

A Family Affair

Chapter 1

Evelyn Greengrass Apparated onto her front lawn, sighing as she stared up at the large manor. She'd just come from Gringotts, where she'd spent hours talking to the Goblins and learning about just what she owned. Her former husband, Gerald, had never really let her know much about their finances, and now she was paying for it. They'd married for political reasons, her father signing the contract just hours after she was born. Now, with her father dead and her husband in prison for aiding the Death Eaters, it was up to her to take care of all the businesses.

Not that she would miss Gerald much. While he'd never been outright cruel, he'd always been cold and distant. He was the type that would rather spend the evening in his office or at work, making gold, rather than sitting with his family.

A large part of Evelyn envied the Muggle world at that moment. There, no one would bat an eye if a woman remarried. In the wizarding world, those of a higher station still looked down upon that sort of thing. She dearly wished she could find a man to take care of all of it for her. Evelyn had never been business savvy or confrontational, preferring to stay home and raise her two beautiful daughters.

Thankfully, her oldest daughter, Daphne, and her caring fiancée, Harry Potter, were staying to help her get things sorted. Unfortunately, her youngest, Astoria, was set on marrying that horrid Malfoy boy, hoping to rebuild his family name and reap the rewards.

It was ironic, Evelyn reflected. While at first glance Daphne appeared to be cold and distant, and Astoria appeared to be warm and caring, under the skin, they were the complete opposite. Astoria was far more concerned with improving her station and having a full vault than having a loving, caring husband like she was certain Harry would be. While Evelyn had spent the last few years worried about Daphne, she should've been far more worried about her youngest daughter. It made her wonder just where she'd gone wrong.

Shaking her head, Evelyn pushed open the front door and stepped inside. Her black heels clacked loudly on the ornate marble floor as she walked deeper into the house. With a sigh, she took off her shoes. Just as she was about to call out for her daughter and her fiancée, she heard an odd sound. Cocking her head to the side, her brow furrowed when she realized it was coming from Gerald's old office.

Walking over, she reached for the doorknob and paused. Her husband's office wasn't a place she'd ever been invited into before. Not that she ever cared to. Hearing the same odd, gurgling sound again, she shook her head and turned the knob gently. Her jaw dropped at what she saw inside.

Her eldest daughter, Daphne, a girl who'd earned the nickname of Ice Princess at Hogwarts, was on her knees, naked, and getting her mouth pummeled by a large, glistening cock. Daphne's pale throat bulged as the throbbing shaft surged forward, causing her to gag loudly as a tear fell from her eye. The sight was so shocking, so completely against everything she knew about her daughter, that Evelyn stood stock still in shock.

Suddenly, the large cock pulled back, inch after inch appearing from between her daughter's plump, pink lips. Her eyes widened in disbelief at just how much she'd managed to swallow. Even more shocking was her daughter's reaction. Daphne sucked in a deep breath before smiling as she leaned forward and kissed the engorged, dark red tip eagerly. Lashing it with her tongue, she stretched her lips around the bulbous tip, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked.

Until Evelyn heard the deep, masculine groan, she'd almost forgotten a second person was in the room. Her eyes trailed up his naked, muscular body up to his face. She, perhaps, shouldn't have been surprised to recognize her daughter's fiancée, but she was. Maybe because it was so out of character for the quiet, kind young man, she didn't expect him to be capable of some so...lewd.

Evelyn was starting to wonder if she really knew anything about anyone.

Harry reached out with his hand and caressed Daphne's cheek lovingly. A pang of jealousy reared its ugly head before she stamped it down ruthlessly. She should be happy her daughter had a man who loved her.

Evelyn's breath caught in her throat when his hand suddenly tightened in Daphne's thick blonde hair and yanked her head back roughly. Gripping his length by the base, he slapped it against her daughter's face. Daphne closed her eyes and moaned, clearly enjoying the humiliation. Thick strands of saliva, tears, and ruined makeup all mixed together, giving her the appearance of a Knockturn Alley whore.

Despite her shock, Evelyn felt a rush of excitement. A rush of heat flooded her core as her nipples hardened against the inside of her silk bra. The thought of stepping away never even occurred to her.

