

Summary: Harry seems to have a habit of filling in to give beautiful newly wedded women the wedding night satisfaction that their husbands cannot. He won't complain. (Harry/Tonks, Harry/Fleur, Harry/Daphne)

Content Warnings/Themes: Cheating, impregnation, outdoor sex, anal sex

Harry heard the pop of apparition, which shouldn't have been possible. He was supposed to be protected at Privet Drive, at least for another week or so.

Though he had been half-asleep when they arrived, Harry's reflexes were sharp. He didn't bother waiting for the intruder to identify themselves. He just rolled out of his bed in Dudley's second bedroom (Harry had never really thought of it as his, regardless of how many years it had been since Uncle Vernon moved him into it), grabbed his wand before his bare feet touched the ground, and spun around to face his magical visitor. Whoever it was, they were in for a surprise if they thought they were going to nab the Boy-Who-Lived without a fight.

And then his wand faltered as he saw who was standing there in the bedroom with him. "Tonks?" he whispered, taking in the pink-haired young woman as his brain returned to full alertness.

"Wotcher, Harry," she said, though her voice lacked its usual chipper feeling. She drew her wand, pointed it at the door and cast a couple of spells he didn't recognize. "There. Your relatives won't be bothering us now."

Harry was about to ask her how she'd gotten in, but his eyes widened as he noticed what she was wearing--and what she was *not* wearing. The lacy white bra and knickers, with stockings that were just as white and lacy, was not the kind of underwear he would've expected to see Tonks wear, but it definitely looked great on her. That didn't explain why she wasn't wearing anything over it, though, or why she'd apparated directly into this bedroom dressed like this.

"How do I know you're really Tonks?" he asked, not lowering his wand even though she didn't seem liable to try and attack him. Constant vigilance, and all that. She might be wild and unpredictable, but Tonks apparating into his room at night while wearing only underwear (and sexy, lacy underwear at that) was very unusual behavior even for her.

"Oh, fuck off!" Tonks said, rolling her eyes. She blinked, and her hair suddenly became a perfect copy of Hermione's, all brown and bushy, while her face lost its usual heart shape and became flatter. "That good enough for you, mate, or shall we go through the question-and-answer rubbish too?"

"Uh, no," Harry mumbled, lowering his wand. "No one but you could've pulled that off, unless Voldemort's got a metamorph Death Eater that we don't know about."

"Not a chance," Tonks said, laughing as her facial features shifted back into their familiar heart shape and her hair went from bushy brown to spiky bubblegum pink. "There are only a few of us alive in the whole world and none of us are stupid enough to serve that tosser. But enough of that. I didn't apparate into your room in the middle of the night only wearing my underwear to talk about other metamorphmagi."

"Err, right," Harry said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. He sat down largely to remove the temptation of staring at Tonks' tits, but all this new position really did was draw his attention to her legs, stockings and knickers instead. "What *did* you come here for, anyway?"

"Remus and I got married today," Tonks said simply. Harry's eyes widened and shot up to look at her. He was so surprised by the news that he didn't even glance at her tits on the way up to making eye contact.

"Really?" he asked. Obviously he knew that they had feelings for each other; he hadn't been so numb from Dumbledore's death that he'd forgotten everything else that happened that day. But jumping from her making Remus stop running from his feelings to getting married in a little over a month seemed rather quick to him.

"Yeah," Tonks said, shrugging. "It's a little quick, I know. But we figured there wasn't much point in wasting time, what with the war and all."

"Sure," Harry said, nodding. "I get it." He looked away quickly when he found himself glancing at her bra again. He'd felt guilty about checking her out in her underwear before, but it was even worse now that he knew she was Remus' new wife. "Congratulations."

"Thanks," she said, though she strangely didn't sound as excited as he would've thought. "Sorry we didn't invite you, but it would've been a major pain in the arse to get you there securely, what with you being Voldy's number one target and all," Tonks said apologetically.

