

“Congratulations, you two,” Hermione beamed as she and Ron joined the engagement party.

“You’ve finally joined the rest of us,” Ron chuckled, and George sent him a mock glare.

“I didn’t have the same luck as you lot,” he said. Smiling at Chiara, he added softly, “I got there eventually, though.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen Chiara so happy,” Tonks smiled.

“Even Mum’s finally accepted that she makes him happy,” Charlie murmured quietly, gesturing to his mother, who looked overjoyed.

The entire family had come over to the Burrow to celebrate George and Chiara’s engagement. At last, the final Weasley sibling was getting hitched. If someone had asked him back before the last of them had graduated who they thought the last one to get married was, Charlie would have said Ron or himself. Ginny might have been the youngest, but the moment she got together with Harry for good, it became clear that those two were going to last. Ron and Hermione’s relationship had seemed kind of shaky at first, and Charlie himself figured he’d stay a bachelor forever before Tonks came back into his life.

With George engaged, though, that would soon be all of them, and Chiara had the distinction of being the only woman who said yes after learning about the family’s curse. He figured that they’d already discussed that at length, but George hadn’t said anything to him, and he hadn’t pressed him.

“Where are you thinking of ‘aving the wedding?” Fleur asked.

“Harry’s offered to let us use the Potter Manor,” Chiara replied. Looking at Harry, who was looking down at little Victoire, who was sleeping in her crib, with obvious affection in his eyes, she said, “Thank you again, Harry.”

“How could we say no?” Ginny asked. “It’s going to be beautiful.”

“The manor’s a perfect spot, and this way you don’t have to worry about venues at all,” Harry added.

“I’m still not sure about you having it in only six months,” Molly fretted. “There’s so much to plan and so many decisions to be made.”

“We’ll manage, Mum,” Ginny chuckled. She was about to say more when Audrey rejoined them, having excused herself to go to the washroom a moment ago. “I didn’t say it before, but you’re absolutely glowing, Audrey.”

“I should start to show soon,” Audrey smiled, placing a hand on her still flat belly. “I’m just so happy.”

“Nia!” Victoire shouted then, having woken up. She was pointing her arms towards Harry, who chuckled and carefully picked her up.

“Hello there, Vic,” he said softly as she stared up at him with wide blue eyes.

“She likes you,” Bill chuckled, tensing only slightly.

The little baby girl had been born a couple months earlier and would have been left at home, but their babysitter fell ill, and Molly and Arthur just said to bring her with them. She was generally docile for a baby, though she could be quite demanding. Harry had joked more than once that she was already taking after her mother.

“It’s the Veela in ‘er,” Fleur smiled. “We’re all drawn to powerful wizards.”

She managed to keep the purr out of her voice as she said that, but Harry got her message anyway. It had been months since he’d last fucked Fleur, and he had to admit that he missed her. He still had Audrey, who had somehow managed to convince Percy that frequent sex with the father of her baby would be good for her health, but part of him hoped that Fleur would want more children down the line, something that she’d hinted at but hadn’t brought up recently.

“Aren’t we all?” Ginny smiled, wrapping her arms around her husband from behind and resting her head on his shoulder and gazing down at her niece. “The second I retire, we’re making one just like her.”

“The blonde might be a little hard to pull off, but I’ll see what I can do,” Harry joked, and she flicked the back of his head.

“You know what I mean, wisea...guy,” Ginny giggled.

“So violent,” Angelina laughed. “No wonder you got fined, Red.”

“I’m appealing that,” Ginny grumbled. “Perkins swerved right into my path, and there was nothing I could do. In the regular season that would have been a BS call, but in the European Cup finals? If we hadn’t won, I’d be spitting fire. The league can take that fine and shove it up their...never mind.”

“Thank you for watching your language around the baby, Ginny,” Molly sighed. “You didn’t used to need to.”

“Blame Gwenog,” Angelina chuckled. “The woman swears like a lorry driver. You should have heard her at the victory party. First cup win in franchise history, so it’s not like we weren’t all on cloud nine, but still...”

“Perhaps I will,” Molly huffed, though the sheer happiness and pride in both her daughter’s and her daughter-in-law’s faces softened her reaction a bit.

It was an amazing accomplishment on their part, and the pair of them had distinguished themselves so much that they’d secured spots on the English National Team.

“Lorries are those exceptionally large trucks, right?” Arthur asked.

“Yeah, that’s them,” Angelina replied.

“She’s so beautiful,” Audrey sighed, staring at Victoire. “Pass her, Harry?”

“Sure, here,” Harry replied, carefully handing the small baby to Audrey, who smiled down at her.

“You’ll ‘ave one just like ‘er soon enough,” Fleur smiled.

“The healer says the little one’s coming along nicely,” Percy puffed up. “Thinks it might be a boy, though it’ll be another month until the charms can tell us for certain.”

“A grandson and a granddaughter,” Arthur smiled. “I’m so happy for you all.”

“Thanks, Dad,” Bill nodded.

“They all look so happy,” Tonks smiled, downing the rest of her elven wine and refilling her glass.

