

Commission 3
Unbound - Part 2
Fandom: Harry Potter

Series Tags: Submissive (by choice) Harry Potter, Dominant Ginny Weasley, Male Chastity, Denial, Orgasm Denial, Teasing, Humiliation, Pegging, Femdom, Cuckold, Consensual Infidelity, Hotwife, Bratty Dom Victoire Weasley

Chapter Tags: Male Chastity, Denial, Orgasm Denial, Ruined Orgasm, Teasing, Seduction, Voyeurism, Exhibitionism, Femdom, Male Cum Swallowing (own), Maledom, Accidental Cheating, Cuckold, Slightly Dark

The temporary changing room at the Harpies' training camp smelt like wet towels, fruity shampoo, and sweat-soaked leather. The enchanted ventilation thankfully did its job—working nowhere near as hard had they had to share the space with men like she had at Hogwarts—and someone's Bubble Wireless was thudding away a catchy beat, having floated over from the still steaming showers.

Controlled chaos.

Shouts, raucous laughter, and the slap of damp feet on tiles filled the room. One of the newer girls—the talented and very pretty Kelsie Simmons, recently transferred from the Thestrals—was currently pinned against the far wall, flushed and breathless as Mackenzie lavished kisses down her throat with unmistakable intent. A nearby shower steamed behind a half-closed curtain, the shadow of a third girl visible as she rinsed off and hummed lazily through the chorus of *You're My Love Potion*.

It was loud. Messy. Downright annoying.

And Ginny Potter—captain, leader, legend—was utterly unbothered by all of it.

She sat at the centre of the room like a lioness in the sun, legs spread, forearms draped over her thighs, towel barely covering anything. She was already showered and dressed, her hair towelled half-dry, a protein smoothie in one hand, and her wand idly spinning between the fingers of the other—a habit she'd picked up from her husband.

Her gaze flicked to her wristwatch.

7:52

Harry would be stirring soon... waking up to a depressingly empty bed, his glorious cock imprisoned and its warden...gone for a whole month.

The key...

She wondered how long it'd take him to realise, to remember their little *game*. If he'd roll over groggily, maybe reach for her on instinct... or if he'd bolt upright in a panic, already feeling the cold grip of the cage as it punished his morning wood. She'd slipped out before sunrise—kissed his lips, whispered a silent goodbye—and Floored out to meet up with her teammates.

She'd left a note for him with Victoire, and she'd left her niece very specific instructions too. Instructions that, if followed, would have Harry's glorious cock pounding her tight little cunt in no time.

Though she somehow doubted the young, prideful woman would heed her advice. Not if she was anything like her mother, at least.

Then again, if she was like her mother, maybe she wouldn't need it.

A ripple of delicious heat spread low in her belly at the thought. He'd resist, at first, knowing what surrender would cost him, but as loyal and amazing as her husband was, there was no way he'd last an entire month in that horrible cage.

He'd break. Heck, If Victoire was smart about it, she'd have her wish within a fortnight, then have a whole other fortnight to shag *Uncle Harry* to her heart's content. Harry would be delirious with lust at that point, wrapped around his niece's little finger.

Ginny's core *gushed* at the thought of not only Harry *destroying* that pristine, tight little cunt, but at the thought of her husband's delicious anguish at his surrender, his infidelity...

And what *she'd* do in response...

Her smile twisted—part amusement, part hunger. But it faded just as quickly as her eyes swept the locker room again, her thoughts cooling as her professional life rudely intruded on her wicked fantasies.

They didn't know.

The girls. The staff. Heck, the entire *league*.

They *still* didn't know who was in charge for the season.

The gaffer had been sacked—read: *sacrificed*—*ages* ago. No press conference accompanied the announcement, or any press at all. Lucinda Peregrine had stepped down as owner under public pressure and vanished like a ghost after doing the deed. Her daughter, Blair, had taken the reins, but hadn't so much as sent a bloody owl to any of them.

They were a week into pre-season, and there wasn't even an assistant coach to whip them into shape. If Ginny hadn't forced them into some rigorous fitness training herself—dragging them to the hotel gym and running drills until half of them puked—they'd probably still be lounging by the pool or getting drunk.

Or fucking...

Mackenzie and Simmons were *really* going for it. Ginny might have felt jealous, if Harry hadn't *thoroughly* seen to her the previous night.

She wouldn't feel the cold bite of loneliness and home-sickness until she slipped into her bed that evening. Call her old fashioned, but she *hated* sleeping without her husband there to wrap those big, burly arms around her.

Shaking her head, Ginny let out a weary sigh and scanned her teammates once more.

Most of the girls took the, frankly, unprofessional silence from the new owner in stride. By the look of them, they were all carefree, blissfully ignorant of what said silence meant.

Ginny, on the other hand, knew better.

She'd seen what happened to other clubs in years like this. Poor ownership. Delayed appointments. Uncertainty in leadership. Standards slipped. Squads fractured. *Relegation*.

Not that the Harpies would fall that far—but the thought of another year as runners-up made her want to hex someone through the nearest wall.

The worst part?

She didn't even know what Blair Peregrine *wanted*.

A faint breeze shifted the air. The wards that kept the local muggles away tickled the back of her neck.

Ginny sat up straighter.

She wasn't the only one who noticed.

Voices hushed. Music cut off with a clumsy swish of a wand. The girls untangled, reaching for towels. Someone yelped as they tripped over a loose handbag.

Great, that's just what I need. A fucking broken leg before preseason's even started...

The door opened.

Blair Peregrine swept into the changing room with the slow, deliberate confidence of someone used to commanding boardrooms, not locker rooms.

She wore a structured slate-grey pantsuit—Muggle cut, magical tailoring. Wand tucked in a sleek thigh holster. Hair swept back in a glossy wave, lips painted a precise plum shade. She looked more Ministry than League—more hit-witch than heiress. She was attractive enough, but more... handsome and statuesque than pretty.

Manufactured beauty.

Her gaze swept the room.

Naked players. Towels tossed all over the place. Locker doors ajar. Bras hanging haphazardly from hooks. One of her newest signings trembling with a finger buried in her cunt, her face flushed with pleasure and embarrassment.

Her lip curled.

The room didn't fall silent so much as... settled down. A few muttered greetings. An awkward shuffle of movement.

But no one stood. No one saluted.

And most tellingly?

No one stopped what they were doing.

Ginny felt it. The moment Blair realised her entrance hadn't landed the way she'd hoped. That irritation—that sting—as her power and majesty failed to register.

Their eyes met.

Blair raised a brow.

Ginny just... shrugged.

The new owner of the Holyhead Harpies held her gaze for a long beat, then stalked over without another word.

'I hope this isn't the standard you plan to lead with,' Blair murmured, eyes cool as they flicked to the room and back again.

Ginny didn't look up from adjusting her laces. 'They're young. They've just come off a brutal season and have had to endure an entire summer of uncertainty. Let them blow off some steam.'

'Is that what we're calling this?' Blair said dryly, glancing at Mackenzie licking her glistening fingers clean with relish, her green eyes challenging the new owner to protest.

Ginny didn't flinch. 'Better they do it here than at a pub three weeks from now. And they're all big girls. What do you want me to do? Give them detention?'

Blair's expression didn't change, but something in her posture loosened. She turned her head slightly, eyes scanning the girls again—but this time, with less scorn. More calculation.

'You're not wrong,' she said finally. 'I would've preferred a little more decorum, but you're right. What's truly unprofessional... is leaving a team in limbo for an entire summer.'

That got Ginny's attention. She straightened a little.

Blair smirked. 'Believe me, I know. It's been harder than expected to find the right fit. There were offers. Plenty of hopefuls put their names in the Goblet, but none of them made sense. None that I believed could take this club where it needs to go.'

She gestured toward the room—the chaos, the steam, the unruly group of women that, despite appearances, were some of the most talented Quidditch players in the world.

‘And then I thought... what if we didn’t just clean house? What if we brought in someone who could sharpen this madness into a weapon? Someone who wouldn’t just keep our best player in top form,’ she paused, her eyes locked on Ginny’s, ‘but someone with the experience of what it takes to be a *champion*?’

She paused, her lips curling into a smug grin when she realised Ginny was hanging on her every word, her dark eyes narrowed in suspicion and interest.

Then, smoothly, with that wicked grin on her plum-painted lips, she tilted her head and dropped a *bomb*.

‘Would you like to meet him?’

Ginny froze.

Her mouth dropped open in shock.

‘...*Him*?’

Blair’s smirk deepened at Ginny’s shocked whisper, eyes glittering with quiet satisfaction.

Then she finally turned to the room.

‘Alright, ladies...’ Her voice carried easily through the haze, sharp as a severing charm and twice as cutting. ‘Get dressed. Try to look mildly presentable. You’re about to meet your new gaffer.’

The players—who’d been side-eyeing the tense exchange between captain and owner with feigned disinterest and deep curiosity—suddenly scrambled into motion.

The only two who hadn’t noticed anything were still curled together in the corner, murmuring in low tones as they shared one last kiss. It took a raised brow from Blair and a well-aimed towel from one of the Chasers to snap them out of their amorous bubble.

‘Oi! Shag her later, Mac, we’ve got company!’

Snickers echoed. Lockers slammed. Bras snapped, towels vanished, clothes were charmed on and one set of cheeks burned as if with fever. Nobody looked good, *per se*, but the changing room was no longer an orgy-adjacent bundle of bared T&A.

That would have to be good enough.

Blair clicked her tongue in annoyance and rolled her eyes in exasperation.

Then she whistled.

The shrill sound echoed off the tiled walls.

And then *he* walked in.

Oliver *bloody* Wood.

Time did not stand still—but for one long, surreal moment, it felt like it held its breath.

The world's best keeper—a title he *still* held, even in retirement—hadn't said a single word. He didn't need to.

His presence filled the room like a storm cloud. Dark, heavy, coiled with promise.

