

Head of House Black

Chapter 1

Harry Apparated just outside of a large manor in Wiltshire, appearing in front of a gate with a two-foot tall, stylized 'M' on each side. Just as he had done several times before, he walked towards the closed gate, not breaking stride as he approached the solid looking, black iron bars. Where one would expect him to crash into the bars painfully, he instead passed straight through them. The bars deformed into a black mist as he walked through them, flowing around his body, before coalescing back into solid metal behind him once he was through.

Walking across the well-manicured lawn, he saw albino peacocks sauntering around as they pecked at the dirt. Harry shook his head, wondering why Narcissa would bother to keep the ridiculous birds while her husband sat in Azkaban. Striding quickly passed the birds, he made his way to the front door, raising his hand to use the ostentatious snake shaped door-knocker.

CLACK CLACK CLACK

He only had to wait a few seconds before the door opened, and he found himself looking down at a small, shy house-elf name Tippy.

"Hello, Tippy." Harry said with a kind smile.

"Master Harry, the Mistress be's waiting for you in the lounge." She said in a high-pitched voice. "Would Master Harry like Tippy to show yous the way, sir?"

"That would be great, Tippy. Thank you." He said.

Tippy blushed at being thanked and turned around quickly, leading him towards the lounge. As Harry made the familiar trek through Malfoy Manor, he looked around and saw that little had changed in the dark, opulent house. After the war, Draco and Narcissa had been put on

probation for a year, while Lucius had been sent to Azkaban for life. Being a new Auror, and being familiar with the Malfoy's, Harry had been given the task of keeping an eye on them.

Once a month, he would come to Malfoy Manor and search the house to make sure they weren't slipping back into their old ways. While the animosity had calmed between Harry and Draco, they would never be friends. He had, however, struck up a strange friendship with Narcissa after the war. She had taken it upon herself to teach him about politics and pureblood traditions when he visited.

Of course, Harry knew why she was teaching him. With his fame from defeating Voldemort, being good friends with the current Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and his part in helping to rebuild the Ministry and Wizarding World after the war, Harry was in a prime position to make any changes he wanted to. He knew that he held a lot of power at the moment, though he rarely used it unless he thought it was necessary. Narcissa was teaching him in the hopes that he wouldn't try to change too much, by explaining why things were the way they were.

Of course, Narcissa knew that he knew, and it developed into a sort of teasing relationship between the two, with Narcissa getting the better of most of their playful exchanges. Harry did genuinely appreciate that she was taking the time to teach him things about the Wizarding World that no one had bothered to teach him before. He found her to be an extremely intelligent witch, and often went to her for advice before making a big decision. Although he didn't always follow her advice, he always seriously considered it. It also made him wonder how much of Lucius' success was down to his wife.

Since their probation had ended several months earlier, he still met with Narcissa about once a month, just to make sure she was doing alright. Usually, they met someplace public, like Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade, partially because Harry wanted her to be seen in public with him, hoping that it would help her reputation. Harry knew that she had suffered a lot under Voldemort, and she didn't need the public to punish her anymore for her husband's actions. The other reason was because he wasn't a fan of her dark, gloomy manor, and he often wondered how she could stand living there. Of course, she did grow up as a Black.

Which is why he was so curious about why she had sent him an owl, asking him in a strangely formal letter to come to her home to speak with her. When they reached the lounge, Tippy ran in front of him, bowing him into the room.

“Mistress, Master Harry has arrived.” She announced, bowing low, her nose nearly touching the floor.

Narcissa rose from the couch she was sitting on gracefully, smooth her expensive black robes as she stood.

“Lord Potter, welcome. Please, have a seat.” She said, motioning with her arm to the seat adjacent to the couch.

Harry grimaced at being called a ‘Lord’ and walked over to the couch. The corners of Narcissa’s lips twitched into a brief smirk at his reaction

“Lord Potter?” He asked, sitting down and looking at her with a raised eyebrow.

“It’s only proper that I call you by your title when discussing house matters.” She answered, smoothing the back of her dress as she sat back down, after he was seated.

“House matter? What-”

POP

Before Harry could finish his sentence, Tippy popped in, carrying a tray of tea and biscuits that she set down on the coffee table.

“Will Mistress bes needing anything else?” Tippy asked.

“No, that will be all.” Narcissa told her.

“Thank you, Tippy.” Harry added.

Tippy blushed again, and quickly popped away.

“Yes, I have a request of you, as the Head of House Black.” She said, taking a sip of her tea.

“Okay,” Harry said, drawing out the word, unsure what that meant.

Narcissa sighed and set her cup down.

“Sirius didn’t explain to you what being Head of House entails, did he?” She asked, though not unkindly.

“No, he didn’t.” He told her, shaking his head.

“I don’t have time to explain everything to you today, so I’ll just explain what you need to know for this.” She said, turning on the couch to face him and straightening her posture. “Every ancient and noble house has a charter, a set of rules and responsibilities that each member has to follow. If you would like to look over the charter for House Black, you can ask Gringotts for a copy. I presume they would have a copy of the Potter family charter as well.”

Harry nodded, planning to make a stop at Gringotts to get both as soon as possible. He was very interested in seeing what was in the charter for his family.

“As you know, Draco is engaged to Daphne Greengrass. What hasn’t been made public yet, is that the wedding will take place on March 23rd. I request that Daphne be officially brought into the Black family once they have been wed.”

“What would I have to do? Just, sign some paperwork or something? And what would bringing her into the family actually do?” Harry asked.

“Bringing her into the family would help their children in the future. Even though the Blacks have a reputation for being dark, they are still known as a powerful family. It will help them in getting good jobs after school and in any business dealings they might have. Don’t worry, the only way they could inherit the Black family from you is if you leave it to them, you don’t have children of your own, or if something happened to them that they were unable to inherit from you.” Narcissa explained.

Pausing, she took another sip of her tea.

