

"The Burrow." Harry threw a handful of floo powder down into the fireplace and disappeared in a blaze of emerald flames. It was a pleasantly warm Sunday morning, and he was headed over for the weekly family breakfast. While he wasn't technically part of the family, Arthur and Molly always insisted that he come along.

What he wasn't expecting was the utter cacophonous chaos that would greet him, "It's absolutely ridiculous! How could they begin to think that this is the right thing to do?!" He didn't know if he'd ever heard Hermione quite that hysterical before.

"I'm of half a mind to go over to the Ministry and give Kingsley a piece of my mind!" Molly added sounding utterly furious.

"It could be for the best, especially with everything that happened in the war." Percy tried to play devil's advocate for... whatever was going on, but was quickly shouted down by the rest of the family and friends. Whatever else had changed, Harry was unsurprised to hear the former Head Boy supporting whatever stance the Ministry was holding.

Walking in from the sitting room, Harry found the entirety of the Weasley clan sitting around the table. And none of them looked pleased, "I take it something's happened." Every eye turned toward him as they all quieted down.

"Morning, Harry, dear." Molly bustled over and offered a chair, "Let me get you a spot of tea. Breakfast will be ready in just a minute."

"Thank you, Mrs. Weasley," he said graciously, "So what is it?"

"I'm guessing you haven't seen the paper this morning, have you mate?" Ron pushed the paper toward him and pointed to the bold, top headline. ***New Marriage Law Signed by Minister Shacklebolt.*** Underneath it was a picture of Kingsley smiling from behind a desk, quill in hand.

"Alright..." if there was one thing he knew from seven years as Hermione's friend, it was that he wasn't going to need to read the actual article. She'd happily sum it up for him far more concisely than it was written.

"It's an obligatory marriage law, Harry." She started shaking her head as though it was ridiculous, "They're forming a team, led by the Unspeakables, who are going to pair unmarried adult wizards and witches deemed compatible... and **force them** to get married. 'For the continued welfare of Britain's magical society.'"

"That sounds like utter bollocks," Harry snapped angrily, and he knew that Hermione must be properly peeved since she didn't even think to comment on his language, "They can't just make people get together."

"Try telling them that." Ginny spoke up, "They were very detailed in this new law. The punishments are... harsh to say the least. Lose your wand at best sort of punishments."

"And with Voldemort only just gone... they probably think people won't have the stomach for another fight." Arthur looked tired, as though he'd had a particularly trying week at the Ministry. *Which is probably true. Can't imagine he's one of the people who just took this lying down.*

"I'm going to get my parents back from Australia in a week, and I'm of half a mind to stay there when I do." There were some sympathetic nods. Ron grabbed her hand as a show of support, and she only gave him a small smile in return. The pair had decided they weren't right for each other after giving it a go for the first month after the war. *Probably for the best now. They might've been split up anyway.*

"I just count myself lucky that I'm already married." Bill had his arm around his lovely wife.

"For more than one reason, I'm sure." Fleur gave him a wry smile.

"Of course, dear." That managed to get a chuckle from everyone.

"I'll go and have a conversation with Kingsley in the morning," Harry assured them all, "I'm the man who killed Voldemort, maybe I'll be able to do **something**." *Kingsley always struck me as reasonable in the past, I'm sure he'll come to his senses.*

"Breakfast." Mrs. Weasley announced as she started floating plates onto the table. With that, the topic was dropped as they enjoyed her delicious cooking.

"No." That deep baritone rumbled low in Kingsley's chest.

"What?" The words had barely left his mouth before he'd been refused, and quite firmly as well.

"No." He said again, not a hint of doubt on his face, "It's simple, Harry. The law has been passed. It **is** the best thing for magical Britain. Two wars in less than two decades have left the population decimated. Hogwarts next class will be half of what it was just seven years ago. Those numbers aren't sustainable. There needs to be a change."

"But you're forcing people to get married! It's ridiculous!"

