

The few weeks that followed since Harry's meeting with Dumbledore passed with little of note happening around Wizarding Britain. It was unnerving in a way considering how chaos usually reigned around the country lately.

Dumbledore was still under pressure from the parents who were not happy in the slightest with the events that had been taking place in the castle or how everything had been swept under the rug. The Daily Prophet had also been having a field day as they kept reporting on the developments, putting even more pressure on the esteemed headmaster. Yeah... things were not looking good.

Amelia had been steadily pushing her reforms through the DMLE and things had been progressing as expected. While there were no monumental breakthroughs yet, the signs of progress were there for any who looked closely. They all understood that any change in the Ministry, and the Department of Magical Law Enforcement in particular, was a slow and steady process that required patience.

One unexpected but welcome development involved Dolores Umbridge, the former undersecretary to Fudge. New, damning evidence had come to light against the woman after further investigation into her affairs, detailing grave abuse of power and more unsavory deeds. After watching everything that had been gathered on the woman, even Fudge was reluctant to grant her any leniency. The mounting proof against her was too substantial to ignore, and though it felt like a coincidence, the timing couldn't have been better.

There was still silence on Voldemort's part. It seemed as if he and his followers had vanished in the shadows, their presence unsettlingly quiet. No hint of an attack had been observed anywhere on the isles. Not even a whisper of the Unforgivables had been picked up by the scanners. The situation looked to be under control mostly, and the residents of Grimmauld Place found themselves in a rare moment of peace. They took the time to relax and dedicated themselves to their research, practices, and some pleasant relaxation.

Even Sirius decided to use his newfound freedom positively. Finally free from the dark cloud that had hung over him for so long, the man took full advantage of this lull. His usual reckless energy around the house was tempered by a newfound contentment. He had been spending more time outside and although he had not said anything outright, everyone had a feeling that Sirius had met a woman. There was a spring in his step that very much matched the one Harry had whenever he came out after having a nice time with one of his ladies and none missed it.

The man had been assured multiple times that things were firmly under control here with Harry and his ladies taking charge of one aspect or another, and Sirius was free to live life as he wanted. The man had been reluctant in the beginning, but after several conversations, he had finally agreed to take the backseat and let them work. Harry knew his godfather still felt he should be here to support them, but when his two cousins and niece took charge and all but made him understand and accept that he did not need to worry, he finally relented.

No one begrudged him this happiness. After years of torment and isolation, he had more than earned the right to pursue it. He had been robbed of his youth, and he had suffered enough. If anyone deserved to truly live life, then it was him.

Sirius took his time, but he finally agreed in earnest. A few days ago, he had left with a casual announcement that he would be taking a brief holiday in Southern Italy. The warmth in his voice and the glimmer in his eyes as he informed them about it told them all they needed to know – Sirius Black was moving on, and it was about time.

The man had entrusted his heir with all the responsibilities pertaining to the House of Black before he left. Grimmauld Place now found itself hosting Harry and all the women he was involved with, and with Sirius gone now, it made for *some* residence.

“Here is your juice, Master.”

Harry held back a laugh that threatened to leave him as Nym placed a glass of apple juice in front of him. The metamorph, with her hair a stunning shade of red, bent down to whisper in his ear, her voice oozing seductiveness.

The woman was wearing a classic French maid outfit, complete with all the frills, and the top two buttons over her chest undone, showing off her impressive cleavage.

“Thank you, Nym,” Harry smiled, eyeing her up.

Nym smirked under his lustful gaze before she eyed the rest of the girls sitting at the table. Daphne and Susan sat with Harry on either side of him, with Astoria and Tracey joining them. All four girls were having a lot of fun watching her fulfill her end of the bargain that was the result of the bet that she had lost earlier during the summer. Until a few weeks ago, they had been occupied with one thing or the other, and as such, it had been forgotten, but Nat had been quick to remind them about it once their work with the Ministry was done.

Turning her gaze back to Harry, she grinned and planted herself sideways on his lap. Her short skirt slid up even more, exposing the black lace she had on underneath, tied to her stockings with a garter belt. She pressed herself against him, enlarging her tits slightly and pushing them firmly against his solid chest.

