying yourself love?" Harry asked with a teasing lilt in his voice.

Ginny groaned in affirmation, hands shakingly reaching towards him with a pleading look in her eyes.

"C-Clothes. O-Off!" She demanded, raking her nails across his belt clasp in a desperate attempt to remove the offending leather binding.

Harry chuckled at his wife's lust-filled plea. Standing, he did as he was bid, slowly removing his clothes piece by piece- his eyes never leaving the nude form of his wife or the half-undressed form of their new bed partner either.

An audible mewl of delight flew from Ginny's lips as soon as her husband's thick, veiny cock was revealed to her. The sight of his hardened member never failed to take her breath away nor

have her pussy quiver with delight. Where she lay now, with Angelina's tongue rapidly flicking over her clit, it was more than just a quiver this night, however. The increasing build of pleasure paired with the truly erotic sight of her husband's nude muscular body triggered something within Ginny. In a matter of moments, she went from moaning idly in pleasure to absolutely screaming with a sudden and intense orgasm. Below her, Angelina moaned as well, her tongue never stopping nor slowing in its movements as Ginny's body jerked and spasmed. Toned pale legs wrapped tightly around the older chaser's head, bringing her mouth even deeper into Ginny's shaking cunt.

The intensity of her orgasm- the shaking pleasure that coursed through her body and caught every nerve in her core aflame- paled in comparison to the euphoria of watching Harry sidle up behind the curvy witch between her legs. Angelina froze only momentarily when Harry first gripped the older witch's round arsecheeks. Her frozen state gave way to a trembling moan as Angelina melted against Ginny's stomach. From where she was positioned, Ginny could just make out the rippling of the older witch's arse as Harry hitched his hips forward. With the way he was moving, with his hands gripping handfuls of the other witch's arse, it left little to the imagination of what was actually happening.

"Mmm~ How does it feel Angie?" Ginny cooed down at the mocha-skinned woman. "Does my husband's big cock feel good inside you?"

Angelina moaned in affirmation, hands sinking deeper into Ginny's thighs as she nodded. "S-So fucking g-g-good! OH!"

Her teammate cried out and buried her face once more into Ginny's cunt. Ginny's own hiss of pleasure was drowned out by the sheer volume of Angelina's cries. Despite having just come, the petite chaser was happy enough to allow Angelina to lap at her cunt once more, this time with the added effect of Harry fucking the older witch from behind.

Moans, cries of pleasure, and the slapping of flesh against flesh soon filled the room. It was music to Ginny's ears and exactly what she had been wanting from the moment she made the

bet with Angelina. For Angelina- she could neither hear nor comprehend the cacophony of sexual sounds echoing off the walls as her mind was overwhelmed with stimulation from all sides. From the feeling of Harry's thick cock tearing her pussy apart to the heady taste of Ginny's pussy juices on her tongue, Angelina was quite literally drunk on the sensations she was receiving from the married couple.

On and on it went. At some point after her second orgasm, they suddenly switched positions. Now laid on her back atop the bed, Angelina was brought even closer to the brink. Ginny's mouth was buried deep against her gushing cunt, the lithe minx's tongue doing wonders to her pussy in such a way that had her toes curling and mouth screaming in pleasure. Her screams though, were muffled heavily by the cock hilted inside her throat. With her head rolled over the side, it gave Harry the perfect position to piston his thick meaty cock back and forth down her trembling throat. It was one of the few times that Angelina could actually remember thanking Mother Magic herself for not giving her a gag reflex.

The first time she felt Harry's cock pulse inside her, Angelina barely had a few moments to prepare herself before a torrent of cum suddenly shot down her eager throat, settling deep within her belly. Over and over again his cock jerked and spasmed, his own groans of pleasure signalling the heaviness of his orgasm as he came deep inside her. As the last spurts were deposited inside her gullet, Angelina was once more shuffled around as they all switched positions.

The night went on. At one point she was atop Ginny, their tongue writhing against each other as Harry took turns fucking their needy cunts from behind. Another time, Ginny was atop Harry, bouncing eagerly on his cock while Angelina buried her face between the young chaser's pert arse cheeks. The number of orgasms Angelina received that night was truly uncountable, as was the number of orgasms she brought the others to as well. All she knew was by the end of the night, her body was numb with exhaustion- her thighs slick with a mixture of her juices,

Harry's cum, and Ginny's saliva. More cum hung sticky in her hair and dried between her arse cheeks.

"Ginny?" She groaned sleepily as she hugged the younger girl from behind. From behind her Harry wrapped her tightly within his own arms, his cock still buried deep within her quim as they all three dozed away.

"Yeah?" Ginny croaked in response.

"Just thought you should know Turkey faces off against Norway next week. You thinking best two out of three?"

The younger witch giggled against her, turning over to press their noses together with a tired grin. "Sounds lovely!"

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Author's Note

I don't know what it is about the last few months of the year that always gets me *deathly* sick. I'm just about reaching the lethal dose of Acetaminophen at this point lol. Either way hope you all enjoyed this little one-shot!

Thanks for reading!