Drawing his hips back, Harry dragged the length of his cock across Daphne's face before placing his throbbing head at her lips. Her lips parted eagerly, stretching around his girth as he drove forward. Daphne gagged, her shoulder hunching, which sent her large, tear drop shaped breasts jiggling. Harry plunged into her throat mercilessly, yet her hands never left her thighs as she knelt obediently. Even as he thrust back and forth roughly, long strings of thick saliva dripping onto her chest, her pale blue eyes never left his.

"Fuck," Harry grunted, arching his hips forward and holding them there. "I'm cumming. Swallow it."

Holding his gaze, Daphne's eyes sparkled, a strained gurgle escaping her lips as she nodded. Gripping her head with both his hands, Harry let loose. Evelyn gulped as his large cock railed her daughter's throat. She clearly struggled to keep up with his frantic thrusts, but her eyes glinted with a familiar determination. Harry growled like a beast as he hammered her throat ruthlessly. Grunting, he pinned Daphne's nose to his groin, his cock buried to the hilt.

Evelyn panted as she watched his shaft pulse. Her daughter squirmed uncomfortably, hands flexing and gripping her thighs as she swallowed frantically. As she shifted to get a better look through the crack in the door, she felt the arousal soaking her knickers. After a few seconds, Harry finally pulled back. Daphne sucked in a desperate breath but never let him leave her mouth. Huffing through her nose, she sealed her lips around his head and sucked, draining every last drop of his powerful climax. With a low moan, she closed her eyes.

As Evelyn's eyes moved back to Harry, she was shocked to meet his bright green gaze. Fear and excitement rushed through her veins as they stared at each other, all while her daughter nursed his length. He gazed at her curiously, seconds passing like hours while Evelyn stood rooted to the spot.

Finally, he smiled and turned away, his hand stroking the top of Daphne's head like a favored pet. Abruptly, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her to her feet. She struggled to keep her balance as he dragged her over to the wide, immaculately organized desk and bent her over it.

Smack!

Daphne moaned wantonly as his hand collided with her bum, the thick, pale globe rippling violently.

"What would your father think if he saw you now?" Harry asked.

There was a moment of silence before he spanked her again, the skin already starting to turn pink.

"He'd call me a whore," Daphne panted, shaking her hips.

"That's because you are," Harry said.

If Evelyn wasn't so fearful of her daughter discovering her, she would've gasped. Never would she have expected Harry to treat her daughter like this or for Daphne to enjoy it.

"But you're my whore," Harry continued, his voice taking on a tender tone.

Caressing her bum softly for a moment, he spanked her again, hard, before grinding his rigid cock against her folds.

“Harry, please,” Daphne begged softly.

Pinning her hips to the desk with his, he fisted her hair and pulled, forcing Daphne’s back to arch impressively. She panted with arousal as his hand slowly trailed up to her chest. He groped her jutting breasts roughly before sliding his hand up further and wrapping it around her throat.

“You want me to fuck you here, in your dad’s office, on his desk?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Daphne hissed, rolling and wiggling her hips.

Smiling, Harry kissed behind her ear. Sliding his hands to her shoulder, he pushed her upper body down onto the desk, pinning her by the back of her neck. Evelyn was glad her daughter’s face was turned away as he looked over at her. Her breath hitched when their eyes met, his intense stare causing her to rub her thighs together unconsciously.

Holding Evelyn’s gaze, he slowly lined himself up with her daughter’s dripping folds. He paused, seconds passing as she held her breath, and Daphne wiggled impatiently. Suddenly, his hips snapped forward. Evelyn’s audible gasp was drowned out by Daphne’s cry of pleasure as he buried himself to the hilt in a single thrust.

Turning his attention back to Daphne, he fucked her with long, powerful strokes. Her daughter’s hands scabbled around the desk, sending papers, quills, and ink pots tumbling carelessly. Grunts and gasps left her throat with each hammering thrust, the legs of the desk screeching as they were jerked along the wooden floor.

Harry’s free hand alternated between caressing her back and smacking her ass, gradually turning the round, pale globe red. Every time Evelyn watched his long, thick cock plunge into Daphne’s clutching depths, she felt a sympathetic throb in her loins. She knew she should leave – she should’ve left minutes ago – but she couldn’t get her feet to move. It had been more than

fifteen years since she'd had sex, and it had never looked like this. Although she couldn't see her daughter's face, her helpless, pleasure filled cries told her just how much she was enjoying it.