Oliver had a thick beard, neatly groomed but untamed enough to hint at something feral beneath the polish. His hair was clipped short, practical and his bulging arms were crossed in consternation. Intense, steel-grey eyes like twin bolts of enchanted iron cut through the room like a laser until they landed on her.

Ginny Potter. Captain, leader, legend.

The moniker sounded ridiculous when uttered in the presence of someone so decorated, but Ginny didn't back down. She wouldn't have survived in this world as long as she had by being soft.

And then he held her gaze.

It wasn't leering. Wasn't predatory. Just... focused.

Like she was a tactical problem he'd already solved in his head. Like she was the last rook on a Quidditch board he'd already mastered.

She'd been looked at like a piece of meat before. Leered at. Fawned over. Worshipped.

But *this*?

This wasn't worship.

This was recognition.

It was a look that said *You're the star. You're the key. You're the reason this will work.*

Her thighs pressed together automatically.

Fuck.

She didn't blink. Didn't move. Her face was still cool, collected, and indifferent. But inside?

Wet.

Instantly, shamefully wet.

She shifted her weight slightly, casually enough to pass for comfort—but really just trying not to squirm.

Wood didn't smirk. Didn't soften. Just kept his gaze locked with hers a moment longer—long enough to let her know it wasn't a fluke or misunderstanding. Long enough for her to feel the weight of it. And then he turned his head, slow and sure, taking in the rest of the room.

Even with the chaos of the other players—some still whispering, some gaping, one already taking bets on whether he was single—the tension had shifted. Solidified.

He was in control, even without opening his mouth.

And Merlin help her... Ginny *liked* it. She respected the last gaffer for her ball knowledge and her mind, but when compared to Oliver?

It wasn't even a contest.

She wasn't a schoolgirl anymore. She wasn't going to melt on sight just because a man looked like he could crush a Bludger between his thighs. But still—she appreciated the view.

His shirt strained against his chest and arms. No fat, all muscle, as if he still woke up at the crack of dawn and ran drills even though he'd been retired for years—and after hearing the stories about him from Harry and her brothers? She believed it. His trousers were tailored, sure, but couldn't hide the thick, powerful legs beneath. Oliver looked like he could still play a full game, if asked.

Blair hadn't brought in some retired has-been collecting a paycheque. She'd brought a weapon, one that had retired out of *choice* because he was bored with winning and wanted a new challenge. One that could command a room of professional women with a look. One that made Ginny feel like she'd just been scouted again.

A weapon worthy of breaking with over a century of tradition.

And speaking of tradition...

It was subtle, but Ginny didn't fail to notice how close Blair stood to Oliver. How comfortable they were in each other's presence. She doubted the others noticed, but Ginny had been married to an Auror for most of her life—one didn't live that life without picking up a few things here and there...

A hand flicked toward his bicep during the introductions. A subtle glance to check his read on the room. Blair was cool and sharp, she didn't read as someone who formed connections easily. That wasn't just comfort between them. That was *connection*.

Ginny clocked all of it in seconds.

Are they fucking? Have they fucked? Will they?

The thoughts came unbidden. She hated that they even mattered—but they did.

Because for all that Wood stood there like a broody thundercloud with a body carved by war gods... the only thing Ginny really wanted to know was whether she was allowed to want him.

When she was sure no one was paying attention, she bit her lip sensually and ground her powerful thighs together. Disguising her slip-up with a quick rummaging in her bag, she started to fantasize...and hated herself for it.

Despite herself, she suddenly wished her niece the very best of luck.

She let out one final, shuddering breath then buried the naughty, tumultuous feelings roiling inside her belly.

She was the captain.

And the captain didn't squirm over the new boss.

Even if he looked like he could fuck the entire team into a coma.

He spoke in that rich, rumbling Scottish brogue that made even the most mundane words sound like a bloody war speech. But Ginny barely heard him.

It was the usual tripe—new beginnings, high standards, hard work. She'd heard it before. Dozens of times, in different changing rooms all over the world. Coaches trying to impress, to stamp their authority, to act like they were the ones who mattered. Oliver was more convincing than them if only because of his history, but it still all felt rather tedious.

She zoned out and her mind wandered back to Harry, from the way he fucked her the previous night, to how his mighty cock looked locked away and helpless. She wondered what Victoire would think when she finally saw it—would it shatter her almost hero-worship of her uncle, or just make it stronger?

Then Wood stopped mid-sentence.

He scanned the room again, slower this time. Measured. Maybe he sensed he was losing Gin, or maybe he was just that experienced when it came to reading a room and giving team talks.

When he continued... it was different.

Lower. Calmer. *Passionate*.

'I could stand here and give you the usual shite,' he said with a slight smirk. 'But I think you've all heard it before, aye? Work hard. Respect the badge. Fight for each other.'

A few chuckled. Even Ginny's brow arched.

‘But I’m not here to win you over with talk. I’m here to ask you to trust me. Because what we’re going to do...?’ He stepped forward slightly, his eyes sweeping the group like a general taking the measure of his officers. ‘It’s going to feel wrong at first. Counter-intuitive. Might even piss a few of you off.’

A few raised brows now. Heads tilting. He had them.

‘We’re going to play a *new* kind of Quidditch. High risk. High reward. I want numerical overloads everywhere. Chasers are gonna swarm their lines, force mismatches. Beaters won’t just defend—they’ll cut off passing lanes and initiate attacks. Our Seeker won’t hang back like some bloody spare part—she’ll pressure the opposition. Break up plays. Our Keeper?’ He grinned wolfishly, eyes flitting over to the new signing in question. ‘She’s gonna play so high you’d think she forgot where the hoops are.’

Now the room was listening.

Eyes wide. Mouths slightly parted.

‘I want fluidity. Movement. Everyone rotating. Positional chaos. You won’t be locked into roles—you’ll be expected to own them all. If you’re a Chaser, learn to block like a Beater. If you’re a Beater, learn to pass under pressure. If you’re a Seeker—’ his eyes flicked to Ginny ‘—you’d best be ready to score.’

He paused. The silence was heavy. Expectant.

And then his voice dropped—quieter, for her.

‘And that brings me to you, Gin.’

Her breath caught.

The noise of the room faded like someone had cast a Silencing Charm.

It was just them.

‘*You’re* the reason I took this job.’

His gaze pinned her in place—unyielding, reverent, burning. Out of the corner of her eye, Ginny saw Blair squirm and a petty part of her *loved* it.

‘You’re not just the best Chaser in the league. You’re the best Seeker. Hell, give you a bat and I reckon you’d be the best Beater. You could play Keeper with one arm tied behind your back. I’ve only ever met one other person who was as natural a flier.’ He shot her a cheeky wink. ‘I hear he’s busy catching bad guys though.’

That earned him laughter from the girls as he stepped closer, the rest of the team a blurry backdrop now.

‘Everything I want to do hinges on you. You’re the lynchpin. The axis. My star.’

Another beat. His eyes softened, but never lost that manic edge.

‘I’ll be leaning on you harder than anyone. You’re going to lead these girls into war. Drag them to glory. And I swear on my wand, if you follow me—if you trust me—we won’t just win a *title*.’

He paused, and Ginny finally saw it. The manic gleam in his eyes, the almost psychotic passion.

‘We’ll build a fucking *dynasty*.’

Ginny swallowed.

Her heart thudded in her chest.

She wasn't some wide-eyed teenager anymore. She didn't swoon. But right now, in this sweaty locker room, wearing nothing but her ratty work-out clothes and with this sexy, brilliant man inches from her face?

She would fly through a brick wall for him.

Or tear his fucking clothes off.

Or both.

His words, his passion, his vision—it hit her like a Bludger to the chest. Sudden. Brutal. *Hot*.

He meant every word.

And he'd seen *her*. Not just her stats. Not her face on posters. *Her*. Ginny Potter.

Captain, Leader, Legend.

It was everything she ever wanted to hear.

And suddenly—desperately—she hoped Victoire managed to succeed in seducing her husband.

Because as the room erupted in raucous cheers at his promise, Ginny wasn't sure she could trust herself around Oliver Wood.

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The Snitch charm spun on her wrist, golden wings catching the light. Cheap imitations lined the shelves in Diagon Alley by the dozen, but Harry knew this one. He'd know it if he were blind. The dulled edge on the left wing where Ginny rubbed it too much without thinking. The tiny scratches across its shiny surface from the rough handling.

It was *Ginny's* Snitch charm, the one she normally wore around her neck with her wedding ring.

His throat went dry.

Victoire's eyes glittered as she pressed something into his hand. A scrap of parchment, folded once. He looked down at it, dazed, still drowning in the sight of the familiar bit of jewellery, his fingers automatically tightening around the paper.

The seal at the top wasn't a crest. It was a kiss. Red lipstick, brazen and bold. Ginny never wore lipstick. Not even on their wedding day. And yet Harry knew with bone-deep certainty those lips were hers.

The room tilted.

His trousers fell. Just like that—belt loose, fabric puddling heavy at his ankles, pants with them. Cold air rushed over his thighs. The steel glint of the cage at his groin left him suddenly, brutally exposed.

Victoire gasped. Not with disgust. Not with surprise either. Her voice was hushed, reverent, *thrilled*.

'She wasn't lying...'

Harry's daze shattered. Rage flared hot and violent as he clawed his trousers back up, large hands shaking.

'What the hell do you think you're playing at?'

Victoire only smiled, slow and sharp as the Cheshire Cat, eyes flicking down at the parchment still clenched in his fist.

'You'll get your answers in there, Uncle Harry.'

Harry's fury surged—only to be cut short when his eyes caught the trunk hovering just behind Victoire, bobbing gently in the air like a loyal hound. His anger faltered, the words dying on his tongue.

The girl beamed at him, unbothered by his glare.

'What's that?' he snapped, voice low and dangerous.

'It's a trunk,' she replied cheekily, eyes twinkling with mischief.

He drew a long breath through his nose, the old Auror trick to keep his temper from boiling over. Susan's voice echoed in his mind as it always did in moments like this.

'Count it out, Potter, or you'll be writing reports instead of catching perps. Woo-sah!'

