

“You’re positively glowing, Pansy,” Bethany Selwyn gushed, making the brunette preen happily.

“Thank you,” Pansy replied, her green eyes glancing around the room as she soaked in the attention. They settled on Blaise, her husband of five years, and seemed to glow with happiness. “Everything seems to be a little smoother this time around than it was with Adriana. Mother says it might be a boy this time.”

A chorus of cooing erupted at that, and Astoria fought to keep down the bile that rose in her throat, chasing it down by finishing her flute of champagne.

“Pansy Parkinson, Pansy bloody Parkinson is happier than me,” she raged to herself, feeling murderous though keeping her face completely neutral with practiced ease.

The very idea that her old school rival might someday have everything she wanted would have seemed laughable in the immediate aftermath of the war. A year younger than Pansy, Astoria had been sorted into Slytherin, as had her sister the year prior, and had been immediately taken with Draco Malfoy. His aristocratic good looks and the air of importance and power that he’d seemed to have then had been like catnip to the newly pubescent girl, and Pansy hadn’t failed to notice her crush. The brunette bitch did everything in her power to subtly put her down in front of him for years, and it seemed like there was nothing that she could do. Parkinson had gotten her claws into her crush, and that was that.

Then the Dark Lord was defeated.

“Merlin, how I celebrated that,” she thought to herself, grabbing another flute from a nearby server’s tray and heading out onto the nearest balcony in the Potter manor.

Her family hadn’t supported Voldemort, and when he fell for good, they were all pleased by that, but none more so than her. One of the conditions that the ministry had put on Draco in exchange for letting him escape jail time was that he quickly wed a woman from a family not connected to the dead dark wizard, and she’d leapt at the opportunity. Pansy was out of the running at once, as not only had her father served Voldemort, but she’d disgraced herself for having suggested that Hogwarts hand Harry Potter over to spare themselves his wrath.

She had been able to achieve what she always wanted and set about trying to help reform her old crush and bring out the good, caring man that she was convinced he could be. The conditions that her father insisted on including in the marriage contract had been harsh, and she ended up in control of their family, but she promised Draco that she wouldn’t abuse that power and had kept to it, hoping that doing so would ensure that he became all that he could be. Turning around, she let her blue eyes fall on her husband, and they darkened with irritation.

“The ministry wanted to make sure that he and the other few they spared wouldn’t turn to dark magic again, and, in his case, he hasn’t,” she thought to herself dryly.

Alas, he had turned to the bottle instead, and the once-handsome man she’d married hadn’t managed to escape the effects of the firewhiskey and butterbeer he was so fond of. At twenty-nine, he looked prematurely aged, with thinning hair and a belly that grew gradually over time. Astoria herself was still hot, and while she wasn’t vain enough for that alone to sour her on the marriage, there were other factors.

“I thought I saw you come out here,” Daphne murmured as she joined her, and Astoria fought down the urge to scowl at her sister.

"I needed some air," she said shortly. "You're the hostess, Daphne; you have better things to do tonight than look after me."

"I'll always look after you, Stori," Daphne replied softly, and Astoria smiled despite herself. "I had to invite them."

"I know, I know," Astoria muttered. "Hermione needs to shore up her support with purebloods just now, and failing to invite Pansy and Blaise would have been seen as a slight from her even if it came from you and Harry."

"Stay here tonight," Daphne whispered. "There's something I want to talk to you about in the morning."

"Draco would sooner chew glass than stay here," Astoria pointed out.

"I didn't say anything about your husband," Daphne replied quietly. Leaning in, she whispered, "Harry will ply with him whiskey and send him through the floo. The kids love you and won't get to you tonight, so it would be a treat for them too."

"I guess I can stay," Astoria sighed, smiling at the thought of spending time with her nieces and nephews, though she felt her heart clench at the thought of them too.

She went back inside and saw Blaise standing near Draco by the fireplace, Pansy on his arm as they chatted. Her eyes narrowed, and she carefully wove through the small crowd, managing to hear what they were talking about as she drew close enough.

"...takes a while for some couples," Blaise said reassuringly.

"Yes, some people just have a harder time with it than others," Pansy added simperingly, a slight grin forming on her face as she spotted Astoria. "I'd suggest speaking to a healer, Draco. You never know what they might be able to tell you."

"Yes, we will at some point," Draco said evasively, looking down at the amber liquid in his glass before taking a large sip.

"Once you have a clearer idea of what your dealing with, you'll be able to assess your...other options," Pansy added, turning towards Astoria and smirking.

Astoria's hand twitched towards her wand, carefully hidden in a nearly invisible pocket in her dress, and she scowled at Draco for even entertaining his ex-girlfriend, knowing damn well what they were talking about. The bitch was far from subtle in her glee over the couple's plight, undoubtedly telling herself that if she'd wed Draco, things would have gone differently.

A couple years ago, she'd have sat next to Draco and fended off the subtle barbs she knew would follow at his side, but she just couldn't bring herself to even try that. Spotting Susan Bones, she downed the rest of the champagne and went to speak to the prominent auror, hoping that she'd make better company than her husband would have.

"Ugh, thank you," Astoria groaned as she felt the hangover potion take effect almost immediately.

“I knew you were going to need this the moment I learned that Parkinson was pregnant again,” Daphne sighed, and Astoria scowled.

“Could you not?” she hissed, sitting down across from her at the ornate dining room table and eyeing the blueberry scones on display. With the hangover potion having done its job, they looked appetizing instead of nauseating as they had a moment earlier.

“Astoria...” Daphne went to say.