"To the uninformed, maybe. But in reality, it's necessary." Kingsley didn't flinch in the face of his anger.

"All you're going to succeed in doing is driving more people away. How many people are just going to leave the country because of this?"

"A fair few, I would guess. But more people will stay than leave..." He sounded surprisingly certain.

"Hermione's already considering it, you know? Do you really want to lose one of the brightest witches in Britain over this?"

"She'll change her mind. Quite a few people will, especially when the hero of the war comes out in support of the law."

"You must be joking?" Harry scoffed at the sheer audacity of the older man.

"I'm really not." Kingsley shook his head, "Everything you did against Voldemort was for the good of the ordinary witch and wizard. So is this. Once you understand that, and understand just how dire the situation will be if we don't do this, I know you'll do the right thing. It's who you are, Harry."

"You don't know me nearly as well as you think you do." For some reason, he didn't sound nearly as certain as he thought he should.

"We'll see." Kingsley leaned forward with a frown, "I don't understand the reluctance anyway... most people would be relieved to know that they're with someone compatible. The Unspeakable in charge have delved into the topic of love and compatibility for their entire careers." *Well... I guess there's some truth to that. Merlin knows dating can be a bit of nightmare if you pick the wrong person. Just look at me and Cho.*

By the time he left the office later that afternoon, he found himself of an entirely different mind.

Sitting at his kitchen table, foot bouncing away beneath it, he waited nervously for an owl. *Well today's the day.* Ron, Hermione and Ginny were all there as well. Despite her threats, his bushy-haired friend had relented, as swayed by the Minister's arguments in the end as he'd been. Ginny wasn't seventeen yet, and so she was just there for moral support.

There was a paper in the center of the table, a moving picture of the Golden Trio front and center. **War Heroes Support New Law.** It was old now, almost a month old, but it'd been instrumental in securing the support of the rest of magical Britain for the new law.

There was a hoot as a Ministry owl came in through an overhead window. It was carrying three envelopes, one for each of them. Neatly embroidered with gold filagree and sealed with blue wax, they'd definitely made them look official. Taking them, the owl was gone as quickly as it'd come.

They all hesitated, none of them wanting to go first, each of them just staring down at the envelope that would alter their lives. Ginny was the one who spoke up, "Well, come on then. Get on with it! No use delaying it now." She was still a bit upset that they'd relented to begin with. It put a nail in the coffin of any hope that he and the youngest Weasley would ever get back together.

Ron opened his first, eyes scanning along the paper quickly, he groaned when he got to the name, "Oh bloody hell..."

"Who is it?"

"Padma Patil..." He thumped his head down against the table.

Ginny snickered at her older brother, "Well... you can't do any worse than the last time you went on a date with her. And look on the bright side... this time you have now choice."

"Shut up, Ginny... really not helping."

"Who said I was here to help."

Hermione ignored their banter and broke the seal on her own letter. She sighed in relief, when she saw the name written there, "Oliver Wood."

"Seriously?" Harry guffawed, "Mr. Quidditch is your perfect match?"

"According to the Unspeakables," she shrugged her shoulders, "Suppose I can't complain... I could've gotten someone like Malfoy."

"Oh, the poor girl that ends up with that pillock." Ron snorted.

"If there's any justice, he'll have to suffer Pansy for the rest of his life... or Millicent... or maybe they'll just make an exception and give him Goyle. I assume they've been bugging each other for years anyway."

"Please Harry... that isn't a mental image I needed." Hermione held her hand up to her mouth as she gagged.

Chuckling, he broke the seal on his envelope and started reading over the letter. *Writing to inform you... yada yada...* They had the good sense to just underline and bold the name so that people didn't have to waste their time with the formalities.

"So..." his friends were looking at him expectantly.

"Daphne Greengrass?" The name honestly didn't ring any bells for him.

Ron whistled, "That's one good looking bird, Harry." Ginny and Hermione reached over and smacked him in the back of the head, "What, it's true!"

