

## Sirius Consequences

“Morning,” Harry said, greeting his housemates as he sat down at the Gryffindor table.

Climbing onto the bench next to Ginny, he turned and gave his girlfriend a kiss.

“Good morning,” Hermione said from her seat across from him. “Where’s Ron?”

“He’s talking to Seamus,” Harry explained cautiously.

Hermione sighed as she looked down the table at the redhead who was studiously ignoring her. Ron had asked Hermione to be his girlfriend over the summer, only to be turned down. Things were awkward between the two of them, mostly because Ron was doing his best to ignore Hermione completely.

Personally, Harry thought Hermione had made the right choice. He loved his friends dearly, especially after they had helped him defeat Voldemort, but they could really bring out the worst in each other at times.

“He’ll come around,” Ginny said, patting Hermione’s hand.

“I know,” she said sadly before shaking her head and forcing a smile. “So, do you think they’ll give us the same schedule?”

“With everyone that came back for their seventh year, and the sixth years that passed, the classes would be pretty big, wouldn’t they?” Harry asked, indulging her attempt at changing the subject.

“They would, but what other choice do they really have? A lot of Muggleborns didn’t go to school last year, so most of the classes are going to be bigger than usual,” Hermione said.

“Dad said the Ministry is going to offer OWLs and NEWTs all year so people can move up a year or graduate when they’re ready,” Ginny said.

“Really?” Hermione asked in surprise.

While the girls continued to talk about their classes, Harry looked up at the collection of owls circling the breakfast-goers. As he watched, a brown barn owl swooped lower, before landing in front of him. Removing the letter from its foot, he fed it a piece of bacon and then popped open the wax Gringotts seal. His face took on an angry scowl the further he read.

“Harry?” Ginny asked.

“That little bastard!” he growled.

“Harry! Language,” Hermione scolded him.

Harry handed the letter to Ginny, who read it quickly and then passed it to Hermione, while Harry glared over at the Slytherin table.

“I should’ve just let him rot in Azkaban with his father,” Harry muttered angrily.

“Can they do this?” Hermione asked. “I mean, Sirius left everything to you, didn’t he? Why would it matter if you marry or not?”

“Most of the old houses have continuation clauses,” Ginny answered. “Unfortunately, if it’s from Gringotts, it’s completely legal. If Harry doesn’t marry someone by the end of the year, and name her Lady Black, Malfoy gets everything. And I guarantee you he has someone lined up to be his second wife already.”

Standing abruptly, Harry stormed out of the Great Hall. Ginny and Hermione both glanced over at the Slytherin table, where they saw Draco Malfoy smirking and laughing smugly with Pansy Parkinson.

“Harry saves his worthless arse from Azkaban, and this is the thanks he gets?” Ginny asked, her ears turning red with anger.

“Ginny, couldn’t Harry just name you Lady Black?” Hermione asked.

“Maybe,” she replied. “If the Potters don’t have a continuation clause, he could. But I don’t think Harry would want to do that. I would be Ginny Black, and our kids would be Blacks as well. The Potter name would die with him.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, biting her lip thoughtfully. “There must be something we can do. I’ll check the library after classes today.”

“Thanks, Hermione,” Ginny said. “I’m going to see if I can find Harry.”

Ginny left the table and made her way to the Grand Staircase, wondering where Harry might have gone.

“Weasley,” a voice called out.

Ginny turned to find Daphne Greengrass coming up behind her. Daphne was one of the few Slytherins that had needed help hiding from the Carrows the year before for refusing to use the Cruciatus Curse on first years. She, along with her sister Astoria and her best friend Tracey Davis, had given the DA warnings when the more unscrupulous Slytherins planned attacks on other students.

“Yeah?” Ginny asked.

"We need to talk," Daphne said.

Ginny sighed, "I'm a little busy right now,"

"I know about Malfoy trying to steal the House of Black," Daphne said. "I think I can help."

"How do you know about that?" Ginny asked suspiciously.

"Because Malfoy wants to make my sister Lady Black," Daphne told her before throwing up a Privacy Charm. "My father made a marriage contract with the Malfoys a month before the war ended, but it hinges on Draco becoming Lord Black."

"You knew about this?" Ginny asked angrily. "Why didn't you warn us?"

"Because I thought Malfoy would end up in prison," Daphne said. "Look, I just want to make sure that little bastard doesn't lay a finger on my sister. Malfoy still sees us as Blood Traitors. Do you have any idea what he'd do to my sister if they were married?"

Most of Ginny's anger drained out of her at that comment. She knew quite well how someone like Draco Malfoy would treat Astoria. Once she'd given him an heir, she would be left to rot in a small house at best or passed out for political favors at worst.

"So, you know a way Harry can get out of this?" she asked hopefully.

"There is no way out of it," Daphne told her sadly. "Potter has to marry a Lady Black. I'm offering to take the position."

"What?" Ginny gaped at her.

“Look,” Daphne said firmly, “I know you’re not going to want me around, and I’m fine with that. I just want to protect my sister, and I at least know Potter’s not going to hand me off to his friends or anything. The continuation clause just says Potter has to name a Pureblood Lady Black; it doesn’t say anything about producing an heir. All I have to do is consummate my marriage to Potter, and then you can send me away and pretend I don’t even exist.”