“What do you want me to say?!” Astoria demanded. “Draco and I have been trying for years, and it just isn’t happening. You don’t want me to get into any of this while the kids might come in at any moment.”

“Mother won’t be bringing them by until ten,” Daphne corrected her, “and Harry had to go to the Ministry early, so it’s just us.”

“So what you said last night was a lie,” Astoria said, narrowing her eyes at her sister.

“The first time you heard Pansy was pregnant, you had barely any reaction, but last night you seemed hurt,” Daphne continued. “What’s changed?”

“The first time I didn’t think she’d be so blatant about rubbing it in,” Astoria scowled. “Draco and Blaise remain friends, so I’ve had to endure her off and on, but their visits became more frequent during those months. I know it will happen again, and her subtle little comments about what a blessing it is and how happy she is will feel like daggers, just like how they did then. She’s too subtle to actually say what she means, but the smug little looks and grins are clear enough. I don’t know how Blaise can stand seeing his wife blatantly hint to her ex that he’d have been happier with her.”

“He knows that she doesn’t actually want Draco back,” Daphne replied. “She just remains pissed that he didn’t even try to fight for her back in the day and is happy to rub her happiness in both your faces. The more pressing question would be why Draco puts up with it at all.”

“She’s subtle about it, as I said,” Astoria replied, “and he blames me anyway, regardless of what the healers have told us. Part of him realizes that he actually is the problem, or he’d have already suggested that we look at surrogates like that bitch was trying to get him to last night.”

“That would be an option if you were the one who couldn’t have children,” Daphne mused, sipping her tea. “The healers are sure that it’s Draco?”

“More so they’re sure that I’m fertile,” Astoria replied. “Tests on him have been inconclusive, but nothing’s worked, not that we’ve even tried in a few months now. If I was the problem, he could have a kid with a surrogate and call them his heir, but because it’s him, I’m just screwed.”

Daphne’s lips twitched at that, and she looked conflicted for a moment as Astoria spread butter on her scone.

“What is it?” Astoria asked tiredly.

“When you first brought up the idea of stepping in to save Draco’s dumb arse, I, as you’ll recall, objected,” Daphne replied and Astoria’s eyes narrowed in rage.

“I swear if you’re just trying to say I told you so…” she went to hiss.

“I’m doing nothing of the sort,” Daphne replied, holding up her hands. “I’m just saying that I really didn’t think it was a good idea, and I expressed my concerns to Father. Half the clauses he added to your marriage contract were my ideas.”

“I didn’t know that,” Astoria muttered, calming down.

“Did you ever read over the entire thing?” Daphne asked as a faint smirk formed on her face.

“I got through the first few pages and was irritated enough that I stopped,” Astoria replied. “I actually tried to talk Father out of humiliating Draco so, but he refused to budge at all. I know that House Malfoy ended up a vassal of House Greengrass as a result of it, and I have full control over our finances, something that’s actually been for the best with how irresponsible he’s become.”

“Clauses one through seven dealt with what the marriage meant for House Malfoy, while eight through twelve handled your rights specifically in the marriage and what recourse you could have if he dishonored you in some way,” Daphne continued.

“You actually remember it all?” Astoria asked, surprised.

“I knew this might very well end poorly and I’ve been looking after you since we were girls,” Daphne replied.

“Nothing that he’s done would warrant ending the marriages at all,” Astoria scowled, “and despite everything, I don’t know if I’d want to.”

“Do you still love him?” Daphne asked, and Astoria let out a miserable laugh at that.

“I did once,” she replied. “Merlin, I was obsessed with him as a girl, and I was so sure when we started seeing each other that he could become a strong, capable man once I’d helped him move past his dreadful father’s influence, but I think somewhere along the line he just kind of gave up. He drinks all the time, spends the entire stipend I give him on Quidditch games, either attending them, betting on them, or both, and I just hardly recognize him anymore. He’s become pathetic, and even that I could tolerate if he’d given me a child, but…”

“He can’t,” Daphne finished for her. “I honestly thought that he might have trouble.”

“How the hell could you have known that might happen?” Astoria asked.

“He, his father, and his grandfather were all only children,” Daphne replied. “I know we purebloods don’t generally have large families, but it’s actually rather rare for multiple generations in a row to only manage one each, and, as I never thought Draco to be particularly virile, I wondered if it might be an issue. That’s what clause thirteen was included for.”

“Clause thirteen?” Astoria asked, and Daphne grinned.

“You said yourself that if you were the problem, Draco could have a child with a surrogate and, even if you didn’t agree, it wouldn’t violate the terms of your marriage contract,” Daphne replied. “That’s actually not true in your case, as clause eleven dictates that you have full say in the matter, but that’s neither here nor there. Clause thirteen is the final clause in it and the one I had the hardest

time convincing Father to include. It's rather scandalous, and if his only other options weren't Azkaban and marrying a muggleborn, Draco would never have agreed to it."

"What is it?" Astoria asked, intrigued.

"Clause Thirteen of your marriage contract states that, in the event that Draco proves incapable of providing you with children, you will be able to turn to a donor for help without it constituting a violation of your marriage at all," Daphne replied, and Astoria's jaw dropped.

"What?" she breathed. "Father actually wrote that? Draco actually agreed to it?"

"Women from families who weren't at least under suspicion of supporting Voldemort weren't exactly lining up to help keep Draco Malfoy out of prison after the war," Daphne replied dryly. "Only you, with your unceasing predilection for wounded birds and a couple women he never would have found acceptable, showed any interest."

"Why did you not say anything?" Astoria breathed, her mind racing with possibilities.