“As for signing paper work, not exactly.” She said, smirking at him again. “There are some forms to fill out, but first, you need to make sure that she can perform her duties as a wife.”

“And how do I do that?” Harry asked, getting nervous at the amused look in her eyes.

“You must take her into your bed for a night to ensure she can perform.” She told him.

“What!?” Harry yelled incredulously. “This is some kind of joke, isn’t it?”

“I can assure, Lord Potter, this is no joke.” Narcissa said, looking at him seriously.

“You want me to have sex with your son’s fiancé?” Harry asked, feeling like this must be some sort of weird dream.

“It’s not about what I want, it’s about doing what is best for my family.” Narcissa said sharply, giving him a stern look. “I did not write the charter. In order to bring Daphne into the Black family officially, you must ensure that she can perform her duties. The charter and the magic of the contract will know if you don’t.”

“And Draco and Daphne agreed to this?” He asked, rubbing his eyes.

“Yes.” She answered. “They know that this is the best thing to do for their children.”

“Let me think about it for a bit.” Harry said after a long pause. “It’s not that I don’t trust you, but I want to take a look at the charter for myself.”

“Of course.” Narcissa agreed. “Now then, how has work been?”

They spent a little while longer just chatting and catching up, but Narcissa’s request stayed in the back of his mind the whole time. The moment he left, he went straight to Gringotts and requested the charter for both the Potters and the Blacks. A few moments later, a goblin handed him two leather bound tomes. The Black’s charter was much thicker than the Potter’s and looked like something that Hermione would read for fun. When he got home, he sat down to read the Black charter first, despite how much he wanted to read his own family’s charter first.

After two hours of searching, and realizing that the Blacks were truly insane for some of the rules they had, Harry found what he was looking for. It was exactly like Narcissa had told him, the only way for Daphne to be brought into the Black family was for him to sleep with her. Harry wondered what sort of person would come up with a rule like that, then realized he probably didn’t want to know. Then next thing he looked for was a way to change the rules. He thought that being the Head of House would allow him to make changes to the charter.

He was wrong. There was no way for him to change anything in the book without removing the family’s ancient and noble status. It took him another four hours to find that, and in that time, he had learned a lot of disturbing things about the Black family. Not only did he have to sleep with any wives that wanted to be brought into the family, and they would nearly always want to, but he also was responsible for getting them pregnant if the husband couldn’t. It seemed like everything in the charter was a rule that would get you kicked out of the family, or give the Head of House an excuse to sleep with every woman in the family. There was even a rule that said he could check to see if a woman in the family could still *perform in a manner that is pleasing to the husband* at any time that he wanted to. If they refused, or couldn’t, he could kick them out of the family, leaving them with nothing.

Harry went to bed that night realizing that there was only one thing he could really do; he would have to sleep with Daphne Greengrass. Maybe it wouldn't be all bad, he thought to himself. Daphne was a beautiful woman, and, it would be a way of getting back at Malfoy for all of the problem he had caused Harry at Hogwarts.

The next day, Harry was back at Malfoy Manor, being escorted to the lounge by Tippy. When they arrived, he had a moment of *déjà vu* when he saw Narcissa waiting for him exactly the way she had the day before, except she was wearing deep green robes, instead of black. She stood as he approached, greeting him and offering him a seat.

"So, I take it you have come to a decision." Narcissa said, getting straight to the point.

"Yeah, I'll do it." He told her.

"Excellent." She said, smiling. "Did you read through the charter?"

While waiting for his answer, she held her arm out to the side, elbow bent. Harry opened his mouth to ask her what she was doing when he heard the rustle of wings approaching. Looking to the side, he saw a large eagle owl fly in through the open window and land lightly on her outstretched arm. Reaching into the pocket of her robes, she pulled out a small roll of parchment and attached it to the owl's leg.

"Take this to Draco." She told the owl.

The owl took off from her arm with one large flap of its massive wings, and took off back out the window.

"You had a letter ready? How did you know I would agree to do it?" Harry asked incredulously.

Narcissa gave him the teasing smirk that he had become so used to seeing.

“You’re too predictable, Harry.” She said teasingly. “A friend asked for your help, it’s well within your power to do it, Daphne is a beautiful girl, and it gives you a chance to get back at Draco for the way he treated you at school. Of course, you were going to do it.”

Harry stared at her nonplussed as she described what was pretty much his entire thought process for agreeing to this. After a moment, he shook his head, deciding that Narcissa was definitely the brains behind Luscius’ success.

“And, you still haven’t answered my question.” She said, making him look at her in confusion, having completely forgotten what she had asked him. “How much of the charter did you manage to read?”

“Oh.” He said in realization. “I didn’t get through all of it, but I did read quite a bit. No offense, but the Blacks are insane. Every rule in the thing was a ridiculous reason to throw someone out of the family, or a reason for the Head of House to commit incest.”

Narcissa smiled at him humorously, but restrained herself from giggling, probably because there was some rule that would let him disown her if she did; or sleep with her, he thought. She opened her mouth to say something, but stopped when Tippy came running into the room, followed a moment later by Draco and Daphne. Draco looked the same as when Harry had last seen him a few months ago, although today his face looked even paler than usual, and was set in an expressionless mask. Daphne seemed even more beautiful than she had at Hogwarts in her tight blue robes. She had a beautiful face with striking blue eyes, framed with golden blonde hair. Her breasts were on the large side, and she had thick thighs, wide hips, and a big, round ass that had fueled the dreams of many students, Harry included.

“Draco, Daphne.” Narcissa greeted them, standing from the couch and walking over to them.

Harry stood when she did, watching as she approached her son and future daughter-in-law, hugging both.

“Mother.” Draco greeted her stiffly, making an effort not to look at Harry.

“It’s lovely to see you again, Narcissa.” Daphne said, seeming to be completely unbothered by the tension in the room.