Suddenly, Daphne screamed loud enough that Evelyn jumped. Her legs shook uncontrollably, her body quivering as she climaxed hard. The sound of Harry's thrusts took on a distinctly wet note each time his hips collided with her ass. His pace shifted suddenly, going from long and hard to short and fast. Daphne's scream had hardly stopped ringing in Evelyn's ear before she cried out again. Her daughter clawed at the desk as if she was desperate to get away from the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her body.

"Mine," Harry growled.

The possessiveness of his deep, rumbling tone sent a shiver down Evelyn's spine.

"Harry," Daphne panted, her voice barely above a whisper. "Please cum. I can't take much more. Please cum in me."

Evelyn ground her thighs together. Seeing her powerful, intelligent, willful daughter brought to the point of begging was powerfully arousing.

Growling, Harry let go of the back of her neck and gripped her shoulders. A staccato clapping filled the office as hips collided with her ass at a frantic pace. Daphne arched her back, her face scrunched up as a whine escaped her lips. Panting heavily, Harry hammered into her mercilessly before finally burying himself to the hilt with one final thrust. Leaning over her back, he grasped her breasts, kneading them roughly while he erupted inside of her.

As his climax came to an end, his touches turned soft and gentle. Caressing Daphne's chest, Harry trailed a line of kisses from her shoulder to her neck. Humming contentedly, she caressed his arm and turned her head so their lips met passionately.

Letting out a shaky breath, Evelyn blushed deeply and slipped away. In her mind, she couldn't believe she'd stayed as long as she had. As she berated herself in her head, wondering how she

would ever look her future son-in-law in the eye ever again, her feet swiftly carried her to her bedroom. Blinking in surprise when she found herself standing next to her bed, she bit her lips before giving in to her needs. With a wave of her wand, she locked and silenced the room before quickly stripping out of her clothes.

Running her hands over her body, she looked at herself in her vanity mirror. Being in her mid-thirties, her large breasts sagged slightly on her chest, and two children had left her hips and bum wider and thicker than they'd been in her twenties. Biting her lips, Evelyn brushed a lock of golden blonde hair behind her ear as she walked over and lay down on her bed.

Caressing her hot, sopping folds, she closed her eyes. At first, she tried to think of anything other than what she'd just witnessed, but that quickly proved futile. Any man she tried to envision quickly turned into Harry. Guiltily, she gave in to temptation. The thought of him walking up and taking her, using her, humiliating her in front of her daughter brought Evelyn to the most powerful climax she'd experienced since her marriage.

Too ashamed to leave her room and running into Harry, she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep. Unfortunately, even in her dreams, she couldn't escape his bright green gaze.

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"Your mum was watching us," Harry said.

Daphne lifted her head from his chest and quirked her eyebrow. They were still in Gerald's office. Harry was sitting naked in his chair while his fiancée curled up on his lap.

"Really?" she asked.

Harry nodded, "She was watching us for a while too. I hope she doesn't think badly of me. I was pretty rough."

“She won’t,” Daphne said, waving off his concern. “Mother knows how I feel about you. She knows I’d never let you treat me like that unless I wanted it.”

Smiling, Harry kissed her softly. With a smile of her own, Daphne laid her head on his chest.

“I wonder why she stayed,” she said thoughtfully.

“I don’t know,” Harry replied, caressing her back with his fingertips. “She looked pretty shocked at first, but then she looked... I don’t know – jealous, maybe.”

“Jealous?” Daphne said, her long nail drawing random designs on his bare chest. “That makes sense. You know my father was a bastard. I doubt he’s touched her since Astoria was born. He never did anything unless it raised our standing or filled our vault.”

Feeling her tense in his arms, Harry curled his fingers under her chin. Lifting her head, he kissed her passionately until she relaxed. Pulling back, she smiled softly.

“I wish my mum had met someone like you,” she sighed.

A moment later, a smirk came over her face. It was an expression Harry was quite familiar with.

“What are you up to?” he asked warily.

Daphne looked up at him, her eyes sparkling.

“How would you feel about fucking my mother?” she asked.