Hermione frowned, looking rather put out by his new partner, "You have no idea who she is, do you?"

Harry shook his head, "Sounds vaguely familiar."

Ginny snorted, "It's a wonder that so many people like you."

"Well, you shared classes with her for six years so it should." That really didn't help him in the slightest, there were Gryffindors in their year that he barely talked to, and they shared a living space. At his blank look, she continued, "She's a Slytherin, blonde, quite pretty..." begrudgingly she added, "Fantastic student."

Harry shrugged his shoulders, "Well, I guess I'm going to be getting to know her a good deal better."

"So, the wedding..." They were technically already married under the new law, but that didn't mean his new wife didn't deserve a wedding. *And her mother certainly seems eager enough to plan one.*

"Will need to be equal both to our status as one of the Sacred Twenty-Eight, and yours as the Man-Who-Conquered." Annabel Greengrass told him in a tone that brooked no argument. She was a pretty woman with golden blonde hair and turquoise-colored eyes. And she was quite pleasant, which was more than he could say for anyone else in the room.

Her husband, Cyril, had said nothing more than a simple hello when he arrived. He sat next to his wife staring at Harry with bright blue eyes that his eldest daughter inherited. Daphne, who looked like she'd gotten the best from both of her parents, was just beside her father and had said even less. *Better than being cursed, I suppose.*

If it were entirely up to him, they'd do something small and quiet with only their closest friends and family. *Though like most things in my life, I don't have much of a choice.* "That's acceptable." He agreed, wanting to make this process as easy as possible, "I take it you'd be happy to plan on our behalf... with our input of course."

Annabel looked genuinely ecstatic at the idea, "I'd love to." She stood, and her husband did too, "I think I should get right on that. We'll want to have it done before the summer is over, I'm sure." She glanced at her daughter, who kept just staring at him stonily, "I think it would be best for us to leave you two

alone... to get to know each other better. This has all been quite quick, after all." Cyril said nothing as the couple headed out and left him alone with his new wife. *Merlin, that's going to take some getting used to.*

The door clicked shut as the elder Greengrasses left them alone. He ran a hand through his messy black hair, not sure what to say. Eventually, he settled on, "Hermione tells me you're an exceptional student."

Daphne snorted out a laugh, "I imagine she admitted **that** begrudgingly. Granger can't stand me, and trust me the feeling is mutual." *Oh, that's just brilliant isn't it. My best friend and new wife are enemies.* "By the way, if you paid attention to something other than yourself while we were at Hogwarts, you might have already known that."

"Sorry if I had bigger concerns than the academic ability of a Slytherin I never said two words to." He couldn't keep the sarcasm from dripping through. *How is it that we're compatible with one another exactly? Because I'm really not seeing it.*

Under her breath, he just heard her say, "And whose fault is that?" Before she continued more loudly, arms crossed beneath her admittedly impressive chest, "Seems like a poor excuse for being completely oblivious. Tell me, were you even able to put a face to my name when you got your letter?"

"Honestly, no. Sorry to tell you, but you're not that memorable." He admitted coolly. It was unfair, considering she really was a stunning young woman, but she wasn't exactly giving him a reason to be nice.

Her nostrils flared in irritation, "You're nothing more than a boorish, buffoon of a Gryffindor. You wouldn't know good manners if they slapped you in the face."

Ire right and properly raised, he bit back, "Says the prissy, pureblood princess who started this conversation by being an absolute nightmare."

"I'm the nightmare?!" Her voice cracked as she stood, her breathing was heavy, and she had a wild look in her eye, "You started this little tete-a-tete by telling me what another woman thinks of me!"

"Oh, did it bruise your ego to have me mention one of my **best friends**? Well, get used to it." He stood and towered over her by about a whole head. Their difference in height didn't deter her though as she glared up at him. She really was beautiful, flush cheeked and anger in her pale blue eyes, "Sounds to me like you're just jealous that I didn't give you the time of day in school."