Once Daphne was done greeting Narcissa, she walked up to Harry, a small smile on her face as she held her hand out to him, palm down.

“It’s been quite a while, Lord Potter. I hope you have been well.” Daphne said.

Harry grabbed her fingers gently and bent down to kiss the back of her hand lightly, just as Narcissa had taught him.

“It has, and I’ve been well. Congratulations on your engagement, and please, call me Harry.” Harry told her.

“Daphne.” She replied.

Harry turned to look at Draco, who was still determinedly not looking at him, and nodded.

“Draco.” He greeted him in a friendly tone.

“Potter.” Malfoy replied woodenly.

“Harry and I have been talking, and he has agreed to bring Daphne into the family.” Narcissa announced proudly, breaking the momentary heavy silence.

Draco stiffened even more, and Harry enjoyed his discomfort more than he probably should have. Daphne on the other hand smiled widely, looking genuinely happy.

“That’s wonderful!” Daphne exclaimed. “Thank you, Harry. I look forward to getting to know you better.”

Her words and her smile indicated that she was happy about being brought into the Black family, but her eyes showed an excitement that surprised him. It seemed to Harry that she was actually looking forward to this, and Harry smiled widely at her.

“I think that’s a splendid idea.” Narcissa said, clapping her hands together. “Why don’t you two go upstairs and spend some time together while Draco and I catch up.”

“Actually, I was wondering if Draco could join us.” Daphne said, looking at Harry with wide pleading eyes. “It would make me feel better to have him there. That is, if you don’t mind Harry.”

Harry paused in thought for a moment. His first thought was that he didn’t want Malfoy to be there, thinking it would make things feel quite awkward. As he thought about it a little more though, the thought of sleeping with Daphne while he watched excited him more than he thought it would, his cock beginning to stiffen at the idea. In the end, he decided to go with what Daphne wanted, for her sake, of course.

While he was thinking, Narcissa looked at Daphne curiously. When Daphne looked back at her, they seemed to have a silent conversation that had Narcissa smirking at the younger girl.

“If it makes you feel better, sure, I’m okay with it.” Harry told her.

“Wonderful.” Daphne said, smiling widely at him.

Grabbing him by the hand, she turned and pulled him toward the stairs.

“Daphne,” Draco started as they passed him.

“Come along, Draco.” Daphne told him, ignoring whatever he was about to say.

Harry heard him sigh behind him as he followed them up the stairs. He smiled at the way she was able to handle the normally obstinate Draco, and privately thought that it would be good for him to be with someone that could keep him in line. Walking up the stairs, Daphne led them up to the second floor and into one of the many bedrooms.

“Close the door behind you, Draco.” She said, once they were all inside.

Harry stood in the room, unsure how to start things and wishing he hadn't agreed to let Malfoy be in the room. Fortunately, Daphne didn't seem to feel the same awkwardness that he did. Wrapping her arms around his neck, her bright blue eyes burning with excitement as she leaned forward and pressed her lips to his hungrily. Harry grunted in surprise, not expecting her to be so aggressive, but quickly got over it and kissed her back, slipping his tongue between her lips to slide it along hers.

As they kissed, Daphne undid the clasp of his robe and slid it off of his shoulders, leaving Harry in his black slacks, and a dark green button up shirt. Running her hands over his muscled chest for a moment, she pushed him back on to the bed with surprising strength. Giving him a sexy smirk, she reached up and began to undo the clasp of her robe. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Malfoy sitting on a chair at the back of the room, arms folded over his chest as he glared passed them, his gaze locked onto the bedroom door.

Daphne finished undoing her robe and shrugged it off of her shoulder, letting it drop to the floor and revealing the underwear she was wearing underneath. Wearing nothing but a blue set of bra and panties that matched her robe, the luscious curves of her large breasts and wide hips on display. Reaching forward, she grabbed his belt, her nimble fingers quickly opening it. She stared hungrily at the growing bulge in his pants as she rapidly opened his pants. Grabbing his pants and boxers, she pulled them off of him, Harry raising his hips to help her get them off.

Harry's mostly hard cock flopped against his leg as it was freed, and Daphne licked her lips as she looked at it. Once she had completely removed his pants, she grabbed his cock and gave it a few light strokes. While she gently played with his rapidly hardening length, Harry undid the top few buttons of his shirt and pulled it over his head, leaving him naked except for his socks.

Daphne laid his cock against his stomach, staring up at him with her bright blue eyes practically glowing with lust as she ran her tongue from base to tip. Harry's cock jerked as her smooth, wet tongue tracked the large vein on the underside of his length.

As she reached the tip of his cock, she grabbed him by the base and held him pointing straight up, her full pink lips poised over the head. Licking her lips, she opened her mouth and descended, taking half of his length into her hot mouth and sucking lightly as her tongue wriggled along the underside of his shaft. Harry hissed in pleasure, running his hands through her hair as she started bobbing her head while stroking the lower half of his shaft with her soft hand.

Sitting up on his elbows, Harry reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, making it fall against his legs. Daphne let go of his shaft for a moment to quickly remove her arms from the straps, dropping the bra to the floor and letting her breasts dangle free. Reaching under her, Harry grabbed her plump, swaying breast as she went back to sucking and stroking his throbbing cock. The soft yet firm flesh of her mound filled his hand as he squeezed and groped at it. Running his fingers over the smooth skin, he gently rolled her stiff nipple between her thumb and forefinger, causing Daphne to moan around his cock as it filled her mouth.

Daphne spent a couple more minutes sucking his cock, before she suddenly stopped, moving up to kiss him on the lips before standing up. Harry got his first look at her large, perfectly shaped breasts with light pink areolas and stiff nipples. She grabbed her panties, the last remaining piece of clothing she wore, and slowly pushed them down her thick, smooth legs. Turning around, Harry had a wonderful view of the way her thin waist flared out to her wide hips and large, round ass. Just as Harry reached out to see if her juicy cheeks felt as good as they looked, she walked away from him and over to Malfoy.