"Don't worry about it," he said, waving her off. "I understand. Thanks for coming over to tell me." He chose not to ask why she'd done so in her underwear. He didn't get it, but he didn't get girls in general either, so it was probably best to keep his mouth shut about that.

"I didn't come over here dressed like this to tell you the good news," Tonks said, laughing and shaking her head. "I came over here to get fucked."

Harry blinked, staring at her blankly as his brain struggled to make sense of what she'd just said to him. Even when it did catch up, he was still convinced he must have misheard her.

"Uh, sorry, I think I heard you wrong," he mumbled. "Could've sworn you said that you wanted me to, uh...."

"Fuck me," Tonks said bluntly. "Nope, you heard right, mate. Boning, screwing, shagging, banging, smashing, playing a little bit of hide the salami--whatever you wanna call it, that's what I came here for."

"I *didn't* hear you wrong?" Harry mumbled, squinting at her.

"Nope," she answered, shaking her head. "Your hearing's as good as ever, Harry. I'm here to ask you to gimme some dick." She shrugged. "Well, technically, I guess I'm here more for your sperm than your dick, but there's no reason we can't have some fun along the way, yeah?" She walked towards him and planted one knee on the edge of the bed like she planned to climb up there with him.

"Sorry, but I'm still not getting it," he said, scooting backwards a bit. "I've never been to a magical wedding or anything, but I'm pretty sure this isn't how a wedding night's supposed to go."

"We're no different from muggles there," Tonks said. "But Remus got all nervous when it was time to do his job, push his wife into bed and ravage her on his wedding night. He started worrying about what might happen if I got pregnant. And when I told him that's exactly what I wanted and why I married him in the first place, he got even worse. He started mumbling about his son or daughter being a werewolf like him, and how he'd never be able to live with himself if that happened."

"But being a werewolf isn't genetic," Harry mumbled.

"Of course it bloody isn't!" Tonks shouted, so fired up that he flinched back. "But he wouldn't listen to common fucking sense! That coward wouldn't even look at me, let alone touch me! Even when I told him I was *going* to get fucked and hopefully impregnated on my wedding night, whether he was going to do it or I had to go and find someone else to give me what he wouldn't, he *still* just sat there and moped. So, here I am."

"So, because he wouldn't touch you, you want *me* to have sex with you?" Harry asked.

"You got it!" Tonks said, nodding.

"A-and, you want me to finish inside you? To try and get you pregnant?"

"Damn right!" Tonks said, smirking. "If my husband doesn't have the balls to try and knock me up, I figure I might as well try for the handsome bloke who took on Voldemort and stared death in the eye when he was still just a kid. See if you can pass some of that courage down, you know?" She wiggled her eyebrows at him. "I know you like Remus and everything, so you might feel weird about shagging his wife. But really, you'd be doing him a favor. If I don't get laid by *someone* tonight, he's the one that's going to pay for it. And he won't like it at all when I--"

Harry didn't need to hear Tonks explain anything further. Maybe he should have hesitated more about pouncing on the new wife of his former teacher and good friend of his parents, but Harry was a horny virgin, and Tonks was a sexy older witch in her underwear that was asking him to fuck her and maybe even get her pregnant. He didn't care about her reasoning anymore, or how exactly him fucking Remus' wife on their wedding night was meant to be a favor to him.

Harry, the pent-up virgin who was less than a month away from embarking on a dangerous mission to destroy Voldemort's horcruxes and make him mortal, was being presented with a chance to shag before leaving on that hunt that he might very well not survive. Unlike Remus, he wasn't going to waste this chance.

Tonks gasped as he pulled her onto the bed and pushed her beneath him, and giggled as he started pawing at her underwear. "Guess you don't need any more convincing, eh?" she said. "Here, let me help you."

