

## Chapter 2

Harry woke curled against his fiancée's back, his hand cupping her naked breast. Smiling, he softly kissed her neck and caressed her smooth globe, gently rousing her.

"Mmh, morning," Daphne murmured.

"Morning, love," Harry said.

When she rolled onto her back with a smile, he leaned down and kissed her on the lips.

"As much as I'd love to have an early morning romp, I'm anxious to see how my mother reacts after yesterday," Daphne said.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" Harry asked, watching her face closely.

"This isn't the first time I've brought another witch into our bed," Daphne smiled.

"Yeah, but she's not one of our friends," Harry said. "This is your mum we're talking about."

"That just makes it hotter," Daphne whispered, trailing her nail down his bare chest.

Harry chuffed with laughter and smiled widely.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you, too," Daphne replied.

Sitting up, she kissed him passionately before hopping out of bed. Harry smiled as his eyes raked over her naked, hourglass figure.

“Oh, and we need to pick up a camera this weekend,” Daphne said.

Stretching her arms over her head, she smirked when she caught him eyeing her large, tear drop shaped breasts. Harry quirked his brow.

“Do you really want your dad to see you naked?” Harry asked.

“I want him to suffer,” Daphne scowled. “That bastard was going to sell me like cattle to whatever Death Eater would get him an in with Voldemort. I told him it was a mistake betting against you, and now I’m going to prove it.”

Harry gave her a sympathetic look.

“If it’ll make you feel better, we’ll get a camera and send him as many pictures as you want,” he promised.

Daphne smiled and climbed back onto the bed. She crawled toward him on her hands and knees, prowling like a leopard about to strike.

“Speaking of mistakes, we need to make my sister realize she’s making one with Draco,” she said, pausing to smirk as he cupped her breasts. “Who knows, maybe, if you’re lucky, you can complete the set.”

It took Harry a second to realize what she meant. When he did, his eyes widened.

“Now, come on,” Daphne said, kissing him briefly. “I want to watch you turn my mother into your slut.”

With excitement sparkling in her bright, ice blue eyes, she hopped off of him and strutted into the bathroom. Smiling and shaking his head, Harry got up and followed after her, thanking Merlin for his devious, kinky fiancée.

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After a long, hot shower, they made their way to the kitchen. Daphne smirked over her shoulder, glancing at the prominent bulge straining against the front of his pants. She teased him mercilessly in the shower but refused to relieve him.

“You know I’m going to make you pay for that later,” Harry grumbled.

“I know,” Daphne smirked, spinning around and caressing his cock. “But I want you nice and hard for when Mother finally stops hiding in her room.”

“And if she isn’t wearing her robe?” Harry asked, arching his brow.

Daphne opened her mouth to respond but stopped before a word could leave her lips. Looking over his shoulder, she closed her mouth and grinned. Following her gaze, Harry smiled as Evelyn stepped into the kitchen nervously. Her hands fiddled with the sash of her silk robe while she trapped her bottom lip between her perfect teeth. With a gentle push from Daphne, he walked over to her, his hands coming up to rest on her hips.

Evelyn looked up when he roughly pushed her back against the wall, his straining erection grinding against her thigh. Harry watched her cheeks flush as he slowly leaned forward, her chest rising and falling sharply when he paused with their lips less than an inch apart.

“I’m going to enjoy ruining you,” Harry said, his voice low and deep.

Evelyn’s eyes widened, her breath catching in her throat.

“Did you do what I told you?” he asked, caressing her sides.

Swallowing thickly, she nodded.

“Show me,” Harry said firmly.

Evelyn’s eyes fell to the floor as her hands shakily reached up to tug at the sash holding her robe closed. As the robe parted, she slowly dropped her hands to her sides. Harry’s eyes raked over the inch-wide gap that revealed her pale, bare skin and bald mound. Pressing his index finger to her chest, he ran it downwards, causing her to shiver as it glided between her breasts, over her flat stomach and smooth mound, until he brushed her folds. A small gasp left her lips, her hips jerking forward to follow his finger as he pulled it away.

“Good girl,” Harry growled.