Daphne grabbed Malfoy by the hand and pulled him out of the chair, he looked at her in surprise for a moment before giving her a questioning look.

"Daphne?" He asked, looking for an explanation.

"Get on the bed." She told him, leading him over to the bed next to Harry.

“Er, what-” Harry started before she pushed Malfoy on to the bed.

“Don’t move.” She told Malfoy, then moved back over to Harry.

Grabbing his cock, she stroked with an inverted grip as she leaned over him, her breasts brushing against his chest and shoulder as she placed her mouth next to his ear.

“Do this for me and I’ll let you fuck my ass.” She whispered huskily into his ear.

Harry’s cock twitched at the thought of getting to fuck her incredible rear. It didn’t take him long to come to a decision.

“Deal.” He whispered back, reaching up to squeeze her breasts.

Daphne pulled back slightly and smiled brilliantly at him, then leaned down to kiss him fiercely. A few seconds later, she pulled back and moved back over to Malfoy, who still refused to look at them and glared at the wall. Leaning over him, she whispered something into his ear that Harry couldn’t hear. Whatever it was, it got Malfoy’s attention as he looked at her sharply, his eyes narrowed.

“Fine.” He said, finally giving in.

Daphne smiled excitedly and dropped to her knees and quickly removed his pants. Harry tried not to look, but as usually, his curiosity got the better of him. Malfoy was already hard, and Harry wondered if he secretly liked watching his wife with other men. He also noticed that while they were close to the same size, Harry was a bit longer and a bit thick than Malfoy. Once his pants were completely off, Daphne grabbed Malfoy’s left hand, and Harry’s right, pulling them both off of the bed so they were standing in front of her.

Dropping to her knees again, she grabbed a cock in each hand, her eyes sparkling with arousal as she looked from one to the other, stroking them lightly. Leaning forward, she took Malfoy’s

cock in her mouth, bobbing up and down on the top half of his length, making him grunt in pleasure. After bobbing on his cock a few times, she pulled off of him and turned to Harry, taking his throbbing erection back into her hot, sucking mouth as she stroked him. Again, after bobbing on his shaft a few times, she moved back over to Malfoy.

For several minutes, Daphne switched between their rigid lengths, swallowing each and sucking on them for a few moments before moving to the other one. While it felt wonderful to have her lips wrapped around his shaft as she sucked and massaged the head of his cock with her tongue, the constant start and stop meant he wasn't in any danger of reaching his climax anytime soon. Watching Daphne's face, he could clearly see that she was greatly enjoying herself as she stared lustfully at their erections, making Harry wish he had tried to get with her back when they were in school. Eventually, Daphne stood up, still stroking both of them.

"Go lay down on the bed." She told Malfoy, letting go of him and kissing him briefly on the lips.

As he moved to do as he was told, Daphne moved over to Harry and kissed him roughly, her large breasts squashed against his hard chest. Reaching down, he grabbed her ass, his hands filled with the soft, pillowy flesh of her cheeks as he pulled her against him. Harry's cock slide between her thick thighs and along her moist lower lips. Daphne moaned into his mouth as her tongue danced against his while she thrust her hips to grind her slit along his hard length.

To Harry's disappointment, she pulled back, giving him a sexy smirk as she climbed on to the bed. As she crawled over the mattress, he couldn't help but stare at her wide ass as it swayed side to side, her wet lips peeking out between her cheeks. Daphne crawled between Malfoy's legs, bending over on her hands and knees to take his cock into her mouth. When she wiggled her ass at him, Harry got the message and climbed onto the mattress behind her.

Grabbing one of her round cheeks, he grabbed his cock in his other hand and lined himself up with her entrance. In one smooth thrust, he sank his entire length into her wet, hot pussy, her smooth walls hugging his shaft tightly. Harry groaned in pleasure as he held himself buried deep for a moment, enjoying the pleasure of her hot, wet core surrounding him. Pulling his cock half way out of her, he thrust back in fast, his thighs slapping against her ass and making her lurch forward and swallow more of Malfoy's cock.

Setting a steady pace, Harry drove his cock in and out of her hard, a rhythmic slapping noise sounding through the room each time her thrust into her grasping cunt. Raising one hand, he brought it down on her ass with a loud *slap*, causing her ass to jiggle violently. Daphne moaned wantonly around the cock in her mouth as a pink hand print formed on her delicate, pale cheek. Grabbing both of her cheeks roughly in a tight grip, Harry spread them apart and watched as his cock speared in and out of her tight, gripping pussy, her lips stretching wide around his shaft.

Daphne started moaning constantly around Malfoy's cock as her walls spasmed around his length, telling him that she was getting close to her peak. Letting go of her ass, he grabbed her hips tightly and fucked her harder and faster while pulling her back against him. As his hips slapped against her ass with his rapid thrusts, Daphne gave a muffled grunt each time they connected. Finally, it became too much for her and she pulled off of Malfoy's cock, a trembling moan leaving her throat as her walls clamped down on his thrusting shaft.

Her pussy flooding his cock with her arousal as he continued to fuck hard and fast through her orgasm. Daphne collapsed forward as she gasped and moaned, her face rubbing against Malfoy's cock with each hard thrust from Harry as her cunt fluttered around him. Her orgasm just seemed to keep going, and Harry felt the stirring of his own orgasm when the pleasure became too much for her, and she moved forward, pulling herself off of his cock. Daphne placed her hand over her dripping slit, her ass quivering as her legs shook from her powerful orgasm.

Harry sat back on his haunches, stroking his painfully hard and throbbing cock as she took a moment to recover. Once she had calmed, Daphne climbed on top of Malfoy, straddling his waist. Lining his cock up with her dripping slit, she sat down, her hungry cunt swallowing his entire length. She moaned and shivered for a moment as she took him into her sensitive pussy, then leaned forward to lay on top of him, kissing him deeply. Shuffling forward, Harry placed the head of his cock at her puckered asshole and pushed hard until his swollen head popped into her back door.