She stuttered and stammered, out of what looked like embarrassment, not anger, "Oh please... don't... don't flatter yourself!"

The grin that came to his lips was confident, as he knew he'd gotten right to the heart of the matter, "I'm not flattering myself at all, am I Daphne? You're playing the offended, reluctant bride, but in reality, you couldn't be happier, could you?" Her cheeks grew a vibrant rosy red, and her glare intensified, "Has the prissy little pureblood been fantasizing about the Gryffindor Golden boy?" He didn't much like referring to himself like that, but it was how just about everybody else viewed him.

Her mouth opened and closed uselessly as she tried to come up with an answer. They were so close now, close enough that her soft breasts pressed against his chest. Despite her denials, there was no denying the poke of her stiff nipples, "De... delusional, you're mad..."

“No, I’m not.” Her breath hitched as he brought his hand up to her slender neck, “I’m right. You’re gagging for it, aren’t you? You want a brave, reckless, **buffoon** to take you in hand and show you your proper place, don’t you?”

“No,” she managed to say far more firmly than he would have thought. But then her eyes fluttered shut as he tickled the back of her neck with his fingertips. On impulse, he leaned down and captured her pouty lips. She squeaked in the back of her throat, but she didn’t push him away. No, in fact, it was pure electricity, like nothing he’d ever felt before. Cho had been miserable, and Ginny had been comfortable, but this was something entirely different. As he demanded entrance with his tongue, she didn’t hesitate to let him in.

One hand slid down her tight body, and he grabbed a handful of her peachy bum as he pulled away. She tried to follow him, tried to keep that wonderful contact, but he wasn’t allowing it. Whining cutely, she pulled on the collar of his shirt, “More!”

“No,” he commanded, and that brought her up short, “not yet. If you want more, you’re going to have to do something for me first.”

Her fingers traced along his chest through his shirt as she nodded her head obediently, “Anything.” The single word was low and lusty, and sent a spark of need right down his spine. *Amazing what a difference a few minutes can make.*

“Admit that you want a Gryffindor half-blood to put you in your place. Tell me how badly you want this... how badly you want me.”

For a just a second, he saw that fiery reluctance burn in her eyes, but it turned to panic the moment he started pulling away from her, “I want it! Please, I’m just a spoiled little Slytherin princess who needs you.” Her fingers went to his trousers and traced the outline of his hardening member, “I’ve always wanted you. And you never gave me a second look!” She snarled the last and squeezed the crown of his cock, “The most beautiful girl in our year, maybe even in the whole school... and you wouldn’t even look in my direction.”

“And that just made you want it more, didn’t it?”

Groaning low in her throat, she managed to undo his belt and the snap of his trousers, “Yes... fuck, yes!” Together, they pushed his trousers and pants down and revealed his rigid cock, long and throbbing, lined with blue veins. Her eyes widened almost comically as she reached down to circle him with her soft hand, “Oh...”

Reaching down to still her hand, he told her, “Beg me. Beg your new husband for his cock.”

Eyes dark with desire, she panted out the words, pleading with him, “Please... please let me have your fat fucking cock! Please use your new little snake slut with your massive prick!”

With a growl, he pushed her to her knees. Running a hand along her cheek, he pushed his thumb into her mouth, and she sucked on it obediently, “Such pretty lips, I’m going to love seeing them wrapped around my cock. Every damn day from now on.”

He pulled his thumb free with a pop and angled his engorged knob toward her full lips. Without a word or hesitation, she opened them, ready and willing to have her gob stuffed. He thrust his hips forward,

half his sizable length sinking into her mouth before she gagged and choked. Her throat bulged and tears formed in her eyes, but she was looking up at him adoringly, "This is what you wanted isn't it, princess? To gag on this cock?"

