

Summer Fun

Chapter 1

Harry wiped the sweat off of his brow as the oppressive heat of the summer sun beat down on the back of his neck. His hands ached from digging up weeds by hand and his fingernails were caked in dry, gritty earth. Given all of this you would be forgiven for thinking he was miserable at the moment, but he wasn't. As far as he was concerned, anything that kept him out of the Dursley's house and his mind busy was good thing. The days of the summer had begun to blend together for him as he repeated the same thing, day in and day out. He would wake up early, before his relatives, and begin whatever work outside of the house that he could find. Working from sunrise until late into the evening, he would go inside, eat whatever meagre meal the Dursley's left out for him, and then immediately fall asleep in exhaustion.

Normally, even Harry would find this to be a horrible summer experience, even by his standards, but this time was different. After experiencing the horrors of the Third task of the Triwizard tournament, and witnessing the resurrection of Lord Voldemort, he was actually glad to have something to keep his mind off of it. Even his nightmares were less frequent and troubling with his nightly exhaustion. In his single-minded focus on the task at hand, he didn't notice the attention he was getting from his neighbor, Mrs. Lopez-Ward.

Isabelle Gabrielle Lopez-Ward was a 38 year-old mother of two twins, Maria and Gabrielle. She had long dark hair and caramel colored skin, with a figure that most women paid a lot of money to obtain. Isabelle had recently discovered that her husband, Johnathon, had been cheating on her with his 21 year-old secretary. Now, for several days, she had kept an eye on Harry Potter as he toiled away relentlessly in his aunt's garden. She knew his reputation, but if she was honest with herself, that was partly what drew her to him, she always did like a bad boy. Although, after watching him so closely, she was beginning to wonder just how accurate those rumors were.

Thoughts of revenge drifted through her mind as she considered inviting the handsome young man over. If her husband could have an affair, why could she, she asked herself. Smirking to herself, Isabelle turned away from the window and quickly poured a pitcher of ice-cold water, then made her way over to the phone.

“Hello, Petunia.” She said, once her neighbor answered the phone. “Listen, my husband’s away on business and I could use some help around the house. Do you think I could borrow your nephew for a few hours?”

Back in the garden, Harry finished weeding the row of flowers he was working on and stood up, wincing as his knees ached from kneeling for so long. Stretching his back and limbs, he looked around for his next job when a voice called out to him from behind.

“Hello, Harry.”

Harry turned around to see the beautiful Mrs. Ward peeking over to top of the fence, smiling at him with her perfect white teeth. He had heard Dudley talking about her before, but he had never actually met her before. She was a strikingly beautiful woman, her long, dark hair fell in rings around her face and her deep brown eyes seemed to sparkle at him. Realizing he was staring at her, Harry cleared his throat self-consciously and rubbed the back of his neck.

“Er, hello.” He replied.

“I was wondering if you would mind coming over for a bit to help me with a few things.” She said, her full lips pouting slightly. “My husband is away and I could really use a man around to give me a hand.”

“Er, well, I don’t know if my aunt-”

“Oh, don’t worry about that. I already talked to her and she said it’s fine.” Isabelle assured him, then gave him a tempting smile. “I have air conditioning.”

“Sure, I can help.” Harry told her.

He figured that it didn’t really matter what he was doing, so long as he kept busy.

“Great, come on over and I’ll meet you inside.” She said, stepping away from the fence and entering the backdoor of her house.

With one last stretch, Harry forced his aching body into motion and walked down to the side walk and over to her house. Even with her permission, he still felt it would be rude to just stroll into her house, so he raised his hand and knocked on the door. A few seconds later, Isabelle pulled the door open wide, gesturing him in with a bright, welcoming smile.

“Come on in.” She said, moving aside so he could enter.

Harry wiped his feet on the welcome mat outside and stepped into the house, the cool air of her air-conditioned house sending a pleasant chill over his sweaty skin. She closed the door behind him, and he noticed her looking him up and down out of the corner of his eye. Looking down at himself, he realized for the first time just how dirty he was. His shoes, pants, and hands were covered in dirt and bites of grass and leaves while his shirt was discolored for all of his sweat.

"I was going to ask you to help me rearrange some furniture, but I think we need to get you cleaned up a bit first." She said, looking him over.

"Sorry." Harry said, his cheeks heating up in embarrassment. "I'll go change and-"

"Nonsense." She said, looping her arm through his and leading him deeper into the house. "You can use my shower and I'll get you a change of clothes. I just some for my husband and you look like you're about the same size."

Isabelle led him down the hall and to the first-floor bathroom, gently pushing him inside.

"You go ahead and shower and I'll go get some clothes for you to wear." She told him.

Before Harry could utter a protest, Isabelle had closed the door and left. Sighing, he closed the lid on the toilet and sat down as he started to strip out of his dirty clothes. When he was down to his boxers, he reached over and started the water, adjusting it to a fairly cool temperature. Once it was to his liking, he pushed down his boxers and stepped under the running water. Grabbing a bar of soap off the self, he quickly washed his body and then shampooed his hair. Despite how good the cool water felt running over his aching body, he didn't want to spend too long in someone else's shower.

After only a few minutes in the shower, Harry shut off the water and stepped out, grabbing a towel off the rack on the wall. He quickly wiped the majority of the water off of his body and then threw the towel over his head to dry his hair. With his eyes covered and the damp towel muffling the sound around him, he didn't hear the door open as Isabelle walked into the bathroom with an arm full of brand-new clothes.

Isabelle had been hoping to catch a small glimpse of him through the mostly clear shower curtain, but she hadn't expected Harry to be done with his shower so quickly. She stood stock still in shock as she eyed the naked young man in front of her. Her eyes trailed down his muscled chest, to his ripped abs, and then down further to the impressive length dangling between his legs. Thinking quickly, she backed out of the room and closed the door most of the way, but left it cracked open enough for her to peer inside.

Looking through the sliver of open door, she watched his reflection in the mirror as he finished drying himself. She waited until the towel was wrapped around his waist to knock on the door and open it a little further.

"Here's some clothes for you, Harry." She said, sticking her arm through the partially opened door.

Harry looked up in surprise when he heard her voice, having not heard the door open. Reaching out, he grabbed the clothes and realized that they were brand new, and from an expensive brand.

"Mrs. Ward, you really don't have to-"

"Nonsense, I insist. Think of it as payment for helping me today." She insisted.

"Thank you." Harry said, setting the close on the counter as she closed the door.

Looking over the clothes, he saw a nice t-shirt, a pair of shorts, socks, and underwear. They were very casual, and undoubtedly the nicest set of muggle clothes that he now owned. Dropping the towel, he started to get dressed.

Outside the bathroom, Isabelle had left the door open just a bit once again. She watched in the mirror as Harry dropped the towel and began pulling on the clothes. Once he had pulled on the boxers and shirt, she backed away from the door and leaned against the wall, fanning herself with her shirt as naughty thoughts of Harry ran through her mind. Looking down at herself, she smirked as a wicked idea came to mind. She opened a couple of extra buttons on her shirt and pushed up her large breasts, leaving a long line of cleavage on display. Next, she grabbed the waist band of her shirt and rolled it up, making her skirt shorter until it stopped a couple of inches above her knee.

Harry finished getting dressed and opened the door, his eyes going directly to Isabelle's open shirt. He only stared at her for a second before he realized what he was doing and looked up at her eyes. Fortunately, it didn't look like she had noticed his slip as she simply smiled at him.

"Feel better?" She asked.

"Yeah, thanks." Harry said, determinedly keeping his eyes up.

"Good. Follow me, I'll show you what I need help with." She said, turning to walk back down the hall.