Before Ginny could think of a response, the bell for classes rang.

“Just think about it, alright?” Daphne entreated before she left.

Ginny shook her head and rushed off to Charms, where she was relieved to find Harry. Understandably, he was still preoccupied with his thoughts for most of the class. That was fine with Ginny, as she was busy coming to terms with her own thoughts. She knew she should talk to Harry about what Daphne told her, but she couldn’t bring herself to do it just yet.

In fact, she didn’t say anything for over a month. Ginny was a mess of emotions over the whole thing. She wanted to help Astoria, and she was willing to take Daphne up on her offer, but she knew Harry wouldn’t like it. He could never marry someone and then just abandon them. Harry would only marry her if he really cared for her, and that was what Ginny spent most of her time thinking about. Could she really share him with someone else?

She tried to imagine it, and she could admit that she found Daphne attractive. But thinking about it and really doing it were two different things. When Hermione couldn’t find anything in the library, Harry pretty much gave up. He tried to hide how it affected him, but Ginny could see how much it hurt to lose everything Sirius left him. He might have been willing to let it go, but she wasn’t ready to give up just yet.

At the beginning of October, Ginny decided the only way she could find out if it would work would be to just go for it and see what happened. After her Ancient Runes class, she bumped into Daphne and slipped a note into her pocket.

An hour later, they met in the Room of Requirement. Ginny was pacing back and forth restlessly when Daphne walked in.

“You wanted to talk?” Daphne asked.

“Yeah, I need to know how you feel about Harry.” Ginny said.

“What do you mean?” Daphne asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Harry’s never going to just marry someone and then tell them to get lost,” Ginny told her. “If you’re going to marry him, then you really need to be with him.”

“You’re serious?” Daphne asked with an arched brow.

“Yes,” Ginny said. “But I need to know how you feel about him.”

“I’m attracted to him,” Daphne admitted, looking a bit uncomfortable. “I have a lot of respect for everything he’s accomplished, but we’ve really never talked that much.”

“Well, we’ll have to change that,” Ginny said. “Harry only has until January to make a decision.”

“He hasn’t decided yet?” Daphne asked, her sharp blue eyes locking with Ginny’s

“I haven’t talked to him yet,” she admitted blushing. “Actually, I’m going to need your help to convince him.”

“And why are you so set on doing this?” Daphne asked. “I never took you as the sharing type.”

Ginny sighed and ran a hand through her long, copper colored hair.

“Harry has lost so much; I don’t want him to lose what Sirius left him too. He’s sacrificed *everything* to help everyone else, I figured it’s about time someone did something for him.” Ginny smiled affectionately and shook her head. “The prat’s just too noble for his own good sometimes. We’re going to have to work together to convince him it’s okay to be a little selfish.”

Daphne tilted her head to the side as she looked at Ginny, a slow smirk spreading across her lips.

“And by convince him, you mean you want us to seduce him?” she asked, causing Ginny to blush at hearing it put so bluntly. “How Slytherin of you. I’m impressed.”

“I have my moments,” Ginny said with a shrug. “So, do you still want to do this?”

“You’re giving me a chance at saving my sister *and* an enjoyable marriage. Of course I’m in,” Daphne said with a smile. “Do you have a plan for convincing Harry?”

“Not exactly,” Ginny admitted.

“That’s alright,” Daphne said with an excited gleam in her eyes. “I know just what to do.”

---

Just a day later, Ginny was leading Harry from the library to the Room of Requirement. Harry could tell she was nervous about something, and although he’d asked her about it a few times earlier, she refused to tell him anything. He didn’t think anything was horribly wrong, so he let it go, but he still worried about her. He had a pretty good idea what this was about, so he was willing to be patient and let her talk to him when she was ready.

When they got to the Room of Requirement, the room was already there. Not that it seemed to surprise Ginny at all. Holding his hand, she opened the door and pulled him into the room behind her. As he closed the door after them, Ginny wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. Harry was surprised, but he quickly kissed her back, his hands sliding down to grasp two handfuls of her small, tight bum. She moaned into his mouth and pulled

back with a warm, excited look in her eyes – the complete opposite of the look she'd had all day long.

"I have a surprise for you," she whispered huskily. "Wait here for a minute."

Harry raised an eyebrow as she smirked and walked into the bathroom of the master bedroom like configuration the room was in, her hips swaying enticingly. Ginny was definitely the more adventurous of the two when it came to sex, and Harry started to wonder if she had been nervous about something new that she wanted to try. If that was the issue, he didn't know why she would think that. It wasn't like he'd ever turned down one of her ideas before. It was just that he still had problems expressing himself when it came to sex.

Smiling in excitement as he wondered what his kinky, redheaded girlfriend had planned for tonight, Harry shucked off his robes and loosened his tie. Sitting on the bed, he kicked off his shoes and leaned back on his elbows.