“Night and day from how things were just last year,” Charlie sighed. “In retrospect, Andy would have probably agreed to watch Vic as well as Teddy.”

“Mum’s got her hands full with him as is, I’m sure,” Tonks chuckled, “and I think your folks just wanted to see her.”

“True,” Charlie nodded. “For a bit there, it looked like Teddy was the only grandchild they were going to get until Ginny retired from Quidditch.”

“Yeah, the only one,” Tonks sighed, watching as Audrey made funny faces down at Victoire, getting the adorable little girl to laugh uproariously.

Looking around, she saw that she wasn’t the only Weasley wife staring longingly at the display. Angelina and Chiara both looked like they were staring at the Philosopher’s Stone as they watched a pregnant Audrey play with another baby fathered by Harry, and Tonks doubted that it would be very long before she learned that her old dormmate was knocked up. Hermione was better composed, but she kept stealing glances at them, something that a glowering Ron didn’t fail to notice. She had been hesitant to even think of children once, fearing that she’d pass on her curse, but Tonks had actually helped her move past that fear when she had Teddy.

“Is there something on your mind?” Charlie asked.

“Not here,” Tonks replied, noticing Harry take Ginny’s hand and lead her upstairs as everyone was distracted by the baby. “Later.”

“The bottle’s empty,” Hermione muttered as she picked it up and peered through the translucent glass.

“Oh, I’ll get another o…” Molly went to say only for her timer charm to ding. “Arthur, help me with the trays. Ron, you’re closest to the cellar; head down and grab another bottle.”

Hermione watched him go downstairs and slipped away, following after Harry and Ginny. She found them in Ginny’s old bedroom and knew the second that she saw the door left open that they hadn’t snuck off for anything that she wouldn’t want to interrupt. It wasn’t likely that they’d do that at the Burrow of all places, especially during a celebration like this, but nothing was ever completely certain with the exceedingly amorous couple.

“Hey, Hermione,” Harry smiled as he noticed her.

“Is something up?” Ginny asked, pulling a book out of her bag. “A catalogue of different design patterns that I figured Chiara would make use of.”

“Retrieving that is a task that required the both of you, I’m sure,” Hermione quipped, and Harry just chuckled.

“I never tire of kissing her in her old bedroom,” he said. “It brings back so many memories.”

“I was glad to see the door open when I got here,” Hermione commented.

“We wouldn’t sneak off to shag in the Burrow...again, anyway,” Ginny giggled. “So what’s up?”

“I just wanted to pick your brain about...”

“Oh!” Audrey breathed as she saw them. “I thought...”

“What did you think, you dirty girl?” Harry asked, and Hermione stared at him in scandalized shock before the whimper Audrey let out drew her attention to her.

“Wait, are you two still...” Hermione went to ask.

“I read an article that said sex with your baby’s father is actually good for it and you both,” Audrey explained, flushing scarlet.

“The author of that article probably figured that the baby’s father would be the only man in most women’s lives,” Hermione pointed out, and Audrey blushed harder.

On some level, she knew that to be true, but she had also shared the article with Percy, being willing to accept whatever interpretation he came up with for one single reason: sex with Harry was cosmic. From that first night with him and Ginny, she’d been completely hooked, her mind blown by a level of pleasure she’d never even imagined. She knew it was a betrayal of her marriage; hell, the first arguably was too, even with her husband’s permission, but she couldn’t stop.

“Well, given how old the article was, she’s probably dead, so we’ll never know,” Harry chuckled. “Are you free tonight, Audrey?”

“Yes!” Audrey squeaked.

“Then come on by,” Ginny purred. “Hermione, you said you wanted to ask us about something?”

“Yeah, I...” Hermione went to reply, trying to put what she’d just learned out of her mind.

She knew that Fleur had continued sleeping with Harry throughout her pregnancy, until she was too far along for it to be safe, but had written that off as Fleur being a Veela and Bill not being around all the time. Her takeaway was that for that couple in particular, this was always going to be a Pandora’s Box of sorts, but she hadn’t expected the same thing to happen with Percy and Audrey. The distraction that information caused wasted precious time, and Hermione was unable to ask her question before they were interrupted yet again.

“What’s going on here?” Ron asked as he joined them. He managed to keep any suspicion out of his voice, but she knew why he was asking and barely resisted the urge to sigh.

“I was retrieving a catalog for Chiara, Harry came with, and these two both needed the loo,” Ginny explained before anyone else could. “We then got chatting about the wedding.”

“It’s so nice of you two to let them use your home,” Audrey added surprisingly coolly.

“I’ll be back down in a tic,” Hermione smiled before ducking into the washroom, but not before subtly slipping a piece of parchment she’d conjured and charmed words onto into Ginny’s hand.

“Didn’t you just go?” Ron asked, sounding more confused than anything.

“Bladder like a bloody sieve since the little one took,” Audrey shrugged, leading the four of them downstairs.

Ron walked ahead of her so Ginny felt comfortable reading the note that Hermione had slipped her and her brow furrowed as she did.

Drinks tomorrow, please?

Write me.

