

“Oh! I’m so excited!” Chiara exclaimed as they all piled into the venue that Ginny had rented for them. “Thank you so much, Ginny.”

“I honestly wouldn’t have expected the idea of a male stripper to get you this excited,” Tonks chuckled.

“I’ve never been to anything like this before,” Chiara replied. “You said the guy was hot?”

“Oh, he’s gorgeous, trust me,” Ginny grinned. “Let’s just say if I weren’t happily married…”

Chiara barked a laugh at that and rushed inside, joining Audrey, who had already sat down. The buxom brunette was pregnant again, four months along with her second child. The last year had been a rather joyful one for their family, with Tonks and Audrey both having given birth, while Fleur had announced a month ago that she was carrying another child. It was night and day from how dire and dark things had seemed before Hermione came up with her solution, and while that had brought its own challenges, for the most part, it seemed to be working for everyone.

“Fleur’s already here then?” Angelina asked.

“Mmhhh,” Ginny replied. “She agreed to help the stripper prepare. She’s in back, I imagine.”

“Okay,” Angelina shrugged. “I must say, after all your hyping this guy up, I’m really looking forward to seeing him in action.”

As she went inside, Hermione grabbed Ginny’s hand and held her back. Once they were alone, she leaned in and whispered, “It’s Harry, isn’t it?”

“Shh!” Ginny hushed her, checking to make sure that none of the others had stayed back. “I don’t know how they haven’t figured it out yet, but only Fleur knows, and I want to keep it that way, at least for a while.”

“Damn it, Ginny, I…” Hermione trailed off, looking down at her shoes.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Ginny asked. “I would have thought you’d appreciate an early look at the goods, given that you said Ron seemed to be warming up to the idea.”

“Yeah, um, I kind of need to talk to you about that,” Hermione winced.

“The show isn’t supposed to start for a few minutes,” Ginny nodded. “What’s up?”

“I didn’t immediately do what Tonks suggested that day when she decided to give Teddy his little sister,” Hermione replied. “The next morning, I started feeling insecure about it, and actually looking up porn on the internet didn’t exactly help…”

“Hey, you are gorgeous; do you understand me?” Ginny scowled. “No muggle prostitute with rubber tits…”

“Implants are actually made from silicone, not rubber; it’s a type of…that’s not important,” Hermione interrupted her. “The point is that I waited a little bit to try it out and didn’t bring up the idea of children for a good few months. When Tonks started to show, though, and Audrey gave birth to Tristan, I…decided to try it, and the results have been…weird.”

“Weird how?” Ginny asked.

“Well,” Hermione began.

“Ah ah ah ah!” the woman on the screen, a bleach blonde with clearly fake tits, cried as the man behind her fucked her hard from behind.

“Bloody hell,” Ron breathed, his mouth hanging open as he stared at them, “this...”

“I thought it might be fun,” Hermione faltered, wincing at the display. “I mean, to watch this while we...”

“Merlin’s balls, look at them go,” Ron laughed uneasily, not entirely sure that this wasn’t some strange dream.

“They are rather...athletic,” Hermione mumbled. “Anyway, with us getting this room set up so muggle technology could work in it, I figured that this might be a fun thing to do occasionally. It could help get us both in the mood and maybe even give us ideas.”

“Ideas, yeah,” Ron agreed, not sounding like he’d truly heard her. “Why are her breasts not...”

“They’re artificially enlarged,” Hermione replied. “It’s a muggle thing.”

“Well, I much prefer yours,” Ron laughed lightly, making her smile. “I had no idea things like this even existed on that enternet thingy.”

“It seems like there’s a fair bit like it actually,” Hermione replied. “Anyway, what do you think?”

“I think it’s bloody hot,” Ron replied. “You really don’t mind us watching stuff like this?”

“Not at all,” Hermione smiled, reaching down to feel his cock through his robes, “and you weren’t lying about finding it hot, were you?”

“Bloody hell,” Ron groaned.

“Mmm, you’re so hard,” Hermione gasped. “Tell me which part is making you so hard. Her bottom, her breasts...”

“The sounds,” Ron choked out. “Do, oth...um...do they all sound like that in these things?”

Hermione froze, unsure of how to respond to that as she thought to herself, “He stopped himself from asking if other women sound like that, which is actually really impressive.”

“I’m sure they all exaggerate a bit,” she finally said after a moment.

“Oh, so it’s just acting?” Ron asked, looking back at the screen.

“I wouldn’t know,” Hermione shrugged, cupping his cheek and pulling him back towards her as she grinned up at him, “but I for one would love for you to try to make me sound like that.”

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," Ron groaned, leaning in to kiss her.

"Could have used like ninety percent less detail there," Ginny quipped, and Hermione just glared at her. "So what's the problem? It sounds like it went about as well as Tonks said it could."