Evelyn reluctantly walked down to the kitchen the next morning. She was embarrassed she'd been unable to control herself the day before. It was still early, and she imagined Harry and Daphne were still in bed. Her stomach twisted as she wondered if he'd told Daphne. Despite that, Evelyn couldn't help but feel a flutter of excitement as her thoughts turned to what she'd seen yesterday.

Shaking her head, she turned and waved her wand to start the coffee. Just as it finished, Harry and Daphne walked into the kitchen.

"Good morning, mother," Daphne said.

"Good morning Daphne, Harry," Evelyn said, her eyes focused on her cup.

A moment later, she froze when she felt a hand on her hip. She didn't need to look back to know it was Harry. She stood completely still, her heart racing as he wrapped an arm around her waist while the other reached to pour himself a cup of coffee.

"Morning," Harry murmured.

He pressed himself flush against her back, and Evelyn inhaled sharply when she felt his erection press against her bum. Taking his time, he caressed her stomach, his hand stopping just short of the bottom of her breasts while he added milk and sugar. When he finally finished, he gave her a squeeze, ground his hips into her, and kissed her on the cheek. Then, he was gone.

Evelyn nearly sagged against the counter without his strong frame to support her. Struggling to control her breathing, she fought to ignore how good it felt to be held by him. Hands trembling as she clutched her coffee cup, she turned and froze when she made eye contact with her daughter.

Daphne's smirk told her she knew exactly what had happened yesterday, and she knew what Harry had done just now. Evelyn went through a rollercoaster of emotions as she gingerly sat down at the table.

“What do you two have planned for today?” she managed to ask eventually.

“Nothing much,” Daphne smirked.

Evelyn swallowed thickly, wondering what she was up to. Before she could work up the courage to ask, Astoria walked in. Unlike Harry and Daphne, she was still in her night clothes, a revealing silk tank top and a tiny pair of shorts. For a moment, she considered telling her to go change, but she didn’t want to start an argument. Astoria stared at the back of Harry’s head and huffed distastefully. Thrusting her chin into the air, she walked around to the other side of the table.

Pop!

“What can Kip get miss this morning?” their House Elf asked.

“Two eggs and toast,” Astoria said.

Bowing, Kip Disapparated back to the stove.

“Good morning, Astoria,” Evelyn said.

“Morning,” Storia yawned, stretching her arms above her head.

Her thin tank top pulled tightly across her chest. Evelyn shifted at the inappropriate display but kept her silence. Glancing at Harry, she was pleased to see him ignoring her youngest daughter’s antics in favor of whispering to his fiancée and kissing her on the cheek. Astoria made a face as Daphne turned to him and smiled.

“What do you have planned for today, dear?” Evelyn asked.

"I'm going to see Draco," Astoria said. "My boyfriend has a new business he's starting."

"Really? What kind?" Harry asked politely.

"That's none of your business," Astoria replied.

"Astoria," Evelyn scolded softly.

"It's fine," Harry said, smiling.

Evelyn didn't like her being so rude to him but let it go. After finishing her breakfast quickly, Astoria left to get changed and leave.

"Do you need help with anything from Gringotts?" Daphne asked.

"Oh, you don't need to waste your time with that," Evelyn said.

"We don't mind," Harry told her. "I'm not great at that kind of thing, but Daphne taught me a bit when I got my inheritance."

"What's most urgent?" Daphne asked.

Evelyn smiled gratefully, "The Apothecary, I think."

After finishing breakfast, they moved into the living room. Evelyn brought out a stack of papers from Gringotts just as Astoria Flooed to Malfoy Manor.

"I can't believe she actually wants to date that creep," Daphne said, shaking her head. "You know, you'd think she'd be a bit more grateful, considering you're the one that kept him and his mother out of Azkaban."

"Narcissa actually thanked me the last time I saw her," Harry smiled. "That's more than I ever expected."

"She should do more than that," Daphne scoffed, taking a folder from the top. "That whole family would be sharing a cell in Azkaban if you hadn't told the Wizengamot the truth."

Harry shrugged, "I didn't expect them to let Draco off so lightly. At least Kingsley agreed to put him on probation and made it so neither of them can ever hold office at the Ministry."

"That's probably why Astoria's being so bitchy," Daphne said.