She vanished the parchment with a tap of her wand and shrugged at Harry, who looked at her curiously.

“Merlin, I needed that,” Hermione muttered as she finished coughing fire. “Congrats again on making the national team.”

“You didn’t practically beg me to meet up like this to tell me that,” Ginny pointed out. “What’s going on?”

“I...” Hermione trailed off, her brown eyes dimming slightly. “It’s Ron.”

“I figured,” Ginny sighed, measuring out another ounce and a half of firewhiskey and pouring it into Hermione’s glass. “I assume this is about Fleur and Audrey.”

“Of course it is,” Hermione sighed. “The irony is that if not for our...situation, I wouldn’t have even thought about having children for at least another five years, but lately it’s all I can think about.”

“It was easier to ignore when you thought you could just do it whenever,” Ginny shrugged.

“It was almost an abstract concept then,” Hermione muttered, swirling the whiskey around her glass as Ginny took another sip, “a part of life that I’d get to when I was good and ready.”

“Then you learned that it might not be that easy; I get it,” Ginny sighed. “I can imagine how Ron has taken this.”

“He was so supportive when we were looking for a solution,” Hermione muttered, “but the moment he learned what it would take...well, you know how jealous he can be.”

“Thank goodness he’s never listened in on one of our ladies’ nights,” Ginny snorted, and Hermione winced.

“He’d object to me even looking at Harry if he’d ever heard you sing his praises like you do,” Hermione muttered. “The worst part is that it’s affecting their friendship too. They haven’t fought

about it yet, but he gets so suspicious when I'm alone with him now, as if I would just run off and shag him without a word. I know that he doesn't actually think that, but fears aren't rational, and he's always felt insecure where Harry's concerned."

"How bad has it gotten?" Ginny asked.

"We're still good most of the time, but speaking about children never fails to lead to an argument, and he gets so tense when we're around you and Harry," Hermione sighed, feeling her eyes grow misty. "I hate this."

"He hasn't budged at all, I take it?" Ginny asked.

"I think he's just hoping that I'll forget about it at some point, but...I want kids, Ginny," Hermione wept. "I don't know what to do."

"Hey, it'll be okay," Ginny promised her, unsure of what else to say. "You don't want them right now, right?"

"No," Hermione replied. "That hasn't changed, but faced with the prospect of the two of us simply never agreeing on the matter, it's something that I can't put out of my mind."

"Well, that means that we have years to think of something," Ginny assured her. "Ron might want kids more down the line than he does now, especially after he's seen that this hasn't ruined his brothers' marriages."

"He can't find out that you two are still sleeping with Audrey," Hermione breathed, paling dramatically. "Fleur was one thing, since deep down I think he's always assumed she was rather loose before she married Bill, but Audrey makes me look like wild. If he learns that she felt the need to convince Percy to let them keep sleeping together..."

"That would be bad, yes," Ginny replied.

"How in the world did that happen, anyway?" Hermione asked.

"Do you really want me to answer that?" Ginny asked, and she just sighed.

"You all speak like his penis is somehow magical," Hermione huffed, and Ginny went to reply to that just as a voice came through the floo.

"Ginny, you there?" Tonks asked.

"Yeah, Tonks, just a sec," Ginny replied, rushing over to the fireplace. "Is something wrong?"

"No, I just...I was hoping to speak to you about something important," Tonks replied.

"You can come here if you like," Ginny suggested, looking at Hermione, who just shrugged and wiped her eyes.

"Alright, coming through," Tonks replied, and a moment later she stumbled out towards Ginny, who caught her with practiced ease. "Thanks for that. Oh, hi, Hermione. What's wrong?"

“Ron and I have been arguing,” Hermione sighed, downing her firewhiskey. “It’s nothing too important.”

“It’s the topic of kids, isn’t it?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione muttered. “I don’t know if I’m ever going to convince him to let Harry...he’s just so worried that I’m going to end up preferring him. No matter how hard I try to convince him that I won’t love him any less or do any more than I absolutely need to to conceive, I just can’t get through to him.”

“What if you play on his pride?” Tonks asked.

“How so?” Hermione asked hesitantly, not liking how that sounded.

“Deep down he’s always felt a little...less next to Harry, right?” Tonks asked. “What if you convince him that this would be a chance to prove that he’s better?”

“I...” Hermione trailed off, considering the metamorphmagus’ words.

“Something to consider, at least,” Tonks shrugged. “Maybe introduce watching porn to your bedplay and egg him on to fuck you even better than the guy in the video is fucking the woman.”

“That...maybe that could work,” Hermione mused, tapping her fingers on the table. “At the very least, I doubt he’d object to me encouraging him to watch porn. Thanks, Tonks.”

“Anytime,” Tonks replied.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” Ginny asked, having kept quiet through that entire conversation.

“Charlie and I had a pretty long talk last night,” Tonks replied.

“He’s such a little angel when he’s like this,” Andromeda sighed as she, along with Tonks and Charlie, peeked inside Teddy’s room, finding him tucked in and out cold.

“Asleep?” Tonks asked.

“Yes,” Andromeda chuckled.