If the clause actually was written the way Daphne said, any child she had would legally be a Malfoy and the heir to the family's fortune and seat on the Wizengamot, and there was nothing that her husband could say or do about it. She wasn't angry enough at Draco or desperate enough for a child to be willing to jump into this without careful thought, but having believed a moment ago that she had no good options at all, knowing that she had one was enough to shock her to her core.

"I figured that you read the whole thing over back in the day," Daphne chided her. "It was only when I commented on clause ten last week and you looked at me like I'd grown a second head that I realized the truth."

"If, and this is a big if, I was willing to go through with this, what restrictions would I have?" Astoria asked. "I imagine, given that Father wrote it, that the man in question would have to be a pureblood. He only allowed you to marry Harry without saying a word because of who he is."

"There are no restrictions in it at all," Daphne grinned. "Father was reluctant to include such a clause in the first place, and after I talked him into it, he was so desperate to wash his hands of the idea that he just copied out what I wrote."

"So I could pick any Tom, Dick, or Harry off the streets, get him to knock me up, and it would be perfectly in line with my marriage contract?" Astoria asked incredulously.

"Technically yes," Daphne replied, "though I'd suggest you look somewhere a little more dignified than the streets. As for your suggestions, I'd recommend going with a Harry."

"What?!" Astoria exclaimed, rearing back as though struck, as her sister grinned wickedly at her. "What are you saying?"

"In English, let my darling husband put a baby in you," Daphne replied, her grin only widening. "Goodness knows he'll be able to."

"You..." Astoria squeaked, her face going beet red at the thought, and Daphne just laughed.

When her sister started Harry during their final year at Hogwarts, Astoria hadn't thought much of him. Having been on the run for a year, he was honestly kind of scrawny, and his eyes, easily his

nicest feature before the war, had taken on a haunted look that was worse than even Draco's. The two sisters had pursued their eventual husbands, thinking equally ill of the other's choice, and only one of them had been proven right. Years of living well had done wonders for Harry, who actually turned out to be a rather late bloomer, and the tall, broad-shouldered, undeniably handsome man bore scarcely any resemblance to what he'd been when Daphne started seeing him.

"It's actually remarkable what dramatically different trajectories his and Draco's lives took," she couldn't help but think to herself.

Harry was successful, having become the youngest Head Auror in history a few years ago, where Draco had given up on finding any success. He was wealthier now than he'd ever been, as Daphne and he had invested very wisely over the years, while Draco just spent every knut he was given by her. The most instantly telling difference, though, lay in how they looked, as while Draco looked aged beyond his years, Harry was easily more attractive today than he'd ever been. She'd have had much to envy her sister over even if they hadn't had a bunch of children together, managing five in the last seven years.

"And she'd actually let me fuck him," she thought to herself, feeling heat bloom in her core in a way that it hadn't in years. Hermione had told her before about methods muggles had to aid couples who couldn't conceive, but they didn't work for wizards and witches.

"I would indeed," Daphne smirked, and Astoria blushed even harder as she realized that she'd said that out loud.

"Why?" Astoria asked, not able to meet her sister's eyes.

"Because I love you," Daphne replied, "and because if would infuriate your husband."

Astoria rolled her eyes at that, but she knew it to be true. If she went ahead with this, especially if she turned to Harry in particular, that would be something that her, and Draco couldn't move past. They couldn't divorce, as magical marriage contracts were absolutely binding, but if there was any hope at all for their marriage to improve, that would be the end of it. They would drift apart, likely ending up living even more separate lives than they did already, and that would be that.

But she'd be a mother.

She closed her eyes and let out a shuddering breath as they started to sting with tears. Daphne rushed around the table and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her in for a tight hug that she accepted happily. She had wanted children for so long, and watching all of her married friends have theirs while she and Draco remained frustratingly unable to had hurt. It would mean blowing up what remained of her relationship, but was she really willing to accept going the rest of her life potentially never having children just to preserve something already in heavy decline?

"I should have realized sooner that you didn't know about the option," Daphne said softly. "Every time you look at one of my children, I swear you look like you're wondering how easy it would be to run off with them."

"Maybe Cyrus," Astoria quipped and Daphne laughed. "He's such a little angel."

"He is," Daphne smiled, thinking about her youngest. "James and Sirius were both far more rambunctious at that age."

“You did name them James and Sirius,” Astoria pointed out, and Daphne laughed again. “Lily and Rose are such little darlings too. As handsome as Harry is, as beautiful as your children are, and as incredible as you’ve made sex with him sound, I’m afraid I’m going to have to pass. I’ll discuss clause thirteen with Draco and see if there isn’t someone he might reluctantly agree to, but Harry is the last man on Earth that he’d accept.”

“If that’s what you want,” Daphne replied. “I’ll put on the kettle agai...”

She trailed off as she saw a familiar dark owl flying in, carrying a manila envelope in his talons, and she quickly took it, stroking the bird’s head gently and earning a pleased hoot. She opened the envelope as he flew off and pulled out the substantial report inside.

“Daph?” Astoria asked.

“I’ll be back in a second,” Daphne replied, walking to kitchen, and tapping her kettle with her wand as she started reading through it. Her eyes widened as she did, and she grinned, knowing that she had an absolute grenade in her hands.

“Daphne, I can help with the tea,” Astoria said, entering the kitchen and looking at her with obvious interest.

“Astoria, there’s something that we need to talk about,” Daphne replied.

“Merlin’s balls, how did this become my life?” Draco muttered to himself as he downed a hangover potion. He sighed in relief as his headache quickly dissipated, though that was quickly undone by a sudden bout of shouting.