She helped him get her underwear off, and together they pulled his top over his head and pushed his bottoms down. Tonks grinned and ran her hands over his chest when she got his shirt off, but her eyes widened when his pants were gone. Harry held his breath, nervous. Ginny had seemed to think he was really big when she touched him, but what did she know? She was a virgin too. Tonks was like six or seven years older than him, he was pretty sure, and she had to have experience. What if he didn't measure up? What if--

"*Fuck*, that's a big dick!" Tonks breathed, wrapping her hand around his shaft and giving it a squeeze. "The girls at Hogwarts must go crazy for this thing, huh?"

"Wouldn't know," Harry muttered while groping Tonks' tits, too horny to think about whether or not this was a good idea to admit. "I've never done it before."

"You're a virgin?" Tonks said, surprised. Harry nodded, blushing slightly, though her obvious approval of his cock prevented him from feeling too insecure. She shook her head. "Hogwarts witches are fucking stupid these days, huh? Whatever; their loss. But we'd probably better not waste any time, then, because you're not gonna last long." She smirked. "Especially not inside *me*."

"Right," Harry said, staring at Tonks' pussy. "So, uh..." She spread her legs wider on the bed and crooked her finger at him. He got into position above her, and groaned when she grabbed his cock again and lined it up between her legs.

"Just stick it in and do what comes naturally, Harry," she said. He looked down and watched her thin strip of pink pubic hair turn into a lightning bolt. "And don't worry about it being over too fast. Remember: I'm here for your cum, and I'll be happy to get it."

Harry nodded, took a breath and pushed forward, sliding his cock inside of Tonks. He groaned as he entered her; the feeling was like nothing else. His hand could never compare, and even Ginny's softer hand couldn't measure up to feeling his cock slide inside of Tonks' pussy.

"How does it feel, Harry?" she asked, smiling up at him. He just groaned, and it made her giggle. "Fair enough. Now don't be shy. Get that thing moving, big guy!"

He listened. She was urging him forward, urging him to fuck her, and as that was what his body was crying out for as well, he went for it. He put his hands on her hips and pushed his cock a bit deeper inside of her before pulling his hips back and giving her his first good thrust. Tonks sighed and put her arms around his neck.

"That's it, Harry," she said, licking her lips and looking up at him. "In and out, mate. Keep it up!"

There was nothing he wanted more. Tonks' pussy was so tight and so wet, and he wanted to feel more of it. He kept his hips moving, in and out, in and out, settling into a quick rhythm and feeling more confident and comfortable with each passing thrust. He'd never had sex before, but it felt pretty easy and instinctive now that he was actually doing it. There was nothing to worry about. This was simple, and every simple thrust brought him more pleasure than he'd ever felt in his life. Sex was pretty fucking amazing so far!

Tonks really seemed to be enjoying it, too, since she kept moaning and her arms squeezed his neck even tighter as time went along. Maybe the size of his dick had something to do with that, because it wasn't like he was doing anything creative here. It was just back and forth, pushing in deep and pulling back to do it again. But as long as she was enjoying it, he wasn't going to complain about how easy it was to make her moan.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Tonks groaned after he'd been fucking her for no more than a handful of minutes. "How're you so good at this already?! I'm already--*ohh, fuck!*" Tonks screamed and clung to him tighter, and Harry grunted as he felt her pussy muscles squeeze his cock. "Do it, Harry! Inside of me! Knock me up; *do it!*"

He wouldn't have been able to resist even without her verbal encouragement because of how tightly she was squeezing his dick. But with her demanding his cum, and again mentioning that she wanted him to impregnate her, there was no holding back. This was his first time having sex, and he might be getting the sexy older auror pregnant. Who could say no to *that*?

Harry groaned and buried his face in Tonks' cleavage as he came inside of her. He was used to having to be careful where he shot his cum, because there was so much of it and he didn't want to make a mess. But *this* was what his cum was made to do. It was made to fill up a sexy witch and do its best to get her pregnant, and Harry's balls did their part. He was sure he'd never cum this hard or for half this length of time before.

They spent a long time like that, with Tonks' arms around Harry's neck and his face nestled between her tits as they caught their breath. Finally, Tonks groaned and nudged him into pulling his cock out and rolling off of her.