“It’s always a pleasure to be of service to you, Master,” she whispered in the same seductive, breathy voice as she shifted slightly in her impromptu seat, her smirk widening when she felt him start to get hard under her.

This entire affair was humiliating, but no less thrilling. She had lost the bet and she was honor-bound to stay true to her word. Her coven sisters, being the ones to never let an opportunity go to waste, never failed to tease her about it, and it was a testament to how close they all had gotten together that she felt no shame from it. On the contrary, it felt fulfilling to be a symbol of fun and pleasure in a world that

was filled with so much turmoil outside. It was for this very reason that she also relished this little role that had been thrust upon her.

It had been slightly embarrassing at first, particularly when her mother saw her like that, but even she had joined in with the rest of the women once everything had been explained to those who had come in later. Nym would be lying if she said she didn't feel any grudge against her mother, and she hoped the day came soon when she paid her back in kind. Knowing the dynamic of their relationship in this coven, that day was coming sooner than later.

She wondered just what Sirius would have felt if he saw her like this. Pride, most likely, in his godson for having a sexy woman like her in this skimpy outfit, obeying his every command like a good little servant. The thought sent a pleasant tingle through her. He would indeed be prouder than he was already. He'd even admitted it after all, after coming to know how Harry was involved with every woman living in this house with them, including the fearsome Madam Bones. The mock tear he'd shed had earned him a whack on the head from her mother and aunt, as well as a kick on the shin from yours truly, but the man had been entirely unrepentant, proclaiming for all to hear how it was all worth it.

"So, another meeting with Fudge today," Daphne remarked as she buttered her toast. "What does he want now?"

"No clue," Harry shrugged. "I swear he's such a doofus. I've not idea how Lucius managed to tolerate him for all these years. I'm already having second thoughts about letting him keep the seat."

The girls chuckled. Harry's irritation with Fudge's incompetence and his over-reliance on what others told him to do instead of what should come naturally to a man holding the position of the Minister for Magic had become commonplace since their so-called alliance.

"What did he do this time?" Tracey asked.

Sighing in exasperation, Harry replied, "Started showing his greed, that's what. The fool wants to make our alliance public to boost his popularity and credibility. Someone to stand and divert this shit that he's found himself under. His Undersecretary's been found to be abusing her power. Sucks to be him, but I'd rather swim in a pool of piss than be his poster boy."

"Aw, gross," Astoria wrinkled her nose.

"We all prefer you smelling as you naturally do. No need to resort to such an *extreme* perfume," Nym added, tapping his nose playfully.

"I think we should use this power even more proactively, you know?" Susan mused thoughtfully. "There are so many archaic laws still in place and no one seems to want to get rid of them. Laws that are keeping this country in the dark ages. As you said, he's an idiot. I'm sure it won't be hard to convince him how the changes would look good on him."

"All in due time, Sue," Harry smiled at the redhead. "Amy and I have discussed it in detail during our meetings. We need to make sure we don't rush anything. We can't have public protests over any changes, after all."

"I'm sure discussions are the only thing that happens in boss lady's office when you're there," Nym remarked dryly. Suddenly, she yelped when she felt a stinging sensation on her exposed rear.

"That, was for the little comment."

"Stinging cheek for a bit of cheekiness," Astoria grinned. "Fitting."

Harry winked over at the girl before eyeing everyone in attendance. A small sigh escaped him as he leaned back.

"To be honest, I really don't want to bother with politics and everything it brings. It's too much headache."

"Good thing you have so many capable witches who would be happy to takeover once they've taken their OWLs," Daphne smirked.

Indeed, he did, with Daphne being one herself as the heiress of House Greengrass. As a member of the Sacred 28, they commanded a lot of clout in the Wizengamot and their word held a lot of weight. Since her father's passing, a bit of it had waned but the girl was keen on restoring her house's power and standing in the political sphere.

Susan was also keen on joining in, being the heiress of House Bones. Amelia held the proxy for her niece and exercised total control over the DMLE, and she was already one of his staunchest supporters, but two were always better than one. With Amelia in control of the DMLE and Susan as a member of the Wizengamot, things would get much more streamlined.