“Draco!” Astoria raged, and Draco paused, trying to remember what, if anything, he might have done to piss her off at Potter’s party the night before.

The end of the night was a bit of a blur, and pretty much everything after his old school foe poured him a glass of his forty-year-old Ogden’s reserve was a complete blank, but he woke up passed out on his sofa, and Astoria hadn’t stuck around to yell at him the second he woke, so it couldn’t have been that bad.

“In here, love,” Draco called out, keeping his face neutral as his clearly pissed-off wife stomped into the sitting room. “Whatever it is, could you speak softly for a moment? The potion hasn’t fully kicked in yet.”

“Did you pay off the healers we visited?” Astoria growled, and Draco felt the blood leave his face as he flinched in shock. “Oh my God!”

“Astoria, it’s not what it seems like,” Draco stammered, grimacing as she shrieked in rage.

“What did you do?!” Astoria hissed.

“The first one we went to was an old friend of Father’s,” Draco replied. “He forewarned me that they had found some suggestion that I might have a problem, and I begged him to be gentle in his reporting as I tried to find a solution. You were so worried that we might not be able to conceive,

and I knew that the news would devastate you. I hoped that, soon enough, I'd be able to fix the minor issue and this would all be a minor unhappy memory."

"What minor issue?" Astoria demanded.

"The...Dark Lord kept the Dementors in his service close at hand during part of the war," Draco replied, "both as further protection and as a less than subtle threat against the rest of us. For some people, prolonged Dementor exposure can result in infertility, but there are treatments, and I sought them out."

"So that was Healer Farrell," Astoria said, her voice deceptively calm as even a glance at her still-furious eyes could attest. "What happened with Healer MacDougal and Healer Rowle?"

"Well, the treatments hadn't yet worked...but you were so insistent," Draco stammered, "so I came to agreements with them."

"With what money?" Astoria hissed. "I pay you your monthly stipend myself. I know roughly where it goes, and unless you've been saving up for a while, which I highly doubt, I can't imagine that you had enough to bribe successful healers."

"I accidentally bet big on the Cannons a couple of years ago," Draco sighed. "I had had a bit too much to drink, and the assholes shouldn't have even taken my money, but they did, and I accidentally bet on the wrong team. It ended up being their only win that season, and the odds were so extraordinary that I took in a small fortune. That's beside the point, though. I've been undergoing treatment for a while now and..."

"We saw Healer Farrell three years ago!" Astoria screamed. "Three years, and clearly nothing has changed, given that you felt the need to bribe Rowle five months ago."

"What do you want me to do?!" Draco shouted, rising to his feet. "It's not my fault that the Dementors..."

"Harry was nearly killed by Dementors multiple times," Astoria hissed, and Draco's face contorted in rage.

"Don't compare me to Potter!" he raged.

"*There's no comparison, I assure you,*" Astoria thought to herself, choosing not to give voice to the thought. "This is why you've tried repeatedly to convince me to get a few dogs over the last few months, isn't it?"

"Astoria..." Draco went to say.

"It is," Astoria laughed humorlessly. "What was the plan actually? Were you just going to slow-walk this whole process, bribing healers as needed, and foisting animals on me in the hopes that enough of a menagerie would make me forget about children?"

"As if there could be any chance of that with Daphne pumping one out every year and a half," Draco muttered.

"I'm activating clause thirteen," Astoria breathed, and Draco turned even paler.

“A...Astoria...let’s be reasonable,” he stammered.

“I’ve been beyond reasonable,” Astoria said coldly, feeling calmness settle over her as she made her choice. “You could have been honest with me, and we might have found a solution together, but...you’ve left me with no choice.”

“This is all Daphne’s doing, isn’t it?” Draco snarled. “That meddling...”

“Don’t you dare blame her!” Astoria hissed. “Like I say, I don’t blame you for being unable; I’m not a monster. Whether due to Dementor exposure or something else, that can’t be helped, but I’ve spent years wondering if maybe there was something wrong with me that the healers had missed, wondering if I was the reason we couldn’t have children after all, and to learn that you knew the truth all along and went to these lengths to hide it from me. I can’t even look at you.”

Draco glared at her, feeling angrier with his wife than he ever had before, but as he stood there in bitter silence, he knew that there was nothing he could do. He couldn’t leave her, and, even if he dared to go for his wand, he couldn’t. One of the clauses of that marriage contract he’d signed because the alternative was Azkaban ensured that if he attempted to harm her or her family in any way, he’d lose his magic. He turned around and marched out of the room, needing a shower and drink.

Astoria watched the last vestiges of her marriage burn to cinders before her and couldn’t even bring herself to care. It had taken Daphne casting a calming charm on her to bring her rage down to this level after she finished reading through the report. It turned out that Daphne had actually been suspicious for a while that the healers they’d gone to might not have been entirely honest with them for a while and had gotten a retired Auror Harry knew to look into them.

“Now I just need to arrange a time and date,” she thought to herself, shivering as she did.

Daphne had not been shy over the years about telling Astoria about her utterly exhausting sex life with her husband. The pair of them had started sleeping together back at Hogwarts, before they were even engaged, much less married, and she recalled the first time she saw Daphne limping like she’d fallen off a broom, being so concerned until she saw the ear-to-ear smile on her face. Harry and her had been inseparable all year, and he proposed not long before they graduated.

“I’ve always thought she was exaggerating at least a little,” she thought to herself. *“I guess I’m going to find out.”*

“How do you look more nervous than me?” Harry chuckled as he watched his wife pace back and forth.

“What possible reason could you have to be nervous?” Daphne asked.

“I’ve never been with anyone other than you,” Harry replied. “I know your body like the back of my hand, but...”