"Don't say that about your sister," Evelyn scolded.

"You saw what she did this morning," Daphne said. "She was trying to get Harry to stare at her so it would start a fight between us."

"Was she?" Harry asked.

Daphne smiled and patted his thigh sympathetically.

"And that's why I love you," she said. "You didn't even know what she was doing, and you still looked away. I hated those childish games in Slytherin. And for future reference, I don't care if you look."

"I'd much rather look at yours," Harry murmured.

Smiling, Daphne kissed him hard. Evelyn sat back on the couch and smiled, glad that one of her daughters had found a good man. As they dug into the files, prioritizing businesses and properties to be looked after, she couldn't help but let her mind wander whenever she caught them sharing a heated look or lingering touch. More than once, she felt a phantom pressure around her waist, the ghost of Harry's touch from that morning.

"Have you thought about selling some of these?" Daphne asked, setting a folder down on the coffee table.

"That's probably a good idea," Evelyn sighed. "I don't know why your father bought some of these. They barely make a profit."

Daphne scoffed, "Because he cared about them more than he cared about us."

Evelyn cringed at the truth behind those words. Wrapping his arm around Daphne, Harry kissed her temple. Again, she felt of pang of jealousy. Looking over, he caught her gaze with a smile, and she froze. His intense green eyes always made her feel like he could see right through her.

"How about we take a break for lunch," Evelyn said, looking away and brushing her hands over her dress nervously.

Standing, she grabbed a handful of papers and brought them to her chest. Unfortunately, she was so distracted that she didn't notice the ink well sitting on top until it was too late. Evelyn cursed as the ink well tipped over, spilling ink all over her dress. Sighing, she picked up her wand and vanished the mess on the papers. However, the ink on her skin and dress weren't so easy to get rid of.

"I'm going to go take a shower," Evelyn sighed.

"Alright," Daphne said. "We'll put these away for you."

“Thank you,” Evelyn said gratefully.

Walking to her room, she stripped out of her dress and laid it down on the bed. She cast a number of Cleaning Charms, but the enchanted fabric held onto the ink. Sighing, she wondered why they could enchant the dress to be cool in the Summer but couldn't stop it from getting stained. Out of frustration, Evelyn vanished the dress entirely and walked into the bathroom. Taking off her bra, which had mercifully remained clean, and her panties, she stepped under the spray of hot water.

Twenty minutes later, she stepped back out and toweled off.

“Mistress?” Kip called from the other side of the door.

“Yes, Kip?” Evelyn asked.

“Mistress Daphne and Master Harry would like you to know lunch is ready in the kitchen,” Kip said.

“Thank you, I'll be down in a moment,” Evelyn replied.

He left with a *pop* as her stomach gave a grumble. Grabbing her Acromantula silk robe, she pulled it on and left the bathroom. Checking herself in the mirror, she paused when she noticed how much the robe clung to her breasts. For a moment, she thought about putting on a bra, but a part of her wanted to see if Harry would pay attention to her. Daphne had told him that looking was okay. After a moment of internal debate, she turned, a tingle of excitement coursing through her as she left her bedroom.

Making her way to the kitchen, Harry and Daphne looked up as she entered. Immediately, Evelyn flushed. Her daughter smirked almost knowingly while Harry's eyes glanced at her chest. She swallowed thickly, feeling them jiggle under the smooth robe with each step as she made her way to the table. Glancing down as she sat, Evelyn trembled at the sight of her nipples protruding against the thin fabric.

“Harry and I were talking,” Daphne said. “We’re both going to take a week off of work to help you get all the businesses and properties settled.”

“You really didn’t need to do that,” Evelyn said.

“We’re happy to help,” Harry smiled. “Besides, Daphne says I need the practice anyways.”

“It wouldn’t hurt to know what to do if we have problems with the Potter holdings later down the line,” Daphne nodded.

Smiling gratefully, Evelyn bit into her sandwich. As they ate their lunch, she noticed Harry’s eyes darting to her chest. It filled her with a thrill and a sense of pride, knowing he found her attractive. There was a moment of worry when Daphne caught him looking, but they just smiled at each other, causing Evelyn to blush.