Just as he started to wonder what was taking her so long, Ginny stepped out of the bathroom and leaned against the doorframe. She was still wearing her school uniform, but in a way that would give McGonagall a stroke if she saw it. Starting at her feet, Harry's eyes traveled up knee high socks, to her pale, muscular thighs, and the start of her skirt, which was just long enough to cover her panties and not much else. From there he gazed at her thin, tight stomach, completely exposed by her white shirt, tied in a knot under her breasts. The top few buttons were open, exposing the edges of her white bra and the pale, freckled cleavage from her small, perky breasts. Her tie hung loosely around her neck, and she had pulled her long, copper colored hair into a long ponytail.

Ginny smirked at the gob smacked look on his face as she stepped out of the bathroom and paused. Just as Harry was starting to get over his shock, someone else stepped out of the bathroom. His jaw nearly hit the floor when he recognized her as Daphne Greengrass.

Daphne was wearing a similar outfit to Ginny, only in the Slytherin house colors. Despite the clothes being nearly identical, they gave the blonde an almost completely different look. While his girlfriend looked like the innocent girl next door, Daphne looked like she'd just stepped out of a teenaged boy's fantasy.



Where Ginny was thin and athletic, Daphne was curvaceous and busty. Her full thighs gave way to wide hips, and then narrowed down to a thin waist. As the smirking blonde shifted her stance, her shirt moved and gave him a peek at the gusset of her black panties. Daphne's large, full breasts threatened to pop open the knot and two buttons holding her shirt closed. She was revealing a truly salacious amount of cleavage, her silver and green tie doing little to cover the expanse of smooth, unblemished skin.

After nearly a full minute of staring between the two girls, their giggles broke Harry out of his stupor.

"Er, Ginny?" he asked.

"Just go with it, love," she told him.

Although Harry could admit to being clueless at times, he noticed more than most people gave him credit for. It didn't take a genius to figure out this must have something to do with the letter he got from Gringotts. Still, if this was something Ginny wanted to do, he wasn't going to argue with her about it. At least, not right now. As noble as he might be, even he wasn't going to kick a woman as beautiful as Daphne Greengrass out of his bed. Ginny wasn't the type to do something she didn't want to, just to make him happy. If she brought Daphne here, then it was because she wanted to.

"I think your boyfriend needs a little more convincing," Daphne said as she strutted forward to stand next to Ginny.

When Ginny raised an eyebrow questioningly, Daphne smirked at her, then caught her lips in a kiss. Harry's jaw dropped while his girlfriend froze in shock. Slowly, as Daphne continued to kiss her, and her hands caressed her back, Ginny relaxed and gradually began to respond. Soon, they were snogging heatedly, their tongues dancing between their lips. By the time they separated, both of them were flushed and breathless, their lips swollen and glistening as they stared at one another.

Smiling at each other, they turned as one and sauntered towards Harry. He swallowed thickly as they climbed up onto the bed, Daphne on his right and Ginny on his left. Placing her hand on his chest, Daphne pushed him back on the mattress as she and Ginny stretched out next to him. Ginny was the first to lean in and give him a kiss while Daphne removed his tie. When Ginny pulled back, Daphne turned his head and kissed him just as passionately, while Ginny unbuttoned his shirt.

Harry groaned when Daphne slipped her hand under his shirt and traced her nails over his chest. Wrapping an arm around each girl, one slid under Ginny's tiny skirt to cup her bum, while the other rested on Daphne's bare lower back.

The pair broke their kiss when they heard Ginny start working on his belt. Daphne, her hand caressing the muscles of his chest and abs, looked down at the straining bulge in his pants in anticipation. Harry looked at his girlfriend to gauge her reaction, worried she might be having second thoughts, but was surprised to find her gazing up at him with a steamy, lust filled look.

Smiling up at him, Ginny kissed the bulge in his pants before pulling them, along with his boxers, all the way off. Harry's cock leapt up when it was freed and slapped against his stomach. Daphne reached out and stroked his shaft lightly while Ginny finished taking off his pants and tossed them to the floor.

"Told you it was big," Ginny said smugly at the wide-eyed, hungry look on Daphne's face.

Looking up at the redhead, Daphne smirked and shifted so that her legs were by Harry's head, and her head was hovering over his cock. Harry's eyes were drawn to her bubbly ass, the position she was laying in giving him a view straight up her skirt. Her black thong was damp on her mound, and the back disappeared between her luscious cheeks.

Holding his cock by the base, Daphne took him between her red, pouty lips and began bobbing her head. Harry hissed in pleasure and rested his hand on the back of her thigh. He couldn't see the challenging look the blonde directed at his girlfriend, but he could see the flushed, wanton look on Ginny's face as she watched Daphne's lips descend further and further down his length. When the head of his cock nudged the back of her throat, she held herself there for several seconds before pulling back up to the tip while sucking hard.

Groaning, Harry moved his hand up her thigh to squeeze and caress her full, round cheeks. Drawing her knees up under her, Daphne pushed back against his hand, causing her ass to jut out towards him. As soon as her mouth was off of Harry's cock, Ginny dove forward and swallowed half his length with a desperation he'd never seen from her before.

"You like seeing me suck your boyfriend's cock, don't you?" Daphne asked huskily.