“I imagine we’re rather similar,” Daphne drawled. “As for my nervousness, until I see her here, there’s a chance she’s chickened out.”

“We don’t need to rush her,” Harry reasoned.

“I know that, and I was actually surprised by how quickly she took me up on my offer,” Daphne replied. “I’ve just spent so many years watching her waste away in that dreadful marriage, growing more and more unhappy, and this here is a chance to give her a taste of what she should have all along.”

“I know you think the world of my penis, but...” Harry went to joke, and Daphne just rolled her eyes.

“Astoria should have been with someone who actually cared about her, who was capable of giving her the kind of life she’d always wanted,” she explained. “I knew pursuing Draco was a mistake, but she was sure that there was something worthwhile there.”

“You’re sure he won’t cause any trouble?” Harry asked.

“He can’t,” Daphne replied. “Clause ten of the contract ensures that he can’t knowingly cause harm to Astoria or anyone in her family without losing his magic. I was very thorough once I realized that she couldn’t be swayed.”

“You’re such a good sister,” Harry smiled.

“The best,” Astoria chimed in as she entered the room, immediately freezing up as Harry turned to her.

She was wearing a simple red gown that clung to her substantial curves like a second skin and contrasted sharply with her porcelain skin and golden hair. She’d worn it loose, letting it tumble across her back in soft waves, and he was struck by just how much like Daphne she looked. She was a little shorter, and her lips were slightly less plump, but she had the same gorgeous blue eyes, petite nose, blonde tresses, and bombshell figure. Daphne’s curves were greater now, a consequence of her multiple pregnancies, but that just made him wonder what her sister would look like swollen with his child.

“Come, Stori, there’s no need to be shy,” Daphne grinned, holding out her hand invitingly. Astoria walked forward, almost in a trance, and took her sister’s hand, feeling the comforting warmth of her touch immediately. As she walked around her Astoria and rested a hand on her shoulder, the older blonde looked at Harry and asked, “Is my sister not gorgeous?”

“Beautiful,” Harry replied, and Astoria felt her heart skip a beat.

“Harry, I...” Astoria went to say.

“We can take this as slow as you need,” Harry said softly, cupping her cheek. “There are no expectations here and no pressure. We’ll go at your pace.”

“I was going to say I’m ovulating,” Astoria finished, and Daphne giggled.

“She’s much like me, love,” the older blonde grinned. “So treat her like you would me.”

“Um, Daph, where are...” Astoria went to ask.

“Oh, I’m going to be right here,” Daphne replied. “All I ask in exchange for letting my husband give you the babies you so desperately desire is that I get to watch every moment of it.”

“Fuck, Daphne,” Harry groaned, and she smirked.

“Not tonight,” Daphne replied, “not until you’ve bred my beautiful little sister.”

Astoria, feeling hotter than she had in years, couldn’t take it and did something that she’d dreamed about a time or two: pulled Harry down for a kiss. He deepened it quickly, plunging his tongue between her lips, and she moaned into his mouth. He was everything that Daphne had described so far, dominant and passionate, and she melted into his embrace. She was so distracted by kissing him that she almost missed the feeling of her dress being unzipped behind her and shivered when she felt Daphne’s small hands on her bare skin.

“No bra?” her sister asked. “How daring.”

“I figured there would be no point,” Astoria replied, breaking the kiss to stare into Harry’s eyes, shivering as she saw the raw desire so plain in them.

“What about panties?” Daphne asked, and Astoria squeaked.

“Daphne!” she exclaimed, only for Harry to cup her cheek and gently pull her back to look at him.

“I think your sister’s right to ask,” he grinned. Leaning in, he whispered in her ear, “Did you come over to my manor without any panties on? Such a bad girl.”

Astoria’s pupils blew wide, and she shivered in his arms. If she had been wearing panties, they’d have undoubtedly been ruined at his deep, rumbling words.

“No,” she breathed. Grinning impishly, she asked, “What are you going to do about it?”

She gasped when she felt one of his large, strong hands grab her throat and looked up at him in shock.

“If you need to stop, say red; if you need me to slow down, say yellow,” Harry instructed. “Say neither, and I’m going to fuck your brains out. Understand?”

His grip on her throat tightened slightly, and she whimpered, “I understand.”

He kissed her again and walked her back towards the bed. As her back hit it, red and yellow were the furthest things from her mind. She hadn’t had sex in months and hadn’t had particularly great sex in longer than that. Draco had been good once, but a lifetime spent getting further and further out of shape had worsened things. Harry was in better shape than he had ever been, from what Astoria could feel as she ran her hands over his still-clothed form, and what she felt when he started grinding against her sex felt even more promising.

He reached for his wand, and a moment later, her dress was off and hanging carefully in the corner of the room, and Astoria squawked at her sudden nakedness. She shivering, lying on the bed under his hungry gaze and tried to rub her thighs together to relieve some of the pressure but just ended up tightening her legs around him.

“You’re beautiful,” Harry breathed, and Astoria’s breath hitched.

When was the last time Draco had looked at with such reverence? When was the last time anyone had made her feel so desired?

“She really is,” Daphne replied, sitting down next to them, and Astoria saw that she had also undressed.

“How the hell do you look this good when you’ve spent most of the last several years pregnant?” Astoria asked.

“I exercise religiously,” Daphne replied. Smirking, she looked at Harry and asked, “How about we show her what I use for my favorite form of ‘exercise?’”