He'd learned long ago to listen to Sue before his famous temper cost him more than a few bruised egos.

'Why,' he continued, through gritted teeth—the breathing exercises weren't working and his temple throbbed. 'Why is it *here*?'

Her grin widened. 'Because I'll be rooming with you for the next month. Aunt Ginny didn't want you feeling lonely...' She let the words drip like honey, leaning in as she brushed past him. Her hand "accidentally" cupped his arse before she flounced forward, laughter in her step. 'So she asked me to take care of you.'

Harry's jaw clenched. He spun, glare sharp enough to cut, but Victoire only tossed her hair and sauntered toward the stairs, as though his fury and emotions were nothing more than a footnote of a *game* he wanted no part of.

'It's all in the letter,' she called sweetly, ignoring the heat in his eyes. 'Guest room's across from yours, right?'

He stood frozen, glare fixed on her as she climbed the stairs with a comically overwrought sway of her hips. Each step was a deliberate performance—delicate dancer's legs moving with exaggerated grace, surprisingly sculpted calves flexing with every lift, bare feet whispering against the worn wood. The levitating trunk bobbed along dutifully behind her, a silent shadow.

Only when the last flash of her heel disappeared around the landing did Harry finally drag his gaze back to the crumpled scrap in his hand.

The lipstick kiss burned at him from the page.

With a grimace, he unfolded the letter.

Babe,

By the time you read this, I'll no doubt be sweating my arse off, wishing I had you under me instead of a broom. So, as I'm sure you're well aware by now, I've made a little deal with our darling Vicky. She's agreed to look after you while I'm away. She has my full blessing to take care of you. Wink wink.

I know you. You'll grit your teeth, try to hold out, pretend you can last until I'm home. And maybe you will. For a little while. But we both know it won't last. It never does. Though in fairness, my victory—your surrender—wouldn't be half as sweet if it were easy.

I could have made it easy, you know. I could have played dirty. All I had to do was give the Snitch to Susan. Merlin, you wouldn't have lasted a week with that sexy slag shoving those ridiculous tits in your face. But no. I decided to start this game 150 points down—just the way I like it.

You have every advantage. You're the one that says he's not attracted to that little tart, right? Prove it. We'll see...

I almost wish I could see your face when you finally give in. We both know you will. Maybe I'll have her drop the memory in a Pensieve for me.

So hold out as long as you can, babe. But you should know me by now. I don't lose. This ends one way—you, buried balls-deep in that deliciously tight little cunt while she squeals your name. And when you do, I want you to picture me getting my fair share of strange in return.

I already miss you, and I haven't even left yet. Writing this while watching you sleep. Bollocks.

Love you.

Try not to break too soon. You'll make me look bad.

Harry's jaw clenched so hard it ached. The parchment crumpled in his fist, Ginny's lipstick kiss searing into his palm like a brand.

'Bloody hell, Gin...' he muttered under his breath, shaking his head. He wanted to tear the letter in half, toss it into the fire, march upstairs and throw Victoire out on her arse. That was what he *should* do.

But his cock had other ideas.

The sudden sting of freezing magic shot through his cage, sharp enough to make him flinch. He hissed between his teeth, every nerve below his waist alight with that familiar, humiliating ache.

'Fuck...'

He wanted to be furious—at Ginny for setting this up, at Victoire for barging in with that grin—but the fiery tempest in his chest wasn't rage alone. It was hunger, ugly and impossible to deny.

It wasn't the thought of Victoire's "tight cunt"—as his wife had so eloquently put it—that made his pulse thunder. It was the image of Ginny with someone else. That same jealous, stomach-knotting fury he'd felt back at Hogwarts, when she'd gone out with Dean and the green-eyed monster inside him had clawed at his ribs, demanding to be let loose.

Only now, that wasn't the only beast threatening to break free.

Another cold bite answered him, cruel and unrelenting, as his cock strained painfully against its steel prison. His face burned, his chest ached, and shame roared inside him—shame at wanting what he swore he hated. Shame at how much Ginny's taunts excited him.

'No,' he growled, voice low and raw. 'Not happening. Not her. Not this time.'

But deep down, he knew Ginny was right. He *a/ways* broke in the end. She had a magic over him that not even an Unforgivable could match...

The house creaked above him—thumps and the scrape of furniture as Victoire unpacked. Harry shoved the letter into his pocket and stalked to the Floo. Work. He needed work. Anything to outrun the words on the parchment burning a hole in his pocket.

But the Ministry offered no refuge. His mind refused to settle, snagging on every filthy line Ginny had scrawled and, by mid-day, he'd barked at so many rookies the office was avoiding him entirely.

It was Susan who finally broke.

'That's *enough*, Potter.'

The name landed like a slap. She only called him that when she was *really* angry. They'd been partners since they were rookies themselves—in some ways, he was as close to Susan Bones as he was his wife.

The unimportant ways.

Her voice cracked across the bullpen, freezing the room. She marched over, freckles dark against her flushed cheeks, jabbing a finger into his chest.

'I get it. Must be tough losing your wife for a month. Fine. You get today—call it leeway. But if you come back tomorrow in this foul a mood?' Her eyes dropped deliberately, glinting with sharp humour. 'I'll hex your bits clean off.'

The words hit harder than she could've guessed.

Because in that instant, the image of Victoire waving at him that morning—Snitch charm glinting on her wrist—twisted into something far, *far* worse. In his mind's eye, It wasn't Victoire smiling coyly at him in the doorway anymore. It was Sue. Sue with that same smirk, her normally soft eyes sparkling with mischief and just a hint of derision.

Harry shuddered. The scene replayed in his mind, the humiliation much sharper and erotic with someone he respected and admired in Victoire's place. Ginny had been merciful when she said he wouldn't last a week. With Susan in charge of his release? Her *charms* working at full blast?

He doubted he'd have lasted a single bloody day.

Magic bit into him suddenly, cold and merciless, locking down the surge of heat in his groin. To everyone else, it was nothing more than a flinch, a stutter, as if he were reigning his temper back. But Harry knew better. The cage was doing its job.

He drew a ragged breath. 'Alright,' he muttered with a defeated sigh and calming breath. 'Point taken. Sorry.'

Sue's brows disappeared into her hairline. At first Harry thought it was because of his too-easy apology. Then, barely able to get the words out without laughing, she disabused him of that notion. 'Are you... looking at my tits?'

Harry froze. Mortified. Because yes—Merlin-help-him—not only had his eyes subconsciously dropped to Sue's chest, but he realised, with dawning horror, that perving wasn't the only thing he'd been doing.

He'd been *speaking* to her tits too.

Was he really that distracted? That horny? It hadn't even been a day!

Colour blazed in his face. 'I—what?—*no*—I wasn't—'

Sue snorted, shaking her head, the tension dissolving in a puff of laughter. 'Get it together, Potter. It's barely been a few hours. I thought it'd be at least a week before you went a little

stir-crazy.' With an even wider grin, she made sure no-one was looking before rolling her eyes and shaking her oversized chest in his face, the tight sweater she was wearing doing criminally little to mask their movements.

It was a piss-take, just some bants between mates. With his wife's letter burning a hole in his pocket, it suddenly meant a *whole* lot more to Harry.

'There, you get that for free. Next time I see you, you better be in a better mood, Mister Grumpy.'

Mortified beyond words, Harry mumbled an apology, grabbed his things, and all but scurried from the office before he could make an even bigger tit of himself.

...Bigger... tit.

The frozen shock hit him again. And for once, he welcomed its agony. It grounded him, stopped him from thinking sexy thoughts.

He stumbled out of his fireplace in a daze. The smell of stew hit him as he stepped into the kitchen on autopilot. Harry frowned.

Victoire stood at the stove, humming as she stirred a bubbling pot with her wand. She looked over her shoulder when she sensed him, a smirk already tugging at her lips.

'What are you doing?' he asked.

'Do you always ask such silly questions?' she said lightly.

'You *know* what I mean, Victoire.'

Because what he meant was painfully obvious. She was dressed in one of his old Quidditch tops. Baggy on her, but not absurdly so — more like a loose tee that skimmed her thighs. He hadn't seen that shirt in *years*.

She must have gone rooting through Ginny's wardrobe to find it.

Once upon a time, Harry'd have thought Ginny would be furious at the invasion of her privacy. But with that charm still dangling from her wrist...he just didn't know anymore.

When she leaned forward to taste the stew, the hem rode up just enough to bare a sliver of pale skin and the thin straps of a g-string cutting across her hips. Another inch, and her arse was on display.

Harry froze, breath catching.

It wasn't the flash of flesh—he wasn't some blushing teen seeing skin for the first time. For years he'd thought of Victoire as a skinny brat with a crush, more nuisance than flattery.

But the girl bending over the pot wasn't that child. Her legs were lean and toned—like her mum's, his mind unhelpfully provided—calves flexing as she shifted her weight. Her arse—firm enough to bounce a galleon off—pulled at something in him he didn't want to acknowledge. It reminded him of Ginny, back before she was a pro athlete. When her body was still more dancer than warrior, soft and nimble and unbearably tempting.

The memory knocked the air from his lungs.

Harry muttered something under his breath, too shaky to make sense of, and turned on his heel. 'I'll... shower.'

He hurried out, ears burning, feeling like an absolute twat.

It's not even been a bloody day!

The hot water pounded against his shoulders, but Harry hardly felt it. He leaned both hands against the tiles, head bowed, glaring down at the steel contraption caging him. A single day. That was all it had been. *One day.*

Frustration bubbled under his skin like a storm.

Victoire had always been spoiled, growing up with the world bending to her whims. He doubted she'd changed. And now here she was, in his house, his sanctuary, flashing that arse like she knew exactly what she was doing. Could he really last an entire month without even a *wank*? Not if she kept him locked up. Not if she kept *that* up.

Harry was strong. Mentally disciplined. He'd survived worse. But he wasn't a monk.

Ginny had been right. He *would* break. And when he did, it wouldn't just be humiliating. He'd have to look a girl young enough to be his daughter in the eye and ask for permission to touch his own cock. Even thinking it made his stomach twist. The burn of shame crawled up his neck. And yet underneath it, as much as he hated to admit it, excitement stirred.