"Oh, it went great," Hermione replied. "The problem is that it worked too well."

"What do you mean?" Ginny asked.

"That was six months ago, and now he watches it all the time," Hermione muttered. "More than that, though, the type of it has changed. I spent more time than I would care to admit looking for the right video to use as an introduction, wanting something that wasn't too...bizarre, but also featured a man quite similar to Ron...there."

"Oh," Ginny winced. "I had heard that most of the guys in porn were on the larger side. I take it he found something more normal for them and reacted poorly."

"Yes, but not in the way I would have expected," Hermione muttered. When Ginny furrowed her brow in confusion, she added, "He likes it."

"Huh?" the redhead asked.

"He likes the more...exaggerated videos," Hermione clarified. "They...well, let's just say he really likes them. More than that, though, he's become obsessed with hearing me sound like them. He's tried it himself and even transfigured larger toy..."

"Are you two coming?" Tonks asked. "The show's about to start, or so Fleur says."

"We'll be right in, Tonks," Ginny replied. As the pink-haired auror went back inside, she turned to Hermione and said, "We can talk about this tomorrow if you like, maybe over tea?"

"That sounds great," Hermione sighed.

The two of them went inside, and Ginny grinned as she spotted Fleur rushing up to them. As the blonde drew close, she gestured for Hermione to join the others, pulling her eldest brother's wife into a tight hug.

"He looks amazing, Ginny," she purred. Leaning in, she whispered, "Ze others truly don't know?"

"Hermione figured it out," Ginny replied quietly. "I think the others don't have a clue, though I expect Tonks, at least, to figure it out once she sees his body."

"She 'as seen enough of it," Fleur giggled. "By ze goddess, you 'ave no idea 'ow tempting it was to just pull off zose auror robes and let 'im 'ave me right back zere."

"You'll get your turn, pet," Ginny grinned, "but you know where his first load of the night is going. Now then, let's join the others."

The two of them walked over to the large table in the center of the room where the others had taken their seats and quickly found the two remaining empty ones. She had rented an entire strip club for

the night, making a deal with the muggleborn owner. The guy, named Jack, had gotten into trouble a few years ago when a local gang had attempted to coerce him into paying protection money.

His club wasn't in the nicest neighborhood, and as it was a muggle business being preyed upon by a muggle gang, he should have gone to the muggle police, but he'd complained to the aurors instead, and Harry, who happened to be given the case, helped him out. One well-placed confundus charm later, one particular member of the criminal outfit turned enough evidence into the police to have the lot of them locked up, and the problem went away. Naturally, Jack was thrilled with Harry for his help and didn't hesitate to give them quite the deal for this when he approached him with their idea for Chiara's hen do.

She spotted Harry coming out, dressed in auror's robes and a plain black mask, and grinned at him. The two of them had spent a lot of time working this out, and she couldn't wait to see how it turned out.

"So, George," Harry said a few months ago as the two of them met in his sitting room at Grimmauld Place, "what was so urgent?"

"It's not really urgent so much as...important," George replied, looking more serious than Harry could ever remember seeing him before. "My wedding's coming up, and I...I'm not entirely sure how to say this."

"You're not having second thoughts, are you?" Harry asked.

"No!" George exclaimed. "Merlin, no, I love Chiara, I really do, and I want to spend the rest of my life with her, but...being married to one of us comes with some challenges, doesn't it?"

"Ah," Harry sighed, levitating over a bottle of Ogden's and a couple glasses.

"Thank you," George sighed as he accepted the glass. "Chiara's not like the others. Not that I think any of them would have necessarily left us if they'd learned about this sooner, but they were all already married and kind of stuck with it. She could have left, and it means the world to me knowing that I couldn't give her kids didn't change her mind for a second. She does want them, though, and I know she doesn't want to wait much past the wedding to start."

"I see," Harry nodded. "You know I'll...help out. If you two want to go on your honeymoon, come back here and get started; Ginny and I will be more than happy to..."

"I was actually thinking about getting started before the honeymoon," George explained, and Harry's eyebrows shot towards his hairline.

"What, like, the wedding night?" Harry asked.

"Preferably not," George chuckled. "I know that Gin and the others are throwing her a hen do a couple days before the wedding, and I thought that that night might work."

"Oh," Harry replied. "I mean, yeah, I'm sure we could do that. It'll mean I'll have to leave your stag do early."

“Eh, we’re just going to get drunk and watch some muggle women take their clothes off,” George shrugged. “Considering how you live these days, it won’t exactly be exciting.”