Harry snorted at that and pulled back before waving his wand over his body. She didn’t know how he managed it, but he got his clothes to slowly remove themselves, giving her a strip show that made her mouth water. Most wizards didn’t put that much effort into developing their bodies, being able to do most things with their wands. Aurors were generally a different breed, given that they would, on occasion, be called upon to fight, but she doubted that they were generally this gorgeous.

She’d always known that he was strong from his broad shoulders and muscular arms, but knowing that and seeing him without his shirt were two different things. His chest was just as impressive as his arms, but it was his abs that drew her eyes most. His flat stomach was lined with defined muscles that she wanted to trace with her tongue, and she was so focused on them that she didn’t notice his pants lowering until something sprang out of them that she couldn’t have missed if she was blind.

“What the fuck?!” she exclaimed, her eyes going wide as they locked onto his cock.

“I did say he was well hung,” Daphne purred, sounding deeply amused.

“I thought you meant for a human, not a giant,” Astoria breathed, wrapping a hand around his shaft and whimpering when she realized that her fingers didn’t touch.

He was long and frighteningly thick, with prominent veins lining the entire massive shaft. With his sheer girth, she wondered for a moment if she might actually feel them, and that led to another, more pressing thought.

“*This is going inside me,*” she thought to herself, shivering as she felt her cunt clench in anticipation. “*Will it even fit?*”

She pressed him back against his abs and brought one of her forearms to rest against it, shivering again when she saw just how close they were.

“You actually take this?” she asked, looking at her sister, who grinned at her then like a cat that had caught its canary.

“Every inch as often as we can manage it,” Daphne sighed, sitting up and resting a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

Astoria’s eyes were drawn to her breasts, a couple cup sizes larger than hers now, and she was pleased to see how firm they still were after her pregnancies. It was a good sign for her, after all.

“I know I’m a lot to take in,” Harry commented, and Astoria snorted at his words, “but I promise I won’t try until I’m sure that you’re ready.”

He kissed her again, and she fell back, moaning into his mouth when she felt him grind his cock against her heated pussy. Feeling him against her sensitive flesh made the sheer size of him even more apparent, and if she hadn’t known that he fit inside Daphne, she’d have been more than a little intimidated by him. She trusted them both, though, and managed to relax as she continued to kiss him passionately, moaning out loud when he let her lips go to start peppering the slender column of her neck with hot kisses.

“Oh, fuck!” Astoria cried, feeling like she was on fire as his every touch shot straight to her core.

“You’re so pent up, aren’t you?” Harry asked, cupping one of her large breasts and making her quiver. “How long has it been since you last knew pleasure?”

“So long,” Astoria whimpered, gasping as she felt his hand slide down along her belly and rest right above her heated sex.

“She might be ready for you already, my love,” Daphne grinned. “Look at how wet her pretty little pink pussy is already.”

“Daph!” Astoria squeaked, blushing fiercely, and her sister just laughed.

“Please, it’s not like I haven’t seen you before,” Daphne chuckled. “I was the one who taught you how to touch yourself.”

“Really?” Harry asked as Astoria turned crimson.

“Mmhmm,” Daphne replied. “It was our fifth year, and everyone was so stressed out over Umbridge. We got talking, and when I suggested that she relieve her stress the old-fashioned way, she looked at me in such confusion that I knew she’d never done it.”

“Did you demonstrate for her or lend a hand?” Harry asked, his cock throbbing at either idea.

“Look how fucking hard he is, Stori,” Daphne purred, wrapping a hand around his cock. “Mmm, you’re like steel, my love. Is the thought of me touching her that hot?”

“Be a good girl and answer the question,” Harry rumbled, making her shiver, “or better yet, she can.”

Astoria gulped, feeling like a deer caught in the gaze of a hungry predator as his eyes bored into her, and she said, “She did it for me, showed me how it was done.”

“Did you return the favor?” Harry asked. When Astoria nodded, he grinned and said, “Good girl.”

“Ahh!” Astoria cried as he captured one of her pebbled pink nipples with his lips.

She held his head to her chest, and Daphne watched with rapt attention, barely resisting the urge to touch herself. Watching Harry with Astoria was something that she’d fantasized about for years. Even with Draco’s obvious inadequacies, there was no guarantee that she’d ever manage to arrange this, and she’d put the idea out of her mind for the most part, but she never forgot about it or the clause she’d had their father put in her contract just in case.

“Join me,” Harry commanded as he switched to Astoria’s other nipple, and Daphne jolted at that.

The two of them had only crossed that line once, and even then they’d only fingered each other, but as she looked into Astoria’s eyes and saw the raw need and pleading in them, Daphne could only grin.

“Is that something you want, Astoria?” she whispered in her sister’s ear, and when she nodded, Daphne latched her lips around the hard peak and grinned at the moan that followed.

Astoria was in heaven, her brain swimming in pleasure as she felt the two of them suck on her nipples together. It had been so long since she’d felt the touch of another that even the simple pleasure of feeling hot lips and tongues on her pebbled peaks was euphoric, and just when she started to wonder how she was going to react when one of them moved towards her throbbing core, Harry started to kiss a trail down along her stomach.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispered, dipping his tongue into her navel for a moment before grinning up at her. “I can’t believe you’ve been so neglected.”

“Draco’s a fool,” Daphne purred in her ear, kneading one of her breasts as she nibbled on the lobe. “By the time Harry’s done with you tonight, you won’t even remember him.”

“Fucking hell, Daphne,” Astoria whimpered.

She felt Harry’s hot breath on her folds then and squirmed as he spread her legs wide, taking in the sight of wet, fleshy cunt. She’d made very regular use of depilatory charms ever since she first learned of them, and there wasn’t even the slightest hint of stubble between her legs or anywhere below her head, meaning that nothing hid her at all.