Even separated as they were, Ginny had her strings wrapped tight around him. She might have handed control to her niece, but this was still *her* show, as far as he was concerned.

Harry scrubbed at himself hard, finishing with an ice-cold rinse in a vain attempt to settle his head.

It did nothing but make him gasp and shudder at the shocking cold.

Because when he stepped back into the kitchen, towel at his neck, his breath caught.

Victoire was no longer in his Quidditch jersey. Instead, she wore only a thin apron and that same black g-string. She pranced about the kitchen barefoot, humming as if this were the most normal thing in the world.

'This is deliberate,' Harry muttered under his breath.

It had to be.

Because the sight yanked him backward through time, as if he'd been dropped into a Pensieve. Ginny—in this very kitchen—years ago, trying to impress him by cooking dinner. Same apron, same teasing flash of bare skin beneath it. Her body then had been almost identical to Victoire's now—lean, svelte. Before she'd had to bulk up to cut it in the pro leagues

He knew it wasn't fair to compare, but the memory still hit him like a Bludger. His cock swelled in its prison, straining as though it could tear the steel apart.

Victoire knew. *Of course* she knew. Her eyes sparkled when she glanced at him, as though she could read every thought. He wouldn't have been surprised if Ginny had coached her on this *exact* move.

Before he could find his voice, she set a steaming bowl in front of him and perched on the edge of the table. 'Taste,' she said, spooning up a bite and pressing it to his lips.

Harry opened his mouth before he could think. Rich stew filled his tongue.

'Delicious...' he admitted.

Victoire squealed in delight, sliding into his lap with sudden warmth. She wrapped her arms around his neck and squeezed tight before pulling back, face close, lips curling into a sly smile.

'Wait... do you mean the stew,' she purred, 'or *me*?'

Harry stiffened at her question, the sly curl of her lips far too close for comfort. Exasperation surged. He gently but firmly pushed her off his lap, ignoring her mock pout.

'Enough,' he muttered, reaching for his bowl.

Victoire slid into the seat beside him, far too close, her apron folding and creasing with every careless shift. She didn't bother tugging it straight. Instead, the thin fabric gaped and shifted just so, offering quick flashes of pert, pink nipples. Never for long—just enough for Harry's eyes to catch stiff nubs before she leaned again and a different view presented itself.

She chatted breezily, humming now and then, acting as though nothing were amiss. But the deliberate rhythm of her movements left him gritting his teeth, every glimpse hammering against his willpower.

Harry ate in silence, jaw tight, spoon clinking too hard against the bowl. The stew was rich and warming, but all he could taste was the ache building in his groin, each mouthful swallowed against the cold fire of the cage locking him down.

By the time he forced down the last bite, the pain in his balls was a near constant throb. He shoved the bowl aside with a clatter.

'Thanks for dinner,' he said gruffly, voice tight.

Victoire only beamed, eyes sparkling with delight at his misery.

Harry pushed back from the table, scurrying for the stairs with far less dignity than he'd have preferred, leaving her smile glowing in his wake.

The next few days blurred together. Every night Victoire was there the instant he Flooed home, grinning, teasing, pressing closer and closer. Harry was ashamed to admit how near he'd come to begging the younger woman to release him, just for a moment, just to take the edge off. Only sheer, mule-headed pride kept the emasculating words from slipping out..

It was all turning a bit mental. Work, once the grind, now felt like the true escape. His *home* was the mental drainer. His desk, his files, dealing with the politicians—that was the reprieve.

Apparently, Victoire noticed.

She changed tactics a few days later. The kitchen was empty when he stepped out of the Floo, the air quiet. No aprons or cheeky smirks waiting to ambush him. Harry let out a sigh of relief, fixed himself a sandwich, and set aside a plate for her out of habit and good manners.

As much as she'd been driving him crazy, Victoire *had* been cooking him dinner too.

Still...nothing.

His nerves taut, he took a quick shower, half-expecting her to burst in. Silence. By the time he tugged on a clean shirt, he couldn't believe his luck. No ambush, no teasing. Just blessed peace.

Maybe she'd gotten herself a boyfriend? Went out with friends?

Either way, he didn't care. She was out of his hair.

He decided to take advantage. A quiet night in his office, a glass of firewhisky, a few case notes before bed. A trip back to normalcy.

He pushed open the door and froze, ruthlessly swallowing the whine that threatened to spill from his lips.

Victoire was sprawled across the couch in his home office, a book held lazily over her face. She wore nothing but sheer black lace, the kind of underwear that concealed nothing and highlighted everything. Her breasts rose and fell with each slow breath, nipples pebbling against the thin fabric. Her legs stretched long over the cushions, crossed at the ankles, the delicate scrap of lace between them doing nothing to hide her sex.

Harry's mouth went dry.

'What are you doing in here?' His voice came out harsher than he intended.

For a moment his temper surged —*his* space, his sanctuary—but his sharp Auror eyes swept the room and saw she hadn't truly disturbed anything. His desk was untouched. The books on the side table were all from the healing section of his modest library. She'd been reading. *Learning*.

That...he could respect.

Victoire tilted the book down, flashing him a grin. 'Aunt Ginny said you wouldn't mind. Thought I'd stay out of your way tonight. I don't know if you've noticed, but you're wound a little tight, Uncle Harry.'

He hated the way she said it. *Uncle Harry*. They weren't blood, but the words dripped with mockery, turning their connection into a taunt.

Harry licked his lips, forcing himself to look away. 'Why are you dressed like that?'

Victoire glanced down at herself, feigning surprise. 'This? I just threw something on. Thought it might be rude to lounge around completely nude. Unless...' She bit her lip, eyes sparkling. '...that's what you want? I don't mind...'

She was taking the piss. She *had* to be.

But it didn't matter. It was getting to him.

'Fuck it,' he muttered under his breath.

Because instead of retreating, he let his eyes drag over her. She lay stretched out, legs long and powerful despite her slim frame. The lace clung to the modest swell of her breasts, teasing every curve. Her skin was smooth, unblemished, pale against the dark fabric. She was a picture of youthful temptation, and Harry's cock throbbed in its cage, aching both physically and magically.

He screwed his eyes shut, shuddering. He had to get out before—

'You don't need to suffer, Uncle Harry,' Victoire called, voice soft, sultry. 'Aunt Ginny gave me permission. That's why I'm here. I *could* take care of that for you...'

Her lip caught between her teeth as she gestured toward his crotch. 'You'd like that, wouldn't you?'

Harry's answer escaped before he could stop it. 'Yes.'

The word hung in the air, damning. Victoire's eyes widened then lit up in victory.

He didn't know why it shocked him, after all the flirting, but her brazenness still cut deep. His mind spun with how good it would feel to just give in. To let her hands free him, just long enough for release. It wouldn't take much. He had plenty of inspiration.

But good sense clawed its way back. He shook his head hard and turned for the door.

'No.'

His voice was raw.

'Okay,' Victoire sang after him, a little put out, but smug and unbothered. 'Maybe next time!'

The next few days played out the same. Every night she was waiting. Lounging around the house half-dressed, greeting him with an infuriatingly casual smile. It would have been easier if she'd been throwing herself at him, all coy smirks and cheeky innuendo. Instead she spoke to him like nothing was amiss. Like she wasn't in lace knickers or tiny cropped tops that showed off her taut stomach and pert breasts.

She asked about his work. About her future. About the books she was reading from his shelves.

Worse still was when she discovered the gym. Apparently she had a lot of free time. Their discussions had revealed that she hadn't taken the lucrative offer from Saint Mungo's for apprenticeship and instead accepted that her aunt would get her into a position at the Harpies. She now spent said free time tormenting him, reading his books and, now, working out. Watching her come back flushed and sweaty, dressed in workout gear that clung indecently to her body, nearly broke him outright. She was no longer the spoiled child who'd followed him

around with wide eyes. She'd become something else entirely—confident, comfortable, a woman who knew exactly what she was showing off.

And it was working.

Harry hated himself for how much it worked.

By the seventh day, his nerves were ragged.

The house was quiet when he stepped out of the Floo. Too quiet. He made a sandwich, set aside a plate for her out of habit, and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. The door to the guest room across from his was left ajar.

And there she was.

Victoire stood in the bedroom, towelling herself off from the shower. *Naked*. Completely, shamelessly naked. She rubbed briskly at her arms, at her platinum blonde hair, her pert, delectable breasts jiggling with each motion, droplets running down the smooth slope of her stomach. She lifted a leg onto the bed to dry it, the movement making her toned, little arse flex and shift, water glistening in the candlelight as it ran down her curves.

Harry stopped dead. His eyes roved her body before he could stop them, tracing every line.

She caught him staring and smiled. But she didn't cover herself. Didn't even pause. She kept drying, her gaze locked on his, pale-blue eyes daring him to look away.

The cage turned vicious, sending freezing jolts into his balls so constant he shook with pain. But he couldn't move. Couldn't turn away. He was rooted to the spot, mesmerised.

When she finished, she didn't dress. She stepped into the hallway, close enough that he could smell the clean scent of soap and steam clinging to her skin.

'Why are you torturing yourself?' she asked softly. 'I want this. Ginny wants this. You *need* this. Just ask, Uncle Harry... is that what you want?'

Harry's breath shuddered. Honestly, if he didn't let it out right now, he might do something drastic. He'd been beaten.

'Yes,' he croaked, voice raspy, his pride crumbling into ash. 'Please.'

Victoire's smile bloomed. 'Okay... but one condition.'

Harry sucked in a breath, braced for the worst.

'You have to let *me* do it. No touching yourself.'

He would have crawled over broken glass if it meant release. He nodded quickly.

Victoire squealed in delight and dropped to her knees. In one swift tug she pulled his trousers and pants down. Her gasp was guttural when she saw him again. His cock, red and caged, looked immense even restrained, throbbing angrily against enchanted steel.