Once they finished eating, she took the empty plates off the table and placed them in the sink. Evelyn nearly jumped out of her skin when she suddenly felt a pair of hands grip her waist.

“You know, one of the many reasons I love Daphne is because of the things she teaches me,” Harry said casually as he wrapped his hands around her waist.

Evelyn’s heart raced as her daughter hopped onto the counter next to them with a smirk. Behind her, Harry pressed himself against her back and hugged her to his chest. His groin ground into her bum while his arms rested just under her breasts. Her breath trembled, panting lightly as his breath ghosted over her neck.

“One of the things she taught me,” Harry continued, “is how to read people. Especially women. Now, she doesn’t even have to tell me what she wants anymore. With something as simple as a look or a touch, I know whether she wants me to make love to her or fuck her brains out.”

Evelyn inhaled sharply. Glancing at her daughter out of the corner of her eye, she shivered at the excited, lustful look in her light blue eyes.

“I know Gerard wasn’t a good husband,” Harry said, his voice low and husky. “I bet it’s been years since he took care of you.”

Daphne scoffed, “I doubt he ever did.”

“Then it’s a good thing I’m here now,” Harry said.

Evelyn gasped as he bucked his hips, driving his erection between her cheeks. She couldn’t believe this was happening. It felt surreal, like a vivid dream. She didn’t know what to do, what to say, or how to react.

“I know you’re attracted to me,” Harry told her. “I saw the way you looked at me while I was fucking your daughter. And the way you still look at me.”

Splaying his hands over her stomach, Evelyn panted as he ran his hands up her torso. Without hesitation, he grasped her breasts firmly, her stiff nipples digging into his palm. Fearfully, she looked at Daphne, who merely smirked.

“But you’re not quite like Daphne, are you?” Harry asked, groping her breasts. “She likes being taken rough. Pinned down and fucked like a whore. You do too, but that’s not really what turns you on. You want someone to take control.”

Letting go of her breasts, he untied the sash holding her robe together. Evelyn shivered as a small gap opened up, revealing a glimpse of her naked body underneath. Grabbing one end of the sash, Harry pulled it out of the loops and took a small step back.

“Give me your hands,” he ordered.

Glancing at her daughter, Daphne lifted an eyebrow expectantly. Evelyn couldn't believe she was in this position. A part of her – a large part – wanted to give in, but a small voice in the back of her mind told her this was wrong. She shouldn't be getting involved with her daughter's fiancée.

Smack!

Evelyn jumped from the smack on her ass, her eyes widening.

"Give me your hands," Harry growled.

Her hands flew behind her back without thought. Biting her lip, she closed her eyes as her hands were bound together.

"Good girl," Harry whispered as he cinched the knot closed around her wrists.

Evelyn panted as he grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled. Her neck arched back, her robe slipping open a little further while his lips landed on her neck. With her arms behind her back, Harry's erection didn't press against her bum. It landed directly in her hands. Gasping softly, Evelyn curled her hand around his rigid length before glancing back at her smirking daughter.

"It's almost too bad father is in prison," Daphne said, her eyes glinting. "I wish that bastard was here to see this."

Harry chuckled, "Maybe we could send him some pictures."

Evelyn shivered at the thought.

"Daphne," she managed to get out. "Why?"

“I’ve always liked a powerful man that takes what he wants,” Daphne smirked. “Yesterday, Harry took me, and now, he’s going to take you.”

Suddenly, Harry’s hand was inside her robe, grasping her bare breast while his lips sucked hard at her neck. Closing her eyes, Evelyn moaned before she could stop it. Her mind spun. Here she was, tied and being groped by her future son-in-law, in her own kitchen, while her daughter watched. It was outrageous and utterly humiliating.

A bead of excitement dripped down her thigh.

Panting with arousal, Evelyn squeezed Harry’s cock. He throbbed in her hand, groaning as he kissed her neck. Letting go of her hair, he spun her around.

Evelyn nearly came from the blazing look in his eyes.

“Wait here,” Harry said.

Turning around, he walked out of the kitchen and into the living room. Evelyn squirmed, feeling exposed and vulnerable, all while knowing her daughter was watching her closely. Sitting on the couch, Harry rested his arms on the back and stared at her. A moment later, he lifted his hand and gestured for her to come to him.