"Fuck, that was incredible," she said, still slightly out of breath. "That was really your first time?"

"It was," he confirmed, nodding as he looked over at her. She was flat on her back, and there was nothing covering her as she lay there naked next to him. He'd never seen anything sexier.

"You're a bloody natural, Harry," she said, giggling. "Even if Remus *does* find his balls in the morning, there's no way this is the last time you're sticking that beautiful monster you call a cock inside of me. That was way too good! And we've gotta make sure you're the one who gets me pregnant, too."

"We can go again now, if you're ready," he said. She raised her eyebrows skeptically, but then her eyes fell to his cock, which had gotten erect again as he stared at her naked body.

"Oh *Merlin*," she whispered. She climbed on top of him, straddled his hips and grabbed his cock to line it up below her. "I'm in big, *big* trouble."

She dropped down onto his cock, and they shared a moan. As far as Harry was concerned, there wasn't a trouble in the world as long as he was back inside of Tonks' pussy.

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Fleur Delacour was, in all likelihood, the most beautiful woman Harry had ever seen in his life. She would've looked stunning no matter what she was wearing, but in the gorgeous white dress she'd just worn for her wedding earlier that day, she was beautiful enough to make every man in the world jealous of Bill Weasley.

Harry couldn't really feel jealous of Ron's oldest brother right now, though, because it wasn't Bill who was walking behind Fleur and staring blatantly at her naked arse as she walked through the garden outside The Burrow hours after her wedding. It was Harry who had that privilege, though he still wasn't sure as to why.

She hadn't said a word to him yet. He'd just been about to settle down to sleep in the room he was sharing with Ron when Fleur appeared in the doorway, completely nude. Ron had already been snoring loudly, but Fleur ignored him, stared directly at Harry and beckoned him to follow her. The heated look she shot him, which seemed to promise retribution if he refused her, would have had him following her even if he hadn't been so turned on by her that he'd been growing hard even before he stepped out of the room. Frankly, he'd sworn that Fleur had been staring in his direction off and on during the wedding, and he'd been turned on just remembering the look in her eyes when she did. He might have written it off as her veela allure making him see something that hadn't

been there, but then she'd shown up outside the door of the room he was staying in and led him on this naked nighttime stroll, It *couldn't* have all been in his head.

She stopped in front of a large tree and turned around to face him. "You 'ave fucked Nymphadora," she said abruptly.

"She told you?" Harry asked, too surprised to try and play dumb. Fleur shook her head.

"Non," the veela said. "She did not need to." She tapped her nose. "I can sense eet."

"Oh, so it's some kind of veela thing?" Harry asked. Fleur nodded. "And, uh, is you showing up outside my bedroom naked on your wedding night some kind of veela thing too?"

"Oui," Fleur said, grinning at him. "I understand you, Ron and 'ermione will be leaving soon?"

Harry's guard went up. "Well, I'm not really sure that I can—"

"I am not interested in discussing zis, or asking you what you will be doing," Fleur said, cutting him off. "Before you go, I *must* let ze veela have what eet wants." She stalked towards him, and her hand shot out to grab his dick through his boxers. It was already hard and tenting his underwear, and she smirked while she rubbed it. "And eet wants you. 'arry Potter."

"Should I ask how your husband feels about this?" Harry wondered aloud. Honestly, he knew it wasn't going to make much difference whether Bill knew or approved of Fleur's naked trip to the garden with him or not. If Fleur bloody Delacour—or Weasley now, whatever—wanted him to fuck her, he wasn't going to say no.

"William knew what he was getting into," Fleur said, unconcerned. "I ensured that he knew what our lives togezer would be like before I agreed to marry 'im. As a woman, I love William with all my 'eart." She stopped rubbing Harry's cock through his boxers and instead grabbed them by the waistband and yanked them down his legs. His cock sprang out, and she stared at it hungrily. "But ze veela part of me will not be denied what eet wants; not even on my wedding night. I will return to William's bed tomorrow. Tonight, 'arry, I must take you, before you escape from my grasp."