Harry followed her as she led him over to the living room and began to climb the stairs. As he followed her, he couldn't help his eyes from staring at her full, round bum and the way it flexed with each step directly in front of him. Her flowery skirt, that he thought looked shorter than it

had earlier, bulged as her muscular cheeks pressed against it. They reached the top of the stairs too soon for his liking and turned down the hall, where she led him to the master bedroom.

“I want to move the bed so that it’s under the window.” She said, pointing to the bed that sat against the left interior wall. “The sun wakes me up too early on the weekends.”

“Okay.” Harry replied.

Walking over to the window, he grabbed the vanity that sat there and lifted it easily. Carrying it out of the way, he set it to the side and then walked over to the bed, where Isabelle was waiting for him. She bent over and grabbed the bottom of the bed on one side while he took the other. The way she was bent caused her open shirt to fall forward, giving him a perfect view down her shirt at her full, bra covered breasts.

“On three. One. Two. Three.” She counted.

On three, they lifted the heavy bed and moved it a few feet before setting it down again. Harry had trouble taking his eyes off her mostly exposed breasts as they jiggled in her bra with each step. Twice more they carried the bed a few feet at a time until it was against the wall, under the window. Stepping back, she took a moment to look at the position before shaking her head.

Harry watched her as she grabbed the bed again and pushed against it repeatedly, nudging it a couple of inches to the right with each push. This also had the effect of making her breasts bounce hard each time she pushed against it. For a moment, it looked like they might bounce right out of her bra. To his disappointment, they didn’t.

“There, perfect.” Isabelle said, nodding at the bed.

“What else do you need help with?” Harry asked.

“Now, it’s time to break in the bed.” She told him.

Harry looked at her quickly, certain he must have misunderstood her. Isabelle sauntered up to him, her wide hips swaying under her skirt. She placed her hand on his chest, and he swallowed thickly as her palms ran over his hard pecs. With a smirk, she shoved him backwards on to the bed, where she landed on his back, staring up at her in shock. Climbing on to the bed, Isabelle crawled over the top of him as Harry scooted back.

“But, Mrs. Ward, you’re married.” He said, slightly panicked.

“My husband is too busy fucking his secretary to care about what I do, and call me Isabelle.” she told him.

She placed her arms on either side of his head, stopping him from moving away and straddled his hips. Setting her weight down on his legs, she leaned down over him. With her shirt falling forward, he couldn’t help glance down her shirt at her round, caramel-colored breasts. This time, she definitely noticed him looking and smirked at him. Leaning down further, she pressed her full, plump lips against his and kissed him hungrily. Harry reflexively kissed her back, groaning as she ground her hips down onto him and slipped her tongue into his mouth.

Harry was glad for his experience with both Fleur and Hermione the year before, otherwise he wouldn’t have had a clue what to do in this situation. Running his hands down her back, he ran

his palms over her round ass and then squeezed it tightly, drawing a moan from her lips. Taking his bottom lip between her lips, Isabelle pulled back until it slid out and then sat up on his waist. Grabbing her shirt, she pulled it up over her head and threw it behind her.

“Bloody hell.” Harry said, running his eyes up her toned stomach and thin waist to her large, bulging breasts as they strained against her black bra.

With a smirk, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall off of her arms and throwing it aside. Harry stared at her full, perky tits as they jutted from her chest in defiance of gravity. He licked his lips as he thought about taking her hard, brown nipples into his mouth and sucking on them. Isabelle grabbed his hands and pulled them up to her chest, pressing his hands to her breasts. His hands groped them gently, squeezing the firm flesh and running his thumbs over her nipples.

Harry sat up, moving one hand out of the way to wrap his lips around the tip of her breast. Isabelle moaned and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him against her chest as he sucked at the nipple. He could feel her nub harden in his mouth as he traced circles around it with his tongue. Pulling his head back, he took the breast back in his hand and pinched her hardened nipple firmly. Isabelle hissed in pleasure and pulled his head over to the other one, which he took in his mouth. Sucking hard until the nipple protruded from her breast, Harry took it between his teeth and dragged them lightly over the sensitive skin.

Grabbing a handful of his hair, Isabelle pulled his head back and kissed him hungrily while pulling up his shirt. Their lips separated only long enough for her to yank the shirt over his head before she was kissing him again. Running her hands down his chest and stomach, she undid the front of his shorts. When his button and fly were open, she scooted back on the bed and then stood up. Grabbing the waist band of both his shorts and boxers, she pulling them down his legs, letting his hard cock free to spring up.

Her eyes followed his bobbing cock, licking her lips as she stared at it. Grabbing the waist of her skirt, Harry watched as she pushed it, along with her black panties, down her legs. His cock gave a throb as her wide hips and thick thighs were slowly revealed. Climbing back onto the bed, she crawled up his legs until her head was level with his straining length. Pushing it back until it was against his stomach, she bent her head down and stared up into his eyes as she stuck out her tongue and ran it up the length of his shaft.

“You’re so much bigger than my husband.” She said, her lips so close to his cock that he could feel her breath rushing over his sensitive skin.

Placing a kiss at the base of his cock, she ran her tongue along the underside of his length again, flicking it as she reached the head. Taking him in her hand, she held him straight up and worked her tongue around in her mouth. A moment later, she bent over him and opened her lips, letting a long string of warm saliva run out of her mouth to drip down onto the head of his cock. Harry dropped his head back onto the bed and groaned as she rubbed her palm over the wet head and spread her spit all over the thick shaft of his throbbing cock.

Isabelle stroked his length several times before she dipped down and took the top few inches of his cock into her mouth, her plump lips stretching around his girth. Harry ran his hands threw her thick, dark hair, moving it out of the way so he could watch as her head bobbed up and down on his length. Sucking hard and swirling her tongue around the head, he bucked his hips up, trying to push more of his shaft into her hot, sucking mouth. Harry was disappointed when she pulled off of him, but only for a moment as she kissed her way up his body to claim his lips once again.

With his cock still pressed against his stomach, she straddled him, sitting down with her damp lips hugging his wide shaft. They both groaned into each other's mouths as she ground down onto him, moving her hips back and forth. Pulling her lips off of his, Isabelle raised her hips up and reached between their bodies to grab his cock and place it against her entrance. Slowly, she lowered herself, her hot, tight core stretching around his cock as she descended down his length. She moaned and braced her hands on his shoulders once his entire cock was buried deep inside of her, sitting still to adjust to his considerable size.

“Oh, fuck. That feels so good.” She moaned.

Isabelle began rocking her hips on him, sliding his cock in and out of her tight pussy. Harry reached up and grabbed her swaying breasts, squeezing them roughly as she sped up. Soon, she was bouncing up and down on his cock, the bed squeaking under them each time she dropped herself back down on his length. Letting go of her tits, Harry grabbed her waist and bucked his hips up, driving his cock deeper into her body as he watched her incredible breasts bounce in time with their movements.

“Fuck, you’re incredible, Isabelle. Your husband is a fucking moron.” Harry said as her tight, smooth walls hugged the length of his cock tightly.

Smirking at him, she buried his cock in her pussy and flexed her walls around him, making her pussy even tighter as she rolled her hips.

“I’m kind of glad he’s such an idiot. It gives me the chance to fuck this big, fat, cock.” She purred.

Raising herself up, Harry looked at her in surprise as she lifted off of his cock. Seeing his look, she smiled at him and then got on her hands and knees, facing the door. Dropping down onto her elbows, she arched her back and wiggled her ass at him while looking over her shoulder at him.

Harry quickly got up onto his knees and moved behind her. He ran his hands over her wide, wonderful ass, giving it a light smack and watching as the flesh rippled. Grabbing his cock, he ran the fat head between her drooling lips, rubbing it against her clit and making her gasp.