Harry rubbed the back of his neck and looked away at that. One unspoken rule of the arrangement that he had with an increasing number of his brothers-in-law at this point was that they really didn’t talk about the fact that he was regularly fucking their wives. Fleur had long since dropped the pretext of doing it for children and practically moved in with him and Ginny whenever Bill was away in Egypt or the like, while Audrey had made it clear that she didn’t ever want to stop sleeping with him, even if it meant keeping her perpetually pregnant like some medieval wife, something that their husbands just seemed to accept. Tonks was a little different, as their affair had been short-lived, but she’d also made it clear that she was probably going to want another kid at some point.

“I guess we could make that work,” he said after a moment, and George just nodded.

“Wait, he wants you to fuck Chiara on her hen do?” Ginny asked.

“Yeah, I...holy fuck, Fleur,” Harry groaned as the insatiable Veela bobbed her head up and down on his cock, swallowing him into her tight little throat over and over again. “I mean, it kind of makes sense. It gives her a chance to get used to me before they get married and gives her a couple days to recover before their wedding night.”

Fleur let his cock slip from her lips with an audible pop and grinned up at him as she purred, “Given ‘ow incredibly virile you are, you’ll probably knock ze cute little wolf up zat night and ‘ave ‘er spend zeir entire ‘oneymoon pregnant with your child.”

“Provided she’s on the right part of her cycle,” Ginny giggled. “I know we like to say that Harry’s penis is magical, but it’s not actually true. That could work, I guess. I was planning to arrange some kind of strip show for her anyway, and getting her all hot and bothered only to bring her home to you could be fun.”

“You should be ze stripper!” Fleur exclaimed, and the two of them look at her like she was nuts. “Zink about it; you ‘ave a killer body and a ‘uge cock, you’re nimble on your feet, and you ‘ave a ‘uge fucking cock. It would be great.”

“You said that last part twice,” Harry pointed out dryly.

“Any point zat absolutely true deserves to be repeated,” Fleur grinned before taking him back inside her hot little mouth.

“That...would be really bloody hot,” Ginny breathed, her eyes widening as she pictured it.

“I have no idea how to be a stripper,” Harry protested. “I’ve never even been in a strip club.”

“Really?” Fleur asked.

“We were going to for my stag do, but there was a water main break just outside the place that night, and it was closed,” Harry replied.

“Right, and then I was so bored with what my mother and Hermione arranged that I faked an upset stomach and we went off to have sex,” Ginny added, smiling at the memory.

“Ugh, I will never get over what awful names zose are,” Fleur grimaced. “Stag do and hen do. Even ze Americans came up with better names, calling zem bachelor and bachelorette parties.”

“To each their own,” Ginny shrugged. Turning to Harry, she grinned lasciviously and purred, “Harry, you have no idea how hot I would find it if you pulled this off.”

“Oh?” Harry asked, cocking an eyebrow.

Ginny thought about it and nearly laughed when she realized that there wasn't a single sexual thing she could think of to offer him. Such were the perils of being an oversexed nympho who regularly begged her husband to fuck her throat, pussy, and ass like she was a whore, and even brought other women into their bed regularly.

“I would really appreciate it, and you know just how...affectionate I can be when I'm appreciative,” she eventually settled on, and Harry just smiled and kissed her.

“You know, if you wish to learn 'ow to strip, I'm sure zere are classes available,” Fleur said, also eager to see him do this, “and the wedding is still months away.”

“I suppose I could learn,” Harry mused, “and I might know a guy who we could turn to if we want to rent a place for it.”

Harry chuckled at the memories as he stepped out on stage and all eyes trained on him. They had been a little worried about what they were going to do regarding Molly, who had spoken about attending the festivities, not knowing what was planned, but, in a bit of something that none of them would call good fortune out loud, her great-great-aunt Muriel's health had taken a bad turn, and she had been spending a great deal of time helping take care of her in what the healers were increasingly certain were her final days.

“That's enough of that, ladies!” he called out as they started cheering for him, the enchanted mask he was wearing altering his voice. “There's been a complaint lodged with the aurors and I'm afraid that I need to investigate you.”

“Regarding what?” Tonks called out, amused. She might have been on maternity leave for the past several months, but she was still an auror and definitely still considered herself one, so he'd expected her to pipe up.

“The complainant told us that you lot had planned a lewd and obscene party tonight,” Harry continued, “that you planned to take part in acts unfit for proper ladies.”

“I certainly bloody hope we do,” Angelina called out, toasting him with her glass of elven wine.

Ginny had let them know ahead of time that they could order what they liked from the drink menu on the table, and it would appear, courtesy of Kreacher, unbeknownst to them. They'd all taken advantage of it at this point, save for Audrey and Fleur, who were nursing glasses of what looked like water.

“You know, Auror,” Tonks grinned. “There's a certain something you're wearing that is clearly not ministry regulation.”

Harry laughed at that, not having expected such a perfect opening, and said, “Well, ma’am, allow me to correct that!”