Ginny moaned around his length and nodded her head carefully. With a teasing smirk, Daphne grabbed a handful of her ginger locks and pulled her back up to his tip. Suddenly, Harry could feel them making out around the head of his cock, their tongues sliding all around his sensitive glans. As they kissed, Harry ran the pad of his thumb over the gusset of Daphne's damp panties. With a low moan into Ginny's mouth, she thrust her hips back against his hand.

"Mhh, that feels good, Harry," Daphne moaned.

Ginny's eyes shot open, and they followed his arm down to where it disappeared behind the blonde's wide hips. With her hand still in Ginny's hair, Daphne pushed the redhead down on his throbbing cock, her swollen pink lips stretching wide over his girth. Groaning at the feel of Daphne forcing her to take more and more of his cock, Harry managed to wandlessly vanish her panties. A delighted gasp left her mouth when his fingers unexpectedly came into contact with her glistening lips.

Flipping her long blonde hair over her shoulder, Daphne looked back at him with a sultry gaze just as he sank his middle finger into her impossibly tight depths. Her tight, silky walls hugged his long finger, coating it in her arousal.

With another moan, she pulled Ginny off of Harry's cock roughly before kissing her hungrily. The kiss was short though, as she soon pulled back and took his straining erection back into her mouth. While she bobbed up and down on his length quickly, Ginny took his balls into her mouth, sucking lightly and bathing them with her tongue.

"Fuck," Harry grunted.

Slipping a second finger into Daphne's grasping folds, he pumped them back and forth quickly while his thumb pressed against her hooded clit. Daphne pulled off of him with a gasp, and Ginny took her place while Daphne moaned, kissed and licked at the part of his shaft that the redhead's lips couldn't reach. She paused to pant and moan as Harry fingered her furiously, trying to bring her over the edge before he reached his own rapidly rising peak.

"Oh fuck! I'm so glad you agreed to this," Daphne said.

Pulling off of him, Ginny smiled and kissed Daphne with surprising tenderness as the blonde trembled. With a short squeal against Ginny's lips, Daphne reached her peak. Her arousal drenched his hand as her walls fluttered. Harry continued pleasuring her through her climax and then slowed as it waned. When she recovered, Daphne shared another quick kiss with Ginny before focusing on his cock.

Bobbing her head frantically, Daphne slammed herself down hard, gagging and choking as his fat head bashed into the entrance of her throat. Smiling at Harry, who's mouth had dropped open in shock, Ginny worked on the part of him that Daphne's lips didn't reach. The sound of loud sucking, gagging, and slurping filled the room as the girls quickly drove him towards his peak.

Harry grunted as he came, filling Daphne mouth with a torrent of cum. Some of it spilled out from between her lips as she pulled back to suck on the head. Below her, Ginny cleaned up the combination of saliva and cum with her mouth as it dripped down his pulsating shaft. At his tip, Daphne sucked out every last drop, causing him to hiss when she swirled her tongue over his hypersensitive head.

Daphne pulled off of his cock and cupped both of Ginny's cheeks, pulling her in for a cum filled kiss. Harry leaned to the side for a better look, and his cock jerked back to life as he watched the girls swap his cum between them. It was without a doubt the most erotic thing he'd ever witnessed as their tongues danced back and forth between their mouths while coated in his pearly white seed.

Harry was back to full hardness faster than he thought was humanly possible. Suddenly, Daphne pushed Ginny onto her back, crawling over top of her on her hands and knees, still kissing the redhead passionately. Sitting up, Harry took off his already unbuttoned shirt, leaving him completely naked as he shuffled over to kneel behind Daphne. Leaning over her back, he pushed her blonde hair to the side and kissed her neck before wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her up into a kneeling position with him.

Ginny, flushed and breathless, panted excitedly as she watched him kiss Daphne's neck while untying her shirt. Gripping her shirt, Harry ripped it open, sending the two buttons flying. Daphne helped him to remove her shirt and tie, before he unclasped her black bra. Looking over her shoulder at him with a smirk, she held the cups to her chest while slipping her arms out of the straps. Pulling her close, Harry's rigid cock sandwiched itself between her soft cheeks while he bent down to suck her neck, intent on leaving a mark.

Tilting her head back with a moan, Daphne pulled the bra away from her chest and tossed it aside. Staring at her huge, perfectly shaped, perky breasts, Harry ran his hands up her stomach to cup them possessively. His thumb ran over her soft pink areolas before he took her hard, pink nipples between his thumb and forefinger and gave them a light pinch. Daphne moaned and reached to grab a handful of his hair, pulling him in for a heated kiss.

As they kissed, and Harry groped her incredible tits, Ginny unzipped Daphne's skirt and pulled it off of her, leaving the busty, curvaceous blonde completely exposed to their lecherous gazes. While Harry ground his erection into Daphne's plump ass and groped her large, voluptuous breasts, Ginny quickly stripped out of her own clothes. Harry stared at her lustfully as she pulled off her white bra, revealing her small, but incredibly perky tits with pale pink, puffy nipples.