His betrothed was another key player in the spectrum. Despite having cut ties with her father, Cassie was still the only child and heiress of House Malfoy, and once Lucius kicked the bucket, which he intended to ensure happened sooner rather than later, she would bring the influence of House Malfoy under their umbrella.

Harry was not delusional enough to believe that most of House Greengrass' or Malfoy's allies would remain faithful to them once their allegiance shifted from the dark to his banner. Yet, the name counted, and so did the votes.

"True that," Harry agreed. "But we can't forget our imminent goal. We have to improve and become strong enough that we don't suffer in the slightest. Only then can we move against Fudge and install a proper Minister in the seat."

The reminder hung like a veil over them as the thought of losing any one of their coven sisters washed over the girls. Their relationship with each other was their biggest strength, but it was also their Achilles' heel. They could not afford to take any risk when it came to the big stage, and it meant they had to be fully sure that

whatever endeavor they intended to embark on would be successful with as few challenges as possible.

Voldemort did not care if he lost a death eater, snatcher, or sympathizer. Dumbledore did not care if an Order member died or suffered injuries. However, they did. And as much as it gave them strength, it terrified them in equal measure.

Nym's lips pursed as she noticed the shift in atmosphere and in a bid to shift the mood, she asked, "So... any idea when you're finally porking my dear aunt?"

"I'd rather never fuck Bellatrix," Harry deadpanned.

Nym swatted him on the chest playfully at the rest of the girls laughed.

"I can see she's getting impatient, you know," she remarked, drawing imaginary lines on his chest. "Surely you've seen those looks she's been giving you, especially since the dog left?"

Indeed, he had. Narcissa, for all her pride and bravado, seemed to be holding up rather poorly, especially since he was happily shagging all the other women living with them. All she had to satisfy herself with were the sounds, the errant visuals, and her imagination.

Harry had even stopped making overt advances toward her, and it amused him to no end whenever he saw the prim and prideful Narcissa Black gaze at him wantonly from across the room. It was a gaze that had become all too familiar to him now.

"I think I'm gonna let her wait a bit more," he replied.

"Taking fun in her little misery, Harry? You cruel, cruel man," Astoria smirked.

"And staying away from her even when you've seen how much she wants you?" Tracey raised an eyebrow.

"I've got to agree with that," Nym nodded emphatically. "I don't think I'd been able to stay away after seeing what a hot piece of arse she is."

"That's your mother's sister, you know?"

"And your point is?" Nym asked in amusement. "We might be related, but surely I can see how one would want to bone her, me included. It ain't as if I need to worry about the defects, whatever they might be."

"As if that's stopped purebloods before," Susan said mockingly, earning a round of chuckles for the little remark.

"True that," Nym grinned. "A hot piece of arse is a hot piece of arse. No need mincing the words."

"Aren't you a paragon of truth," Harry smirked, cupping her naked rear under the short skirt and giving it a playful squeeze. "Why don't you really admit why you want me to *pork* her, as you said it?"

"I told you, didn't I? She's pent up after seeing everyone fucking about the house, even more after the dog's left. How long do you think she can manage to go without getting some for herself?"

"Oh yeah?" Harry asked, pulling her firmly against his groin. "And it's not at all because you want to get down and dirty with that *hot piece of arse*, eh?"

"I've no idea what you're talking about," Nym said with an unapologetic grin that made him chuckle.

"I've got your Mum already. Why don't you try it out with her first? Both Nat and Fleur tell me how good she is, not that they needed to. I know it first hand, after all," Harry replied with a small smirk.

"Who starts to run before learning how to walk, mister?" She asked with a playful poke to his cheek. "That is surely on the cards, but I need some more... practice first, I should say."

Harry merely chuckled in amusement.

"I'll see what I can do about it," he finally told her, making her grin. "But first, be a good little servant and pass over that plate of grapes."

Nym gave him a lecherous grin as she hopped off his lap and with an exaggerated sway of her hips, she stepped forward and purposefully bent over. Her skirt hiked above her rump, displaying her lace-covered crotch for all to see.