Whimpering, she tried to push herself further down his shaft. *Gluck. Gluck.* She stabbed the back of her throat with his spongy crown as she tried to get him further into her gob, "Is that the best that you can do?" He taunted her, "Because any wife of mine needs to be able to throat every inch, you little snake slut." He twirled a strand of her hair between his fingers, "Guess I can't blame you. I can't imagine that any of those pampered pricks down in the dungeons measure up."

Her eyes lit up as she coughed around his prick. A wad of thick spittle lubed up his throbbing length. Stroking it into his cockflesh, she pulled up and panted out, "I... I wouldn't know. I nev... never let any... any of those limp-dicked bastards anywhere near me. They weren't man enough!"

Grinning from ear to ear, he guided her back to his cock, "That's **my** good wife." She moaned low in her throat as she went right back to getting as much of him into her throat as she could manage. Grabbing her golden blonde tresses in a ponytail, he started fucking her face. Thrusting at a nice steady pace, Daphne spit and choked and slurped to the best of her ability, hands kept dutifully at her side.

Who would have thought that the prissy little bitch wanted to be used so badly. Fortunately for her, he wanted to use her just as badly. She did her best to take more and more of him in each and every time he reached the back of her throat but didn't manage much. He didn't particularly care though, because she felt absolutely heavenly around his cock.

Then something ridiculously sexy happened, her luscious body shook and shuddered without anybody laying a single finger on her pussy. The simple act of being used so brazenly had caused her to cum, "Merlin... you really are a little slut, aren't you? Cumming in your pretty little dress without even touching yourself?"

That simple fact was enough to send him over the edge. If there was one thing he wanted to see more than anything in that moment, it was her beautiful face covered in white. Pulling himself free of her mouth, she moaned like a child denied her favorite toy as he started stroking himself off over her gorgeous face.

"Stick out your tongue, princess." Her eyes were on fire with need, as she stuck her tongue out eagerly. The cum shot out of his cock with a ferocity, and quantity the likes of which he'd never seen before. Thick and white and warm it covered her from chin to forehead, followed quickly by another and another.

"Oh..." Daphne moaned with every fresh batch of seed that covered her lily-white skin. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she shook through another mini orgasm. *Fuck me, if this hasn't taken a turn for the brilliant.*

"And I thought you were beautiful before." His new wife started scraping the sticky seed into her mouth, and he felt himself throb with renewed desire. If she was going to be such a fantastically depraved slut, he was certainly going to take advantage of it.

Grabbing her beneath the arm, he pulled her to her feet. *Rip*. He tore apart the top of her dress revealing the beautifully bouncy orbs beneath. They were soft and perfectly shaped, just big enough to fill his hands. But he wasn't done there.

Reaching between her thighs, a laugh rumbled low in his chest, "Planning on something, wife?" His fingers found the damp petals of her taut sex, completely bare. She was dripping down her thighs in her arousal.

Even though she was covered in his cum, she still blushed and tried to deny it, "No..."

"Don't lie to me." he commanded, pinching her puffy nipple between his fingers to get his point across.

Daphne opened her mouth in a silent scream, and struggled to reply, "I... I might've hoped..."

"Hoped that I'd decide to use your gorgeous body." He finished for her. She squeezed her eyes shut and nodded her head frantically.

"Yes..."

Walking around her, he leaned into her back. He felt her shiver as his hot breath touched her ear, "You're going to get your wish, princess." Quite adorably, she bounced on the heels of her feet in excitement, "Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir." It was said with such devotion. It made him feel powerful.

Effortlessly, he lifted the slender young woman up into his arms. He didn't know what exactly came over him, but he wanted her at his mercy. He wanted to use her, just like he had her mouth, and it excited them both.

Hooking his arms at her legs, he held her up in a full nelson. Her swollen, virginal hole kissed his spit-slick cockhead, "Put it in." He told her softly, the gentlest he'd been since they started. A stark contrast to the position he had her in.

Showing an impressive amount of flexibility, she managed to reach down and nestle his knob at the entrance of her pristine hole. Leaning her head back against his shoulder, she looked him in the eye, desperate and oh so ready, "Please."