She lifted the Snitch charm, kissed it, and whispered the forbidden words only spoken before by his wife. '*Your mistress has need of your services.*'

The cage dissolved in a swirl of mist. Harry groaned, half roar, half sob, as his cock surged free, thick and veined and heavy. It nearly smacked her face as it sprang up.

Victoire gasped in awe, her mouth hanging open as she pressed her cheek against its heat, staring cross-eyed at the girth resting on her face. 'Merlin...'

Harry's hands gripped the doorframe, knuckles white. Relief tore through him as she wrapped both hands around his length and began to stroke.

He leaked like a faucet, body shuddering and precum slicking her palms. Every pass of her fingers wrung another groan and quiver out of him.

Victoire looked exultant, eyes wide with reverence, biting her lip as she worked him, greedy and awed.

Harry's vision blurred. He was shaking, the orgasm charging through him like a curse. This was going to be massive—

And then she spoke, and his world came crashing down.

'Mistress has had her fun.'

The words barely registered before the cage reformed. Cold magic constricted him brutally, strangling his climax and leaving him gasping, staggering. His cock, steel-trapped again, pulsed helplessly in her grip.

His eyes went wide, stunned.

Victoire looked up at him with a wicked gleam. 'Sorry, *Uncle Harry*. But the only way I'm letting you cum is if it's in my pussy.'

The words, so filthy in her sweet voice, left him reeling. Rage, shame, desire—they warred inside him until he could barely breathe.

She rose to her feet, naked, so close her nipples brushed his chest. 'Say the words, and I'll crawl on my bed, spread my legs, and let you pound me with that huge cock over and over until you can't think straight. You can cum as much as you want in my tight cunt...'

Harry trembled, every muscle quaking.

'Until then...' She tapped the Snitch charm against his chest. '...you'll just have to get used to the cage.'

That night he lay awake, eyes fixed on the ceiling. She had edged him. Owned him. *Ruined* him.

He wanted to hate her. To scream. To cry.

But the truth burned hotter.

He'd never wanted the little tart more.

And, deep down, Harry Potter was forced to admit... Victoire might not be the only one with a crush.

-

Aunt Gin,

Oh my god, you should've seen him. He held out for ages, stomping around all moody like he thought he was too tough to crack, but in the end he caved. Begged me. Actually begged me.

I let him out, like you said I could, and Merlin, Auntie... he's huge. I mean, I knew he'd be big, but I nearly dropped dead when it hit my face. I don't think I'll ever forget the way he groaned when I got my hands on him. He was leaking like crazy, and for a second I thought he was going to explode right then and there.

I didn't let him finish. Don't worry. I just told him if he wanted to cum, it'd have to be inside me, and the look he gave me? Priceless. He's so stubborn, but his body tells the truth every time. Honestly, it's almost too easy.

Anyway, don't stress about him while you're away. I've got him wrapped round my little finger.

*Love,
Victoire*

-

Vicky girl,

Fuck me, I nearly pissed myself laughing reading this. I knew he'd crack inside a week. The big bloody twat always thinks he can grit his teeth and hold out, but his cock gives him away every time.

I'm proud of you, love. Proper proud. Sounds like you've got him on edge already, and once Harry's desperate, that's the best version of him you'll ever see. Enjoy it. Draw it out. Make him squirm for you.

Training here is brutal, and they're only letting me write the one letter. So make sure the sod sees this. Tell him I love him. Tell him I miss him like mad. Tell him I'm falling asleep every night thinking about him straining in that cage, wishing I was there to sit on his face until he passed out.

Stop resisting, you gorgeous idiot, I know you want this. You've always wanted this.

*All my love,
Ginny xxx*

-

Harry stepped out of the Floo with his jaw tight, shoulders stiff, nerves on edge. Every sound in Grimmauld Place made him jump. He half expected her to come swanning out of the kitchen in another bloody apron, or to be waiting for him in the hall with that smug, sexy, evil little grin.

When he found her in his office, he stopped dead.

Victoire sat in his chair, spinning idly back and forth, dressed once more in his old Gryffindor jersey. Just that. Bare legs pale in the lamplight, the jersey slipping off one shoulder, teasing glimpses of skin beneath the loose buttons.

She looked up and smiled. 'Rough day?'

Harry stayed in the doorway, wary. 'Something like that.'

But she didn't pounce. Didn't flutter her lashes or brush a strand of hair over an ear. Instead, she asked about his work, her tone light and curious, and when he finally sat down, she perched on the edge of his desk with one of his library books in hand.

She flipped through pages, chatting amiably about healing charms, asking him questions, repeating little factoids she'd picked up as though she genuinely cared about his answers.

And all the while, Harry stayed coiled tight, waiting for the trap.

It sprung without warning.

One moment she was leaning across the desk pointing out a passage, the next she was sliding smoothly into his lap, light as a feather. Still talking, still thumbing through the book, she unbuckled his trousers with practiced ease. Harry stiffened, hands gripping the arms of his chair, but he didn't stop her. Couldn't. His cock, caged and aching, was already straining as she drew it out into the open.

The relief hit him like a punch. The cold shocks that had plagued him in her presence ebbed the instant she kissed the Snitch charm and whispered the phrase without a hint of the nonchalance she had been projecting thus far. His cock surged free, thick and angry, dripping precum from the crown like a volcano ready to erupt.

Harry groaned, sagging into the chair, boneless, his face buried in Victoire's shoulder as her hands wrapped around him. She stroked him with greedy reverence, up and down, both hands working his length and still, there was plenty of him left unattended.

His chest shook with each breath. He could hardly hear her words, barely processing them as they left her mouth in an easy whisper—she was yapping on about brewing techniques and field dressings, he couldn't have cared less if he tried.

He was close. So blissfully close. His long-awaited orgasm coiled tight, every nerve alight, and threatened to send him into a world of pleasure and sensation.

And then her voice shifted, clear and cruel. *'Mistress has had her fun.'*

The cage reformed in a cold shimmer, steel locking him down before release could come. Harry's guttural growl echoed off the shelves. He slumped forward, forehead pressing into her collarbone, trembling with frustration and rage.

He looked up at her, eyes hard. 'I'm *not* fucking you, you little harlot.'

Her smile only widened. 'We'll see.'

She leaned down and pressed the lightest kiss to his lips before slipping off his lap, hips swaying as she sauntered to the door. At the threshold she lifted the hem of the jersey high, flashing him her pale arse and the glistening lips of her pussy, wetness glimmering down her thigh.

She was as randy as he was, maybe worse. The difference was she could slink back to her room and take the edge off. He was left in silence, his cock caged and throbbing.

Harry sat there, shaking. He fantasised about storming after her, tearing the jersey off her back, and shagging her into the mattress until she forgot her own name. The thought was intoxicating—and it scared him.

If only because he'd be playing into both his wife's and Victoire's hands, and he *hated* losing.

A sinister whisper in his mind reminded him what would happen should he give in. Images of his wife sitting astride some young stud, naked and gleaming with sweat, her copper hair whipping as she rode him hard, fucking him without shame while Harry watched, helpless...

Deliciously helpless...

He shut his eyes and forced himself into Occlumency breathing, dragging calm and hard-earned stoicism into his mind one ragged inhale at a time.

Harry had always been one to triumph against impossible odds, but three against one was asking a lot, even for him. On one side, himself, the Boy-Who-Lived, the Man-Who-Conquered.

On the other, his devious, salacious wife, her beautiful, slutty niece, and—most terrifying and formidable of all—his own shameful, hungry desires.

Three bloody weeks to go...

-

The rest of the week blurred into one long, torturous routine. Every night, without fail, Victoire found him. Sometimes in the kitchen, sometimes in his office, once even in the bloody hallway with nothing but a towel. Always with that same knowing look, that same mocking little smirk.

Each time, her small hand found his shaft. Each time, Harry felt that humiliating pulse of excitement tear through him, wishing—*aching*—for her to just put her mouth on him and end his torment. But she never did. She'd stroke him just long enough to leave him trembling, then press the Snitch charm to her lips and whisper the phrase. The cage would reform, locking him back down, and her grin would spread like she'd won a match.

The worst part? He *let it happen*. Those brief moments of relief where the cage was removed and he could surge to full hardness were almost worth the pain and misery that followed.

Though, with Victoire's little games, he was starting to think otherwise.

His resolve hardened each time, though it wasn't always pride that drove it. There was something about this girl playing with him that raked at his temper. He could take it from Ginny—hell, he'd begged his wife to torment him before—but Victoire's smugness when she relocked him, the infuriating satisfaction in her voice when she reminded him this could all end if he'd just shag her, drove him half mad.

Not with lust. With anger.

And yet, the anger didn't stop the ache.

Another side effect was worse. He was getting almost no sleep. Grimmauld Place, once a refuge, felt more like a battlefield. Every creak of the floorboards had him tense and alert, waiting for the next ambush. He never relaxed. Never unwound. Always on guard.

It was wearing him down, night after night. Eating away at his patience. At his sanity.

'Harry...'

His head shot up. Ginny stood in the doorway, cheeks flushed, hair damp from the Floo. She smiled, soft and teasing. 'Couldn't stand the thought of leaving you alone with that little brat any longer.'

His heart exploded with relief and affection. The words tumbled out—raw and desperate. How relentless Victoire had been. How the cage was eating him alive. How close he was to breaking.

Ginny stroked his hair, cradled him against her breast, pressing his cheek to warm skin. 'Shhh. You don't have to be strong for me, love. You've done so well. Let me take care of you.'

'I can't,' he whispered. 'Don't know how much longer—'

She kissed his temple, lips brushing his damp skin. 'I'll look after you. And when I'm done, I'll put that cruel little niece of mine over my knee and spank the brat raw.'

He laughed against her chest, weak and relieved. He'd missed his wife so much...

Then she was kissing him slow, sliding down his body with a grin. 'You've waited long enough. Let me spoil you.'

When her mouth closed over him, he nearly sobbed. The familiar heat, the wet, the well-practised drag of her tongue—it was everything he'd been aching for. His fingers threaded through her copper hair, hips trembling. 'Merlin, I've missed you. Missed this. Missed—'

Her eyes lifted to his.