Once Ginny was naked, Daphne bent down to kiss and suck at her hardened nipples while shaking her hips at Harry. Harry looked down at his girlfriend as he pulled back slightly and lined the wide, swollen head of his cock up with Daphne's taut lips, giving her a chance to stop him. When she only continued to stare at him in excited arousal, he slowly drove his hips forward.

Harry looked down and watched as the blonde's tight folds gave way to his red, engorged head. Her lips stretched and parted as they swallowed the tip of his cock. Daphne lifted her head and let out a low, wanton moan as his shaft disappeared inch by inch into her wet, sweltering

depths. When Harry finally hilted himself inside of her, he stilled and groaned as he savored the feeling of her damp, grasping heat.

Pulling back, Harry thrust into her with slow, short strokes, gradually gaining speed and pulling back further with each flex of his hips.

“You love this, don’t you?” Daphne asked.

Harry opened his eyes and looked down to find Daphne smirking at Ginny, who was red faced and visibly aroused as she gazed back at the girl fucking her boyfriend.

“You love watching your man fuck me with his big cock, don’t you?” Daphne asked huskily.

Ginny swallowed thickly and glanced at Harry before blushing hard and looking away as she nodded her head. Daphne gave a low chuckle and bucked back against him, urging Harry to move faster. Giving her what she wanted, he gripped her hips tightly and thrust hard enough that her body rocked slightly each time his hips impacted her ass, causing the round, pale globes to ripple lightly.

Daphne let out a lewd moan, “It feels so fucking good. I’m so glad I saved myself for a wizard who deserves me.”

Harry cock throbbed at the insinuation that he was her first, but he didn’t know if it was true or not. Ginny, too, was surprised, and she stared wide eyed at the Slytherin. Daphne chuckled at the look on the redhead’s flushed face.

“Tracey and I have used toys on each other, but your boyfriend is the first wizard I’ve ever touched. Probably the only one I’ll ever let touch me like this. But you love that, don’t you, you little slut,” Daphne said to Ginny. “You love that I’m going to going to fuck your man whenever I want.”

Ginny didn't reply, but the flush that traveled all the way down to her neck, the excited pants she made, and the lustful gleam in her eyes spoke volumes. Daphne laughed before bending down and nipping playfully at one of her stiff nipples.

"Who would have thought little Weasley would be such a cuck queen," Daphne said teasingly. "I wonder if it runs in the family. Maybe we can watch Harry fuck that Veela your brother is married to. I bet you'd love to watch him ruin her with his massive cock."

Harry was worried Daphne might be taking things too far. Weasley's tended to get pretty angry when you talked about their family like that. Shockingly, however, Ginny closed her eyes and shuddered, her hips bucking off the bed as if looking for a cock that wasn't there. Harry throbbed excitedly and stared at his girlfriend in disbelief. They'd talked about their fantasies before, but she'd never mentioned being into anything like this. Maybe she hadn't even known about it herself until Daphne brought it up, Harry wondered.

Harry himself had never considered doing something like that, especially to someone he considered family, but he couldn't deny how excited it made him. The thought of fucking Fleur because Bill couldn't please her had him unconsciously pounding into Daphne even harder. The blonde's huge tits swayed under her as his hips impacted her ass with a loud, wet slap as her arousal drenched his thrusting shaft.

"What about Granger?" Daphne asked. "I bet you'd love to watch Harry pound that little bookworm until she's screaming like a Knockturn Alley whore. Just imagine her begging for his cock and being forced to watch as he fucks her right in front of you."

"Oh fuck," Ginny moaned.

Closing her eyes, she put her hand between her legs and started fingering herself furiously, a long, whorish moan coming from her lips.

"Your boyfriend likes the idea too," Daphne told her. "His cock is so fucking hard right now."

That was completely true. Harry's cock had never been harder than it was right now. The images Daphne was putting in his head had him nearly going out of his mind with arousal. Ginny looked up at him, her brown, lust filled eyes watching him nervously. Harry smiled at her and reached down to stroke her cheek softly, the complete opposite of the way he was hammering into Daphne's fluttering depths.

"I love you, Harry," Ginny panted quietly.

With her intense gaze, he could see her practically willing him to not think less of her. Slowing his thrusts, he leaned over Daphne's back and kissed her lovingly.

"I love you, too," he told her with a smile. "And I love that you can be a kinky little slut for me."

Ginny beamed at him, her face and shoulders visibly relaxing. Giving her one more peck on the lips, he turned and kissed Daphne passionately. The blonde smiled and gave him a wink as they broke apart. Sitting up on his knees, Harry grasped her hips and began pounding into her quivering depths again. Daphne moaned, bucking back against him before leaning down and kissing Ginny.

Harry felt his climax building rapidly as his cock plowed in and out of her tight pussy. He could actually feel his thick cock driving her tight walls apart each time he drove back into her. Daphne moaned wantonly against Ginny's lips, her breath coming fast and harsh as she neared her own peak.

"I'm close," Harry warned her through gritted teeth.

"In me," Daphne panted.