As he shouted that, he ran his hands over the runes sewn into the sides of his robes, and they transformed themselves into colorful feather boas that flew out towards the women, curling around their shoulders as they started cheering and screaming at the sight of his body. He was clad in nothing but a pair of very tight-fitting leather pants now, and his powerful physique was on full display. He saw Hermione turn beet red and snorted as he realized that she had to have figured out who he was by now.

The lights turned away from him, darkening the entire stage, and smoke began to billow up from the floor as the music was turned on. He and Kreacher had worked out the routine, the little house elf looking like he thought his master had gone mad the entire time, though he helped out anyway. He knew what to do with the music, lights, and smoke at each point of the show now, and Harry was confident that he’d help pull this off smoothly.

The music was slow and rumbling as he walked around the edge of the rounded stage with smooth, measured steps, showing off his body more than anything. His small audience watched, transfixed, and he grinned at the obvious looks of lust on their faces. Fleur and Ginny openly gawked at him, well aware of what they were enjoying, while Hermione looked like she wanted to look away but couldn’t bring herself to. Audrey was clearly enjoying the show, and he marveled at just how much the once mousy and innocent woman had changed since he started fucking her, and when Angelina leaned in and made some undoubtedly lewd comment about him, the two giggled together. Then there was the woman of the hour herself, who sat right in the middle, her sharp blue eyes fixed on him with a palpable hunger in them.

The music halted suddenly as he reached the center of the stage again and then returned with a much faster tempo as the lights all focused on him, and he began to dance. There was a time when the idea of dancing at all terrified him, and if the awkward little arsehole who had stayed glued to his seat during the Yule Ball back in his fourth year at Hogwarts had been told that someday he’d be dancing on stage, wearing nothing but a pair of leather pants so tight he had to spell them on, he’d have passed out. He was a lot more confident now than he was then, though, and he’d spent months learning how to do this.

His every move was provocative and suggestive, meant to drive the increasingly drunk women down below wild. Their hungry eyes roved over his glistening muscles, his tight, muscular ass, and the very prominent bulge in his skin-tight pants. When he flexed, they giggled; when he gyrated his hips, they cheered; and when he lowered himself down onto the floor and acted like he was fucking one of them into it, they screamed, and Angelina threw her boa onto his shoulders, making them laugh.

Rising to his feet, he tossed it back onto her shoulders and called out, “Tonight we’re all here to celebrate something very special. I understand that in two days, this silver-haired beauty is getting married. Is that right?”

“Yes!” Chiara exclaimed, smiling widely.

“You’re not married yet, then?” he asked, his tone suggestive, and she blushed and nodded. As he curled a finger inward and beckoned her up, she blushed brighter, and Ginny made a point of nudging her forward out of her seat. When she reached the stage, he took her hand and pulled her up effortlessly, making her eyes widen.

“You’re strong,” Chiara gasped, staring up at him in awe, and Harry laughed.

“These are real, you know?” he asked, flexing his biceps. “You want to feel them?”

“I shouldn’t,” Chiara breathed. “I’m getting married in two days.”

“I’m sure your husband-to-be would understand,” Harry chuckled, staying in place and grinning as she reached forward and felt one of his broad shoulders.

“Merlin, you’re hot,” Chiara gasped. “Er, I mean...”

“You are too,” Harry grinned before drawing his wand and conjuring a chair for her in the middle of the stage.

Chiara sat down, still red-faced, and gasped when the music changed again and he started dancing around her. He grabbed onto her feather boa, moving it along her shoulders and collarbone, and held onto it as he began the next part of his routine. The werewolf laughed as he moved about, but internally she was on fire. He was so hot, and between his gorgeous body, the absolute confidence that he exuded, and the firewhiskey she’d drunk, she was in trouble.

“That might be the greatest ass on Earth,” she thought when he leaned backward in front of her, her fingers itching to reach for his belt.

She wouldn’t do that to George, and the guy was probably gay anyway, if what Angelina had said about most male strippers was to be believed, but man, he was tempting. The muscles of his thighs strained against the tight black leather, and as he turned back around, that wasn’t all that did.

“It can’t be real, right?” she thought to herself, assuming that he’d shoved a kielbasa down his left pant leg. *“Right?”*

He never touched her, but he got increasingly close as the music blaring throughout the room built more and more towards its climax. It wasn’t the only thing building towards a climax, and Chiara hoped that whatever her fiance was doing right now was turning him just as much because she was going to want him to destroy her when she got home. The stripper began thrusting towards her, his every pelvic movement drawing him closer and closer, and just as the music reached its peak, his pants vanished, leaving him wearing nothing but a speedo.