Not brown.

Pale blue.

Harry's eyes flew open.

Victoire knelt between his thighs, her lips stretched obscenely around his crown, cheeks hollowing as she sucked. Her pale-blue eyes stared up at him, gleaming with triumph.

His orgasm surged up, unstoppable.

'Fuck!'

She pulled off with a wet pop, lips shiny with spit, and flicked her wand. A freezing jolt lanced through his cock and into his balls, sharp as knives, cutting his climax off mid-spasm. Cum dribbled weakly from his slit, leaking uselessly as the cage shimmered cruelly back into place as she whispered the command.

Harry collapsed back against the mattress, trembling, humiliated, *denied*.

Victoire licked her lips, breathless, her face lit with a cruel, savage glee. 'You should've seen yourself. That spell's a beauty—found it in one of your books, actually. Handy, isn't it?'

His vision swam with fury. He shoved himself upright, his cheeks burning with rage, shame and humiliation. 'Get. Out.'

For a heartbeat, her smile faltered. Confusion flickered across her features, pale brows knitting as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing, as if his refusal of her after this torture made no sense.

Then the mask slammed back on. Her cheeks flushed red, lips curling into a scowl.

'Why are you being so bloody *stubborn*?!' she snapped, fists clenching at her sides. 'You want me! I want you! Stop fighting it! You're being *stupid*!'

'*OUT*!' Harry roared, pointing at the door, chest heaving.

She flinched at his raised voice. Harry *never* raised his voice, his was normally a cold anger. Sarcastic, controlled, biting. Her jaw clenched, teeth flashing as her expression twisted—a bratty teenager's fury barely covering something more uncertain. She stamped her foot, turned on her heel, and slammed the door so hard the glass in the windows rattled.

Harry slumped back onto the bed, cock throbbing miserably in its prison, his whole body aching with need and burning with rage.

Harry sat there trembling, every nerve raw from the ruined orgasm, his cock pulsing miserably in its prison.

After several deep, calming breaths where he struggled to get a grip on his anger, to control his wildly beating heart, he allowed himself a moment to self-reflect.

Why *wasn't* he giving in? It wasn't just about pride at this point. It wasn't about "winning" some twisted game between him, his wife, and her niece.

The truth was uglier.

Because the thought of Ginny in another man's arms made him sick. *And* it made his cock throb painfully. The cage's cruel magic bit down on him, sending jolts of cold punishment racing into his balls until he groaned in discomfort.

His mind was a warzone, torn in two. He wanted Ginny to be faithful and his alone. He also wanted her moaning deliriously on another man's cock, her coppery hair wild, her body glistening as she rode someone else into oblivion and ecstasy.

Cognitive dissonance, was that what this was? He remembered Hermione teaching him the concept way-back-when. But knowledge of the issue didn't help when your mind, your *soul* felt like it was being pulled in two directions at once.

He panted, chest heaving, trembling like he'd just run a marathon. He missed Ginny so fiercely it hurt. Yet thinking of her only stoked the madness further, feeding the cycle. Images of Victoire, legs spread, screaming herself hoarse as he pumped her full until she leaked pints of his cum...they tangled with darker visions. Victoire's body blurred, and it was Ginny instead, writhing not under him but beneath some faceless stranger.

In that fantasy, Harry was bound like a Christmas ham, helpless, watching. Ginny threw her head back, laughing as her lover rammed into her over and over, while Harry writhed in delicious torment. And through it all, he could feel it—the twisted truth that the man tied down wasn't just suffering.

He was *loving* it.

Harry pressed his palms into his eyes, head bowed, rocking with the effort of holding himself together.

'Bugger...' he whispered, his voice sounding exhausted and hollow to his ears.

-

Aunt Gin,

I'm losing my bloody mind here. You swore he'd fold, that he'd be begging by now, but he's still fighting me every step of the way. I finally sucked him off—don't worry, I ruined his orgasm with a spell I nicked out of his own library before he could cum. You should've seen his face. It was brilliant.

And yet, he shoved me away like I was some kid caught nicking sweets and screamed at me until the whole house shook.

You told me he'd love this. You promised. But half the time he looks at me like he'd rather hex me than shag me. I'm fighting him at every turn, and it's exhausting.

At this point, all I'm doing is winding myself up. I can't even tell which of us is hornier. I'd be more worried about breaking first and climbing into his bed to shag his brains out, but he's only gone and locked the bloody door!

And I can't break those charms! I've never even seen the like!

— Victoire (Not Vicky!)

Vicky,

Am I sure? Yes, you silly little tramp, I know my husband. Better than anyone. If you can't get him to crack, the problem isn't his libido, you daft bint.

Have you ever considered the problem isn't him, it's you? Maybe you're not as hot as you think you are. Your mum wouldn't have even had to flash her tits to get Harry to fold—I can tell you that for nothing.

And you ruined his orgasm? Girl, you've got more balls than brains. Count yourself lucky he didn't hex you into a slug on the spot. If you'd tried that on me, I'd have done so much worse. He's always been a noble idiot at heart—you're skating by on that alone.

Stop bitching. Slamming your head against a brick wall won't do it. You need to up your seduction game, or better yet, try some subtlety. He's not a virgin teenager creaming his pants the second a sexy little Veela bats her lashes. He's a grown man who's been around the block. If you want him to fold, you're going to have to earn it.

So pull your socks up, stop sulking, and for Merlin's sake, stop making me regret trusting you with my husband.

I've written a letter to Harry on the back of this. I'd say don't read it, but I know you'll just ignore me. Save yourself some time, it's filled with mushy shit that'll likely make you die of cringe.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

— Ginny

-

Green flame spat him out into the Grimmauld Place sitting room, and Harry braced himself, jaw tight, ready for the ambush. His hand hung loose at his side, fingers poised—a flick of his wrist was all it would take to call his wand.

His wards had alerted him to a stranger. He'd expected the worst, that Victoire might be in danger somehow, even though Grimmault Place was still protected by Fidelius.

But instead of Victoire draped over the couch or waiting with that maddening smirk like he'd come to expect recently, or a crazed criminal holding a wand to her throat, there was someone else. A stranger.

Tall, broad-shouldered, with tanned skin and thick dark hair that fell rakishly across his brow. Handsome in a Cedric Diggory sort of way—sharp jaw, perfect teeth—though the dopey grin he wore robbed him of any menace. He looked like he belonged on a broom advert, not standing in Harry's bloody sitting room.

Harry froze mid-step, eyes narrowing. 'Who're you?'

The boy blinked, mouth opening and closing before words finally spilled out. 'You're... you're Harry Potter!' His eyes were wide, drinking him in as if the sight alone were something legendary.

Harry's jaw tightened. He hated that look—star-struck awe, as if he were still the boy with a scar, not just a regular bloke, like everyone else.

Before the boy could babble further, Victoire swept in from the hall. She wore a simple summer dress, her platinum blonde hair catching the light. Normal. Innocent. Except for the glint of mischief in her pale eyes.

'Uncle Harry! This is a friend of mine from school. Luca, I'm sure you recognise my Uncle' She gave a pointed little sniff, annoyed at the young man's gawking. 'It gets terribly lonely in this big old house all by myself, so Luca's been keeping me company while you're at work. You don't mind, do you?'

Harry frowned, thrown off balance. Strangers in his home set his hackles up—especially strangers who stared at him like he was some living myth—but the boy hardly looked threatening. Dim, if anything. Harmless.

'Right,' he muttered, though his jaw stayed tight.

Relief washed through him, sharp and unexpected. Maybe... maybe she'd finally given up. Maybe, despite his wife's warnings, Victoire had grown bored of her little game.

A part of him was massively relieved. Another part—darker, hungrier—twisted with disappointment. And Harry hated himself for it.

He started up the stairs, loosening his collar. Victoire's cheerful voice followed him.

'Dinner's in the fridge! Just needs a heating charm!'

Harry paused, glanced back once. Victoire stood there in her summer dress, smiling brightly, while Luca still stared at him like a boy meeting his hero. She rolled her eyes, exasperated, before nudging Luca in the ribs to snap him out of it.

Harry shook his head and carried on to his bedroom, unsettled by how normal it all looked.

He somehow doubted it would last...

-

The fire crackled low in the grate, painting Harry's office in amber light. For the first time in days, he had quiet. His chair creaked as he leaned back, case file in hand, eyes skimming over the words though his mind wandered elsewhere.

Peace. Blessed, bloody peace.

Then...he heard it.

At first a faint rhythm, muffled through the old walls. Then louder. Clearer.

Raucous, unrestrained sex.

Harry sat bolt upright, the file sliding from his fingers. The noises swelled until they seemed to fill the house. Victoire's cries rang out like a song, high and breathless, punctuated by the slap of flesh on flesh. She wasn't holding back. If anything—Harry's jaw clenched in annoyance—it sounded as if she'd deliberately *magnified* the noise, broadcasting every gasp, every squeal, every obscene rhythm into every corner of Grimmauld Place.

His cheeks burned, breath coming fast. Anger, yes. But not only anger.

Frustration. Arousal. *Jealousy*.

That handsome, idiot boy shagging Victoire like she was his. And worse than the sound was the truth that gnawed at him.

That it could—*should*—have been *him*.

His cock surged against the steel, straining, aching. The cage flared cold, biting down hard, punishing his treacherous arousal with shocks that stole the breath from his lungs. He groaned, half in pain, half in want.

Enough!

He rushed out of his office and came to an abrupt halt when he saw the door to the guest bedroom left deliberately wide open, his niece daring him to look inside, to watch her getting the shagging of a lifetime.

He wanted to rage, to scream...

And yet, as he stood there listening, a deeper truth cut through him—hadn't he fantasised about this very thing? About making Victoire squeal like that for him. About being the one to rip those sounds from her throat until she was hoarse with it. Instead, that *boy* was in his home, in *his* guest bedroom, wringing those cries from the little tart he'd dreamed of conquering.