Harry held back as long as he could, desperately trying to make her cum before him. He made a valiant effort, but he couldn't resist for long. With a growl, he buried his cock to the hilt and let loose. Powerful jets of hot, white cum rocketed out of his tip to splash against her walls. That feeling was enough to send Daphne over the edge. With a squeal, she arched her back, her



body going stiff as she trembled through her climax. Below them, Ginny cupped Daphne's dangling tits while kissing and sucking at her neck.

As they came down from their peaks, Harry glanced down and noticed that a small stream of cum had leaked out under his deflating cock and dripped down onto Ginny's mound. The sight made Harry's cock twitch and start to harden again, despite his recent climax.

Daphne scooted forward, causing his cock to fall out of her and several more drops of their combined fluids to fall onto Ginny's stomach. Climbing up to Ginny's head, Daphne spun around to face Harry and then lowered her dripping folds to Ginny's lips.

"Come on you little cuck queen, time to clean up the mess your boyfriend left in me," Daphne said with a smirk.

Ginny didn't even hesitate as she started licking at Daphne's folds, coating her tongue in a mixture of the blonde's arousal and Harry's cum. While she was doing that, Daphne ran her finger through the drops that had leaked out onto Ginny's pale skin, scooping them up and then sucking her finger into her mouth with a lecherous smirk. Seeing that, Harry's cock twitched back to life.

"Well, at least I know you'll be able to take care of both of us," Daphne said with a smile.

Leaning forward, the busty blonde spread Ginny's thighs apart and then her tight lips, revealing her drooling pink insides. Taking the invitation, Harry waddled forward and slipped his arousal and cum covered cock easily into his girlfriend's welcoming depths. Ginny let out a muffled moan against Daphne's mound before she returned to lapping at her swollen folds.

As Harry started thrusting in and out of Ginny, Daphne cupped his cheeks and pulled him in for a slow, sensuous kiss. With one hand, he cupped and groped Daphne's breast, while the other reached down for Ginny's chest. As Daphne broke the kiss to moan when Ginny attacked her slit, Harry smiled.

“So, I take it this has something to do with keeping House Black,” he said while continuing to saw in and out of his girlfriend’s tight pussy.

Daphne smirked at him while Ginny gave a muffled, surprised moan and stiffened under them.

“What makes you think that?” Daphne asked.

“Your sister talked to me a few days ago,” Harry admitted. “Astoria said if I wasn’t interested in your offer, she would take your place. When she realized I had no clue what she was talking about, she explained everything.”

Again, Ginny’s mumbled reply was muffled by Daphne’s folds. Reaching down, the blonde playfully pinched her free nipple.

“Hush Queenie, we’re talking,” Daphne scolded her.

“Queenie?” Harry asked with a quirk of his lips.

“Short for cuck queen,” Daphne said with a smirk. “So, I take it you don’t have a problem with this?”

“I’m fine with it,” Harry said with a grin. “My only concern was Ginny. I really do love her, and I don’t want to marry someone else just to keep a house my Godfather hated if it would make her unhappy. She seems pretty happy with whatever arrangement you two have, so...”

Harry shrugged. Daphne laughed at him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Ginny thought it would take a lot more convincing for you to agree,” she said with a smile. “Honestly, I just wanted to save my sister from Malfoy. If that meant marrying you and then

being left alone for the rest of my life, so be it. I never thought your girlfriend would actually be willing to share you.”

“Neither did I,” Harry said before stroking Ginny’s exposed neck lovingly. “She really is full of surprises.”

“So, you’re really willing to marry me?” Daphne asked, her blue eyes boring into his intently.

“I really wish we had more time to get to know each other,” Harry said with a sigh. “But yes, as long as Ginny’s okay with it, I’ll marry you.”

Daphne gave a bright, watery grin as she hugged him tightly. Pulling back slightly, she kissed him deeply, desperately trying to put all of her gratitude and relief into the act.

“Thank you,” said Daphne, her voice thick with emotion.

“You’re welcome,” he said with a smile.

“Astoria’s going to be so jealous,” Daphne told him with a grin. “She’s fancied you for ages. Maybe you should take her as a mistress so my father can’t promise her to anyone else.”

Harry shook his head, but below him, Ginny screamed out in a suddenly intense climax. He grunted in surprise as her walls spasmed around him while she writhed on the bed.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned from the pleasure of her depths flexing around his cock.

“That was supposed to be a joke, but I think Queenie really likes that idea,” Daphne laughed.

Patting Daphne's leg, he motioned for her to move off of Ginny. When she did, the redhead blushed bright red even as she panted and trembled from her climax.

"S-sorry," she stuttered in embarrassment.

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Harry told her as he laid down on top of her and gave her a reassuring smile. "I love you, no matter how kinky and depraved you are."

Ginny looked down, but a smile quirked at the corners of her lips.

"Don't ever be afraid to tell me what you want, Gin," he said seriously. "Even if it's not something I'm willing to try, I'll never think any less of you. I don't care if you want to watch me fuck any of our friends that are willing, or if you want to be gangbanged by half the school, I'll still love you."

Ginny grimaced at the last idea, then shook her head and smiled up at him.

"I love you too, but, just so we're clear, I have no interest in being with other men. I just want you," Ginny told him.