Daphne gasped as he entered her, pulling back from Malfoy's lips, mouth open and eyes closed and she panted. Malfoy looked around her body, his eyes widening when he saw what Harry was doing.

“Potter!” He exclaimed.

“It’s fine.” Daphne said quickly, pushing down on his shoulders.

“But-”

“I said, It's fine.” She said sharply, then turned to look at Harry. “Just, go slow at first, please.”

“I will.” Harry told her, giving her a reassuring smile.

Harry started rocking his hips back and forth gently, slowly pushing more and more of his length into her with each push. A centimeter at a time, he worked his cock into her, making her moan in a mixture of pain and pleasure. When he was about halfway in, as the tight, dry heat of her ass gripped his shaft, he felt her getting a bit too dry. Reluctantly, he pulled out for a moment. He thought about using the juice from her pussy to lube his cock, but since that was occupied, he needed another option.

Working up a mouthful of spit, he pulled her cheeks apart and pushed the saliva out of his mouth where it landed on her recently stretched asshole. Pushing his cock back in, he worked his hips back and forth, spreading the improvise lube around his shaft as he worked his cock deeper into her tight rear. It took a few minutes, but he finally managed to get his entire length into her hot, gripping ass. Daphne groaned and panted as she rested her head in the crook of Malfoy’s shoulder, wiggling slightly as she got used to both of her holes being filled.

Eventually, Daphne started rocking her hips, moving their cocks in and out of her a little bit. Harry took that as the okay stat moving, and started rocking his own hips back and forth. Moving just a fraction of an inch at first, Harry started to pull more and more of his rigid shaft out of her each time he pulled back. Once he had gotten into a bit of a rhythm, Malfoy started moving from underneath her, making Daphne arch her back at the intense feelings coursing through her body.

They moved awkwardly at first, but soon Harry and Malfoy got into a rhythm, fucking Daphne in concert, one pushing in while the other pulled out. Reaching forward, Harry grabbed her swinging tits, using them a leverage to thrust into her tight little butt with more speed and force.

“Oh Merlin, that feels so fucking good!” Daphne yelled. “I feel so full!”

Harry could feel Daphne reaching another orgasm as they continued to ravage both of her tight holes. Having been so close to reaching his peak before, Harry could feel his own orgasm building up. He squeezed her breasts roughly as he thrust hard in and out of her back door, groaning in pleasure as her walls started to flutter around his length. Daphne collapsed forward, and Harry was forced to let go of her breasts as she gasped, panted and moaned. Harry grabbed her hips, watching in fascination as his cock drove in and out of her stretched out hole.

Suddenly, Daphne howled, clenching hard around his cock and her body tensed and shook. Her cum drenched the bed as she came powerfully, and her ass spasmed wildly around his shaft. Harry grunted as he came a moment after she did, driving his cock as deep as possible into her as his cock lurched, the head of his cock swelling with each pulsed as he filled her ass with shot after shot of hot cum. It was one of the longest orgasms of his life as he came again and again, a seemingly never-ending stream of cum spewing from his bloated head.

Finally, his orgasm came to an end and he panted heavily as he basked in the euphoric haze of his climax. A few moments later, Harry pulled his cock out of Daphne, watching as a stream of his cum ran out of her red, gaping hole. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he grabbed his clothes and quickly dressed. Once he was finished, he stood up and made his way to the door.

“Harry.” Daphne called out as he reached for the door knob.

Harry turned back to her as she sat up on Malfoy’s waist again, his cock still buried in her pussy.

“Do I pass the test?” She asked with a playful smirk.

“Well,” Harry said, drawing out the word. “I don’t know. I may have to test you again, just to make sure.”

“Potter.” Malfoy growled, glaring at him.

Harry rolled his eyes at him. It was hard to come across as intimidating with what he had just done with the man’s fiancé. Looking back at Daphne, he smiled at her.

“I’m just joking, you pass.” He told her. “I’ll sign the paperwork as soon as you and Draco are married.”

“Thank you, Harry.” She said, laying back down on Malfoy’s chest as he left the room.

Walking down the stairs, Harry thought that, all in all, being Head of House Black wasn’t all that bad.

Chapter 2

Harry grabbed a glass of champagne from the silver tray Tippy was carrying around the room as she passed, taking a large swig as he looked around the room. He was back at Malfoy Manor for the engagement party of Daphne and Draco, standing at the back of the room hoping not to be noticed. The only reason he was here was because Narcissa had insisted that he come. He didn’t know most of the people in the room, but he was familiar with most of their family names. Most of them were related to people he had arrested for being Death Eaters. There were a few people in the room that he recognized from the Ministry and people who he had fought with in the war, but none that he knew well enough to brave a room full of sharks.

Speaking of sharks, his eyes caught sight of Narcissa as she glided gracefully around the room in her tight black dress, looking every bit the predator that she was as she mingled among the attendees. Harry caught himself staring at the wonderful curves of her body and forced his eyes away. His eyes fell on another woman with impressive curves, Daphne Greengrass, soon to be Malfoy. Harry smirked to himself, remembering the last time he had seen her a couple of

weeks ago. Harry downed the rest of his champaign as the memory caused him to flush and his excitement to rise.

“Are you enjoying yourself, Harry?” Came a sultry female voice from behind him.

Harry jerked in surprise and snapped his head to the side to find Narcissa standing next to him with a smirk on her full red lips.

“Oh, er, yes, of course.” He said, setting his empty glass down and wishing he had something stronger to drink.

“Then why are you hiding at the back of the room?” she asked, standing very close to him, her breath ghosting across his ear and her large breasts rubbing against his arm.