Evelyn’s eyes sparkled brightly as she gazed up at him. For a moment, he felt saddened by just how starved for affection she was. How a man could ignore a witch as beautiful as her, he had no idea. Reaching up, he stroked her cheek tenderly. Evelyn closed her eyes and leaned into his touch, her face turning to kiss his palm.

They both froze when they heard the sound of footsteps coming down the stairs. Harry stepped back while Evelyn tied her robe. She turned away just as Astoria entered the kitchen, her perky breasts barely covered and bouncing enticingly under her thin, silk nightie.

“Morning,” Harry said brightly.

“What are you so happy about?” Astoria sneered.

She brushed past him, her breast brushing his arm. Harry was utterly confused as he watched her walk to the table. On the one hand, she made it abundantly clear she didn’t like him, but on

the other, she seemed to be trying to gain his attention. Sharing a glance with Daphne, she quirked her lips and shrugged.

“How can you be so happy this early in the morning?” Astoria grumbled, sitting next to Daphne and snatching a piece of toast.

“Showers,” Daphne smirked. “Nice *long, hard* showers.”

Astoria’s face reddened as she glared at her sister.

“Please, I don’t need to know what you and your boyfriend get up to in the morning,” she said.

“You asked,” Daphne pointed out.

Taking the seat across from Daphne, Evelyn finished making the coffee and brought four cups over to the table. After handing them out, she took the seat to Harry’s right.

“Are you going to see Draco today?” she asked, looking at Astoria.

“No,” Astoria pouted. “He’s going on a business trip to Italy.”

“You didn’t want to go with him?” Harry asked curiously.

Astoria flushed and glared.

“It’s a business trip,” she spat. “He doesn’t need a distraction.”

Harry ignored her attitude and shared a glance with his fiancée. He couldn't imagine going to a place like Italy and not taking her along. Shrugging his shoulders, he ate with his left hand while reaching over to Evelyn's lap with his right. She stiffened in her seat when his hand landed on her thigh and glanced at him nervously out of the corner of her eye. Giving her a crooked grin, he slipped his hand under her robe and caressed her bare skin.

At first, Evelyn kept her legs close together, but a gentle nudge of his finger was all it took to get her to spread them apart. Wedging his hand between her warm thighs, his middle finger teased the outside of her smooth folds. Shifting in her seat, she focused on her plate, hiding her flushed cheeks behind a curtain of golden blonde hair.

"So, does that mean you'll be staying around the house with us today?" Daphne asked.

"No," Astoria said, much to Harry's relief. "I'm going out shopping with Greta."

Standing up, she leaned over the table for another piece of toast. Her nightie fell forwards, giving Harry a good look at her expansive breasts. She stayed like that and wiggled more than necessary, causing her pale pink areolas to peek out a couple of times. When she sat back down, Harry shared a look with his smirking fiancée and wiggled his eyebrows. Oddly, Astoria frowned and pouted when Daphne chuckled.

Sliding his finger along Evelyn's damp slit, he waited until his fingertip was good and wet before slipping it between her folds. She inhaled sharply, her fork clattering loudly to her plate.

"What's wrong with you?" Astoria asked.

Evelyn fanned her red face.

"Hot," she mumbled.

Astoria rolled her eyes but was kind enough to pass her mother a glass of pumpkin juice. With a mumbled thanks, Evelyn drank deeply, a small trickle leaking from the corner of her lips. As a drop fell from her chin and landed between her breasts, Harry was sorely tempted to lean over and clean it up with his tongue. Fortunately, Astoria ate quick before standing up to leave.

“Are you done teasing my fiancée already?” Daphne asked with a smirk.

“W-what?” Astoria sputtered, her cheeks going pink. “I wasn’t-”

“I’m not stupid, Stori,” Daphne interrupted. “I saw you rubbing your tits on him and giving him a look down your top. Not that I mind, really. I mean, I get all the benefits. You get him worked up, and I get a workout.”

Harry snorted and covered his mouth to hide his smile. Astoria turned bright red, her mouth working silently as she stared at her smirking sister. Closing her mouth with a snap, she glared at Daphne. Stomping her foot, which sent her breasts jiggling, she turned and stormed out of the room.