Harry wasn't going to disagree. It must suck for Bill, marrying the sexiest woman alive only to have her slip out to fuck someone else on their wedding night. But that was a relationship complication for Bill and Fleur to worry about. Harry was the one who the veela apparently wanted to shag, and he was the one who'd been invited on this naked nighttime stroll in the garden. What happened to the newlyweds wasn't his problem, but it *was* going to be his pleasure.

Fleur's nostrils flared as she stroked his bare cock, and the way she stared into his eyes almost made him cum all over her fingers. She stopped stroking at that moment, and after staring into his eyes for a few seconds or more, she nodded decisively, spun back around so her back was to him and pressed her hands against the tree.

"Fuck me, 'arry!" she demanded. "Give me what I need!" With the way she shouted and stared back at him over her shoulder, he had a feeling that she wouldn't take kindly to him refusing her. But he would not be putting that theory to the test, because refusing her was the last thing on his mind. He hurried into position behind her, rested his left hand on her hip and maneuvered his cock into position with his right. He could feel how wet she was as he prepared to enter her, and just knowing that she wanted him this badly made Harry's heart beat faster inside of his chest. For whatever reason, this gorgeous veela wanted him. No, she *needed* him. It was an incredibly thrilling thing to feel.

Knowing that Fleur wanted him was nowhere near as thrilling as actually pushing his cock inside of her, though. Harry knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that if he hadn't had the great pleasure of fucking Tonks and gaining that experience with her, he would have cum right after penetrating Fleur. The veela's pussy felt even tighter than Tonks', and the metamorph could literally adjust her body as she pleased. Fleur was so tight that he couldn't thrust into her as quickly as he would've liked. Every push was a struggle in more than one way. It was as much about not surrendering to the need to cum as it was about physically pushing deeper. If he'd tried to fuck Fleur as little as two weeks earlier, there was no chance he could have won this battle.

He'd already had many reasons to be grateful to Tonks for choosing his bed to visit when her husband was too afraid to fuck her on their wedding night, and now he had one more. That first time with Tonks, the two more rounds they'd gone on to have later that night, and the pair of quick fucks they'd had in the busy time since then, gave him the experience and the confidence that he needed to fuck Fleur now. Simply being inside of the veela brought pleasure exquisite enough that a lesser man would've been lost, and even many men who knew what they were doing and had the ability to please a witch would have bent to the veela's will and filled her with their cum in moments once they started thrusting. He could *feel* Fleur's pussy muscles actively tightening around his cock and trying to squeeze his cum out of him, but he held fast, squeezed her arse and kept thrusting. He sure as fuck wasn't going to refuse if she wanted him to cum inside of her when this was all over, but he wanted to enjoy fucking Fleur for as long as he could make this last.

Fleur was not disappointed by his refusal to give in. On the contrary, he could tell that she was pleased by his ability to hold on and keep fucking her. She wasn't shy about moaning loudly with each thrust, letting him know just how good a job he was doing and how much she enjoyed what he was doing to her. Tonks was plenty loud in her own right, but Fleur reached another decibel level as well as another level of need. Whereas Tonks liked fucking, and was serious about her hopes to get impregnated, Fleur felt and sounded like she needed cock like she needed air. If this desperation was real, and he had no reason to think otherwise, she was probably serious about Bill understanding and

accepting that their married life wasn't going to be typical. Need like this could not be denied. Harry was just pleased that he was the one that need had been directed at, for tonight at least.

She kept her hands pressed against the tree, spread her legs wider and started to push her hips back to meet his thrusts, fucking him as much as he was fucking her. He'd already been shagging her pretty damn hard, but now their bodies collided with greater impact than he'd felt at any point with Tonks, which was saying quite a lot given how active she liked to be when they fucked. It was a good thing that everyone else in The Burrow was fast asleep, because between her ass smacking against him and the unrestrained moans she let out throughout it all, they were making more than enough noise to be overheard out here.