"And what about seeing Harry with other women?" Daphne asked with a knowing, teasing look.

"Fine. I like it," she admitted blushing. "I like it a lot more than I thought I would."

Smiling, Harry leaned down and kissed her deeply before pulling back.

"Are you absolutely sure you want me to marry Daphne?" he asked, watching her face closely.

“I’m sure,” she said firmly. “First, there’s no way I’m letting that prick Malfoy get his hands on anyone if I can help it. Second, even though Sirius hated his family, I know how much it means to you to have that connection to him. And, well- You’re not the only one that’s attracted to witches.”

Smiling, Harry kissed her again before leaning back and starting to thrust into her again. He expected Daphne to take up her old position again, but she surprised him by laying down on top of Ginny and kissing her deeply. Harry’s cock throbbed as he watched lips and tongues move languidly.

Lacking anything else to distract his attention, Harry focused on plowing into his girlfriend. Leaning over Daphne’s back, he reached between their bodies and took turns caressing their breasts. As Ginny moaned in pleasure, Daphne reached under herself, and he felt her hand rubbing his girlfriend's clit. Under the combined assault, they had the redhead writhing and moaning as she neared her second peak.

Knowing she was getting close, Harry picked up his pace and hammered his throbbing cock into her at a furious pace. While Ginny threw her head back to whine and pant heavily, Daphne took to whispering into her ear. Harry couldn’t tell exactly what she was saying, but whatever it was, it had Ginny bucking her hips and spasming around him.

With just a few more brutal thrusts, Ginny reached a thunderous climax. Throwing her head back in a silent scream, her body tensed and trembled as her depths spasmed around his length. The feeling sent Harry crashing over the edge. With a groan, he emptied himself inside of her, his cock pulsing with each powerful jet of cum that leapt from his tip.

As they both came down from their peaks, Harry pulled out of her and collapsed beside her. While Ginny tried to catch her breath, Daphne shimmied down her body to her cum filled folds. The redhead gasped as Daphne ran her tongue through her leaking slit. Ginny let out a tired, pitiful groan as the blonde continued to clean up the mess, her eyes sparkling with mischief as lapped at her sensitive folds.

Harry smiled as he watched the two beautiful witches. It had taken a long time, and a lot of suffering, but it looked as though life was finally starting to improve for Harry Potter.

---

Over the next two and a half months, Harry and Ginny took the time to get to know Daphne as much as they could. Most of their friends, when they found out the truth, were surprised but supportive. Ron had taken the longest, but even he came around eventually.

Even though he had two girlfriends and a wedding coming up, Harry still made sure to spend time with Hermione. Though they never talked about it, he knew she was probably feeling abandoned and scared of losing him. He knew he would be, if their roles were reversed. Thankfully, Ginny and Daphne understood how close the two of them were, and never showed even a hint of jealousy when he spent time with his closest friend. Daphne continued to tease them about inviting Hermione to join in, but he could never tell how serious she was.

Meanwhile, Ron had continued to grow distant. There was no big fight or disagreement, he just spent less and less time around them. It saddened Harry to lose his closest male friend, but he wasn't going to force him to stick around if he didn't want to. Ron, despite his faults, had been a good friend for years, and suffered more than anyone had a right to ask of him because of it.

On December the twenty fifth, Harry and Daphne were wed in a small ceremony at Hogwarts. Rather predictably, Malfoy had tried to stop the wedding by stunning Daphne and hiding her until the New Year, when it would be too late. Pansy had helped him sneak into the girl's dorm, where the two of them snuck up on Daphne's bed early Christmas morning.

Their plan was foiled when Malfoy tripped a ward Daphne had placed around her bed. Parkinson and Malfoy had been frozen in place as an alarm blared loud enough that it was even heard in Hufflepuff. By the time Slughorn had arrived, Daphne, Tracey, and Astoria had hexed the two attackers so bad they would need to spend a week in the Hospital Wing.

When McGonagall found out, she was furious. Malfoy and Parkinson were suspended for the rest of the holiday and the first two weeks of the new term. It was only the fact that his plan had failed, and the lack of proof that he planned something worse than a prank, like he claimed, that kept him from being expelled.

When Narcissa arrived to pick him up, she insisted on apologizing to Harry and Daphne personally. Narcissa, unlike her son, was very grateful to him for standing up for them in court.

She told Harry that she knew Draco wanted to try and take the Black name from him, but she'd tried her best to talk him out of it. Narcissa offered to make amends, which Harry planned to refuse. Before he could however, Daphne asked that she be present for the wedding, something that Narcissa gratefully accepted.

Later, Daphne explained that Narcissa was still being viewed poorly by the public, and that by inviting her to the wedding, it would help her standing. There was still a lot about traditional magical society that Harry didn't understand, but Daphne was slowly teaching him.

Just before noon, everyone gathered in the Great Hall for the wedding. All of the students who stayed for the break were invited, along with the Weasleys, Order members, Daphne's family, and friends that had graduated. For the wedding party, Tracey was the maid of honor, while Astoria, and Lilith Moon were Daphne's bridesmaids. For Harry, Hermione was his best man, with Ron and Neville as his groomsmen.