“Any idea what that was about?” Harry asked.

With Astoria gone, he slipped two fingers into Evelyn’s steamy depths. Legs shaking, she moaned long and low.

“I’m not sure,” Daphne said thoughtfully. “I’ll find out, though.”

Harry shrugged, deciding to leave it up to her. He’d long ago given up on even trying to understand women. Moaning, Evelyn shuddered and tensed her legs around his hands as a gush of arousal soaked his fingers.

“Someone was excited,” Harry smirked, surprised she’d climaxed so quickly.

Evelyn groaned when he slipped his fingers out of her and caressed the outside of her folds softly. A moment later, Astoria, now dressed properly, walked past the kitchen without a glance in their direction. Seconds after that, they heard the *whoosh* of the Floo.

Standing up, Harry took Evelyn by the hand and pulled her to her feet. Untying her robe, he pushed it off of her shoulders, sending it pooling on the kitchen floor. She shifted nervously from foot to foot as he gazed appreciatively at her body.

“I’m going to give you a safe word,” Harry said, walking around to look at her bum. “I don’t care how much you beg. I don’t care how much you plead. I don’t care how much you scream. I’m not going to stop until you say that word. Understood?”

Evelyn gulped and nodded, but Harry was satisfied with that response.

*Smack!*

She yelped when his hand impacted her bum sharply, causing her full, round cheeks to ripple. Gripping her hair, he pulled back harshly and pressed himself against her back.

“I asked you a question,” Harry growled.

“Yes,” Evelyn replied quickly.

“Good,” Harry said, relaxing his grip and caressing her stomach. “The safewords are yellow to slow down and red to stop. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Evelyn panted.

“Sir?” Harry asked, his erection twitching in his pants. “Mmh, I like that.”



Wrapping both arms around her, he cupped and squeezed both of her breasts while kissing and sucking at her neck. Evelyn moaned, leaning the back of her head on his shoulder. Glancing over at Daphne, they shared a smile before he tweaked her mother's nipples lightly.

"I think you owe someone a thank you," Harry murmured.

"Thank you, sir," Evelyn hissed.

Chuckling, he pinched her nipples and gave them a tug.

"Not me," he told her. "Your daughter. This was all her idea."

"Thank you," Evelyn said gratefully, looking at Daphne.

"You're welcome," Daphne smirked.

Smiling, Harry kissed Evelyn's neck before taking her hand and leading her into the living room. Taking a seat on the couch, he waited until she was sitting next to him before placing his hand on her head and guiding it to his lap.

"Take it out," he told her.

Evelyn shifted to her knees on the couch and eagerly opened his trousers. Her hot breath washed over his cock as it sprang free, bobbing in front of her. Using one hand for support, she used the other to grip his length and stroked it lightly. Harry placed a hand on the back of her head, pushing lightly until she took the tip of his cock between her lips.

"Fuck," Harry hissed.

When the couch dipped next to him, he looked up and smiled at Daphne. She kissed him on the lips while he ran his fingers through her mother's hair. While his fiancée settled against his side, he watched as Evelyn bobbed her head languidly.

"I think we should pick up a few toys when we go shopping this weekend," Harry said.

Running his hand over Evelyn's body, he groped her dangling breast.

"Like what?" Daphne asked.

"Ropes, vibrators, a few outfits..." Harry listed thoughtfully. "Maybe we could even pick up a collar and leash."

Evelyn moaned around his length while Daphne rubbed her thighs together, her eyes sparkling excitedly. Grinning at the head of blonde hair bobbing in his lap, he ran his fingers down her spine and patted her upturned bum.

"Are all Greengrasses this kinky?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"Only the women," Daphne replied. "Although, I'm not too sure about my sister."

"Considering she practically flashed me this morning, she might be an exhibitionist," Harry offered.

"Or a masochist," Daphne snorted. "She is dating Malfoy."

Harry chuckled as Evelyn shivered and bobbed her head faster. Looking down, he smiled while running a hand over her bare back. He had a pretty good idea she was enjoying the slight humiliation of sucking his cock while he had a casual conversation with her daughter.