Biting her lip, Evelyn hesitated for a moment. Her gaze dropped to the floor as she took a step forward. With each step, her robe fluttered, and her breasts jiggled, leaving her feeling far less covered than she was. Knowing his eyes were on her left her entire body feeling flushed. Glancing down at her mound, covered in thin, curly blonde hair and peeking out of her robe with every step, she wished she’d shaved.

Stopping in front of Harry, Evelyn stared at her feet, too nervous to look up. He stayed silent for a long moment, letting the tension and anticipation build. Eventually, Harry leaned forward and grabbed her hips. Dragging her forward, he pulled her onto the couch, her knees straddling his thighs. Finally, Evelyn worked up the courage to look up at him and shivered under his gaze.

She was broken out of her staring when Daphne sat down next to him and rested her head on his shoulder. As Evelyn glanced at her daughter, Harry suddenly tossed her robe open and ran his hands over her breasts. He gripped them tightly, his fingers rolling her nipples. With a hiss, she bit her lip and trembled, the light sting causing heat to pool in her core.

“Tell me what you want,” Harry said.

She licked her lips nervously, her eyes flicking to Daphne. Her daughter smirked, and Evelyn’s eyes followed her hand as she trailed it down Harry’s chest to caress the bulge in his jeans.

“Just tell him,” Daphne said.

Suddenly, one of Harry’s hands left her breast, only to smack it a moment later. Evelyn couldn’t hold back her moan while her legs trembled. It almost felt like she was drunk as her mouth opened without conscious thought.

“Fuck me,” she breathed softly.

“No,” Harry said.

Evelyn and Daphne looked at him in surprise.

“Not today,” he explained. “Tomorrow, after you’ve slept on it. I don’t want you to do something you might regret. For now...”

His hand trailed down her stomach, fingers combing through the hair covering her mound. Evelyn moaned wantonly the moment his fingers teased her dripping folds. It was the first time a man had touched her in well over a decade, and it made her realize just how much she’d missed it. With a whimper, she closed her eyes and leaned forward, burying her face in the

crook of Harry's neck. He kissed her neck, one hand tugging her swollen nipple while the heel of the other ground into her clit.

Evelyn panted while rolling her hips, desperate to feel more friction. Mercifully, Harry obliged. Two fingers sank into her depths as his palm rubbed her throbbing nub.

"Oh, Merlin," Evelyn gasped softly.

"Harry, do you have any idea how hot you look, turning my mother into your bitch?" Daphne asked.

Harry chuckled as Evelyn trembled from the humiliation. Her hips rocked frantically against his hand to the point he barely had to move it. His finger yanked her nipple harshly, leaving the sensitive, swollen nub burning. A needy whine escaped her lips as her climax neared. Evelyn nearly cried when the pressure on her clit vanished abruptly. Her hands twisted behind her back as she rolled her hips desperately, looking for any kind of friction.

"Please," she begged. "Please, Harry. Please."

Grabbing a fistful of her hair, Harry pulled her back to look at her face. Evelyn didn't care that her robe had slipped from her shoulders. She didn't care that she was old enough to be his mother or that her daughter, his fiancée, was sitting just inches away. At that moment, she would've done anything, no matter how degrading or humiliating, to reach her peak.

Smack.

Evelyn gasped when his hand smacked her folds, sending a jolt from her throbbing clit through her entire body. He did it twice more, the wet slap leaving no doubt just how excited she was before, mercifully, his fingers sank back into her depths. Her eyes widened when he put pressure on a spot against her walls that she didn't even know existed. The most intense pleasure she'd ever felt rushed through her body.

Harry smirked, his green eyes glittering. Evelyn cried out when he started stimulating her frantically. The feelings were so intense that she squirmed uncontrollably. A gush of arousal soaked his hand, filling the living room with a depraved cacophony of wet slaps. Evelyn's eyes rolled into the back of her head as stars burst in her vision. The room swam as pleasure unlike anything she'd ever felt exploded through her body.

When Harry let go of her hair suddenly, she collapsed against his chest and convulsed on his lap. Gradually, his hand slowed as her climax waned. It was as if he could read her body perfectly, knowing exactly when and how to touch her. Caressing her folds softly, he reached back with his free hand and untied the sash. Evelyn's shoulders ached slightly as she brought them around to wrap around his neck. Closing her eyes, she sighed contentedly.