The thought made his blood boil.

With a growl, he stabbed his wand at the open door. It slammed shut with a bang, and a silencing ward, layered and complex, wove itself around the frame until not even a whisper of *nuclear bomb* could leak through.

He stood there, chest heaving, staring at the sealed door. Then he turned away, trudging back to his room, every step heavier than the last.

Sleep came slowly. The fire's glow faded. But his mind spun on and on. He hated to admit it, but the truth dug in deep. If he weren't caged, if he were able to remove it himself, he might have gone back out there. He might have watched, even had a cheeky wank.

If only...

-

Harry stepped out of the Floo and into the kitchen, rolling his shoulders, glad to be home. The smell of honeyed tea drifted through the air, and he found Victoire seated at the table, platinum blonde hair shining in the afternoon light, her shadowed nipples visible through the thin material of her summer dress. She looked maddeningly relaxed, humming under her breath, giggling at nothing.

Distracted, he asked without thinking, 'What's got you in such a good mood?'

Her pale-blue eyes twinkled as she lifted the teacup to her lips. 'A good shag really works *wonders* for one's mood. You should try it, Broody McBroodface.'

Harry's jaw tightened as memories of the previous night came roaring back, reminding him how much he'd struggled just to focus during his morning meetings. The cries. The moans. The sounds of slapping flesh that had filled his home. His cheeks heated, fury simmering just beneath his skin. He forced himself to keep his voice steady. 'Where's your *friend*?'

'At work,' Victoire said breezily before continuing with a girlish giggle. 'He'll be coming over again later to "hang out."'

Harry folded his arms, leaning against the counter. 'So you're just inviting people into my home now?'

She shrugged, stretching like a cat, arms above her head, back arching until it popped. He didn't even know if she was doing it on purpose anymore. He was so far gone that the simple act of her breathing felt like some new kind of flirtatious torment.

'I wouldn't have to invite *anybody* if you weren't so *stubborn*,' she said with a soft glare and grumpy frown. 'We could have the entire place to ourselves. You could fuck me, guilt free, *as often as you want*—a whole month without that cursed cage you insist on playing with. But *no*. You decide to be difficult.'

Harry's hands curled into fists in his armpits. His throat felt tight, his cock throbbing miserably in its enchanted prison, and for one terrifying second, he thought he might snap.

Instead, he shook his head, growled under his breath, and turned for the stairs *Not* brooding. Not at all. Just a very manly strategic retreat from his wife's maddening niece.

I don't know whether to respect Bill for putting up with that, or hate him for creating it...

Steam clung to Harry's skin as he stepped from the shower, towel slung low around his hips. His hair dripped into his eyes, but just as he was thinking about getting it cut, he froze.

A sound. Faint...muffled. Then, a moan. Unmistakable.

Not the brazen racket from the night before, magically amplified for the whole house to hear. Quieter. More intimate. But no less recognizable.

Harry's stomach sank. His cock stirred, growing rapidly to fill his cage.

He followed, silent on bare feet, every step a betrayal. His guts roiled with a strange mixture of angst and wicked desire. The sounds drew him to the seating room, and when he peered through the railing halfway up the stairs, his mouth went dry.

They were at it on the couch. Luca hadn't even had time to change—still in his apprentice's garb, shirt clinging to him with sweat and grime, trousers dusty from the magical herb fields. He must have come straight from the farms, and Victoire had pounced the second he stumbled out of the Floo.

Her slinky dress was crumpled on the floor. She straddled him bare, thighs taut, her pale skin gleaming with sweat. Luca's cock—thick, veined, glistening with his lover's excitement—juttled up through the open fly of his trousers, spearing into her as she bounced on top of him.

Harry's chest heaved and his vision narrowed. That could be him. It *should* be him.

Every rise and fall of her hips drove the boy deeper, every gasp from her lips stoked the fire in Harry's belly. He could see the wet sheen coating Luca's shaft as it slid in and out, her tight little cunt clinging to every inch. He could almost feel it, could almost imagine the vice-like grip, the heat, the raw perfection if their positions were reversed.

His cock throbbed, pressing cruelly against the cage, the freezing bite intensifying with every pulse. He clenched his fists, trembling with rage and want.

Victoire threw her head back, platinum-blond hair flying, moaning rapturously. Harry's jaw clenched as his mind whispered to him sinful thoughts—he could make her scream louder. Wilder, guttural, until she didn't have a voice left. She didn't even *know* what real sex was, despite her apparent *experience*. He could show her, teach her.

If he just...*let go*.

But pride kept him rooted, gnawing at him as much as the cage's magic.

Victoire shifted suddenly, twisting atop her lover without breaking the rhythm. She turned, sliding into reverse-cowgirl, bracing herself with her hands on his shins as she leaned forward and undulated her hips hypnotically, like a dance, Luca's cock still buried deep inside her.

And that's when she saw him.

Harry's breath hitched as their eyes locked across the room. Her face lit up with a radiant, shameless smile. She didn't flinch, didn't cover herself, didn't slow. If anything, her movements grew bolder, more wanton. Her body flowed like water, hair flying, skin glowing with sweat, every arch of her back an exhibition for him and him alone.

The cage flared, freezing and biting, but Harry couldn't look away. Annoying, infuriating, smug little tart she was—Victoire was also undeniably beautiful. Seeing her like this, raw and unashamed, forced him to confront a truth he'd spent weeks dodging.

Ginny's niece wasn't a little girl anymore, she was a sexual being in her own right. And she was showing him exactly what he was missing.

Her moans climbed higher. Louder. Her eyes never left his.

'Fuck me, *fuck me!* Yes, yes, *yes!* So big, you're so big inside me—*mmnh*—don't stop, don't! I'm nearly there! *Ooooh!*'

Though obviously for her lover's benefit, Harry couldn't help but think they were meant for him, directed at him. His traitorous mind and cock imagined her saying just that while he ploughed into her, those mischievous eyes wide with unbridled lust and uncontrolled passion.

His body shook and his cock *ached* as his cage worked to get a handle on his libido.

Finally, with her lip caught between her teeth, her whole body convulsed. A powerful orgasm ripped through her. She *screamed* obscenities, voice hoarse with need, begging, *pleading* to be fucked harder—but never once naming Luca. Again, leaving Harry free, much to his shame, to imagine she was screaming for *him*.

Her eyes screwed shut, her body shuddered, and she collapsed back over Luca, spent and glowing.

That broke the spell. Harry tore himself from the railing, bolting up the stairs before she opened her eyes again. His cock throbbed painfully in its cage, his bollocks aching, the cold magic biting harder with every step.

He collapsed into his bedroom, towel falling forgotten to the floor, his pride and stubbornness a bitter taste in his mouth.

'Stupid,' he muttered, pressing his palms to his eyes. 'Stupid, stupid, *stupid*...'

-

The following week ground Harry to the bone.

They were relentless. Victoire and her lover shagged like rabbits, unashamed, loud, and constant. Every night, every morning, every spare moment. The walls of Grimmauld Place echoed with her rapturous cries and the eager slapping of flesh.

Whatever Luca lacked in finesse, he made up for in enthusiasm—and stamina. That boy could go for hours, and Victoire, moaning like she was auditioning for a madame at a brothel, seemed determined to prove she could keep up.

Harry had taken to retreating straight to his room, locking it down tight and layering silencing wards so thick the walls practically hummed with power. It didn't keep his treacherous mind from conjuring images—Victoire writhing, Luca's huge cock pounding into her tight cunt, the blissful smile she wore every time she came—but it at least let him sleep.

Usually.

This night, just as he was about to drift off, the mirror in the corner of his room began to glow.

Harry swore under his breath. He didn't need to examine the magic to know what was happening. He had too much experience, and he knew Victoire too well at this point to be surprised.

I should have locked my fucking bedroom. Wanker. That's what you get for being stupid.

He slid off the bed, wary, his wand in hand. At a touch of the tip to the glass, his reflection dissolved and was replaced by pale skin, platinum-blond hair, and a wicked smile. Victoire. Naked. Standing mere centimetres away from her own mirror in the guest bedroom.

'Hey, Harry,' she purred. 'Luca's just having a shower. You don't need to say anything—I know you can see me. I can't see you. One-way only. Pretty impressive, right?'

Harry's jaw clenched. A twinned mirror. Advanced magic to be sure, and smartly done. He wondered—not for the first time—if the little minx had nicked this out of his bloody library too.

I think it's time for a good old-fashioned book burning...

The water shut off. Victoire turned back to the glass, grinning like a cat. 'I know how much you love watching us. I know how guilty it makes you, too. Don't say I never do anything nice for you—now you can enjoy the show to your perverted heart's content. Just remember how much more you could be enjoying yourself if you weren't so *stubborn*, you naughty boy.'

The way she kept calling him “naughty boy” had the ring of a little girl trying to sound grown up and sexy, but it didn't matter how silly she sounded when he was this horny and she was flaunting that lithe body of hers constantly...

The bathroom door opened, steam curling into the room. Luca emerged, gloriously, effortlessly handsome in the most infuriating way, his cock already half-hard, hanging heavy and swaying pendulously between his muscular thighs. His dark hair clung wetly to his forehead, his kind burning with greed and lust the second they landed on his naked and eager lover.

Victoire's lips parted and she let out a sexy moan as she drank in the sight of her damp, beautiful lover. 'Mmm. Is that for me?'

Luca snorted, his grin wolfish. 'I don't see anyone else here.'

'Oh,' Victoire said, eyes glittering. 'It'll be much more crowded around here in a week or so. Don't you worry.'

The words struck Harry like a curse. His stomach turned, the cage sending searing cold shocks into his bollocks, his body betraying his desires before he could even process and deny them.

Did she mean Ginny? Was that her plan? To offer this young stud up to his wife to devour? To *fuck*?

'Not on my watch,' Harry muttered, though his voice cracked and sounded hollow and unconvincing even to his own ears.

Deep down, the cage revealed the truth. It always did.