“I hope he wasn’t too much trouble,” Tonks sighed, carefully closing the door.

“Nothing I couldn’t handle,” Andromeda replied. “How was the engagement party?”

“Nice,” Charlie replied. “The two of them seem really happy.”

“That’ll be all of you lot married off,” Andromeda smiled. “Molly must be thrilled.”

“She is,” Tonks replied. “She was wary of Chiara at first, but she’s warmed to her. I think my history helped.”

Her eyes dimmed slightly at the reference to Remus, and Charlie wrapped an arm around her waist quickly, making her smile despite herself. His loss wasn't the crippling wound in her chest that it had once been, but she didn't know if she'd ever be able to think about it without that pain and anger flaring back up. Charlie had really helped her put herself back together after the war, something that she remained very grateful to him for, and part of her really didn't want to ask what she was about to ask of him, but she knew that she wouldn't just be doing so for herself.

"I'll get going," Andromeda murmured. "Take care, you two."

"Take care," they both said in unison as she stepped into the floo and returned home.

"So, do you want to talk about what you couldn't say at the Burrow?" Charlie asked the moment they were alone, and Tonks sighed.

"Do you ever think about what it would have been like if you'd grown up an only child?" Tonks asked.

"Every time the twins do something stupid," Charlie joked before turning more serious. "No, I couldn't imagine growing up without my brothers or not having had Ginny to spoil when I was older. Why?"

"It wasn't all that bad," Tonks replied. "I never had to worry about my parents' attention, and I never had to share anything, but it could also be really lonely at times, and that not learning to share things did end up having consequences."

"As someone who wakes up almost every morning with no blankets, I don't disagree," Charlie joked, and she laughed. "You're thinking about turning to Harry, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry," Tonks sighed. "I'm sorry that I'm even thinking about it, but Teddy isn't going to be young forever, and I feel like if I waited much longer, it wouldn't be the same, you know?"

"I do, actually," Charlie sighed. "A few of us were pretty jealous of Ginny when she first came around. We were too old to react to her like we had to each other, and as the girl, she got everything new while we all had to share. Ron would have been the worst about that if he weren't so young, since everything he owned ended up second-hand for quite a while. Teddy's still young enough to adjust well, but yeah..."

"That just leaves the green-eyed elephant in the room," Tonks muttered, looking away from him.

Her hair usually turned a dull brown when she felt bad about something, and Charlie sighed as he saw it do just that. Sitting down, he ran a hand over his face and beckoned her over to sit in his lap, which she quickly did.

"I've wondered for a while if we were going to have this conversation," he admitted. "Even with having Teddy, I figured you might want more and, well..."

"I'm so sorry," Tonks croaked, raking her nails across his scalp.

"It's hardly your fault," Charlie muttered.

"It was my bitch aunt that did this," Tonks grumbled.

“That’s the least of Bellatrix Lestrange’s crimes, and you’re not responsible for any of them,” Charlie swore. “At least Mum got her in the end.”

“I did wonder why she seemed so particularly pleased by that,” Tonks commented, recalling her incredulity back in the day at the fact that she, an auror, was saved by a random housewife. “I didn’t realize that the two of them had history.”

“None of us did,” Charlie replied. “Look, as I was saying, I wondered for a while if we were going to have this conversation, and that’s given me a lot of time to consider things. I spoke to Bill a while ago, and he made it sound like his relationship with Fleur was doing fine, at least until Vic was born, but that would have put a damper on things even if she was his. Percy and Audrey seem unchanged too, at least from what he’s said.”

“So you’ll consider it?” Tonks asked hopefully.

“I have considered it,” Charlie sighed. “Look, I don’t like this at all, but I also know that there’s no other way to give Teddy a brother or sister, and I really can’t imagine growing up alone. We didn’t have much as kids, but we always had our parents, and we always had each other. I know Bill and Fleur are planning to have at least one more kid, and Audrey made it sound like she’d like a dozen the last time I spoke to her, so...”

He trailed off, sighing, and Tonks kissed him.

“Say no, and I won’t ask again,” she whispered. “I’d like to give Teddy a sibling while he’s still this young but not at the cost of us.”

“Do it,” Charlie sighed. “I couldn’t do this to you two.”

“I love you, Charlie Weasley,” Tonks whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“I love you too, Nymphadora Weasley,” Charlie replied, and she pulled back in surprise. Even after taking his name, she continued to insist people refer to her casually by her maiden name because she still hated her given one, and there were far too many Weasleys for her to be called that without causing confusion. “Hey, I need to take advantage of every opportunity I get to call you that without being hexed.”

“Oh, bugger off,” Tonks laughed, kissing him passionately.

“Wow,” Ginny murmured. “I figured you were the one Weasley wife I’d never bring in to be with Harry.”

“Now, I might be,” Hermione grumbled.

“Like I say, try the porn thing,” Tonks suggested; it could work out.

“It’s worth a shot,” Hermione conceded. “Anyway, I should get going. Thanks for the advice and congratulations in advance, Tonks. I may as well, since it seems Harry can get a woman pregnant with a sufficiently long-lasting glance.”