Holding his shaft at the base, he brought his cock up from underneath her and slapped it against her wet pussy and clit several times as she moaned into the mattress. Placing the tip of his cock at her entrance, he grabbed her by the shoulder and then slammed his entire length into her dripping cunt with one vicious thrust.

Isabelle groaned loudly in pleasure as Harry fucked her hard from behind, slapping her jiggling ass with his hand at random intervals. Pushing down, he pinned her shoulders to the bed as he drove his cock into her as her walls fluttered around his shaft. Panting at the effort he was putting into fucking her, he sat up on his knees and grabbed her rippling cheeks. Spreading them apart, he watched as his shaft stretched her lips wide as his shaft drove in and out of her.

Moving his thumb between her cheeks, Harry ran his thumb over her smallest hole, rubbing it in circles. When Isabelle gave a wanton moan and pushed back against him, he smiled and moved it down to her pussy. Wetting his thumb with her arousal, he placed his thumb her back door and pushed until the tip popped into her puckered hole, sinking in up to the first knuckle. Harry groaned as her walls tightened around him again, his cock jerking as his climax approached. Hoping to get her off before he did, Harry thrust into her with hard, fast strokes while wiggling his thumb inside her asshole.

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” Isabelle chanted as her walls started to flutter around him.

On the edge of his orgasm, Harry was desperate to get her to finish. Using a trick that he'd used on Fleur after the Second Task, he pulled his thumb out of her and sucked his middle finger into his mouth, wetting it with his spit. Pulling it out of his mouth, he placed his middle finger at her back entrance and drove his entire finger into her wrinkled hole. Isabelle clawed at the bedding and howled as she came violently, her walls clamped down on length and spasmed around his shaft. Harry pushed his cock as deep into her as he could and grunted as he came, filling her with several jets of hot cum.

“Mum!” Harry heard shouted from the doorway.

Looking up, he saw Isabelle's twin daughters, Maria and Gabrielle, stand in the door to the master bedroom. Both of the girls had the same caramel colored skin, dark hair and curvy bodies as their mother, though their breasts looked a bit small.

"I can, explain." Isabelle panted, even as her pussy still fluttered around his cock.

Maria and Gabrielle walked into the room, both wearing short shorts and tight tank tops to deal with the summer heat. Gabrielle stared at them open mouth, while Maria had gotten over her shock and was glaring at her mother.

"How could you cheat on Dad like this!?" She yelled.

"Just give me a minute and let me explain." Isabelle plead with her daughter.

She pushed herself up onto her arms and moved forward, pulling his cock out of her. Feeling his hand move, Harry realized his finger was still buried in her ass and gently pulled it out of her. As his cock fell out of her, he saw a few drops of his cum fall out onto the mattress. Looking back up at the girls, he saw Gabrielle staring at his spent cock as it dangled, still half hard, between his legs. Reaching behind him, he grabbed one of the pillows off the bed and covered himself with it.

Maria had her arms crossed over her impressive chest and was glaring at her mother as she sat on the end of the bed, panting heavily from their romp. Occasionally, her eyes would glance over at him before she went back to glaring at Isabelle.

“Well, explain.” Maria demanded.

Isabelle sighed and looked up at her daughters.

“Your father isn’t on a business trip, he’s at a hotel having an affair with his secretary Monica.” She told them.

“What!?” Maria shouted. “He wouldn’t. How-”

“I saw them.” Isabelle interrupted, then sighed. “Last week was our anniversary and I wanted to surprise him. I went to the hotel he was staying at and got the key from the front desk. When I walked into the room, I saw him in bed with her. I left before they saw me and I haven’t talked to him about it yet.”

“I’m sorry you had to find out like this, but I needed some time to think about how I wanted to handle this. When I saw Harry working outside today, I decided that if your father can have an affair, why can’t I?”

“It still isn’t right.” Maria said, glaring at her.

Isabelle raised her eyebrow and stood up, walking closer to her.

“Are you mad about me cheating on your father, or are you mad because I chose to do it with Harry?” She asked.

Maria's eyes widened and she backed up, looking away.

"I don't know what you're talking about." She answered.

"Really?" Isabelle asked skeptically. "I've heard you and Gabrielle talking about how cute you think he is, and how you wish he went to the same school as you."

Harry looked at both girls in surprise. Maria was still looking away, but when he looked at Gabrielle, she smiled and winked at him.

"You know, I'm sure Harry wouldn't mind spending some time with you while he's here." Isabelle said to Maria with a smirk. "In fact, why don't you three get to know each other while I go get washed up."

With that, she walked past her daughters and left the room, leaving the door open behind her. The moment she was out of the room, Gabrielle grabbed the hem of her tank top and pulled it off over her head and started pushing her shorts down her legs. Harry stared at her as her large, perky breasts bounced free of her shirt.

"Gabrielle!" Marie exclaimed.

"Oh, stop being such a prude. You want to fuck him as much as I do. Are you really going to let this opportunity get away?" Gabrielle asked as she finished stripping.

Harry's cock rapidly re-hardened as Gabrielle climbed on to the bed and crawled over to him. Pressing her lips to his, she moved the pillow out of the way and stroked his cock back to full hardness. Kneeling over him, she placed his head at her bald entrance and sat down on him, her pussy swallowing his entire length. She felt even tighter than Isabelle had, and possibly even tighter than Hermione when they had slept together for the first time.

"God, you are such a slut." Maria said.

Gabrielle pulled her lips away from his and sat up on his waist. When Harry looked over, he saw that Maria was now getting naked as well. Her breasts looked slightly larger than Gabrielle, but her hips were a bit smaller. While the girls looked very similar, they weren't identical.

"Only for the right guy." Gabrielle responded, winking at him, then looking over at her sister. "Are you going to join us, or are you going to keep pretending you don't want this?"

"He's already taken at the moment, if you haven't noticed." Maria said, even as she climbed onto the bed next to him.

"His mouth is free, and I doubt Harry would mind you sitting on his face, would you?" She asked him.

"Definitely not." Harry said as Gabrielle started working up and down his rigid cock.

He motioned Maria over to him and she only hesitated for a moment before she crawled over to kneel over his head, facing her sister. Gabrielle started bouncing on his hips, her tight, smooth walls dragging along the length of his shaft while Maria lowered herself on his face. Harry stuck out his tongue and ran it between her lips, flicking it over her clit.

“Fuck, his cock is so fucking big!” Gabrielle exclaimed as she rode him, gradually gaining speed. “You’re going to love this when it’s your turn.”

“He’s really good with his tongue, too.” Maria said with a moan.

Reaching up, he grabbed Maria’s ass, groping and massaging the smooth, soft flesh as he drove his tongue into her drooling hole. Remembering how her mother reacted to having her ass played with, Harry pulled her cheeks apart and ran his index finger over her wrinkled hole. Maria gasped and ground her pussy against his face as he teased her. Smiling, Harry had a naughty idea and brought his hand up and over to Gabrielle’s pussy. Sticking out his finger, he ran it along her lips, coating his finger in her arousal while teasing her clit.

Gabrielle moaned and bounced even harder on his cock now that she had adjusted to his girth. Moving his hand back up to grab Maria’s ass, he pushed his finger against her back door, using her sister’s wetness as lube. She panted harshly above him as he sucked on her clit and pushed his finger hard against her smallest hole until it popped inside. With a loud whine, she shivered over him as he began to work his finger deeper into her.

“Oh my god! Is he fingering your ass right now?” Gabrielle asked in surprise.

“Yes.” Maria hissed out, her pussy leaking copiously onto his face as her legs shook around his head.

“That’s so fucking hot.” Gabrielle said, her walls spasming around his rigid shaft.