Running a hand through her golden lock, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and gently lifted her head from his lap. Evelyn groaned pleasurably as she shifted to her knees. Grabbing her hips, Harry pulled her onto his lap. Lifting his hand in front of her, he snapped his fingers. In an instant, his clothes flew off of him. Evelyn gaped at the display of wandless magic, something that most witches and wizards weren't capable of.

Harry smirked as Daphne let out a trembling breath. She always got excited when he showed just how powerful he was. Evelyn clutched at his neck when he suddenly stood up. Setting her on her feet, he spun her around and pulled her back flush with his chest. With a wave of his hand, the legs of the oak coffee table grew until it was sitting at waist height. He heard Evelyn's breathing increase as he walked her forward and bent her over it.

As soon as her chest touched the wood, Harry snapped his fingers again. Smooth, black ropes appeared out of nowhere and wrapped around her back and legs, binding her to the coffee table. Caressing her bum, he watched as a drop of arousal trailed down her leg.

"You like this?" Harry asked with a smirk, following the drop back up her leg with his finger. "You like being tied up, completely helpless? I mean, right now, I can do anything I want."

Raising his hand, he brought it down with a *smack* on her ass.

"Oh, Morgana!" Evelyn gasped.

"Is this what you want?" Harry asked, placing the head of his cock at the entrance to her hot, dripping folds.

Evelyn whimpered and tried to wiggle her hips.

"Answer me!" Harry barked with another stiff spank.

"Yes!" Evelyn cried. "Merlin, Harry, please."

“Please, what?” he asked, dragging his head up and down between her drooling folds.

“Fuck me,” Evelyn whispered. “Please, fuck me.”

Smiling, Harry pressed his cock forward and slipped slowly into her tight, wet depths. He groaned as her walls fluttered around his shaft. Bottoming out, he groaned, flexing his hips to get as deep as possible. Evelyn shuddered, a low, long moan escaping her lips. Gripping the coffee table, Harry leaned over her back and began thrusting. Starting slowly at first, he gradually sped up, his hips colliding with her bum and causing the pale, round globes to ripple alluringly.

Evelyn moaned and grunted from his powerful thrusts. She managed to wriggle her arms free and clutched at the other end of the table, clutching it in a white-knuckled grip. Only seconds later, Harry grunted when she tightened around him, a scream leaving her lips from a thunderous climax. Smacking her ass, he hissed at the feeling of her spasming depths and slowed his thrusts slightly as she recovered.

A pair of arms wrapped around his waist, and he looked over his shoulder with a smile. Daphne had stripped out of her clothes and pressed herself against his back.

“Let me see,” she whispered excitedly.

Smirking, Harry leaned back, giving her a good look at the place his cock was buried. Easing his way in and out of her still spasming depths, he and Daphne watched as her folds clung to his thick shaft.

“Merlin,” Daphne gasped. “Look how much your stretching her. You’re ruining my mother with your fat cock.”

Walking around him, she climbed up onto the table and straddled her mother's hips. Evelyn gasped when Daphne gripped her cheeks and spread them apart, allowing her to watch his length move in and out of her.

"Harder," Daphne breathed.

Smiling, Harry did as she asked. Evelyn moaned from his long, powerful thrusts. The loud smack of his thighs colliding with her bum filled the room. Feeling Evelyn start to tighten around him already, he pulled back and paused, his head poised at her entrance. She groaned pitifully, her hips flexing mindlessly as she tried to find some sort of relief. After waiting a few moments to let her calm, he plunged into her depths, drawing a sharp gasp from her lips.

Over and over again, Harry pounded into Evelyn, only to pull out and rest as she was on the verge of climaxing. After what must have been the tenth time, she finally broke.

"Harry, please!" Evelyn begged.

"Please, what?" Harry asked, the head of his cock teasing her entrance.

"Please let me cum," she panted.

"No," Harry told her.

Before she could reply, he speared into her depths and pounded away furiously. As her mother moaned and groaned pitifully, Daphne panted with excitement and rolled her hips, rubbing her dripping folds against the small of her back. Smirking, Harry reached up and squeezed her breasts roughly before leaning forward and giving her a passionate kiss.