“Thanks,” Tonks chuckled.

“Lasting long is something he’d never had any problems with,” Ginny grinned. “See you later, Mione.”

“Yeah, goodbye,” Tonks added.

“Bye, and thanks again, both of you,” Hermione nodded before leaving through the floo.

“So,” Tonks said as soon as they were alone. “I know you’ve allowed both Fleur and Audrey to have him, but you’re really okay with this?”

“I’m the last one who needs to be convinced here,” Ginny replied. “Watching him with other women is so bloody hot. In fact, if you’re willing, there’s one thing that I’ve always fantasized about trying.”

“You’re letting your husband knock me up, Ginny,” Tonks replied flatly, “so long as it doesn’t involve piss or shit, I’m down for just about anything.”

“Ew,” Ginny grimaced. “No, nothing like that. It is something that I think Harry’s really going to like, though.”

“Ginny, I’m home,” Harry called out as he walked through the floo, catching himself on the bar above the floo port.

“In here,” two twin voices called out, and Harry paused, furrowing his brow in confusion.

That definitely sounded like Ginny, but unless he was hearing things, there were two distinct, if identical, voices. Years of fighting against dark creatures and wizards, both before and after he became an auror, had left him paranoid, not Moody levels of paranoid, but still. Flicking his wrist, he caught his wand with practiced ease as it slipped from his holster and disillusioned himself. After silencing his feet, he slipped upstairs, making his way to their bedroom, only to stop in his tracks and stare, slack-jawed, at what he found. His wife was on their bed, completely naked, and that wasn’t unusual in itself. Even the fact that she was passionately making out without another woman wasn’t that unusual, because apparently the universe had decided to make up for the shitty first several years of his life.

What was unusual was the fact that she was making out with herself.

“What the hell?” he asked.

“Think it over, Harry,” Ginny purred, grinning in his general direction.

“Tonks?!” Harry exclaimed.

“We think it’s high time that Teddy got a brother or sister,” one of the Ginnys said.

“And you’re just the man for the job,” the other one grinned.

“Not just because you’re the only man who can do it, either,” the first one added.

“Your twinspeak needs work,” Harry chuckled as he undid the silencing and disillusionment charms.

“Well, in our defense, we haven’t spent years as twins,” one of the Ginny chuckled.

“We spent just long enough for me to learn that my pussy tastes every bit as good as you’ve always said,” Ginny purred.

“I thought we were going to make him guess which was which,” Tonks grumbled.

“No, you said that would be fun,” Ginny replied, “but I knew it would last just until this moment.”

Before either of them could ask what they meant, she grabbed her wand, and a silent spell later, Harry was standing naked and enjoying a sight that he hadn’t seen in many years: Ginny staring at his cock in undisguised awe.

“Holy fuck!” Tonks exclaimed, her long red hair turning white for a second as she stared, completely transfixed by his cock. “I know you said he was big, but…”

“I’m confident you’ll manage to take it,” Ginny giggled. “Not only are you currently me, but you can change your shape at will.”

“Oh, I had no worries about that,” Tonks chuckled. “I went through a phase when I was still in school where I decided to test out my limits. Transfigured dildos can be as big as you like, really, and, well, like you said, I can reshape myself at will. I’m more impressed that you managed.”

Ginny grinned proudly at that and then sat up, giving Harry a heated look that made his cock throb even harder.

“It’s going to be a few more years before I even consider retiring, Harry,” she said, “but I know you’re just desperate to put a baby in me, and I thought I’d give you a taste of just that.”

“Merlin’s balls,” Harry groaned as Tonks sat up and joined her.

“Ginny here has been far from shy over the years about telling us all just how blistering hot your sex life is, but even still, I was impressed with her ingenuity here,” she chuckled. “You can already tell where this is going, Harry. Two Ginnys for you, one on the potion like always and one very, very much not. How’d you like to breed your gorgeous wife?”

“I love you,” Harry replied, looking at the real Ginny, who laughed and beckoned him over with a crook of her finger.

He joined them eagerly and was soon pulled down into the embrace of two identical copies of the woman he loved. Even though he knew which was which, it was easy to ignore that as they both started kissing his neck. Tonks captured his lips first, and he returned her kiss passionately, reaching down to cup her arse. It was just like Ginny’s, round, firm, and perfect, and even the way he moaned into his mouth when he sucked gently on her tongue was nearly identical. Ginny was far from idle as he made out with her clone, licking her palm and wrapping her hand around his thick shaft.

“You’re so bloody hard, luv,” she purred in his ear, nibbling on the lobe. “Does the thought of knocking me up excite you that much?”

Harry broke the kiss and looked at her with eyes so darkened by lust that they were nearly black.

“When you retire, I’m booking us a hotel room somewhere beautiful, and by the time we’re done there, they’ll need to throw out the mattress,” Harry promised her and she shivered with lust. Reaching down, he ghosted his fingers through her sodden folds and smirked, saying, “It seems I’m not the only one who likes that idea.”

“I’ve always known you two were bloody rabbits, but fuck, seeing it is so much hotter,” Tonks giggled.