Her sisters-in-law all began screaming as the music suddenly stopped, but Chiara barely heard them, focused as she was on the adonis in front of her. His speedo left less to the imagination than his pants had, and she struggled with the realization that what dangled between his legs, hanging halfway to his knees, was no sausage. More than that, though, there was a piece of paper sticking out of the waistband, and the stripper pointed to it directly, nodding as she furrowed her brow at him in confusion. Reaching forward, she pulled it out and unfolded it, her eyes going wide as she read what was written on it.

We’ve talked about having kids right away before, and I want you to know that I’m on board. I’m not entirely sure what Ginny has in mind, but she’s said that Harry will be on hand, so if you want to start trying to make puppies, feel free.

George.

“Harry?!” Chiara exclaimed, and the entire room went silent as Harry removed his mask.

“Wait, what?!” Angelina exclaimed.

“Holy shit!” Audrey gasped.

“I fucking knew it!” Tonks shouted.

“Hello, Chiara,” Harry grinned, still breathing a little heavily after all that.

“You...how...” Chiara stammered.

“It was Fleur’s idea,” Harry replied, “though Ginny and I both loved it almost immediately. I took lessons and worked out the routine. George approached me a few months ago and suggested that this might be a good night to start trying to give you a child.”

Chiara stared up at him in shock, her core aflame with desire. The truth was that it was a better day for that than her fiancé could have possibly known. She was ovulating, something likely at least partially responsible for why she was so turned on just then. She and George had discussed having children and what that would require extensively since he first proposed, and she knew that he was reluctantly willing to let her fuck Harry, but she had no idea that he had actually arranged anything yet.

“For so long I feared that I’d never get to be a mother,” Chiara whimpered. “With my curse and everything, even finding a man willing to stick around was an uphill battle for a bit.”

“So you’re a bit tetchy three days a month,” George shrugged when she’d brought up her condition during the early days of their relationship. “It’s been my experience that most birds are, you know.”

She’d laughed at that, and she giggled like a loon as she stared up at Harry, tears forming in her eyes as she felt happier than she ever had in her life.

“There, there,” he said tenderly, cupping her cheek. “If you aren’t ready tonight, that’s fine, but if you are, Ginny and I would be happy to have you over.”

“Why not right here?” Chiara purred, and his eyes widened. “I doubt these sluts would mind, would you?!”

“Fuck no!” Tonks laughed.

“I actually watched him impregnate Fleur the last time,” Audrey shuddered, earning a wicked grin from the blonde.

“I’m game,” Angelina shrugged. “It’ll give me a preview of what I’m for in down the line.”

“Hermione, if you aren’t up for this, I understand,” Ginny murmured.

“Yes, it’s probably for the best that I...oh my God!” Hermione exclaimed as Chiara pulled Harry’s speedo down with her teeth, allowing his long, thick cock to spring forward.

“Impressive, non?” Fleur asked, grinning at Hermione and Angelina, who were both staring up at Harry slack-jawed. “You ‘ave no idea ‘ow good it feels to be stretched by something zat large.”

“I don’t know who I’m more impressed by, Audrey or Ginny,” Angelina gawked. “That thing’s fucking huge.”

“He’s as big as the guys in those videos,” Hermione breathed, all thought of leaving disappearing from her mind.

“I seriously thought this thing was fake when you had your pants on,” Chiara purred as she wrapped one of her hands around the shaft. “My fucking fingers don’t even touch.”

“It’ll fit inside you, I promise,” Harry chuckled, “though I’m going to have to make sure you’re very wet first.”

“My panties are already ruined,” Chiara whimpered. “You got me so wet, Harry.”

Harry grinned at that, and held out his hand, helping her up as she took it. She was wearing a bright red mini dress that stopped at about her mid-thigh, showing off her gorgeous legs. She was about five and a half feet tall, but her legs looked longer than they were, and he’d always thought they were great. The neckline plunged low, showing off much of the valley between her small, perky breasts, and from the way her nipples had been poking into the material for a while now, she was clearly not wearing a bra.

“Is that so?” Harry grinned, leaning in. “I’m afraid I’m going to need proof.”

“You’re the auror,” Chiara smirked. “Strip search me.”

Harry laughed at that and with a wave of his wand her clothes disappeared, reappearing on the table in front of the others. Ginny picked up her visibly soaked panties and held them up for him, and Chiara would have blushed if she’d been able to look away from him. Suddenly exposed, she froze and shivered under his heated gaze. She’s thought that Harry was attractive from the moment she laid eyes on him, but nothing, not even Ginny’s bragging sessions, could have prepared her for just how hot he really was. He smelled like pine and man, and she hungered for him. Just as she was about to sink back to her knees and show him just how much she wanted him, he beat her to it, and she looked down at him in surprise.