"Your jeans are soaked," Daphne said.

Blushing heavily, Evelyn leaned back and looked down. Indeed, the front of his jeans were dark from her arousal. Harry eased his fingers out of her and lifted his hand to their faces. The scent of her arousal permeated the air as the evidence of her climax dripped down his arm. Eyes sparkling, his tongue darted out and licked the length of his finger. Evelyn inhaled sharply, her flush running all the way down her chest.

With a smirk, Harry grabbed her hips and moved her off of his lap. Pulling her against his side, he kissed the top of her head, the tender gesture causing Evelyn to sigh softly. Daphne shifted on the couch, sitting on her knees as she reached for Harry's belt. She wanted to watch, but her orgasm had taken a lot out of her. As her daughter pulled her fiancée's rigid, throbbing cock out of his trousers, her eyes began to droop. The last thing she saw before she fell asleep was a head of blonde hair bobbing over his lap.

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It was about an hour later when Evelyn woke up. Harry and Daphne were talking softly, looking over the folder from Gringotts. Blushing lightly, she sat up and closed her robe.

"Have a good nap?" Harry asked with a smile.

Despite her blush, Evelyn smiled and nodded. Harry reached up, stroking her cheek softly. Her eyes closed as she leaned into his touch. The logical side of her mind told her she should put a stop to this, but her body just wouldn't listen. She'd craved this sort of attention for years, and now that she had it, she didn't want it to end.

"We think these are the businesses you should sell," Daphne said, pointing to a stack of folders.

"Thank you," Evelyn smiled.

Scooting forward, she grabbed the files and gave them a look. They continued working until it was time for dinner. Before they ate, Evelyn went back to her room and got dressed. Astoria returned halfway through dinner, looking unhappy as she sat down with a huff. She refused to talk about what was bothering her when Evelyn asked, then stormed off to her room as soon as she finished eating.

When they moved into the living room, Harry grabbed her arm and gently led her over to the couch. Smiling, she could up against his left side while Daphne was on his right. With a flick of her wand, Daphne turned on the Wireless as they talked.

"Thank you for taking the time to help me take care of this," Evelyn said, waving to the pile of parchment on the coffee table.

"You're welcome," Harry smiled. "Honestly, I needed a break anyways."

"After fighting a war and helping rebuild the Ministry, you deserve one," Daphne said.

"I just want to get back to being an Auror instead of dealing with politics," Harry sighed. "Fortunately, I have a brilliant, beautiful fiancée that's much better at that than I am."

Smiling, Daphne lifted her head and kissed him.

"I still don't know how you can enjoy dealing with the Wizengamot," he chuckled.

"I like making the old grey beards look like idiots," Daphne smirked. "It's exciting that we finally have enough new blood in the Wizengamot to make some real changes. The wizarding world has been stagnant for far too long."

"Stagnant?" Evelyn asked curiously.

"Witches and wizards are a lot further behind Muggles than most people think," Daphne said.

"Maybe we should take your mum out and show her what Muggle life is like," Harry said. "Even Ron didn't really understand what it's like until he saw it for himself."

"That's a good idea," Daphne smiled. "We could make a day of it."

Evelyn smiled happily as the conversation continued. When the hour grew late, they stood up and headed to bed. As they passed the Master bedroom, Harry suddenly pinned her against the wall. His intense green eyes bored into hers as she stared at him with excited anticipation.

"If you want what happened today to continue, I want you to wear your robe, and only your robe, to breakfast," Harry said. "If you don't, we pretend like it didn't happen, and everything goes back to normal. Got it?"

Biting her lip, Evelyn nodded.

"Good," Harry said.

Smiling, he curled his finger under her chin and leaned forward. Evelyn moaned as their lips met. He kissed her passionately, his tongue plunging into her mouth and caressing hers. His

hands grasped her breasts as he pressed her against the wall, squeezing them roughly. After a long moment, he pulled back.

“See you in the morning,” Harry smirked.

Stepping back, he took Daphne by the hand and pulled her down the hall to her. After taking a moment to get her breathing under control, Evelyn slipped into her room and closed the door.

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, teardrop 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.