“Even with your powers, Tonks, you’re still going to want him as lubricated as possible,” Ginny grinned. “How about we give him a double blowjob?”

“Do you like that idea, Harry?” Tonks whispered in his ears. “Do you want to see a pair of Weasley twins being total sluts for your big, fat cock?”

“Maybe don’t call yourselves that,” Harry replied, and they both burst out laughing.

“Fair enough,” Tonks chuckled as she pushed him back and crawled down towards his cock.

He watched eagerly as the two of them started peppering each side of his veiny shaft with wet, warm kisses, teasing him maddeningly. Ginny was into sucking his cock as he was into eating her out, and he had spent a lot of time feeling the absolute heaven of her hot little mouth, but even though he’d gotten his share of double blowjobs when they enjoyed Fleur and Audrey, this was different.

“Can you really take the whole thing?” Tonks asked as Ginny slowly licked a trail up along the underside of his cock.

“It took me a little while to train away my gag reflex, but yeah,” Ginny replied, wrapping her lips around the bulbous head and descending lower.

Tonks watched, genuinely impressed, as inch after inch of his dick disappeared inside her sister-in-law’s mouth. Harry groaned in pleasure, his left hand resting on her head as he snaked the other one around Tonk’s neck and pulled her in for another kiss. She kissed him back, her tongue dancing with his, and this, he noticed, set her apart from Ginny. They were both passionate and eager in how they kissed, but she was slightly more forceful, and he appreciated the subtle difference. Ginny continued bobbing her head up and down on his cock, taking a little more each time she descended until finally, her nose was buried in his pubic hair.

“Fuck me, you did it,” Tonks breathed, sounding genuinely impressed, and Ginny hummed appreciatively around his cock, making him groan.

She pulled back, letting him slip from her lips with an audible pop, and smirked at Tonks, saying, “Your turn. I’ll suck his big balls while you blow him.”

“They are big, aren’t they?” Tonks asked, gently fondling his testicles. “No wonder you’ve already managed to knock up two of us. Has Fleur begged you for another daughter yet?”

“Not yet,” Harry gasped as Ginny wrapped her lips around one of his lemon-sized orbs.

“She will,” Tonks grinned. “I don’t know if I’m going to want to give Teddy more than one sibling, but I know for a fact that Fleur wants at least two, and Audrey plans to give Molly a run for her money.”

“That’s because she can’t get enough of his cock,” Ginny giggled. “Now let me watch you swallow him into your throat.”

Tonks grinned at that and wrapped her lips around his glans. He expected her to move slowly, as Ginny always did, taking him bit by bit until half his cock was lodged in her tight little throat, but instead, she took the whole thing in one swift movement.

“Holy fuck!” Harry cried, and Ginny’s jaw dropped at the sight.

“Wow, I...wow,” she laughed. “Does that feel good?”

“You have no...oh fuck...idea,” Harry groaned. “I swear her tongue has wrapped around me.”

“Huh?” Ginny asked as Tonks’ eyes moved to look right at her.

She pulled back, letting his cock slip out of her mouth, but kept her tongue in place, and both Harry and Ginny’s eyes went wide as saucers at what they saw. Her tongue had lengthened dramatically, and was wrapped all around his shaft, moving along it to stroke him. She kept that up for a few seconds before pulling it back and smirking at the couple.

“Figured out I could do that back in my seventh year,” she chuckled. “Thought my boyfriend at the time was going to keel over of a heart attack when I tested it out.”

“He’d have died happy,” Harry quipped, and she giggled.

“Um, could we...” Ginny went to ask, and Tonks silenced her with a kiss.

“As if you even need to ask, given what you’re doing for me,” she replied. “Before you ask, yes, I can reach any spot inside you with it.”

“Fuck, that might actually compare to parseltongue,” Ginny shivered.

“Speaking of,” Tonks said, “I must admit that I’ve been very curious about that over the years.”

“Well, we wouldn’t want to leave your curiosity unsatisfied,” Ginny grinned, looking at Harry, who responded by pulling Tonks in for another kiss.

As the two of them made out, he pulled her along until she was lying on her back and then started kissing a trail down along her neck, making her moan loudly. Ginny joined in, and the two of them continued on their path down along her body, capturing her pebbled nipples with their eager mouths.

“Could you make them bigger?” Ginny asked. “I’ve always wondered what I’d look like with tits like Fleur’s.”

“You know I love yours as is,” Harry reassured her, and she smiled at him.

“Here you go,” Tonks replied, growing her breasts until they were a perfect match for the curvy Veela, and Ginny moaned at the sight.

Fleur was taller than her, and her frame was curvier in general, so while her breasts were large and looked it, they appeared genuinely huge on Ginny’s body. She buried her face between them, cupping and kneading the mounds, and Tonks laughed at her eagerness before moaning pleasure. Seeing as Ginny seemed happy to stay where she was, Harry kissed along Tonks’ flat, toned belly, trailing his tongue through the faint abs she had, and then paused at her hairless pussy. Every gentle pink fold was a perfect replica of his wife’s labia, and he kissed her nether lips happily. Tonks moaned at that, grabbing his head, and squeaked when he started lapping at her from taint to clit.