The veela was muttering a string of French as they fucked, and while Harry couldn't understand the specific words, he understood their meaning well enough thanks to how she kept pushing her body back to meet his thrusts. She was getting everything that she needed, everything that the veela side of her apparently demanded, and she wanted him to keep it up.

Keeping up with Fleur's raging lust was no easy task, but Harry met it head-on. When she shoved her hips and arse back to meet him, he responded by speeding up and fucking her even harder. At some point Fleur stopped her string of French muttering and just started grunting like some kind of animal, which fit the wild fuck the wizard and the veela were sharing out in the Weasleys' garden. They were throwing all reason aside. He was fucking Bill's wife on her wedding night, very close to the spot where she'd had her wedding ceremony, while his family slept inside the house. It was even riskier than any of his fucks with Tonks had been so far, and he *loved* it. He embraced the danger and the thrill of giving the newly married veela exactly what she needed, and having an amazing time doing it.

Fleur screeched as she came, and her pussy muscles clamped down around his cock, literally locking him inside of her and preventing him from pulling out. He roared, squeezed Fleur's flawless arsecheeks and surrendered at last to the demands her body had been making of him all along, cumming deep inside of her. He twitched, and he felt his legs tremble from the intensity of it all, but still he remained buried inside of the veela's cunt, reveling in sharing this forbidden mutual climax with her on her wedding night.

They hadn't discussed what happened next, but Harry felt confident that the veela would demand more of him eventually. If he'd needed any more reason to do all he could to not only kill Voldemort, but survive the hunt and live out the rest of his life in a post-Voldemort world, now he had it.

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"Enjoy your night, you two," Blaise Zabini said, wiggling his eyebrows playfully at Harry and Daphne. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

“Harry is going to do plenty that you wouldn’t do,” Daphne said dryly. “That’s rather the point.”

Blaise laughed. “Touché, *wife*,” he said on his way to the fireplace of the flat he shared with Daphne. He flooded out, likely to spend the rest of his wedding night enjoying the company of his boyfriend Terry Boot, which left Harry alone with Daphne Zabini n^èe Greengrass.

“So,” Daphne said, shrugging her dressing gown off to reveal that she was naked beneath it. “Will this be your first time shagging a woman on her wedding night?”

“You might be surprised,” Harry said, smiling at her while taking his shirt off and unbuttoning his trousers. She stared for a second before bursting out laughing.

“I have a feeling I could guess,” she said. “But I think I’d much rather enjoy my wedding night, which is why I invited you to celebrate it with me.”

“And I’m happy to celebrate with you whenever you need me,” Harry said. Tonight would not be the first night he shagged Daphne, who he’d started a lovely friends with benefits arrangement with on Halloween when he chose to return to Hogwarts following the war to complete his schooling. It would, however, be the first time they’d had sex since she officially married her best friend Blaise solely to help him secure his deserved inheritance from his deceased mother. The marriage might not be real, but Harry was happy for any excuse to spend the night with the beautiful blonde Slytherin.

“Want me to take you upstairs?” he offered. Daphne shook her head right away, and smiled the same playful smile she’d given him when she snuck into the quidditch locker room to fuck him in the shower after his final victory over Slytherin on the pitch. Instantly, he knew they weren’t going to do anything out of their standard, very enjoyable playbook tonight.

“I have a better idea,” Daphne said. She turned around and dropped to her hands and knees on the carpet, “It only seems right that I give away my virginity on my wedding night, and since you’re filling in for my husband, I guess it’s you who gets to take it.”

“Your virginity?” Harry said, cocking his head. “Uh, Daphne, I’m pretty sure you gave that to me on Halloween our last year at Hogwarts. Remember? Tracey cheered you on, and you hexed her when she asked if she could have a turn?”

“Not that virginity, Harry,” Daphne said. She reached behind her and spread her arsecheeks apart.