The room was filled with the moans of both girls as Harry did his best to pleasure them at the same time. He thrust his hips up into Gabrielle as she dropped down while licking, sucking and fingering Maria while she sat on his face. Taking his index finger out of her backdoor, he added his middle finger and pushed them both against her loosened hole. With one hard push, he sank both fingers into her puckered hole, making her gasp loudly. With one last suck on her clit, Maria came hard, soaking his face in her arousal.

Maria collapsed to the side and rubbed her clit furiously as she came, screaming loudly into the bedding. Sitting up, Harry grabbed Gabrielle around the waist and rolled her onto her back, laying right next to her sister. Grabbing her legs, he put them on his shoulders and practically folded her in half as he leaned over her and slammed his cock into her spasming cunt. Harry felt his climax approaching as she screamed just like Maria and came around his cock. He continued to fuck her threw it as he chased his own finish, ruthlessly slamming his cock down into her.

Gabrielle’s body was taut under him as she shook and came while he continued to fuck her. Harry extended her orgasm for a full thirty seconds before he finally came, driving his cock balls deep into her grasping cunt as he filled her with his cum. While not as much as he had cum into Isabelle, he filled her with enough that a small stream of cum leaked out between her lips when he pulled out. Collapsing onto the bed, the girls each took a shoulder and cuddled up to him as they recovered.

A few minutes later, Isabelle came back into the room, still naked and smiled at the pile of bodies on the bed.

“Come on you three, dinner is ready.”

Climbing off of the bead and enjoying a wonderful dinner surrounded by beautiful naked women, Harry thought that maybe this summer wouldn't be so bad after all.

Chapter 2

"So, let me get this straight." Isabelle said, as she and her daughters sat in the living room of her house, staring at Harry with skeptical looks. "You don't go to Saint Brutus'."

"Correct." Harry answered.

"You go to a magical school in Scotland where you learn to do magic." Isabelle said, sharing a look with her daughters.

"Yes." Harry told her, sighing in frustration that they didn't believe him. "I went to Gringotts today and filed for emancipation, but it takes a few days to go through the Ministry. As soon as I get it, I can show you some real magic. Unless..."

Harry trailed off as an idea popped into his head. He snapped his fingers and smiled.

"Dobby!" He yelled in triumph.

POP

“Ahhh!” Maria screamed, tucking her legs up to her chest as she stared at the small, strange creature with large, pointy ears and tennis ball sized eyes.

“You called Harry Potter, sir.” Dobby asked, looking curiously around the room.

“Oh my God, it’s real. Magic’s real.” Gabrielle whispered with a voice full of wonder.

“Dobby, how would you like to come work for me?” Harry asked, thinking about how useful it would be to have the little guy around.

“Dobby would be honored, Harry Potter, sir.” Dobby said reverently.

“Perfect. Why don’t you go start clean the house for now?” Harry asked.

Before he had even finished his sentence, Dobby had popped away excitedly. Harry smiled, finally feeling like things were coming together and he was taking control of his life. Now that he was eighteen, he had gone to Gringotts to get emancipated. Once that was cleared by the Ministry, all he had to do was go take his OWLs early at the Ministry and he wouldn’t have to go back to school in September. After the Triwizard Tournament and the death Cedric Diggory, he was done with Dumbledore’s stupid games. If he was going to have to fight Voldemort, he was going to do it on his own terms. With Dumbledore leaving him at the Dursley’s and telling him nothing, and Fudge continuing to have his head up his ass, he was done dealing with their bullshit.

For the last month, Since Isabelle had first invited him over, he had practically moved into their home. During the day, he would tell his aunt and uncle that he was helping her around the house, while in reality, he spent most of his time having sex with Isabelle and her daughters, Gabrielle and Maria. At night, he would sneak out of the house and come over to have even more sex. Gabrielle and Isabelle were both quite submissive and were pretty much up for anything he wanted to do. Maria, on the other hand, tended to treat him more like a boyfriend, something he really was interested in being at the moment. Harry planned to spend a lot more time with the beautiful girls, which was why he was telling them about being a wizard. Once he was emancipated, he planned to move into their house until he could get a house of his own.

“Right, so here’s the plan.” Harry said, coming out of his thoughts. “Once I get emancipated, I’ll stay here for a little while until I pass my OWL’s and get a house of my own. Then you girl can move in with me.”

The three girls exchanged looks, all different. Gabrielle looked excited, Maria looked affronted, and Isabelle looked concerned.

“Harry, are you sure you can afford that. Getting a house isn’t cheap.” Isabelle asked.

“I checked my account at Gringotts and I have over fifty million Galleons. In pounds that would be two-hundred and fifty million.” He told them, smiling as they goggled at him.

Just as Isabelle opened her mouth to speak, the phone rang. Standing up, she walked over to the phone on the wall and answered it. As soon as she was gone, Gabrielle jumped off of the couch and sat on his lap, smiling brightly at him.

“So, does this mean you can take me shopping, Harry?” She asked.

Harry smiled at her.

“I will if you’re good.” He told her.

Gabrielle pouted at him.

“Aw, but I like being a bad girl.” She said, her eyes dancing playfully.

Sliding off of his lap, she dropped to her knees and started opening his pants. Harry smiled down at her, leaned back and spread his legs open while she reached in and pulled out his soft cock. Gabrielle parted her lips and took his whole length into her mouth, sucking and bobbing her head as he began growing hard. It wasn’t long until she was forced to back off slightly as his shaft grew completely rigid. She bobbed her head rapidly up and down the top half of his shaft, her tongue lashing wildly at the head when she reached the top. As she slurped away at his cock, Isabelle came back into the room, not even batting an eye at seeing what her daughter was doing after everything the four of them had done around the house for the last month.

“Sorry, but I have to leave for a little while. That was my sister, Carmella. She and my other sister Ella are starting get worried about me. I should be back in a couple of hours. Try not to have too much fun while I’m gone.” She told them.

Walking over to Harry, she leaned over her daughter and kissed him on the lips. Reaching up, Harry grabbed her big tits and squeezed them possessively as they kissed deeply. Isabelle moaned against his lips before pushing against his chest and pulling away with a smile on her lips.

“Save some energy for when I get back.” She told him with a hungry look.

Turning around Harry watched her wide ass shake in her tight summer dress as she walked away while grabbing Garbielle’s head and forcing his thick shaft down her throat, making her gag around his length. He didn’t let go until she walked out the door, and Gabrielle shot off of his cock, only to lean back down and start licking and kissing his cock again. Harry smiled down at her and stroked her cheek affectionately. He loved how submissive she was around him. Looking over at Maria, who was still on the couch, he saw her watching them intently, a slightly jealous look on her face.

“Why don’t you come join us, Maria?” He asked her.

“I’d rather wait until we can spend some time together alone.” She answered.

Harry sighed. He was really getting tired of her attitude. If this was going to work with all three of them, she was going to have to get used to sharing him and stop being so jealous. With Isabelle gone for the next couple of hours, he figured this was as good a time as any to teach her a little lesson. Grabbing Gabrielle by the head, he pulled her off of his cock and kissed her on the lips.

“Follow my lead.” Harry whispered into her ear.

Standing up, he walked over to Maria. As soon as he got to her, Harry grabbed her roughly by the hair and pulled her across the room, and over to the wall. Pinning her face first against the wall, ignoring her complaints, he grabbed her tight shorts and yanked them half way down her thighs. Looking down at her full, round ass, he raised his hand as smacked her cheek with

considerable force. A loud smack reverberated around the room as his hand struck her firm flesh, making her cheek ripple from the impact. Maria grunted and squeaked as he smacked her ass several more times, turning her gorgeous brown skin red from the abuse.