“He’s such a giving lover,” Ginny purred. “Even if I were a selfish bitch, I don’t think he’d object.”

“Luckily for him, you’re a complete slut for his...oh fuck, right there...cock,” Tonks moaned, and Ginny giggled.

“If I wasn’t, I might not have realized immediately that you had even replicated the taste of my pussy,” she grinned.

“Oh, fuck, don’t stop!” Tonks cried, her nails pricking his scalp as she began to quiver in pleasure.

The heat in her core had been building ever since Ginny shared what she wanted to try out, and by the time Harry started eating her out, she was already quite wet. He quickly proved himself to be every bit as good at that as Ginny had always claimed, something that spoke to how much he enjoyed the act as anything else. According to her, parseltongue was a thing that could give instant, gushing orgasms, and she knew of a fair few men, whom she’d ever dated herself or who her friends had dated, who would have used that happily to get out of having to spend much time with their heads between women’s legs.

“Make her scream, Harry,” Ginny grinned. “Make her scream so I can watch her eyes go wide when she feels you stretching her out.”

“Yeah, make me...AHHHH!” Tonks squealed at the top of her lungs as the pleasure hit without warning.

It had been building in her since he started, and she was beginning to get close, but it still would have taken probably a couple more minutes, even with Harry being as skillful as he was, and the suddenness of it took her by complete surprise. Wave after mind-melting wave of pleasure, the likes of which she’d never known in her life, thundered through her veins as her world went white. Where she was, how long she’d been there, and even who was giving her such unparalleled ecstasy escaped her as she found herself completely swept up in a maelstrom of sensation, and when it finally ended, all she could do was pant for breath as though she’d just washed up on shore.

“Ow,” Tonks whimpered, struggling to pull her cramping right foot back, only to moan like a whore when she felt a pair of large, strong hands start to massage it.

“...happens to me sometimes,” Ginny chuckled, and it was her voice that finally reminded her where she was as her eyes fluttered open.

“How do you not go insane when you’re abroad for matches, knowing that you could be here experiencing that?” Tonks asked. “I’m going to feel bad sending him off on assignments knowing what I’m depriving you of now.”

Ginny just giggled, and Harry pushed her foot back gently, stretching her calf.

“Feeling better?” he asked.

“Feeling wonderful,” Tonks sighed. “The foot cramp sucked, though.”

“It can happen when you cum hard enough,” Ginny replied. “Luckily for me, Harry’s a wonderful masseur.”

“Course he is,” Tonks chuckled as she spread her legs wide. “Did I maintain my Ginny disguise during that?”

“Your hair turned every color I’ve ever seen and a few new ones,” Harry chuckled, “but your face remained mostly the same.”

“Wouldn’t have shocked me if I hadn’t,” Tonks sighed. “Fucking hell, I didn’t know I could cum that hard. Fuck me, Harry, put a baby in me.”

“Shrink your breasts back to what you had before,” Harry requested, and she smiled as she did so.

“How’s this for your fantasy?” she asked, twirling a lock of her straight red hair around her finger just like Ginny did often enough.

“Bloody perfect,” Harry replied before resting his cock against her belly.

She looked down at just how far he was going to penetrate her and shuddered, once more very impressed that Ginny managed to take the bloody thing. The woman in question wrapped her hand around him and helped guide him to her dripping quim, nodding as she saw that he was perfectly lined up. He pushed forward, and the thick head popped inside, making her gasp. She loosened herself up and wrapped her legs around him, drawing him in until he’d buried his entire shaft inside her in one long movement. He grunted as his hips pressed against her, only to groan in pleasure as she molded her insides to fit him perfectly.

“Holy shit,” Harry groaned.

“You took him even more quickly than Fleur,” Ginny marveled.

“And she feels just as bloody wonderful,” Harry replied.

“The perks of being a metamorph, Harry,” Tonks replied. “I could fuck anyone from Flitwick to Hagrid and be their perfect fit.”

“There are images I don’t need,” Ginny shuddered, and Tonks just snorted.

Harry pulled most of his cock from her hot, wet, perfectly tight depths and thrust back in hard, making her moan. He worked his way up to a steady rhythm quickly enough, his grip on her hips tightening. Tonks clearly wasn’t one to just lie there and rocked her hips up against him in time with his thrusts. Her control over her inner muscles was just as incredible as he’d have imagined, and she squeezed around him each time he pulled out, milking him perfectly.

“Fuck me, you’re so big,” Tonks moaned, and he grinned, just as pleased to hear that as he always was.

Ginny sat next to them, watching the show they were putting on with rapt interest. She had been contemplating asking Audrey to take polyjuice when she and Harry started working on her second baby, having wanted to watch herself fuck him for a while, but was glad that Tonks agreed instead. Polyjuice, like most potions, was utterly revolting, and she could think of few things less sexy than drinking one within an hour of having sex.

“Harder, harder!” Tonks cried, feeling herself soar towards another peak with surprising speed.