They all noticed how she was damp down there and the metamorph bent over further, all but pushing her arse high in the air.

Harry could smell her arousal right from where he sat and as Nym remained bent over on the table, he glanced over at Susan and nodded. The redhead grinned excitedly and slid out of her chair. She moved over to his side of the table and taking up position behind Nym, she got down on her knees and reached out, grabbing hold of her plump rear.

A groan of approval left Nym as Susan easily slid her damp knickers over her rear and down her legs, letting them pool by her feet. The metamorph shivered slightly when she felt the cold air hit her womanhood and stepped out of her knickers. Harry easily summoned them over with a casual wave, sniffing for a few seconds.

"She could use a bit more preparation, Sue," he commented.

The redhead nodded eagerly and leaned forward, planting her lips right on Nym's pink petals, making her sigh in approval.

"Ah yes, eat me out, Little Bones," she whispered.

Daphne and Tracey refused to stay out of this impromptu session. Together, they made their way over and took their position in front of Harry on their knees. Daphne made quick work of his trousers and fished out his cock from their confines,

rapidly stroking it to full mast as Susan kept eating Nym out from behind. Once he was hard and fully erect, she plunged her mouth onto his length and buried him within the warm confines of her mouth.

Tracey, meanwhile, ventured further down and devoted herself to his hanging balls, fondling them before leaning forward. She ran her tongue over them, making sure she remained away from Daphne, and wrapped her lips around his ballsack, sucking eagerly.

Astoria had a different idea though and she eagerly climbed on the table, shoving the plates aside. With her legs on either side of Nym's face, she spread them apart and parted her knickers to the side, displaying her young, bald pussy to the metamorph who got the memo easily and buried her face in her cunt.

"Ah yes," the youngest of the lot moaned and Harry grinned at her. She was an enthusiastic one, alright.

He glanced down at her sister who was enthusiastic in her own right and found her sapphire blue orbs gazing up at him through her eyelashes. He grinned at her and shifted his gaze to Tracey who winked up at him with her mouth full of his balls. Elated, he caressed the tops of their heads and threaded his fingers through their lustrous locks, throwing his head back and closing his eyes as they pleased him.

To his left, Nym was eagerly eating Astoria out, and so was Susan, whose tongue probed and prodded the metamorph's pussy lips, running along the slit and pushing inside. Her hands remained occupied with her big arse that had to have been modified with the use of her powers, for it looked even more plump than before. It was quite a sight, as one busty redhead pleased another whose hair had cycled through multiple colors before settling down into a mix of brown and red, undoubtedly paying homage to the two girls she was being shared with.

"Get her ready for me, Sue. I don't want her to cum before I've given her a nice treat for being a good, little French maid, 'kay?" Harry instructed without opening his eyes as he enjoyed the two best friends pleasuring him. Caressing their heads, he continued, "And the same goes to you two. I promise I'll make it up to you all later."

He felt Daphne pull off his cock with a wet and lewd sound before she grabbed his slick manhood and began jerking him off furiously.

"You better," she said warningly and once again, buried him in her mouth. Harry merely chuckled which transformed into a drawn-out groan of pleasure when he felt the impossible tightness of Daphne's throat around his girth. His eyes shot open and he gazed down at her, watching how her throat bobbed as she deepthroated him.

"Fucking hell, Daph..."

Daphne preened, gazing up at him pridefully, and Harry knew he had to give her good and hard. She deserved nothing less. None of them did, he reiterated to

himself as he watched Tracey, Susan, and Astoria who went about their ministrations enthusiastically. The latter had even taken her top off and pulled her bra down her tits, and there she lay, propped up on her elbow as she squeezed and fondled her nipples.

“Oh fucking hell!” Nym hissed as she pulled her face off Astoria’s cunt. Glancing back at him over her shoulder, she grinned. “You better come over and fuck me good and hard, Master. I don’t think I’ve got much longer.”