“*Oh*,” Harry said, snapping to attention now that he understood. “You’re sure?” He’d bugged both Fleur and Tonks, and Parvati Patil as well, but Daphne had never seemed interested in anal sex, so he’d never brought it up with her.

She nodded. "I'm sure. I've wanted to try it for a bit now, and tonight seemed like a good night for it. I already got myself ready before you came over. Just don't get too rough, okay?"

"Sure," he said. He could have assured her that this was not his first or even second time taking a woman's anal virginity, and he understood the responsibility well, but he felt that might ruin the mood a bit. Instead, he just got into position on the carpet behind her, cast a spell on his dick to offer a bit of additional lubrication, and carefully eased the head into her anus. Daphne groaned.

"Alright?" he asked, rubbing her lower back.

"Yes," she said. "It's not bad at all."

"Good," he said, still rubbing her back and giving the top of her arse some light squeezes. "I'm going to keep going. But I'll be careful." Daphne nodded, and he pushed a bit deeper into her arse.

He'd wisely bit his tongue, but this really was nothing new to Harry. He knew not to push too deep or move too quickly, no matter how fucking great it felt to slide his dick into Daphne's virgin arse. He was thinking of her pleasure and comfort with everything that he did, because she'd trusted him with this. Obviously he wanted to do a good job in order to keep her interested in continuing their ongoing casual sexual relationship, but beyond that, he simply took pride in being able to satisfy his lovers. He slowly slid back and forth in Daphne's bum, easing her into the act of anal sex as gently as he could while being mindful of how large his dick was. He could push a woman too far easily with this thing if he wasn't careful about it, and that was doubly true when he was bugging someone with it. That she'd never had any dick in her bum before only made it that much more important for him to remain in control.

Luckily, he wasn't worried about that. Ever since Tonks had shown up in Dudley's second bedroom to get fucked (and indeed, impregnated, or so the timing of Little Teddy Tonks' birth supported) on her wedding night, Harry had been given numerous opportunities to broaden his horizons and build his experience with beautiful women, from Tonks to Fleur to Parvati to Lavender to Ginny to several girls over that summer in France whose names he'd never actually learned, and yes, to Daphne as well. He confidently bugged her on the carpet of her flat, helping himself to Daphne's virgin arse and enjoying it while never forgetting himself and abusing the trust she'd placed in him.

It was about more than just tolerance, but pleasure too. He reached his arm around Daphne's body to rub her pussy while he bugged her, and she moaned softly. Once he'd gotten her properly worked up, he started rubbing around her clit just the way she liked, coming near it but never touching it directly for more than a second or two at a time. The teasing touches and fleeting contact had the beautiful blonde moaning on the

carpet, likely having forgotten all about whatever discomfort still remained from having his dick in her arse. Harry kept it up, focusing on getting her off before he worried too much about his own pleasure. Daphne's moans got deeper and lower, and her fingers dug into the carpet as she got closer. He knew Daphne's body and her reactions about as well as anyone's outside of maybe Tonks and Fleur by now, so when she started muttering curses under her breath, he knew he had her.

"Fuck!" Daphne whispered just as the pleasure broke her and she started squirting. Harry made a mental note to clean up afterwards, lest Blaise got on him about leaving a mess on the carpet again, but he couldn't worry too much about that right now. He had an orgasm to enjoy first.

He pulled out of Daphne just in time to avoid leaving an even bigger mess by cumming in her arse. Arguably it wasn't any less messy for him to spray his cum all over her back, her arsecheeks and into her crack as well, but he had a feeling Daphne would appreciate it being all over her skin rather than inside of her arse. He had it on good authority from Tonks that cleaning cum out of one's bum was...well, a pain in the arse.

Maybe he should see about inviting Daphne over to join him, Tonks and Fleur in bed sometime? Fleur's wedding anniversary was coming up soon, and the veela seemed to get particularly horny for him every time that date neared.