Harry cleared his throat and had to make a conscious effort not to adjust himself as his partially hard cock hung at an uncomfortable angle.

“You realize most of the people in this room probably want me dead, right?” He asked, quietly.

Narcissa’s smile sent shivers down his spine and he wasn’t sure if it was in a good way or not.

“Actually, I think you’ll find that most of the families here were in the same position I was in. They’re just as glad to be rid of that monster as I am.” She told him. “Besides, even if they did want you dead, they wouldn’t dare try something here.”

“That’s reassuring.” He said, sighing.

Grabbing his arm, she looped it through hers.

“Come, let me introduce you to a few people.”

Reluctantly, Harry allowed her to drag him around the room. For the next hour, he was led from group to group where she introduced him some of the most influential people in Wizarding Britain. It felt like being back at Slughorn’s Christmas party as he met business owners, high ranking Ministry officials and numerous people in positions of power. Harry said very little, allowing Narcissa to do most of the talking as she showed him off like a trophy. While he wasn’t happy about being used this way, he knew it would help her to be seen with him. As she paraded him around the room, she would lean close to whisper bits of information about each person into his ear.

Mercifully, the party started to wind down and several people began to leave. Narcissa eventually left him by the bar to go talk to Draco and Daphne. Harry poured himself a shot of fire whiskey and downed it quickly, a breath a flame leaving his mouth as he exhaled. Glancing around the room, his eyes scanned over the remaining guests until his eyes were drawn to the corner of the room. Narcissa had pulled Daphne aside and was talking to her quietly away from everyone else. Again, he caught himself admiring the way Daphne’s dark green dress hugged her curves.

Several times during the night he had seen wizards captivated by the swell of her ass, or by the long line of cleavage that was on display. Far from shying away, Daphne had seemed to revel in the attention, something that seemed to fit with what he knew of her. Harry was pulled out of his gazing when Barnabus Cuffe, the owner of the Daily Prophet, came up to him. The man had been trying all night to get him to agree to doing an exclusive interview with the paper, something he didn’t want any part of. Harry declined as politely as he could, telling the man he would send him an owl if he ever changed his mind.

When he turned to look back at Daphne and Narcissa, he found that they were gone. He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, wondering if it was too soon to leave without seeming impolite.

“Hello, Harry.”

For the second time that night, Harry gave a start as someone snuck up behind him. Turning around, he saw Daphne standing there, wearing an identical smirk to the one Narcissa had worn earlier.

“Hello, Daphne. Erm, how are you?” Harry asked, mentally cringing at how awkward he sounded.

It was quite hard for him to look at her without images of him double teaming her with her fiancé running through his mind.

“I’m well, thank you. Are you enjoying the party?” She asked.

“Yeah, it’s great.” He said.

“Really?” she asked, raising an eyebrow at him with a smile. “Because you looked pretty miserable while Narcissa was dragging you around.”

Harry smiled back at her and tilted his head to the side, acknowledging her point.

“Listen I just wanted to thank you for coming, and, again, thank you for agreeing to bring me into the Black family.” She told him.

“Oh, you’re welcome. It was my pleasure.” He said, feeling a bit more comfortable talking to her.

“I’m sure it was.” Daphne said, giving him a sultry smirk. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, Narcissa said there’s a Boggart upstairs and Draco is too busy talking with his friends to deal with it.”

“Would you like some help?” Harry asked as she turned to leave.

“That would be lovely.” Daphne said, hooking her arm through his and leading him out of the room.

As they left the Ballroom and walked up the stairs, Harry couldn't help but stare at her wonderful, swaying ass as she walked up the stairs ahead of him. When they reached the second floor, he followed her down the hall a short way before she turned into one of the many bedrooms. Daphne closed the door behind him as he entered.

“So, where's the Boggart?” He asked, stepping further into the room.

When he didn't get an answer, he turned around to look at Daphne. She smirked at him and slowly moved closer, her hips swaying exaggeratedly as she approached him. When she reached him, she dropped to her knees and ran her hands along the front of his pants, over his crotch, and up to his belt. He quickly realized there probably wasn't a boggart when she started undoing his belt and pants.

Daphne pulled down his pants and his half hard cock flopped out to dangle impressively in front of her face. She leaned forward to kiss the tip of his cock, causing it to jerk upwards as it began to grow. Tilting her face up to look at him, she laid his partially erect cock over her face as she kissed the base of his shaft, sucking lightly at the skin. Harry's cock rapidly grew hard, sliding across her face as it grew until it was bobbing completely rigid over her face. Daphne stuck out her tongue and ran the smooth, wet appendage along the underside of his shaft from base to tip.

Harry sucked in a breath as her tongue flicked over the sensitive tip of his cock. Grabbing him by the base, she ran her tongue in a circle around the head of his cock a few times, making it shine with her saliva before she opened her mouth and wrapped her plump lips around the tip of his cock. Harry groaned and ran his hand through her hair while she started bobbing up and down on the top half of his length, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his girth.

While she slid her hot, wet mouth over his length, she let go with her hand and reached for the straps of her dark green dress, pushing them over her shoulders and letting the top of her dress fall down to her waist, revealing that she wasn't wearing a bra. Harry stared at her large, full breasts as they swayed with the movements of her body. A few moments later, he started

when he heard the door open. He tried to pull away from Daphne, but she grabbed his hips holding him in place. There wasn't time to do anything else as the door opened and Malfoy walked in.

"For fuck's sake, Daphne, there are still people downstairs." He said, not sounding nearly as angry as Harry would have expected. "Do you always have to act like such a whore?"

Daphne finally pulled her mouth off of his cock with a *pop*.

"Maybe you should punish me for being such a *bad girl*?" She asked in a sultry tone, making a show of running her tongue along the underside of his cock as she looked at Malfoy.

"Fine." Malfoy grunted, taking off his robes and tossing them aside.