Daphne and Tracey immediately pulled away from him – a testament to the bond of the coven that they were so instantaneous in obliging with the request of one of their sisters – and Harry stood up. Susan also leaned back and got to her feet, exchanging a furious kiss with him when he came closer before she too joined Daphne and Tracey, just as Harry took up position behind Nym.

The three girls quickly engaged each other as they began to undress each other, and Harry tuned them out. The sight had become so common nowadays between his girls. They didn’t care about pairings, only the desire to satisfy each other.

Gazing down, Harry took in Nym’s drenched and pulsating pussy, and chuckled when he saw her throbbing clit.

“You stimulated her a bit too well, Sue,” Harry remarked as he glanced over at the redhead who paused in the middle of taking Daphne’s top off. She grinned at him and pulled the fabric off the blonde, throwing it to the floor where it joined hers and Tracey’s, all three girls naked from the waist up.

Grabbing his length, he aligned himself with Nym who kept gazing back at him in anticipation and decided to tease her.

Nym moaned in protest when Harry kept rubbing the head of his prick over her folds, coating it in her vaginal juices that kept trickling out of her in droves. He could feel how hot and bothered she was, wanting nothing more than for him to fuck her hard. Yet, he refrained, keeping his own desire firmly in check, and continued to prod her wet entrance.

“Just get on with it already!” Nym cried out, making Astoria, who was sitting and rubbing herself right in front of her face, chuckle.

“You’re forgetting something,” Harry quipped, and the dark look that she gave him made him laugh out loud.

“Fuck me, *Master*,” she gritted out, and smirking, Harry pushed forward. She was so wet that he encountered no resistance and in one firm slam, he buried himself to the hilt inside her.

“Oh my fucking...!” Nym cried out, and Harry smirked. From the angle, his cock must be feeling even bigger inside her, and fuck did her loud moans prove that. “Ohh fuck! Harry! M-Master! Oh fuck! Mmm... Fuck mee!”

Harry eagerly obliged the metamorph whose hair began to cycle through colors and shades once again. He began to pound into her hard, relishing the sound of her tight, round ass slapping hard against him as he drove his hard shaft deeper and deeper inside her inviting snatch. The table shook under them, making Astoria widen her eyes, and she quickly hopped off the table and joined her sister who quickly grabbed her, slamming her lips against hers in a heated kiss.

The sight made Harry hornier and he intensified the ferocity of his thrusts. Nym moaned and groaned loudly, the dining room of 12 Grimmauld Place having transformed into a bastion of sex and debauchery once again. They all were sure the others must be able to hear them down in the basement where they were either practicing spells or working on the runic sequence.

“Ugh, fuck. You’re so fucking wet for me, Nym,” Harry grunted as he kept pounding away, pulling her firmly toward him by the ass as he thrust deeper into her with so much force the table under her shook once again.

Nym could not muster a coherent response. She kept moaning and crying in pleasure as she pushed herself firmly against his dick, impaling herself on his rod again and again. She groaned out loud in absolute pleasure as she felt her ass ripple and shake whenever Harry collided with her. Her hands were clenched tightly as she had nothing to hold on to, and she was being manhandled on the table as Harry had his way with her.

“I took your mother like this last night, you know?” Harry whispered hotly as he kissed her shoulder. “Right here, where I’m fucking you right now. When you and Fleur were with Daph and Nat, practicing spells in the dueling chamber. Imagine, Nym. Your dear MILF of a mother was bent over at this spot, just like you are, and I was gripping her thick arse just like this. I even slapped her arse just like this, and it jiggled just like yours is jiggling now. You know what I’m thinking right now?”

Nym remained silent, her mind overcome with the images of her mother being pounded like this. The thought sent jolts of pleasure coursing through every fiber of her being and she began slamming back against him hard and fast, chasing her orgasm that frankly did not seem too far.

Harry smirked at her, knowing what she was doing, and whispered erotically, “I’m thinking I’m fucking her right now, only when she was in her twenties. I bet she would’ve been as hot as you are right now, just as I know you’ll be as hot as she is when you’re her age.”