Slow and steady, he dropped her down onto his prominent pillar. She cried out when he broke through her maidenhood, "Shhh princess... we'll get past it." Nodding her head, he felt her relax as he went deeper and deeper into her sheath until her snug lips were hugging his base.

She shook like a leaf in his arms, as he held her there, "What a perfect little cock-hugger. You're so hot and tight around me. You are going to spend so, so much of your life filled up with my cock" The lewd compliment made her smile.

"Please... use me." Daphne pleaded with him, soft and shy.

Harry lifted her until her taut lips were just beneath his crown. They desperately clung to him, like they never wanted to let go. Then he slammed her back down. A guttural, animalistic scream came from the gorgeous witch as that single thrust caused her to come undone. Her already wonderful sheath rippled

and shook around his length, and he had to steel himself not to fill her right then and there. *There's no way I'm going to be a one pump chump.*

Gliding her up and down along his shaft like his own personal sex-doll, which wasn't all that far from the truth, he started hammering away at her body. *Smack. Smack. Smack.* Every time he dropped her down, he thrust upward, smacking his hips into her perky bubble butt. Faster and faster, he hammered away at his new wife, reshaping her snug hole exclusively for his cock.

Squealing and moaning, a beautiful glisten of sweat covered her body as she flushed from one orgasm to the next. Her pussy squeezed and coaxed, trying to get the reward it so desperately wanted but he refused to give in. All the while, he held her aloft with his superior strength. Because he wanted her to know, to understand exactly what their relationship was going to be. He was setting a precedent with this singular fuck, and he wasn't going to stop for anything.

Slowly, he drove her out of her mind with pleasure. Her juices leaked from where they were joined to stain the very expensive rug beneath his feet. Mind-addled and nearly insensate, she babbled and whimpered as he kept her cumming again and again.

"Please..." She said weakly, head lolled against shoulder. Kissing him there, she begged, "Please... fill me up... I can't take anymore. You... you're too good!" She screamed the last word as she came yet again.

"You want my cum?" He could feel his muscles slowly fatiguing but he persevered.

Glassy-eyed, she managed to whisper out devoted and giddy, "More than anything."

"Any time I want you, you'll be ready to be used?"

"Yes! I'm your little Slytherin cumslut." Daphne managed to teeter back into lucidity, "A perfect set of hole's for your perfect Gryffindor cock."

"Perfect, princess." With that, he buried himself balls deep into her snug hole. Her puffy, abused pussy lips were stretched lewdly around him as he filled her up with a massive load. She twitched, muscles tight as she screamed through another peak. When he had her properly stuffed, he popped free of her abused hole. The last thing she managed to do was cup her sex to stop anything from slipping out.

Daphne was limp in his arms, exhausted and asleep in just a moment. Setting her down, he put her on her side on the couch and gave her a tender kiss on the brow. With a wave of his wand, she looked no worse for wear... well mostly, there was a hickey on her neck. And if anyone had flipped up her dress, they would have seen a trail of cum slowly running down the back of her thigh.

Knowing she would probably be out of it for quite a while, he decided to leave her to rest. *I think we said everything there was to say to one another anyway.*

As he made his way toward the Greengrass's floo, he ran into Annabel, "Oh Harry, that was quite the long conversation."

Considering he wasn't having hexes thrown his way, he could only assume that the rest of the family hadn't heard their little tryst, "My wife and I had quite a few things to work out."

"And?"

“We understand each other much better now.” He told her. *And isn't that a bloody understatement.*

“Fantastic.” Daphne’s mother looked about as pleased with that as he felt, “I’m sure we’ll be seeing more of you, then?”

“Oh, definitely. You can count on it.” With that he headed to the floo and back to Grimmauld Place. As he stepped out of the emerald flames, he begrudgingly had to acknowledge, that at least for him, the Ministry had gotten something right for once. *It was bound to happen eventually, I suppose.*