“I know Ginny tells you all about our sexual adventures,” Harry chuckled, making his wife laugh. “Surely you aren’t so surprised that I want to taste you, especially when you smell so fucking good.”

Chiara whimpered and sat back down, gasping as Harry spread her legs with his large, strong hands. She hadn’t been expecting any of this and would have shaved if she had, as though George didn’t mind her bush at all, she’d always at least trimmed it before sleeping with someone new back before they started dating. Her natural silver hair was unique, and she liked it a lot, but a schoolmate of hers had joked about her pubic hair making her look old once, and it had made her self-conscious for years.

“Fucking hell, I turned you on that much?” Harry asked as he parted her silver curls.

“Have you seen you?” Chiara asked, and she chuckled.

“Flatterer,” Harry grinned, swiping a finger through her wet folds, making her gasp, before bringing it to his lips. “Mmm, you taste as good as you smell.”

“Taste me, then,” Chiara sighed, spreading her thighs further and leaning back in the chair as her heart raced in her chest at the anticipation.

He wasn’t wrong about Ginny telling the rest of them all about her apparently amazing sex life, and she’d have been lying if she said she wasn’t at least a little curious about him. His enthusiasm for and skill at the art of cunnilingus was something that she told them about quite often, and she’d always wondered if he could possibly be as good as she claimed. As she felt him drag the flat of his tongue across her entire sex from hole to clit, she mewled in pleasure and snaked her fingers through his messy hair.

“That’s not strictly necessary to get her pregnant,” Hermione breathed, her eyes locked onto the show in front of her.

“Given the size of him, I disagree,” Angelina laughed. “Fucking hell, Red, do you actually take that whole thing?”

“Every chance I get,” Ginny replied with a grin, her focus split between Harry and Chiara on stage and Hermione next to her.

She hadn’t actually planned for him to breed her on stage, though she knew that cleaning charms would ensure that no one ever learned of it, and so she made no effort to warn her youngest brother’s wife. Out of all of them, Hermione and Audrey had always been the most straight-laced, and though fucking Harry had changed Audrey in that regard, the youngest of her sisters-in-law remained the same, or so she thought. The sheer lust and desire in her chocolate eyes as she stared up at Harry surprised her, and she wondered just how fun it was going to be down the line when they finally brought her into their bed as well.

“Oh fuck!” Chiara cried as Harry’s skilled tongue drove her wild.

It danced through her folds methodically, tasting and teasing every bit of her sex, save for her clit, which he avoided so much that she knew it had to be deliberate. He teased her slowly, seeing what she responded to and what she didn’t, and he was surprised when, as he pushed it inside her, she actually quivered in pleasure. He knew that his main focus would end up being her clit, though, a rather large nub that was protruding past its hood, and when he wrapped his lips around it, she went utterly still.

“Right there, right there!” Chiara moaned as he started sucking gently on her clit in short little pulses. Her grip on his scalp tightened as he continued, and when he moved back and started swirling his tongue around it, her arse lifted off the chair for a moment.

“Tell me what you want,” Harry grinned up at her as he pushed a finger inside her and curled it upward, quickly finding her g-spot.

“I want to cum,” Chiara whimpered, her blue eyes nearly black with lust. “Please make me cum; I’m so close.”

“So polite,” Harry grinned. “Such a good girl.”

Chiara moaned loudly at his words and whimpered as she felt his mouth return to her heated sex. He was good she couldn’t deny that, and it was clear from how he devoured her that he truly enjoyed the act too. She lost herself in the pleasure of his touch, eager for the climax that was

building rapidly in her core. She was so focused on that that she completely forgot about the particular point that Ginny had always stressed when she spoke about how absolutely incredible he was at eating her out.

“*Cum for me, Chiara,*” Harry hissed in Parseltongue, making his tongue vibrate against her throbbing clit, and she shrieked in pleasure.

Chiara squealed as she came hard, and her ass rising off of the chair as she squirted. The ecstasy coursed through her in waves, making her vision go white. Harry held her tight as she writhed, not wanting her to hurt herself, and he was thankful when Ginny transfigured the chair into a small bed that he could let her fall back on safely. On and on the titanic climax went, robbing her of her senses as she convulsed under his ministrations. Nothing had ever felt that good, and she’d have thought that she finally understood why Ginny was so obsessed with him if she were still capable of conscious thought. Just as she began to think that it might go on forever, leaving her in a permanent state of all-consuming pleasure, it ended, and she gasped for breath.

“That...that...” Hermione stammered as she watched Harry wipe his face and neck with his hand. “What was that?”

“She squirted,” Ginny replied, grinning. “Harry has that effect on women.”

“Fuck...me...” Chiara panted, rolling onto her belly and trying to push herself up on her hands and knees, only to find her legs too shaky at first.

“What was that?” Harry asked, grinning smugly.