“Oh fuck!” Nym cried out, and grinning, Harry reached out and grabbed her tits over the frills of her maid outfit. Holding those globes firmly, he pulled her so that her arms could support her on the table, and he deftly undid the laces, freeing up her tits from their restraints. Once her tits popped out, he grabbed them and began to maul them mercilessly.

“Oh, play with my tits, but don’t stop fucking me... I’m so close, M-master... Oh... So close...”

"Not a chance I stop fucking a hot piece of ass like you," Harry grunted. He glanced over to see what the others were doing, and he was not surprised in the slightest when he saw Astoria and Daphne sitting in chairs as Susan and Tracey pleased them orally. Those two were bossy, and although Susan had a submissive streak to her, Daphne knew perfectly well how to order Tracey around.

Chuckling to himself, he refocused on Nym who kept slamming her hot ass back against him with every deep thrust he made into her, fucking herself as furiously as he was drilling into her, pushing her to a massive orgasm.

"OH FUCK! OH HARRY! MASTER! FUCK! I'M GOING TO... OHH I'M GOING TO... OH FUCK! OH YOU'RE MAKING ME... OH FUCK ME, HARRYYY!"

She cried out so loud Harry felt the others might rush over, worried that something might be wrong. Even the four girls who were involved with each other to their right startled and their heads snapped over to them, watching how Nym's entire body convulsed. Her arms gave away, and she would've slammed hard on the table if not for Harry who kept a firm hold on her tits as he kept her upright.

Shivering uncontrollably, Nym came around his length and a long, drawn-out moan of sheer bliss escaped her lips. Her eyes slammed shut as her inner walls tightened impossibly around him, intent on keeping him trapped inside her. It was enough to send him over the edge as well.

"Oh fuck! Oh... I'm gonna cum inside you as well..." Harry growled as he grabbed her tits impossibly hard and began to maul them, fucking her furiously through her orgasm as he chased his own climax. "Fuck, here goes nothing!"

He buried his cock balls deep inside her orgasmic pussy and felt his balls tighten. Barely a second later, the head of his cock expanded and suddenly exploded deep inside her. Load after load of thick, potent cum blasted deep into her pussy, and Nym's eyes shot wide open as another orgasm, even more intense and powerful than the one before, rippled through her.

The five of them - Harry and the four voyeurs - also stared on with wide eyes as Nym devolved into a moaning, shivering mess. Her body, wet with sweat, convulsed as Harry kept shooting his load deep inside her. It felt like minutes had passed with Harry repeatedly thrusting inside her, unloading everything he had deep within her. He felt his knees weaken and was surprised when he felt a pair of naked tits against his back. Glancing over, he saw Daphne standing behind him, sweaty but still looking breathtakingly hot, as she kept him upright.

"Thanks for that," he breathed, capturing her lips in a searing kiss as he slowly slid out of Nym who slowly fell on the table in a heap. Their combined juices slithered out of her creampie'd pussy as she kept gazing to the side where the other three girls stood with wide eyes and their hands rubbing themselves furiously.

A delirious smile overtook her features as she whispered, "Glad you liked the show so much."

She gazed over her shoulder and found Harry and Daphne kissing furiously, and she knew by now that the ritual would ensure Harry was ready for her and the others in no time. Alas, she was not blessed with that boon which meant this was it for her.

However, she could not complain in the slightest, for he had already given her more than she had imagined. As her eyes slowly closed, she replayed Harry's words from before in her mind, and not for the first time, she wondered about the possibilities. It was not a line they had crossed yet, but she felt the time was inching ever so closer as the days passed.

*'Maybe after he takes Aunt Cissy and I get some practice in,'* she thought to herself.

Doing it with Cassie was fine, but she was closer to her age, and it did not feel as different and taboo with her. Anything further was different though, and there was no way she was going to do it without being fully prepared. Furthermore, she knew her dear mother was the same, perhaps even more nervous and unprepared than she was. After all, it had taken her a long time until she had decided to take the plunge and give herself to Harry. She would need even more convincing and preparation, and there was only one person who could get that ship sailing.

It seemed her Aunt Cissy was going to be a pivotal part of their dynamics moving forward.

To be continued...