Given how hard she’d cum under his magical tongue, she expected it to take a while, but the feeling of his massive cock massaging her sensitive insides was sublime, and he had quickly found an angle that let him hit a spot inside her that made her see stars. She was surprised by that at first, before recalling just whose form she was wearing then. He’d never fucked her before, but he knew Ginny’s body, inside and out, like the back of his hand, she was sure.

Harry picked up his pace, fucking her harder and faster as he moved her legs up onto his shoulders, changing the position. Taking her like this, he was able to find that spot deep inside her more easily, and started hitting it with every thrust. Staccato screams spilled from her lips at the pleasure of it, and she clawed at the bedding. She’s been hearing Ginny brag about how much of a god Harry was in bed for years, but she’d never imagined that he was quite this good. Reaching behind her head to try and grab at the sheets there, she barreled towards her orgasm, which hit with such force that she saw stars.

“YES!” she shrieked, writhing in pleasure as it coursed through her from head to toe.

Harry pulled his cock out of her, and she cried out mournfully at the sudden feeling of emptiness but was too caught up in her orgasm to complain. As it ended, leaving her a sweaty, glassy-eyed wreck, staring out with glassy, unfocused eyes, he moved her legs from his shoulders and flipped her onto her belly.

“Lie in front of her,” Harry commanded, giving Ginny a heated look that made her whimper. “If she wants a baby, she’s going to eat your delectable cunt to get it.”

“Fuck, we should have started playing with other girls years ago,” Ginny moaned, scrambling to do as he said.

Harry grinned at that and gave Tonks’ arse a sharp slap, making her squeak and snap out of her orgasmic stupor. He was about to tell her what he wanted her to do, but she picked up on it pretty quickly and dove between Ginny’s parted thighs, devouring her happily.

“Oh fuck!” the gorgeous redhead cried, grabbing her head as she elongated her tongue and let the prehensile muscle slither inside her dripping wet tunnel.

She was still lying prone, which worked for Harry, who pushed every inch of his cock inside her in one smooth thrust. She cried out in pleasure, but Ginny pulled her head back, moaning as her tongue made her shake. The three of them lost themselves in a sea of debauchery, enjoying their taboo pleasure without a hint of shame or reservation. They were too consumed by their lust for any of that, their lust and the reason that they were there. Harry fucked her hard and fast, pounding her into the bed as he felt his pleasure spiking. There was something freeing about not having to hold himself back here, about having sex for its most basic purpose. It wasn’t something

particularly new to him at this point, as he'd already impregnated two women, but the primal pleasure of it was still incredible.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Ginny cried, her grip on Tonks' head tightening as she soared towards her peak.

Seeing her own face between her legs as she was eaten out was admitted strange, but she couldn't bring herself to care in the slightest, given what else she saw. Harry, his face a picture of pleasure, fucking her like a whore as he sought to impregnate her was the hottest thing she'd ever seen in her life, and even if Tonks wasn't absolutely incredible at eating pussy, she'd have probably been close to cumming. As it was, she had no chance and let go with a wail.

"FUCK!" she screamed, her whole body shaking as she came hard. Tonks pulled her tongue back, returning it to a shape she could speak with, and turned to look at Harry.

"Oh, God, cum in me, Harry," she begged.

"Not until you cum again," Harry replied, bringing his hand down on her firm ass, hard, making her grunt. "I know you're close again."

She had been fluttering around him for perhaps a minute, and as close as he was, he knew that he'd be able to hold out long enough to get her off again. He pulled her up just enough to slip his hand under her and started rubbing her clit, making her moan loudly. Nuzzling her neck, he kissed and nipped at her pulse point before nibbling on her earlobe.

"Cum for me, Tonks," he whispered. "Cum for me, and I'll give your son a little brother or sister. Maybe one of each."

"AHHHH!" Tonks screamed as she came, convulsing in ecstasy.

Harry let go with a roar, filling her to the brim with rope after rope of his thick, white, very potent cum. The two of them rode out the waves of their orgasms together as Ginny recovered enough from her own to sit up. On shaky legs, she crawled around them and pressed herself against Harry's back as the last vestiges of Harry's orgasm ended.

"You're such a stud, Harry," she whispered in his ear, reaching around to run her hands over his muscular chest and abdomen. "Tonks was the only one I thought might never come to us, but now, I know that you're going to end up our family breeding stud. You're going to father so many children for us."

"You're going to limp...for a week...if you keep talking like that," Harry panted, looking back at her as she just grinned in response.

"Don't threaten me with a good time, luv," Ginny chuckled, "though perhaps you should save your cum for Tonks here. You did just promise her twins, after all."

"You know that's not...how that works," Tonks panted, throwing an arm over her head as she stared up at the ceiling in awe.

"Are you saying that you don't want another round?" Ginny asked.

"I didn't say that," Tonks replied, "but I would like to see you take this monster first."

“Gladly,” Ginny purred, giggling as Harry pulled his still-hard cock from the metamorphmagus’ gaping quim and turned to her.

As Harry saw the raw lust in his wife’s eyes at the sight of his cum leaking from yet another woman, he wondered, not for the first time, how he’d ended up so lucky.