“Just as perfect as you, Daphne,” Harry murmured before lowering his head towards her.

“Ruin her, Harry,” Daphne grinned. “Ruin her like you did me the first time you ate me out with that magical tongue of yours.”

“Magical tongue?” Astoria asked, gasping as she felt him give her pussy a long, slow lick from her hole to her clit.

“She even tastes like you,” Harry groaned in pleasure, grabbing her hips as he started lapping at her sodden folds.

Astoria mewled and quivered in pleasure, her hands finding his head as she basked in the pleasure of his touch. It had been even longer since she’d been eaten out, and she realized almost at once that Harry was both better at and far more enthusiastic about it than Draco ever had been. His long, dexterous tongue glided and danced through her nether lips, tasting all of her as he worked to find out what she liked. She closed her eyes and let out soft, breathy moans of pleasure as she floated in a sea of bliss. When she felt him suck her clit into his mouth and start rapidly licking the throbbing nub, she threw back her head and cried out.

“I see what you...oh fuck, right there...mean about magic now,” Astoria moaned, looking up at Daphne, who just grinned wickedly down at her.

“Oh, that’s not what I meant,” Daphne chuckled. “Harry, would you care to demonstrate?”

“Demonstr...” Astoria went to ask only to be cut off as an orgasm beyond anything she’d ever known in her life crashed over her.

She had felt her pleasure rising quickly and knew that he was going to make her cum soon, but this hit faster and harder than she could have imagined, and it overwhelmed her completely. Wave after soul-searing wave of ecstasy thundered through her entire body, making her back arch off the bed before she collapsed into a writhing mess on the bed. On and on it went until she started to wonder if it would ever end, and somewhere in the deepest recesses of her mind, she realized that this wasn’t normal and that she much have been having an unending string of back-to-back orgasms, but she was in no state to recognize this consciously. Only when Harry finally relented did it end, and Astoria sobbed loudly as she slowly came down from her high.

“Shh, it’s okay,” Daphne cooed in her ear, wrapping her arms around her still-twitching form.

“What...what...what...” Astoria stammered, blinking rapidly to shed the tears blurring her vision.

“Parseltongue,” Daphne replied.

“The only good thing that Voldemort ever gave me,” Harry chuckled, brushing her hair out of her face.

“I can’t tell you how many times Harry’s reduced me to a drooling, incoherent mess with that ability,” Daphne laughed. “He actually took it easy on you.”

“That was taking it easy?!” Astoria exclaimed, gaping at her sister in shock.

“You’re still conscious,” Harry rumbled. “I wanted you to still have your wits when I buried myself inside you for the first time.”

“These two are going to kill me,” Astoria thought to herself. “What a way to go, though.”

“Fuck me, Harry,” she begged. “Put a baby in me.”

“Yes, Harry, I think she’s wet enough,” Daphne giggled, dragging a finger across his wet chin and showing off the slickness.

“Taste her,” Harry grinned, and Daphne looked at him in surprise. “She’s delicious.”

Daphne looked to Astoria, who just shrugged and mouthed the words *“It’s up to you.”*

She brought her finger to her lips and licked the juices off, noting immediately just how similar the two of them tasted.

“Good girl,” Harry grinned as he moved into position between Astoria’s parted thighs. “Why don’t you help line me up?”

“Gladly,” Daphne purred, wrapping her hand around his cock and brushing her sister’s folds with his bulbous head.

“Holy shit, you’re huge,” Astoria gasped as she felt his glans part her dripping, wet nether lips.

She was as wet as she'd ever been in her life and knew that if she was going to take him, it would be like this, but some doubts still lingered. She might have asked him to fuck Daphne first, both because she'd like to watch that and to prove to herself that it was possible, but she was desperate for him at this point, possessed of a hunger that she knew was at least partially influenced by her ovulation. Her body was crying out in need for this handsome stud to fuck her and breed her, fulfilling her greatest desire, and she wasn't about to deny herself.

"Ahh!" she gasped as he pushed forward, and the head of his cock popped inside her.

"Fuck me, you're tight," Harry groaned as he felt her inner walls part for him.

"Of course she is," Daphne giggled, pressing herself against his back and resting her chin on his shoulder as she watched him penetrate Astoria with rapt attention. Her nipples felt hard enough to cut glass, and she scraped them across his muscular back, sighing in pleasure as she kept her eyes glued on her sister. "How does he feel, Stori?"

"So big!" Astoria cried, shaking as she felt her pussy stretch further than it ever had. "More!"

"You two really are alike," Harry chuckled, pushing forward gently and burying another couple inches of his cock inside her.

He fucked her with slow, shallow thrusts, driving a little deeper each time and letting her adjust to him as he conquered her depths inch by inch. Astoria's eyes went wide as saucers as she felt him penetrate deeper than anything ever had before and realized that he still had multiple inches left to go. If she hadn't been dripping wet, she didn't know how she'd have managed to take him at all, but as she was, though the stretch burned a bit, the burn was by far outweighed by the pleasure.

"You're taking me so well," Harry smiled down at her warmly. "You're such a good girl."

Astoria squeaked at that and turned her head to the side, though Harry cupped her cheek tenderly and moved her back until she was staring right at him. Leaning in, he kissed her again and thrust hard, burying the last few inches of his shaft deep inside her. She moaned loudly into his mouth and wrapped her legs around him, as though trying to lock him in place. He felt so fucking good inside her, and he hadn't even started truly fucking her.

"No wonder Daphne's been so desperate for him for years," she thought to herself.