“Let’s get something straight Maria, I’m not your boyfriend. I’m your new daddy, and when I tell you to do something, you do it. You’re not my girlfriend, you’re daddy’s pretty little slut, got it?” He asked.

“Harry.” She whined.

Harry smacked her ass again, making her squeak loudly.

“Yes or no, Maria. Are you going to be daddy’s good little girl, or do you want me to stop. Keep in mind, if you tell me stop, I’ll never fuck you again.” He warned.

Maria went silent for a moment. Harry knew the moment her shoulder drooped that she was going to give in.

“I’ll be good.” She said in a quiet voice.

Smack.

“I’ll be good, what?” He prompted.

“I’ll be good, papi.” She told him.

“Good.” Harry said with a victorious smile. “But I’m still going to have to punish you.”

The moment he finished talking, Harry slammed his hips forward, driving his large cock hilt deep into her unsuspecting pussy. Maria shrieked in surprise at being filled so suddenly. Keeping her pinned to the wall, Harry set a furious pace, fucking her against the wall with fast, brutal thrusts. Maria clawed at the wall, unprepared for such a sudden assault on her vulnerable pussy. Turing his head, he looked at Gabrielle to find her watching him with an almost reverent expression while she fingered herself. Smiling at her, Harry pulled out of Maria and spun her around. Grabbing her shirt, he roughly yanked it over her head and then nearly tore off her bra, making her big tits jiggle wildly as they bounced free.

Pushing Maria to her knees, he shoved his cock, glistening with her juices, into her mouth and straight down her throat. She gagged hard around his cock, raising her hands to push against his thighs. Harry grabbed her hand and pinned them to the wall above her head as he thrust his hips back and forth, forcing his fat cock in and out of her spasming throat. Driving his hips forward, he held himself buried in her throat, groaning in pleasure as if massaged his length as it spasmed around him, trying to expel the intruder. He held himself there for several long seconds until Maria started struggling against him. Yanking his spit covered cock out of her throat, Maria sucked in a gasping breath and coughed as she cleared her throat.

“Open your mouth.” Harry ordered her.

Obediently, Maria opened her mouth and Harry drove straight back into her throat. With her head and hands pinned against the wall, she was helpless as he ruthlessly fucked her face. Over and over again, he forced his long shaft all the way down her throat, his spit-soaked balls slapping wetly against her chin. When Harry finally gave her a break, long, thick strings of saliva

dripped down her chin and her eyes had teared up, leaving long black streak down her cheeks as the dark mascara under her eyes ran. Pulling her by the arm, he dragged her over to the couch. There, he pushed her into position until she was laying down with her head hanging over the arm of the couch. Holding her in place by her long, dark hair, Harry shoved his throbbing cock back into her mouth and down her throat. As he pushed his cock down her throat, he could see her neck bulge around his thick shaft. Putting his hand on her neck, he could even feel his cock move as he thrust back and forth.

Taking his hand off her neck, he grabbed her big, perky tits, squeezing them roughly and using them as handles for leverage as he once again fucked her poor throat. As moved in and out of her mouth, he pinched and pulled at her hard brown nipples, stretching them up and making her arch her back to get relief as she moaned around his thrusting shaft. Letting go of her nipples, he yanked his cock out of her mouth, deciding to move on to something else. Sitting down on the couch, he pulled Maria onto his lap, his rigid, swollen cock towering up between her legs. Despite how roughly he was treating her, her pussy was soaking wet as his length rested against her lips. Putting his arms under her legs, he linked his hands behind her head, putting her in a type of full nelson as he lifted her up and then dropped her on his cock.

Gabrielle, now naked, stood in front of them, masturbating to the sight of Harry utterly dominating her twin sister. Maria moaned loudly as Harry big cock filled and stretched her tight, hot walls. Her arms flopped around uselessly, completely helpless as Harry used her vulnerable pussy any way he wanted. Use her, he did. He slammed up throbbing cock up into her with bruising force and blistering speed. It was the hardest he had ever fucked anyone and he was loving it. Being able to let go of all of his constraints and just focus on himself for once was a wonderful, liberating feeling. Watching Gabrielle's beautiful body as she played with herself, while he used her sister any way he wanted, Harry decided it was time to start taking what he wanted.

"Come over here and lick your sister." He told Gabrielle.

He smiled as she rushed forward, kneeling down to start licking and sucking at the point where his cock entered Maria. Maria stared in shock as her sister dove into her pussy without

hesitation, only to toss her head back and moan loudly at the feeling. Harry could feel her walls starting to flutter around him as he felt his own climax begin to rise. Determined to make her cum before he did, Harry reached down and started rubbing above her clit furiously while Gabrielle licked the sensitive nub and his cock continued to slam in and out of her tight cunt. Maria didn't last long against their combined assault. Harry felt her begin to shake as she screamed and came hard, spraying her sisters face with her juices as she reached her peak. As her walls spasmed around his shaft, massaging it, he continued thrusting, trying to reach his own climax.

"I'm gonna cum in all of you over and over until I knock up you, your sister and your mother. You are *mine*." As Harry growled the last word, he buried his length in her as he came.

Numerous jets of hot cum splashed forcefully against her walls, fulling her pussy until his cum leaked out of her lips where Gabrielle dutifully licked up the mess. Even after his orgasm finished, Harry kept thrusting, keeping his sensitive cock hard inside of her still fluttering walls. Letting go of her head, her legs dropped into a normal position and he pushed Gabrielle back. Lifting Maria up, he turned her over until she was lying face down on the couch. She tried to push herself up on all fours, but Harry held her down and straddled her wide, full ass with his knees on either side of her hips, pinning her in place. Spreading her cheeks, he looked at her small, wrinkled hole and worked up a mouth full of spit. Parting his lips, he let the spit drool out of his lips to land on her tight little pink hole.

Maria gasped and turned her head to look at him with wide eyes. Before she could say anything, Harry leaned forward, holding her down by the shoulders as he pressed the head of his cock against her asshole and pressed forward hard. He had played with her asshole before, but he had never had more than a couple of fingers in her. Now, he was going to take what he wanted. It took some force before the head of his cock forced her hole open wide enough to accept his engorged head. Maria moan loudly and kicked her feet behind him as he popped inside, stretching her last virgin hole with his big cock.

"Aye, papi!" She exclaimed as he slowly shoved more and more of his length into her tight, hot hole.

It started feeling a bit dry when he got the first couple of inches into her, so he pulled out and turned to Gabrielle, who was still kneeling next to the couch. Grabbing her head, he pushed her willing mouth down onto his until she had it good and wet, swirling her tongue pleurably around his shaft. Pulling her head back, Harry pushed his cock back into Maria's tight ass, watching as her tight hole stretched around his wide shaft. Maria moaned and panted as he drove half of his length into her beautiful ass. He marveled at how incredibly tight and hot her ass felt as it squeezed his cock in its grasp. Pulling out again, Gabrielle needed no instruction as she swallowed his shaft once again, slobbering all over it to get it wet. Pushing back into her ass, this time, Harry didn't stop until he bottomed out, his thighs resting against the cushy cheeks of her ass.

Harry paused for a moment, giving her time to get used to him before he started moving. Slowly at first, he drew his cock out of her, her tight ring clinging to his shaft as he pulled out halfway. Sinking back into her just as slow, they both moaned at the feeling. Harry got a bit of a surprise as Gabrielle leaned forward and spit on to his cock as he pulled out again, then slathered it around his shaft with her tongue. His cock jerked and throbbed as he watched her tongue run around his girth and her sister's stretched asshole as she licked at the point where he entered Maria. Turned on by the depraved scene, Harry started thrusting into her harder and faster, reveling in the feeling of her tight passage squeezing his length.