"Move," he said, patting her hips.

Looking at him curiously, she did as he asked. Pulling out of Evelyn, he walked back to the couch and took a seat. With a snap of his fingers, the ropes holding her to the coffee table vanished.

“Come here,” Harry ordered.

Standing up, Evelyn wobbled on rubbery legs. She didn't even make it a single step before she fell to her hands and knees. Blushing brightly, she crawled towards him and stared up at him hopefully from between his legs.

“Good girl,” he said softly, stroking her cheek.

Patting his thigh, she climbed eagerly into his lap. Quickly, she guided his cock to her entranced and dropped down with a moan.

“So beautiful,” Harry murmured, his hands reaching up to caress her bouncing breasts.

Evelyn barely reacted. Her eyes stared into the distance, unfocused, as she rode him frantically, desperate to finally reach her climax. He watched her closely and listened to her breathing. As soon as she showed the first signs of getting close, he grabbed her hips and held her still. Evelyn whined, begging him with her eyes.

Glancing to the side, Harry smirked. Suddenly, he turned and pressed Evelyn's back against Daphne's chest. Hooking her legs over his arms, he started hammering into her furiously, a wet slapping filling the room. Daphne wrapped her arms around her as Harry plowed her depths. Evelyn threw her head back in a silent scream, eyes wide as she clutched frantically at the cushions.

“Cum,” Harry ordered.

With one last thrust, Evelyn finally tipped over the edge. With her face scrunched up in unbearable pleasure, she arched her back impressively. Harry slipped out of her depths as a

fountain of arousal arched from her folds. Heedless of the mess, he lined himself back up with her entrance and slammed back in. Evelyn screamed, her arms wrapping around his neck as he chased after his own peak.

After several hard thrusts that drew grunts from her lips, Harry buried himself to the hilt and erupted in her depths. Evelyn moaned and shuddered under him, her body jerking spasmodically as she tried to catch her breath. Grinding his hips forward, Harry flooded her core with a torrent of hot, white cum.

It took several moments for Harry to recover. When he did, he lifted Evelyn away from Daphne and cradled her to his chest. Tiredly, she kissed and nuzzled against his neck. Next to them, Daphne leaned back and fingered herself furiously. Remembering how she'd teased him that morning, Harry decided it was time for her punishment. With a snap of his fingers, she yelped in surprise when her hands were bound to her waist.

"Harry," Daphne whined.

"I told you I was going to punish you for teasing me this morning," he smirked.

Moving Evelyn so that she was sitting next to him, Harry grabbed Daphne's bound wrists and pulled her towards him. Caressing her cheek, he moved his hand to the back of her head and pushed it toward his lap. Panting excitedly, she licked her lips as she stared at his damp length.

"Clean me up, and you can cum," Harry said. "Or, you can wait until later tonight."

Daphne didn't even hesitate to take his length into her mouth. Evelyn gasped, watching her wide eyed.

"Do you ever expect to see your daughter do something like this?" he asked.

Biting her lip, Evelyn shook her head.

“Did she ever tell you how we started dating?” Harry asked.

“She told me you asked her to Hogsmeade after she tutored you in Potions,” Evelyn said.

“Oh, really?” Harry smirked, running his hand through Daphne’s hair.

“Is that not true?” Evelyn asked.

“Not even close,” Harry chuckled. “Your daughter pulled me into a classroom, told me I was now her boyfriend. She wanted the best wizard of our generation as her husband, and apparently, she thinks that’s me. Then, she dropped to her knees and gave me a blowjob while Tracey stayed outside, keeping an eye out for prefects.”

“She didn’t,” Evelyn said, laughing incredulously.

“Yep,” Harry grinned. “Your daughter’s a complete and utter slut, but she’s my slut, and I love her for it. There were so many times I felt overwhelmed, and she was always there for me.”

Smiling tenderly, he caressed Daphne’s hair. Moaning, she dove down and took him into her throat. Harry grinned as he relaxed back against the couch, his fiancée’s wonderful mouth on his cock, and her beautiful, naked mother curled against his side.