“Fuck me, Alpha,” Chiara begged, finally managing to get her legs to work right. “Breed this bitch.”

“Fuck,” Harry groaned, grabbing her plump arse and spreading her round cheeks to get a good look at her dripping cunt and winking arsehole. “You okay, Chiara?”

“I’m ovulating, Harry,” Chiara replied, looking over her shoulder, her eyes smoldering with lust. “Breed me like you bred the others. Make me carry your pups; my pussy’s on fire for you.”

“That was good timing,” Harry chuckled, brushing her soaked pink folds with the head of his cock, making her shiver. “You want to be a mother that badly?”

“So badly!” Chiara cried. “Please, fuck me, Harry. Take me like an alpha wolf would take his bitch and don’t stop until I’m pumped full.”

“Look at you, begging me to fuck you in front of all these witnesses,” Harry growled in her ear. “It’s like you’re in heat.”

“I am!” Chiara cried, overjoyed that he’d started playing along so quickly. “I’m in heat, and only your big, fat cock and big, thick load of your cum can help me. Please, fuck me, Harry.”

“Fuck her, Harry!” Ginny cheered. “Breed her like the horny little bitch she is.”

Chiara whimpered at her words and shook her arse at him, so horny she could barely think. The chain of orgasms she’d had as he gave her a taste of Parseltongue had been the most intensely pleasurable thing she’d ever experienced, and yet it didn’t come close to putting out the fire in her

core. She felt like she really was a wolf in heat just then, cornered by a big, bad alpha who was going to split her in half and fuck her over and over again until she was a limp, twitching wreck. When she felt him nestle his cock between her nether lips, she held her breath in anticipation, only for it to be forced from her lungs as she felt his bulbous head pop inside her.

“Fucking hell,” Harry groaned at the sheer heat of her tight tunnel. She was soaking wet and clung to him like a hot silk clove her inner walls stretched to their limits as he pushed inside her slowly. He’d have waited for her to adjust to him, but she pushed herself back against him, wanting all of him.

“So...big!” Chiara cried, digging her nails into the mattress under her until she pierced it.

He felt so damn good, and they hadn’t even really started yet. The feeling of being stretched was very intense, and it burned a little, but the pleasure was too great for her to even consider asking him to stop. In one long, slow movement, he pushed inside her, inch by incredibly thick inch, until at last his hips pressed against her ass.

“It fit,” Hermione breathed, watching with wide eyes.

“He ends up so deep inside you you swear he’s in your stomach, but it feels so very good,” Audrey smiled at her, and the other brunette just shivered.

“You’re so fucking tight,” Harry groaned, reaching under Chiara to cup and knead her breasts as he gave her a moment to get used to his size.

“You’re so deep,” Chiara whimpered. “Feels...like you’re in...my womb.”

“Not quite,” Harry chuckled, “but my cum will be soon, racing towards you to fill you with puppies.”

“Fuck,” Chiara whimpered. Breaking character, she said, “Thanks for playing along with this. I know it’s weird...”

“Just to be clear, you won’t actually end up with a litter, right?” Harry asked, and she barked a laugh.

“No,” Chiara replied, “or at least, the chances aren’t better or worse than they are for normal women.”

“Hmm, then I guess I’ll just need to knock you up repeatedly,” Harry whispered in her ear, nibbling on the lobe, and she whimpered.

“Fuck me, Harry,” Chiara begged. “Fuck me until you cum.”

“I’ll keep fucking you after that,” Harry promised. “It’ll take more than one orgasm to make me wilt, luv.”

“No wonder Ginny and the others are so obsessed,” Chiara chuckled, only to gasp as he pulled most of his cock from her depths.

As he pushed back inside, she moaned, her grip on the ruined mattress under her tightening. She knew that she was going to claw this thing to shreds before Harry was done with her, and she was

glad that it was just a transfigured creation. Her own mattress had long since been enchanted to resist her nails, as she was rather prone to clawing at it during sex.

“Harder!” Chiara demanded, and Harry chuckled, letting his hands slide down along her until he was gripping her hips again.

He picked up his pace, fucking her with long, hard strokes, and he grunted when she started squeezing around him each time he pulled back. If he was good for a few orgasms like he’d said, then she wanted to wring one out of him as quickly as she could, desperate as she felt in that moment to feel his seed flooding her. She rocked her body back against him in time with his thrusts, moaning and crying out in pleasure as his cock speared into her over and over again. When she felt his hand come down on her ass, it was so sudden and abrupt that the shock made her scream more than the pain.

“Naughty little wolf,” Harry chuckled. “You’re trying to make me cum early.”

“I need it!” Chiara cried. “I need it so badly!”

“You’ll get my cum when I’m ready to give it to you, Chiara,” Harry growled in her ear. “If you want it sooner, you’re going to have to cum for me. Can you do that?”