Gabrielle had to move her head out of the way as Harry really started fucking Maria at a decent pace. He pulled his cock all the way out of her for a moment and spread her cheeks wide, watching as her little hole gaped open for a few seconds before it started to slowly close back up. He pushed his cock back into her and then pulled out again, watching as her asshole stretched and closed a few times. Once he got bored of watching, he pushed in until he bottomed out again and then really started going to town on her pretty little ass. Driving his cock down into her like a jack hammer, Maria squeaked and grunted each time his thighs slapped against her firm cheeks, a slapping noise coming from between their bodies.

Harry was so focused on watching his fat cock drill into her stretched starfish that it took him a moment to realize that Maria's moans and squeals had become muffled. Looking up, he saw that Gabrielle had laid down in front of Maria, and was now holding her face to her pussy. After

rubbing her drenched lips around her face several times, Maria finally stuck out her tongue and started licking her sister. Harry smiled as he continued to rail into Maria, making mental note to do something nice for Gabrielle later. Maybe she would the rough treatment the same way Maria seemed to, if the size of the puddle on the couch under her was any indication.

Just as he thought that, Maria came suddenly, screaming into her sister's pussy as her asshole clamped down and spasmed wildly around his cock. The surprising stimulation pushed Harry over the edge. Grunting, he slammed his cock into her as he filled her ass with his cum. When he was finished, he pulled out of her, watching as a trail of white cum leaked out of her gaping hole as it slowly started to close back up. Smacking her ass, he leaned back and watched as Marie continued to eat out Gabrielle while he waited to get hard again. He wondered if Maria had learned her lesson or if her should punish her some more.

Meanwhile, Isabelle was sitting across the kitchen table from both of her sisters, trying to convince them that she was fine with her divorce. Since both of them had been through painful divorces themselves, they were reluctant to believe her. Carmella, her older sister, was the curviest of the three sisters with the largest breasts. She had two daughters, Rachel and Rebecca, were both beautiful girls close to her daughters ages. Her younger sister, Ella, was the most athletic of the three, with a very toned figure. While she wasn't as busty as her sisters, she had a strikingly beautiful face and an ass that could start wars. She had gotten divorced only months into her marriage, before she could have any children.

Looking at her sisters, Isabelle wondered if she should tell them about Harry. After all of the assholes they had dated, they deserved a good man too. Besides, if Harry was even half as rich as he said, they would all be set for life. Great sex and a good man to take care of them, what more could they ask for.

"I appreciate your concern, but really, I'm fine. I even have a new man in my life that actually makes me happy." She told them. "And, there's one other thing, but this stays just between us for now, got it."

“Sure.” “Of course” Carmella and Ella replied.

“I think I might be pregnant.” She admitted with a dreamy smile. “I haven't taken the test yet, but I'm late and I'm usually pretty regular.”

“Are you sure that's a good thing?” Carmella asked. “It's not that I'm not happy for you, I just want you to get stuck with another cheating bastard.”

“I'm not worried about that with this one.” She said with a smirk, thinking of how between her and her daughters they could keep Harry more than satisfied.

If she added her sisters to that, maybe all of them could finally be happy.

“Why don't you come over next weekend and meet him?” She asked.

“Are you sure you're not moving too fast? I mean, you've only just gotten divorced and you just met the guy.” Ella asked in concern.

“I'm sure. Trust me, you'll see what I mean when you meet him. He's a total sweetheart.” She said with a mysterious smile.

Harry was currently sitting outside of his new home, waiting for Isabella and her family to arrive. After going to Gringotts, he had finished the paperwork to become emancipated, as well as execute his parents will. It was a huge surprise for him to find out that the massive amount of gold in his vault was just his trust fund. In fact, it was just the tip of the iceberg for what he now owned. The Potter family was much more powerful and influential than he ever expected. While he had yet to go through all of the paperwork telling him what he had, he knew there was a family vault containing millions of Galleons, dozens of properties, and shares in businesses. It would take months to get caught up with everything, but from what he saw so far, it was clear he had the money and power to do pretty much anything he wanted to if he tried hard enough. The question was, what should he do?

In the short term, the first thing he did was get a house of his own. While Potter manor had been destroyed by Voldemort during his first reign of terror, his family still owned several other well protected homes. Looking through the properties, he had decided on the largest he could find, a sprawling, sixteen-bedroom manor on over one-hundred acres of private, magically hidden land near Scotland. After being forced to spend much of his early life sleeping in a cupboard, Harry wanted a place where he would never have to feel claustrophobic again. Thanks to the wonders of magic, and a fanatically loyal, hyper active House Elf named Dobby, it had only taken two days to get the house ready to live in. The grounds still needed work, but that could wait.

Hearing the flutter of wings, Harry looked up just as Hedwig flew down to perch on his shoulder. She hooted in greeting and dropped a letter in his lap before nipping at his ear affectionately and taking off into the sky. Hedwig had fallen in love with her new home the moment they arrived. Watching as she winged off toward the tree line, she squawked angrily and dove at a large oak tree, scaring several crows that were resting there. Harry chuckled as she chased them off and took the tree for herself. She was going to have her work cut out for her if she planned to scare off every bird that come onto the property, he thought to himself.

Turning his attention back to the letter in his hands, Harry opened it quickly when he recognized Fleur's flowery handwriting on the front. Reading through the letter, she teased him about her sister's crush on him before telling him that she was coming back to England much sooner than expected because she was offered a job at Gringotts as a Curse Breaker. She went on to ask him to meet her for lunch in a week when she arrived. Folding the letter and stuffing it back in the envelope, Harry smiled, happy for his friend. He would have to write her back later and he wondered if he should invite her over to meet his new family. His smile widened even further; Family.

It hadn't happened the way he expected, but he finally had the family he always wanted. Watching Cedric being murdered in front of him had severely changed his outlook on life. He was through letting other people dictate how he lived or what he did. The sound of crunching gravel pulled him from his thoughts. Looking up, he saw Isabella's silver Land Rover, followed closely by a green minivan, making their way up the long gravel drive way leading to the house. Harry smiled and stood up as the two vehicles parked and the girls started piling out. Isabella and her twin daughters, Gabriella and Maria got out of the Land Rover and greeted him with hugs and kisses to the cheek.

From the green minivan, Carmella, Isabella older sister, climbed out of the driver's seat. From the back, Carmella's two daughters, Rebecca and Rachel climbed out of the back. A moment later, Isabella's younger sister Ella, came around from the passenger side of the car. All of them stared in awe at the enormous manor behind him for a few seconds before they walked over to them.

"Harry, these are my sisters, Carmella and Ella, and Carmella's daughters, Rachel and Rebecca. Girls this is Harry, my new boyfriend I was telling you about." Isabella said in introduction, seeming a bit nervous about how her family would react.

"*This is Harry?*" Carmella asked incredulously.

Harry smiled at her, unoffended. Giving the difference in age, and that Isabella had only been divorced for a couple of weeks, it was a perfectly normal reaction.

"I know this may seem a bit strange, but why don't you come inside and we can explain?" Harry asked her charmingly.

Carmella stared at him with a furrowed brow as if he was a puzzle to be solved. Behind her, Ella rolled her eyes and pulled her back a step.

"You'll have to excuse her. She hates men." She said with a teasing smile and a wink.

“I do not!” Carmella argued.

Harry chuckled at Ella. “It’s alright. If anything, I’m glad Isabella has you two looking out for her. Come on inside and I’ll explain everything. I know this must seem pretty strange at first.”

Grabbing Isabella by the hand, Harry led the large group of beautiful, dark-haired girls into the house.

“Honestly, as long as Isabella’s happy, I don’t really care how old you are.” Ella said as she followed him.