Part of her hoped that the child she'd wanted for so long would be conceived that very day, but she also wouldn't mind at all if she had to come back. That thought made another one occur to her, and she broke the kiss so she could look over at Daphne.

"How many children would you be willing to let him give me?" Astoria asked.

"As many as you like," Daphne replied without hesitation, and Astoria almost purred in happiness.

"Breed me, Harry," she purred in his ear, and he groaned.

"Over and over," Harry promised with a grin, pulling most of his shaft out of her before thrusting back inside hard.

Astoria gasped and moaned, wrapping her arms around him as he started fucking her. She swore that he was managing to brush against all of her most sensitive spots at once and would have

wondered if that might actually be possible, given his size, if his every thrust didn't rob her of her senses. Everything was so much more intense than she'd ever imagined possible, and she let out a gasping moan as she realized that she was actually racing towards another orgasm already.

"Oh Merlin, oh fuck, oh..." Astoria gurgled as he grabbed her throat and looked up at him in shock.

"She might not be ready for that yet," Daphne said. When Astoria just looked at her in confusion, she clarified, saying, "Getting choked during sex makes everything more intense, and if you're with someone who knows what he's doing, it's perfectly safe. It's kind of advanced, though, and I figured you might object."

"You can try it," Astoria replied, looking up at Harry and wondering how much more intense it could really make anything.

Harry grinned, and his grip tightened, making her eyes widen as she realized she couldn't breathe.

"Tap twice if you need me to let go," he said reassuringly.

He picked up his pace then, and all thoughts of making him let go disappeared from her mind. She gripped the sheets on either side of her as he took her roughly. His every rhythmic thrust made lights go off behind her eyes as he pounded her into the bed, and she gushed around him, her cunt making a loud squelching sound each time he speared into her. She heard a moan coming from next to her and knew that Daphne had to be playing with herself as she watched them, but she couldn't even think about looking at her. Harry's intense green eyes, dark with lust, had her full attention, and the sheer desire in them made her core clench around him.

"Guurgh!" she gurgled, unable to scream.

She felt lightheaded and almost like she was floating, lost in a sea of bliss as she barreled towards her climax. He was so strong, so powerful, and so wonderfully dominant. Higher and higher she soared, and when her pussy started to flutter around him, he grinned, letting his grip on her throat loosen just as she came.

"AHHH!" Astoria screamed as she came hard, squirting all over him as she writhed and convulsed in pleasure.

Her vision went white and she gasped desperately for air, feeling like she couldn't get enough as Harry continued to fuck her hard and fast through her orgasm. The pleasure was transcendent, far beyond anything she'd known before, and all she could do was cling to him as she writhed and convulsed. On and on it went, leaving her feeling like she was swept up in a storm of ecstasy that could break her at any moment.

"Let go, babe," Daphne purred in Harry's ear. "Knock up my little sister for me."

"Fuck!" Harry roared as he came, bringing his fingers down to her clit and casting a silent, wandless spell.

Astoria felt her orgasm beginning to wane and opened her eyes just as Harry's spell took affect. She felt a tingling as his magic settled on her but had no idea what he had cast until she felt the first thick rope of his seed hit the back of her cunt. Another orgasm hit without any warning at all and she was thrust into the throes of ecstasy once more. Spurt after spurt of cum hit her, each one triggering another orgasmic spasm that rocked her entire body. She could only scream at the top of

her lungs and writhe helplessly as it quickly became too much for her. The last thing she registered before consciousness fled from her was her sister's laughter.

"Harder! Harder! YES!" Daphne screamed as Astoria's eyes fluttered open.

"What?" she asked blearily, blinking to clear her vision and looking next to her.

The moment the scene came into focus she froze and blushed furiously, shocked beyond words that her sister and brother-in-law would fuck in her bed, before she recalled where she was.

"You've been such a good girl for me, baby," Harry grinned, "and good girls deserve rewards. Tell me what you want."

"Fuck...my ass...sir," Daphne panted, looking back at Harry with dazed, unfocused eyes.

"Anal's a reward?" Astoria thought to herself. "Wait, she can take him back there?!"

"I love you," Harry chuckled, pulling her back by her neck and kissing her passionately.

Astoria felt her heart flutter at the scene and she settled back into the bed. She'd known for a while that Daphne and Harry were like a pair of rabbits but she hadn't known just how intense things really were between them. It was something that she would have enjoyed herself had she married a man capable of such passion.

"Well, I'll get to experience a taste of it here and there for the next little while," she thought to herself, figuring it would take at least a few more tries for Harry to get her pregnant, even if he was such a virile stud.

She felt a pleasant ache between her thighs and reached down to cup her pussy, feeling a spurt of thick, goey cum coat her fingers as she did so. Bringing them to her face, she gawked at the sheer amount of it, aware that she much have been unconscious for a little while if Harry had already made Daphne cum on his cock. On a whim, she licked them and sighed in contentment at the heady, musky taste.

"Oh, fuck," Daphne whimpered as Harry started pushing forward, the head of his cock disappearing inside her tight arse with surprising ease.

"That actually feels good for you?" Astoria asked.

"It will," Daphne replied without looking at her.

"She squirts like a fountain when I bugger her," Harry added. "If it didn't leave her so sore, we'd do it far more often."

"Nightly if I could...ohh...take it," Daphne whimpered and Astoria bit down lightly on one her knuckles, feeling heat bloom low in her belly at the sight.

The entire reason she was here was to get pregnant and that would most certainly not make her pregnant, but if it was really as good as Daphne and Harry said...

“Maybe once wouldn’t be so bad,” she thought to herself, shuddering as Daphne cried out in pleasure.