Daphne's eyes sparkled with excitement as she stood up and pushed her dress the rest of the way down, showing that she wasn't wearing any panties either and revealing her naked body to the two men. Turning her back to them, she crawled onto the bed on all fours, wiggling her ass and putting the moist lips of her pussy on display.

"You can have her pussy. I want the bitch's mouth for now." Malfoy told him.

Harry blinked at him, surprised he wasn't being told to leave, before shrugging.

"Fair enough." He said, quickly stripping out of his clothes.

Naked, Harry walked over to the bed and climbed up behind her on his knees. Reaching between her legs, he ran a finger through her wet slit, making her shiver and moan.

"So, you walked around the party the whole night without wearing panties?" He asked teasingly.

“Mmh hmm.” She hummed.

“Naughty.” He said, spanking her lightly.

Grabbing his cock, Harry dragged the head through her wet lips a few times before pushing into her, the hot, smooth walls of her pussy enveloping his rigid cock. Daphne moaned as his girth stretched her tight walls, pushing her hips back against him. Malfoy had walked around to the other side of the bed and climbed on, kneeling in front of her face. He reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair, roughly pulling her head down to his cock. Daphne opened her mouth and took him between her lips, moaning around his length while Harry fucked her from behind.

Daphne bobbed her head up and down rapidly on Malfoy’s cock, guided by his hand in her hair as Harry slowly thrust his cock in and out of her tight walls. Running his hand over her smooth, round ass, he ran one hand between her cheeks and rubbed his thumb against her small wrinkled hole. Daphne gave a wanton moan around the dick in her mouth, thrusting her hips back at him desperately.

“Fucking whore.” Malfoy growled, harshly shoving his cock deeper into her mouth, making her gag around his shaft.

Harry moved his hand down to her pussy, placing his thumb on top of his cock and pushing it into her, coating it in her arousal. Moving back to her ass, he placed his thumb back on her tight little asshole and pushed hard until it gave way and swallowed his thumb up to the first knuckle. As Daphne continued to gag around Malfoy’s cock, now holding her head still and thrusting roughly in and out of her lips, Harry started fucking her faster while wiggling his thumb around inside of her ass.

“Swallow it you stupid bitch!” Malfoy suddenly yelled.

Harry looked up and watched as Malfoy grabbed two handfuls of her hair, pulling her forward hard as he drove his hips forward, shoving the entire length of his cock down her throat. Grunting, Malfoy came, emptying his balls down her throat as she coughed and gagged around

him, a mixture of spit and cum dripping down her chin as she struggled to swallow it all. After several long seconds, Malfoy pulled back, his cock dripping in her spit and red lipstick smudged around the base of his shaft. Daphne sucked in a desperate breath and gasped for air, panting heavily even as she drove her hips back him.

“Fuck me.” She begged in a deep, hoarse voice.

Harry took his thumb out of her ass and grabbed her hips. Pulling back until on the head of his cock remained between her clutching lips, he slammed his hips forward, driving the entire length of his cock into her with brutal strength. Daphne gasped and arched her back as he continued to fuck her hard and fast, pulling her hips back against him. His thighs and pelvis bounced off of her round ass, making the skin ripple from the force of the impact.

“Yes!” She hissed pleasurable.

“You like it rough, bitch?” Harry huffed, panting from the exertion.

“Oh Merlin, yes!” She moaned out.

Reaching forward with one hand, Harry grabbed her hair, pulling it roughly in his tight grip, and pushed her down, forcing her face into the mattress. Harry drove his hips forward and down, piledriving his throbbing cock into her dripping slit. Daphne clawed at the bedding, her pussy beginning to flutter around his thrusting cock while her voice grew louder as she moaned and gasped. Raising his free hand, he smacked her hard on the ass, leaving a red hand print behind on her smooth, pale skin.

Daphne only mewled under him in pleasure at the rough treatment. As he continued to smack her ass a few more times, each a little harder than the last, he saw her puckered asshole winking at him with each strike. Suddenly, Harry pulled his slick cock out of her wet cunt and placed the tip of his cock at her puckered hole, pushing forward hard as he slowly drove the entire length of his cock into her hot, gripping ass in a single push.

Daphne screamed in a mixture of pain and pleasure, her pussy leaking copiously and the walls of her ass flexing around his shaft as she came hard. Once his cock was fully buried in her ass, Harry paused, giving her a moment to adjust so he didn't hurt her. As he waited and Daphne groaned from her intense climax, an idea came to him. Wrapping his arms around her, Harry rolled both of them over so that he was on his back with her back pressed against his chest.

Grabbing her knees, he spread her legs wide, displaying her dripping pussy to Malfoy who was sitting at the end of the bed, watching them, his cock back to full hardness.

"Well, come on." Harry said to him.

Malfoy smirked and crawled over to them, sitting up on his knees as he lined his cock up with her entrance and slid into her. Daphne moaned as she was filled from both ends, and Harry could feel her ass getting even tighter around him. Pushing herself up on her arms, she stared down at herself in fascinated arousal. Harry reached up and grabbed her breasts in his hands, tweaking her hard pink nipples as he started to rock his hips back and forth. While he did that, Malfoy started fucking her from the front, driving his cock in and out of her dripping slit.

It took a few moments for them to get into a rhythm, but they eventually found a pace that worked. Harry thrust up into her with short, sharp thrusts, his position not giving him much leverage or space to move. Malfoy was able to fuck her much harder and faster, pulling his cock out just as Harry thrust in. Daphne collapsed back against his chest, moaning and gasping as they took turns filling her, never leaving her without a cock in at least one hole.

Apparently, the seesawing motion worked, because it wasn't long before Daphne hit another climax, the smooth, hot walls of her ass flexing around his cock, hugging his length tightly as he thrust into her. The two men kept on fucking her through her orgasm and only stopped a little while later when Malfoy pulled out of her.

"Let's switch, I want her ass for a while." Malfoy said.