Harry squeezed Isabella’s hand as he felt more than heard her sigh of relief. He knew how much her family meant to her, and how nervous she was about them meeting him. There were gasps and whispered chattering between the four younger girls as they entered the foyer with its marble floor. Leading the group to the left, Harry brought them into the sitting room where he had specifically set out three large couches just for today. Gabriella and Maria pulled Rebecca and Rachel over to one couch where they were whispering furiously, while Carmella and Ella took a couch to themselves. Harry and Isabella took the remaining couch, sitting close together and holding hands. He waited a moment for everyone to get settled, but Ella spoke up before he could.

“So, how did you two meet?” She asked curiously. “Isabella wouldn’t tell us much.”

Smiling, Harry spent a couple of minutes telling them about how Isabella had been the one to seduce him after finding out her husband was cheating on her. What had started out as revenge quickly turned serious as she got to know him better. When he got to the end, he turned to Isabella.

“Do you want to give them the good news first, or the explanation?” He asked her.

The explanation he was talking about was magic. After a long talk with Isabella, they had decided to tell them the truth. Her hope was to have her sisters move in with them so that their family could spend more time together. Given the bad relationships Carmella and Ella had been involved in, she was hoping Harry could help them the way he helped her. Harry joked that she was trying to build him a harem since she had been the one to push him into sleeping with her daughters and now was trying to get him to do the same with her sisters and nieces.

“Good news first, then you can freak them out.” She told him, kissing him on the cheek.

Smiling lovingly at her, he turned back to the rest of the girls who were looking at them curiously.

“Isabella and I asked you here because we have an announcement to make.” Harry said, getting everyone's attention.

Looking at Isabella, he motioned for her to tell them. She swallowed nervously and took a deep, fortifying breath.

“I'm pregnant.” She said quickly, unable to hold back a glowing smile.

There was a moment of silence as the air seemed to be sucked out of the room before there was pandemonium. Everyone rushed to congratulate and hug both of them as Isabella wiped tears of happiness from her eyes. It was a few minutes before everyone calmed down enough for Harry to get their attention.

“There's one more thing I need to tell everyone.” Harry said loudly.

The girls all went back to their seats and waited for him to talk. For the next fifteen minutes, Harry gave them a brief overview of his life story. From how the Dursley's treated him, to learning that magic was real, to going to Hogwarts, and finally to the return of Voldemort.

“Isabella.” Carmella called out as soon as he was finished. “Please, don’t tell me you actually believe all of this. He’s just lying to you to get what he wants. You can’t honestly believe magic is real.”

Isabella looked nervously at Harry for his reaction, but he just smiled at them. He knew someone was likely to react this way.

“What can I do to prove it to you?” Harry asked, pulling out his wand.

Carmella glared at him. “I’ve seen magicians in Liverpool before, I know you can set things up to look real when they’re not. Your silly little tricks aren’t going to fool me.” She said firmly, crossing her arms on her rather substantial chest.

Before Harry could think of what spell to use, Ella spoke up again.

“I don’t suppose you could make my boobs bigger, could you? I’ve always wanted them to be a bit bigger, but I don’t like how the fake ones look or feel.” She asked him with a smirk.

“Don’t encourage him.” Carmella reprimanded her.

Just as Ella opened her mouth to speak, Harry cast his spell

“Engorgio.” He incanted.

Everyone in the room stared wide eyed as Ella’s breasts expanded, stretching her tight t-shirt to its limit as the size of her bust surpassed even her well-endowed sister before finally stopping. Tentatively, Ella reached up and groped her chest, gasping in wonder when she realized they were real.

“Ay, dios mio, they’re real. Magic is real.” She whispered just loud enough for the whole room to hear.

“It must be some sort of trick.” Carmella said, her voice trembling slightly. “He must have rigged your shirt to inflate, or something. It has to be fake.”

Grabbing the hem of her shirt, Ella pulled it up to her chin. Her large, full breasts bounced as they escaped the confines of her undersized shirt.

“Do these look fake to you!?” Ella asked shrilly, staring down in wonder at her new breasts.

As Harry enjoyed the view she was giving him of his handywork, Isabella giggled next to him, getting the attention of her sisters.

“It’s real Carmella. I didn’t want to believe it at first either, but Harry’s shown me too much not to believe him.” She told her sister gently.

“Do you want me to change them back?” Harry asked Ella.

Personally, he quite like how the larger breasts looked on her thin frame and he hoped she kept them.

“Is this permanent?” She asked, squeezing her chest experimentally with her shirt still pulled up.

“They’ll stay like that until I, or someone else with magic, changes them.” He told her.

“Can I try them out for a bit?” Ella asked him hopefully.

“Sure.” Harry said with a smile.

“Now that you know everything, I was hoping both of you, and the girls, of course, would like to move in with us.” Isabella told them.

“Move in with you?” Carmella asked in surprise.

“I want our family to be closer, and with the baby coming, I could use your help.” She said, an almost pleading quality to her voice. “Besides, I know you and Ella need a good man just as much as I do. If you just give Harry a chance, I know he’ll make you just as happy as he makes me.”

“Wait, wait, wait. You want us to share your boyfriend?” Carmella asked incredulously.

“I don’ mind sharing, and he’s more than capable of taking care of all of us.” Isabella assured her.

Gabriella and Maria began giggling madly, which made Harry smile smugly.

“What has you three so amused?” Isabella asked, her eyes narrowing.

“Just your choice of words.” Harry told her, patting her thigh gently. “The girls have been helping me learn a new spell that I thought might help.”

“Show them, Harry.” Gabriella told him.

Shrugging, Harry stood up and pulled out his wand. Tapping his head twice with a look of total concentration on his face, Harry’s body looked like it was vibrating at a blinding rate. He became blurry to the eye, leaving an afterimage of himself on both sides. Suddenly, the vibrating stopped, but the afterimages remained and became solid, leaving three Harry’s

standing in the sitting room. The Harrys looked down at themselves and at each other to make sure everything had worked, then smiled as they each moved towards one of the girls. It took a bit of maneuvering, as they all thought the same and tried to go in the same direction. It was always quite strange for him to another Harry walking around, but it was even stranger when the spell ended. Due to the way it worked, Harry didn't experience anything his clones did in the moment. He would only remember it later when the spell ended.

The girls, apart from Gabriella and Maria, were stunned at what they were seeing. Even Isabella, who thought she had grown used to seeing him do strange, miraculous things, couldn't believe what was happening. She was only brought out of her shock when one of the Harrys kissed her hard on the lips and pushed her back on the couch until she was lying flat on her back. Meanwhile, another Harry approached Ella and grabbed her by the hand, pulling her up from the couch and into a deep passionate kiss. Ella didn't even hesitate to embrace him as she wrapped her arms around his neck, her bare breasts squashed against his muscular chest. The final Harry stood in front of Carmella, who was looking between him and the other two in stunned disbelief.

"This has to be a dream." She said to herself.

Smiling at her, Harry held out his hand to her. She stared at it for a moment dumbly before reaching out hesitantly. When she put her hand in his, Harry gently pulled her up from the couch. Taking his wand out of his back pocket, he waved it behind him, turning the long coffee table into a huge bed that took up all of the space between the couches. As the bed grew, it hit the Harry that was with Ella in the back of the legs, forcing him to move out of the way.

"Hey!" He yelled.

"Sorry." He apologized to himself.

Ella giggled before grabbing Harry's shirt and lifting it up and over his head. The Harry with Carmella turned back to her and smiled. She stared at him nervously as he leaned down and kissed her softly on the lips. It took her a couple of seconds to relax and kiss him back, her hand resting on his chest. Since meeting her, Harry had been worried about how Carmella would react when Isabella asked her to stay with them. Within a minute of kissing her, he knew her

words were just a front. She was already rubbing her body against him like she was in heat, her hands frantically trying to remove his shirt.