“Holy fuck, Harry,” Chiara whimpered, crying out as he spanked her again. “Spank me, pull my hair, fuck me like a whore, just cum in me!”

Harry grinned at that and gathered her long silver hair in his hand, pulling it gently from close to her scalp as he picked up his pace again, pounding her hard. The wet sound of flesh smacking flesh echoed through the room, drowned out only by her pleased screams and the squelching sounds of her dripping cunt. He watched her ass ripple and jiggle with each rough impact of his hips and began spanking her again, switching from cheek to cheek each time.

Chiara’s screams turned to squeals and wails of pleasure as she soared towards her peak. Harry was rough and wild, almost animalistic, and the pain and pleasure of it was driving her insane. She felt the pressure inside her build rapidly and knew that her next orgasm was going to be explosive. When Harry stopped spanking her and reached down to stroke her clit, she jerked forward, changing the angle of penetration slightly, and the next time he bottomed out inside her, he struck something that made her see stars.

“Ahh!” she shrieked. “Right there!”

Harry grinned and grabbed her hips, holding her tight as he fucked her even harder, his hips becoming a blur. He kept hitting that absolutely magical spot inside her over and over again, and her whole face flushed red as she drew close to her peak.

“Don’t stop!” the werewolf screamed. “Yes, yes, yes, YES!”

A keening wail spilled from her lips as she came hard, turning into a howl before the last of the air was driven from her lungs. Collapsing forward, she writhed and convulsed in pleasure, her orgasm thundering through her entire body. Harry continued fucking her right into the bed, drawing out her pleasure as he chased his own. His thrusts grew erratic as he felt his orgasm approach, and with a roar, he let go, painting her inner walls white.

Even through the haze of pleasure, she felt him swell inside her and knew what that meant, and when she felt the first rope of cum hit her, the knowledge of what was happening, combined with how bloody good he still felt inside her, made her cum again. It was cosmic, pure euphoria, and before she even realized what was happening, her world went black.

“Did...did she pass out?” Hermione asked, her mouth dry and her pussy anything but. She had watched more porn than she would have cared to admit over the last little while, but no video she and Ron had enjoyed had come close to what she just witnessed.

“Yeah, that happens sometimes,” Audrey sighed, resting a hand on her belly as she flashed back to some of her particularly memorable encounters with Harry.

“Fuck me,” Angelina muttered, wondering if she might want to retire a little earlier than she’d initially planned.

“Thinking about trying for another kid, Tonks?” Ginny giggled, seeing the red face and hair of the metamorphmagus.

“Teddy and Anna are plenty for now,” Tonks replied, “though I could be talked into considering a third if it meant a performance like that.

“Oui, even for ‘im zat was exquisite,” Fleur grinned, looking at Ginny, who was fanning her face. “I suspect our darling little wolf zere will be joining you two often now. Be sure to send an invite sometime; I would like to see such a show again.”

“Who says it’s over?” Harry asked, pulling his still hard cock from Chiara’s gaping, quivering quim and turning to them. “We’re already going to have to clean this place thoroughly, so why not make a bigger mess while we’re here?”

“It’s Chiara’s party, so your every load is going deep inside her, but that doesn’t mean the rest of us can’t have fun too,” Ginny smirked, though she faltered as she remembered the two attendees who hadn’t slept with her husband yet.

“Relax, Red,” Angelina laughed. “This is the hottest thing I’ve seen, and I’ll gladly stick around and watch Harry fuck the rest of you, but only if I can really enjoy myself.”

“‘Ere you are,” Fleur smirked, conjuring a glass dildo and handing it to the dark-skinned beauty, whose eyes went wide as saucers as she looked down at it. “Oui, it is ‘im.”

“Fucking hell,” Angelina marveled at it as she looked at it and ran her hand over the thick, veiny shaft.

Hermione squeaked, and they all laughed as they saw one just like it resting in her lap. Fleur winked before rushing up on stage to join Harry and Chiara, squealing as he immediately pulled her in for a searing, hot kiss.

“Mione?” Ginny asked, trying not to laugh at the sight of the bushy-haired woman as she stared down at the large dildo in her hands like it contained the secrets of the origin of magic. “Are you staying?”

The brunette could only nod, already having decided to follow Angelina’s lead and enjoy herself as much as she could for the night. Tonks, Audrey, and Ginny all joined Harry, Fleur, and Chiara,

leaving the pair of Gryffindors alone. The two women shared a look of understanding, each one aware that their situation was anything but normal, but neither one willing to even look away at this point for more than a moment. As the strip show turned live sex show turned into an orgy, the two of them decided to test out their Harry-sized dildos, each one well aware that they would get to experience the real thing someday.