Harry moved out from under her, but stopped Malfoy when he moved to take his place.

“Wait, I have an idea. Bring her over here.” Harry told him.

Malfoy grunted in annoyance, but did as he was told. Grabbing Daphne, he climbed off of the bed and led her over to the wall, where Harry was standing.

“Put your back against the wall.” Harry instructed.

Malfoy looked at him with a furrowed brow as he moved against the wall. Grabbing Daphne, he moved her so that she was standing in front of Malfoy, with her back to him. Harry wrapped his arms around Daphne’s waist and lifted her into the air. This startled her and she wrapped her arms and legs around him, which was exactly what he wanted. Backing her up, he held her in his arms, right in front of Malfoy.

“Well, stick it in.” Harry told him impatiently.

Malfoy finally seemed to catch on and lined his cock up with her stretched back door. Once he was lined up, Harry walked her back, impaling her asshole on Malfoy’s cock. Once he was all the way in, Harry pinned her against Malfoy’s chest, making him grunt in discomfort for a moment. Harry slid his arms under her legs, one after the other, and then moved them up until her knees rested over his shoulders. Harry took half a step back and Malfoy wrapped his arms around her waist to help hold her up. This left Daphne nearly folded in half and suspended in the air by the two of them, impaled on one cock and about to be impaled by another.

Harry lined his rigid shaft up with her pussy as Daphne stared at him, her eyes clouded with lust and excitement. Harry slowly sank his length into her tight slit, staring into her eyes as he did. Daphne surprised him by grabbing his head and pressing her lips against his. Despite everything they had done, it felt oddly intimate to be kissing her for the first time. Breaking the kiss, Harry started fucking her at a slow pace. Behind her, Malfoy began thrusting in and out of her ass, using the wall for leverage to thrust into her hard and fast.

Harry was forced to pick up his pace to keep up with Malfoy. Their rhythms didn’t match this time, but that didn’t seem to matter to Daphne, who moaned constantly in pleasure as they fucked her. With the way they were holding her in the air, Daphne wasn’t thrown around by

their movement, allowing them to thrust into her any way they wanted to. Harry reached forward and grabbed her bouncing breasts, squeezing them firmly and running his thumbs over her erect nipples.

“You love this, don’t you?” Harry asked in a low husky voice. “You love having two cocks in you.”

“Oh fuck, yes.” She hissed in pleasure as he thrust in and out of her harder as Malfoy railed her backdoor at a brutally fast pace.

“If I knew you were such a whore, I’d have fucked you back at school.” He told her.

“Hmm, I’d have let you.” She admitted, smirking at him. “I love cock. The more the better. I love seeing men all hard and horny, desperate to fuck me.”

Daphne broke off with a moan as both men fucked her even harder, turned on by what she was saying.

“I’m still trying to convince Draco to let me have a gangbang.” She managed to get out between gasps and moans. “I want to be surrounded by cocks. I want to be fucked again and again until I can’t fucking walk!”

The last word came out as a scream as she came again, her hot, smooth walls hugging his shaft in an incredibly tight grip as she spasmed around him. Harry grunted in pleasure, feeling his climax building quickly, his balls tightening against his body as he got ready to fill her full of hot salty cum.

“I’m close.” He told her. “I’m gonna fill your tight cunt full of my cum.”

“Wait!” Malfoy called out, slowing down his frantic thrusts, covered in sweat from the exertion. “Set her down, I want to cover the bitch in it.”

Harry looked at Daphne, who's eyes lit up in excitement, and shrugged. Setting her down, his arms ached dully from hold her up for so long. Both men pulled out of her and Malfoy walked around to her front. Daphne dropped to her knees immediately, staring up at them with a lustful stare. Harry and Malfoy started rapidly stroking themselves as they looked at her as Daphne ran her hands up her body, playing with her large breasts.

"Please, cum all over me. Mark me as your whore." She begged, putting on a show for them as she bent her head down to suck on her own nipple.

"Shit." Harry grunted, walking closer to her and jerking his cock rapidly as he felt his climax boil up inside.

Daphne tilted her head back, opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue. Harry came with a grunt, long, thick streams of hot cum shooting out of the swollen head of his cock, striking her in the cheek with an audible *splat*. Stream after stream of thick, white cum rocketed from the tip of his cock to land on her face and in her open mouth. Two long stripes of white landed on her pink tongue to pool in her mouth while two more shots streaked across her nose and eye. As the strength of his spurts waned, he stepped closer, depositing the rest directly onto her partially coated tongue.

Opening the one eyes that wasn't plastered in cum, she looked at him and swirled the cum on her tongue around in her mouth, moaning sensually. Seeing a drop of cum dangling from the tip of his dick, she leaned forward and collected it with her tongue. Once he was finished, she turned to Malfoy who was jerking his cock at a furious pace, visibly excited by the sight of his cum covered fiancé. It was only a moment later that he too came. The first shot sent a streak of straight up the middle of her face and into her hair. The second and third were better aimed, landing on her lips and chin, glazing her mouth in semen.

Like Harry, as his climax waned, he moved closer, sending the last few, weaker shot into her mouth. Daphne's tongue was flooding in a large puddle of cum that she swirled around while stare lustfully up at him. When he was done, Malfoy reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair, using it to wipe of his cock with a familiar, superior smirk on his face.

Daphne looked at both of them and closed her mouth. With an audible gulping noise and a visible bob of her throat, she swallowed all of the cum in her mouth and then opened it again to show them it was empty. Taking her finger, she scooped up most of the cum that had dripped down her chin and sucked it into her mouth with a sensuous moan. Harry's spent cock jerked at the lewd display. As Daphne started scooping up the rest of the cum on her face with her fingers, starting with the glob covering her eye, Harry grabbed his clothes and started getting dressed.

"If you ever have that gangbang, let me know. I'd love to be there for it." He told her as he slipped out of the room.