McGonagall presided over the ceremony. It was a surprisingly short ceremony, for which Harry was grateful, which then led to one of the biggest parties at Hogwarts since the Yule Ball during the Triwizard Tournament. Harry had hired Fred and George to plan the reception and, despite reservations from some, like Molly and McGonagall, they did a fantastic job.

Harry, Ginny, and Daphne had considered making it a dual ceremony where he married Ginny as well, but in the end, they decided against it. No one wanted to face Mrs. Weasley's wrath if she didn't get to help plan her only daughter's wedding. Ginny knew her mother wouldn't want her to get married until after school, no matter how much she loved Harry, so they never even bothered to ask. It had taken long enough to convince her that Ginny was perfectly fine sharing her future husband. Molly was still not happy, and spoke very little with Daphne, but she at least didn't insult her as much as she had Fleur.

Harry smiled as he watched his wife and girlfriend mingle with their friends. Next to him, Hermione talked to him about how magical wedding bands were conjured, trying to make sense of how it worked without breaking the established laws of magic. On the dance floor, Ron was nervously swaying in place as he danced with Romilda Vane. A few feet away, Neville was happily dancing with his new girlfriend, Hannah Abbott.

Looking back over at his Ginny and Daphne, who were talking with an animated Fleur and tipsy Tonks, he chuckled when Daphne whispered something into the redhead's ear, causing her to blush as she glanced at Fleur.

"You look happy," Hermione said softly.

"I am," he said as he turned to look at her.

She really is beautiful in that dress, he thought.

"Good," she said with a smile. "After everything you've been through, it's about time you had some happiness in your life."

"Thanks, Hermione, for everything," Harry told her sincerely. "I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you."

Hermione smiled shyly and ducked her head. Despite the happy façade she was putting up, Harry had known her for long enough that he could see the trace of sadness hiding in her eyes.

"This isn't going to change anything, you know," he said softly. "You're still my best friend, and nothing will ever change that."

Looking up at him, Hermione gave a watery smile and leaned over to hug him tightly.

"Thank you," she murmured.

Harry rubbed her back and kissed the top of her head in response. Some people were looking at them curiously, but he ignored them. They could think whatever they wanted.



“Come on,” Harry said with a grin as he pulled back. “Let’s go dance.”

Standing, he offered her his hand.

“Shouldn’t you be dancing with your wife?” she asked teasingly as she stood.

“We’ve danced plenty, and I’m sure we’ll dance again later. Besides,” he said with a lopsided grin, “If you haven’t noticed, my girls don’t mind sharing.”

Hermione gaped at him and blushed as he laughed and pulled her onto the dance floor.

“You prat,” she said, slapping his chest lightly.

The rest of the night passed in a blur. As night fell, the Weasley twins led everyone outside to show off their new fireworks. Before Hermione could join them, Daphne and Ginny pulled her off to the side.

“Is something wrong?” Hermione asked.

“No,” Ginny said with a smile. “We just wanted to talk to you for a minute.”

“We know how close you and Harry are,” Daphne jumped in. “We just want you to know that we’re not going to try and come between you two. You mean the world to him, and I don’t want him to lose that.”

“I-” Hermione started but broke off as her voice cracked. “Thank you.”

Ginny smiled and hugged her friend tightly before pulling back.

“We also wanted to tell you that if you want to join us, they will always be a place for you,” Ginny said.

Hermione blushed, opening and closing her mouth several times.

“Is- is this a joke?” she asked.

“Nope. No joke,” Daphne said with an amused smirk. “Look, whether or not either of you are willing to admit it, we can tell you love each other.”

“Harry doesn’t-”

“Yes, he does,” Ginny interrupted firmly. “Look Hermione, I know it’s not exactly normal, but we both love Harry, and we want to make him as happy as possible. Things are different in the wizarding world. Harry can have as many wives and mistresses as he wants, and I’ll be honest, we both enjoy seeing him with other women.”

“But we don’t want to bring in anyone else permanently,” Daphne added. “You’re a special case though. You were there before us, and we can both see how much you care about each other.”

“All we’re saying,” Ginny jumped in, “is there’s always a place for you with Harry if you want it. He’s been worried about you feeling left out since he decided to marry Daphne, and I know you’ve been worried about losing him to us. Don’t try and deny it, I’ve known you too long.”

“Well, I mean, of course I’ve been worried,” Hermione admitted. “It’s just a natural reaction.”

“And if you married him, you’d never have to worry about that again,” Ginny told her. “Just think about it, okay? We should get back before Harry comes looking for us.”

Still feeling overwhelmed, Hermione nodded and followed the two girls out onto the front lawn. She stopped and sat down under a tree by herself while the other two continued on over to Harry. Smiling brightly, he wrapped an arm around each of them and gave them a kiss just as the fireworks started.

While everyone else looked skyward, Hermione watched the trio huddle together, the girls resting their heads on Harry's shoulders while he held them close. Hermione felt the desire to have that for herself rear up stronger than ever. Biting her lip, she watched them thoughtfully as Harry smiled, celebrating an addition to his family for the first time since he, himself, was born.