Across the room, Isabella panted in excitement as Harry used his wand to vanish her clothes. The moment his clothes disappeared his large, rigid cock resting on her stomach. Grabbing it by the base, he aimed it at her glistening entrance and teased her by running his head up and down between her moist lips. Laying on top of her with his engorged head poised at her entrance, he looked down at her as he ran one hand over the smooth, caramel colored skin of her breasts.

“Is this what you wanted? For me to turn your whole family into sluts.” Harry asked, nudging her lips with his cock but not fully entering.

Isabella only moaned wantonly, bucking her hips to try and get him to enter.

“Answer me, or I'll go grab one of the other girls. Do you want to see me turn your entire family into my own personal whores?” He asked, again.

“Yes.” She whispered, wrapping her long, muscular legs around his waist to try and pull him in.

Harry smiled down at her, but held strong.

“And are you going to be my whore, too?” He asked, sinking just the head of his cock into her.

“Yes. Harry, please.” She begged in a gasping whisper.

“Say it louder. I want your sisters to hear you.” Harry demanded, flexing his cock and making the head swell inside of her.

“Please make me your whore, Harry!” Isabella yelled out to the room, bucking her hips desperately as her nails dug into the skin of his back.

Out of the corner of his eye, Harry noticed everyone stop and turn to look at her shout. He chose that moment to give Isabella what she wanted, slamming his entire length into her savagely. She screamed out her pleasure as she came just from him entering, her back arching impressively. He didn’t give her any time to recover as he started moving, driving into her clutching pussy as she moaned and whined loudly.

Ella turned away from her sister to look hungrily at him. As a clone of him fucked her sister on the couch just feet away, she dropped to her knees and quickly opened his jeans with nimble fingers. Harry ran his hands through her dark hair, gathering it into a ponytail at the back of her head as she opened his fly and pulled down his boxers. Pulling his hard length out of his pants, she hazel eyes stared into his as she kissed his head with her full, plump lips. Pinning his erection to his stomach, she licked him from base to tip before parting her lips and swallowing the top half of his length. Harry groaned as her hot, wet mouth enveloped him, her tongue slithering along his shaft.

Pulling back, she sucked hard until her mouth came off of him with an audible *pop*. Stroking his length a few times, she worked her cheeks and let out a long string of warm saliva onto his shaft. Using her hand, she spread her spit all over his cock before raising herself up on her knees and placing it between her enlarged breasts.

“I’ve always wanted to do this.” She admitted, looking up at him with a smile for a moment before looking down to watch his length slide between her tits.

Even with her vastly increased bust, his cock was still large enough that his head and a couple inches of shaft poked up over the top. Using her ponytail like a handle, Harry pushed her head down until his head bumped against her lips. Taking the hint, Ella opened her mouth, sucking and licking at the top portion of his length while still using her breasts on the lower part of his shaft.

Carmella smirked sexily at him as she pushed the strap of her dress off of one shoulder, and then the other. She had to shimmy and wiggle from side to side to the tight garment down over

the pronounced curves of her breasts, hips and ass before it finally fell to the floor. Harry quickly stripped out of his shirt as she spun in a circle, swirling and swaying her hips to an imaginary beat. Dropping his pants and boxers to the floor in one go, he stroked his straining cock as Carmella unclasped her bra. She was so focused on teasing him with her dance that she had yet to notice he was already naked. Pulling her arm out of one shoulder strap, and then the next while holding the cups to her chest with her hand, she continued to tease him.

Harry, however, wasn't in the mood to be teased. Walking up behind her, he pushed her forward towards the bed. Carmella gasped in surprise and caught herself with her hands, allowing her bra to fall away from her chest. Looking over her shoulder at him, her expression went from a glare to wide eyed when she realized he was already naked with a massive erection in his hand. When she tried to stand up, he put his hand on her back and held her easily in place.

"Stay." He told her firmly.

Carmella froze in place, then moaned as he ran his hands over her round ass cheeks, gripping and kneading them roughly. Grabbing the waistband of her panties, she gasped when he tore the delicate material easily with his hands and threw the tattered remains to the floor. She looked back over her shoulder again just as he grabbed his cock by the base and beat it like a club against her globes, her soft flesh jiggling with each meaty smack. Gripping her cheeks in his hands again, Harry spread them apart and then sandwiched his cock between them.

Smack!

With his rigid shaft trapped between her juicy globes, his hand was free to smack her ass from both sides, making her cheeks jiggle and ripple around him. While he slowly dry humped her ass, he alternated between smacking both cheeks and just one at a time. Each impact slowly turning her smooth, unblemished skin slightly more pink. With one last smack, Harry pulled his cock out of her cheeks and pressed his bulbous head against her pink slit. Gripping her hips tightly, he drove his cock into her surprisingly tight pussy, drawing a long, low moan from her lips.

“Fuck you’re tight.” Harry groaned, smacking her ass again as he bottomed out. “Either you haven’t been fucked in a while or your husband had a small cock.”

“Both.” She panted as her walls quivered around him.

“Aw, you poor thing.” Harry said mockingly, rubbing her back. “Don’t worry. From now on, I’ll give you my big, fat cock anytime you want.”

Harry drew his hips back and drove back into her, his girth stretching her walls.

“Oh, thank God.” She moaned.

As he got into a steady pace with long, powerful thrusts, he reached down and grabbed her hair roughly, pulling her head up.

“Are you going to stay and be my slut, Carmella?” Harry asked as he increased his pace, making her body jerk each time he bottomed out.

“Yes, I’ll do anything you want, just don’t stop fucking me.” She said, gasping.

Harry smirked down at her darkly as he turned her head towards the couch where her daughters and niece were sitting. She gasped loudly when she saw them, as if she had forgotten they were even there. Interestingly, he felt her tighten and buck against him unconsciously as he plowed into her even harder.

“I’m going to fuck you, your sister, your niece, and your daughters. I’m going to make your entire family my cock hungry little whores and you’re going to love every second of it.” Harry growled into her ear, slamming into her from behind with fast, powerful thrusts.

Carmella panted heavily as her body tensed and shook. He could tell she was trying to hold back her orgasm, but he wasn't going to let her. Letting go of her hip, he reached down between her legs and rubbed her clit roughly. She couldn't hold back with the added stimulation and came hard, her body shaking and quivering as she screamed out her pleasure to the room. Letting go of her hair, Carmella collapsed onto the bed in the throes of her climax. Feeling the foot of the bed shift next to him, he saw himself laying Ella on the bed on her back while fucking her madly.

Harry looked down at Ella as he laid her on the bed and plowed into her quickly. With her hands holding the back of his neck, she worked her hips, helping to drive his cock into her harder and faster. Ella's tits bounced wildly on her chest as their bodies clapped together from their hard thrusts. Reaching up, he grabbed both of them tightly, using them as handles to fuck her even harder. When he pinched her hard, dark nipple between his fingers, she closed her eyes and moaned while her body shivered. Next to them, the bed shifted as another Harry carried Isabella over to the bed, laying her down directly across from Carmella, who was now on her back as well. As he looked back down at Ella and continued to pound into her, he could feel his climax building and knew his doppelgangers would be getting close as well.

"Let knock these sluts up." Harry called out.

The two other Harrys smiled at him and nodded. There was a flurry of thrusting and grunting from the Harrys, and moans and squeals from the women as they were fucked into the mattress. Less than a minute later, all three of them came at the same time, filling up each of the girls. By the time they were done, all three girls were collapsed on the bed, completely spent and leaking cum. Despite the spell and the exertion, Harry felt that he could still go for another round. He looked over at the couch where the other four girls were still sitting and watching as they played with themselves.

"Who's next?"