He staggered back to the edge of his bed, knees weak, eyes glued to the glass. The lovers collided with all the urgency of youth—Luca barely waited before throwing Victoire back onto the mattress and driving into her with one powerful, eager thrust. No teasing, no foreplay.

They had no need for it. Didn't even have the concept in their minds that they might be missing out.

She groaned gutturally, arms and legs wrapped tight around his slick, muscular frame.

Harry's cock swelled painfully against its steel prison. He groaned, clutching his forehead as his traitorous mind assaulted him with sinful images once more.

Usually, when he watched, he imagined himself in Luca's place. He imagined his cock spearing into the little tart. The feel of her cunt, tight and slick, wrapped snug around him. The rapturous sounds he'd pull from her throat.

But tonight, the fantasy shifted.

Victoire blurred in his mind, replaced by Ginny. Her coppery hair spread like fire on the sheets like a halo, her muscled legs lifted high as the boy hammered into her, her voice raw and desperate from how long she'd been denied. Harry could see it, could *feel* it, as if the mirror were a window into his own soul—his wife riding another man, and Harry helpless, forced to watch.

It felt less fantasy and more premonition. *Foreshadowing*.

His cock throbbed mercilessly, the cage biting down, searing him with ice. He groaned, throwing an arm across his face as Victoire's shrieks of pleasure filled the room and fuelled his perverse desires.

He swore to himself with as much self-delusional fervour as he could muster that he wouldn't falter. Wouldn't let it happen.

But deep down, he knew the truth.

The only reason he was in agony right now was because those images *excited* him. Turned him on.

And he hated himself for it.

-

Aunt Gin,

I did as you said and finally figured it out. I got tired of teasing Harry all the time and going without myself, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone.

I brought a friend over to shag. He's a friend from school. I'll introduce you when you come home. I think you'll like him! He's a HUGE Harpies fan!

You should have seen Harry's face the first time—priceless! He walked in all broody and suspicious, and the second he went upstairs we started shagging. Loud. I used a modified Amplifying charm so our racket was heard all over the house. It was hilarious!

And you know what? It's glorious. Not only am I showing Harry exactly what he could have if he just stopped being such a stubborn old git, I'm enjoying myself more than I ever imagined. Luca's insatiable. We're at it every chance we get, and Harry knows it. He hears it. Sometimes I even let him watch...

And Merlin, it's fun. That's the part I didn't understand before. Now I finally get it—why you two play your games. There's nothing like watching Harry's face when he's caught between fury and arousal, when he's torn apart by wanting me but refusing to give in.

Tormenting him, rubbing my sexuality right in his face, denying him again and again—it's addictive. I see why you love it.

And when he finally breaks? When he finally snaps? It's going to be delicious.

I can't wait

— Victoire

Vicky,

Oh, for fuck's sake.

You think you've figured it out, do you? That tormenting Harry is the whole game? That's what you took from all this?

Have as much sex as you want. You're still a child, playing at being clever, and it shows.

I wasn't aware Harry hadn't had any release until he told me. That isn't fun, that's cruelty masked as...whatever the fuck you think you're doing. And if you think that's what our sex life is built on, then you're an even bigger idiot than I thought.

I didn't send you there to go on a power trip. I sent you to take care of my husband. To keep him company, to make sure he wasn't lonely. Yes, you can tease him, yes, you can play your games—but making him miserable in his own home? That wasn't part of the deal.

I was halfway through imagining half a dozen exotic punishments for you. Just be glad that I'm not petty enough to fuck with your career and pull my offer to join the physio team. Then, I realised something utterly glorious.

I don't need to come up with exotic punishments for fucking with Harry the way you have. None of them compare to the sheer horror of the Unforgivable option....

Me... telling your mother.

Everything.

Enjoy the rest of your week! I'll see you real soon.

Promise.

— Ginny

-

Harry stumbled out of the Floo, brushing the ashes from his robes with a weary hand. His eyes felt heavy, his body leaden.

Merlin, I'm knackered...

He hadn't had a proper night's sleep since Ginny left for her bloody training camp. He missed her more with each passing day—her warmth beside him, her soft snores, the way she curled into his chest and snuggled when she was cold or feeling cuddly. He'd never thought of himself as controlling, but maybe he'd have her throw her weight around if they tried to pull this stunt again.

A month apart was just too much.

He straightened, pausing when Victoire slipped into the room. She stopped mid-step, her pale eyes flicking to him—*really* looking at him—and for a heartbeat, he thought he saw guilt flash across her face.

Genuine guilt.

Harry raised a brow. His mind twitched toward the temptation of Legilimency, but he forced it back down. He'd hated it when Dumbledore or Snape had done it to him, and he wouldn't inflict it on others without just cause.

He glanced around at the quiet house, lifting a brow again. 'Your boyfriend finally get tired of you?'

Her eyes narrowed, lips pursing into an adorable pout. 'He's not my boyfriend! And he's got other things to do besides shag me.'

Harry muttered under his breath, 'Doesn't seem like it.'

She shifted, still standing there, an odd look on her face. Harry sighed and gestured tiredly. 'What do you want, Victoire? I'm tired. I'm going to shower, then sleep.'

She opened her mouth, closed it, then started again and stalled. Whatever she wanted to say clearly pained her. Finally, she blurted it out. 'I want to make a deal.'

Harry said nothing, too familiar with her games to rise to her bait.

'I'll let you out of your cage for a bit,' she pressed on, her tone clipped, 'but you're not allowed to touch yourself. And...' her cheeks colored faintly, 'you have to go down on me when I let you out. When you're done, the cage goes back on. No negotiations. Those are the rules. Deal?'

Harry's first instinct was to tell her to sod off. But her words rattled around his head. She wasn't asking him to shag her. And Merlin, his poor, abused cock deserved a reprieve, if only to get the blood flowing again.

She's probably just trying to fuck with me again...

He clenched his jaw, ready to shoot her down, when a thought struck him, and a grin threatened to slip.

This could be perfect.

If she wanted his tongue, she'd get it. And he'd use it to put the arrogant little brat in her place. He could make her squeal, beg, come undone—and all without giving her the satisfaction of having his cock.

The more he thought about it, the more he struggled to hide his excitement. It wouldn't do to give the game away.

Masking his amusement behind a weary facade—despite suddenly feeling lighter than he had all month—Harry sighed, letting his expression flatten into stoicism. He flicked his head toward the stairs.

'Go on, then. I'm going to shower. Be naked and on my bed when I get out, or don't be there at all. I don't have the energy for more games.'

Her eyes widened, pale-blue flashing bright with barely concealed excitement. She nodded, lips twitching with a grin she tried and failed to hide.

Harry swept past her, resisting the smirk tugging at his own lips. For the first time in weeks, his step had a spring to it.

Harry emerged from the shower naked, steam rolling off his shoulders, every inch of him humming with the electric heat of the Pepper-Up coursing through his veins. He felt sharper, younger, twitching with excess energy.

If he was gonna properly put Victoire in her place, he needed to be as close to his best as possible.

Victoire was already there, sprawled naked on his bed. It was really hard to not overreact at the sight of the beautiful young woman in his bed, but he just about managed, even as she froze, her eyes flying wide when she saw him.

All of him.

She gaped openly, her gaze roaming over his scarred chest, taut muscles, hairy chest and down along the snail trail to the heavy cage swaying between his thighs. The excited, eager gleam in her pale eyes was unmistakable. Her hand drifted between her legs, fingers pressing against her lips as if without thought.

'Merlin, Harry...' she whispered, breathless. 'You're so fit.'

Harry's lips curled into a grin, but his humour didn't reach his eyes. There was something darker there—something that made Victoire's body tremble, as if she were prey before the predator.

'Well, I try...I'm not as young as I used to be...'

'You're perfect,' she moaned, her voice breaking as her fingers circled faster. 'Merlin, so perfect...'

The flattery stroked his ego in ways he'd never admit aloud, but he wasn't above enjoying it. He let her hunger build a moment longer before glancing down at the cruel cage. His brow arched meaningfully.

Victoire needed no further prompting. She snatched up the Snitch charm, brought it to her lips, and whispered the phrase.

Harry groaned loudly—half roar, half relieved sigh—as the magic dissolved and his cock sprang free, blood surging, filling his member and making it grow fast. Relief poured through him, the everpresent pain in his bollocks that had been a constant, background nuisance over the past few weeks receding at last. His cock swelled to its enormous size, jutting down past his thighs like a Beater's bat, leaking freely with pent-up lust.

He closed his eyes, luxuriating in the sensation, savouring the weight and freedom of his manhood without daring to touch it. He wasn't giving Victoire the satisfaction of welching on their deal.

When he opened them again, she was a mess. One hand kneaded her breast, the other rubbing desperately at her greedy little cunt, eyes fixed on him with hungry awe. Each twitch of his heavy cock made her gasp, trembling harder, like the sight alone might push her over the edge.

He let her drink in the sight of him a moment longer—honestly feeling a little silly while doing so—as a smirk tugged at his lips, then climbed onto the bed to join her. He stretched out on his side, head propped on one arm, as though ready to fall asleep. His eyes flicked to hers.

'So. What's the rules, then? Can I touch you?'

'You can do whatever you want,' Victoire panted desperately, pleading more than instructing, cheeks flushed with passion, 'except touch yourself.'

She crawled over him, shuddering violently when her toned arse brushed the head of his cock. For a heartbeat, the tip pressed against her slick lips, both of them trembling at the contact. She managed a shaky smile.

'I'm not gonna make it *that* easy. When we fuck, it'll be because *you* break, not me...'

Harry only smirked, saying nothing as she shuffled further up his body until her glistening lips hovered just above his mouth.

He inhaled deeply, the musky scent of her arousal drowning his senses. The heat of her cunt radiated against his face, and he chuckled low, his breath brushing her folds and making her thighs quake.

His hands slid up her thighs, gripping tight, holding her in place. He inhaled again, nostalgia twisting in his chest. Different to Ginny, but not wildly so. Musky, but not unpleasant.

He'd missed this smell.

Looking up along her body into her pretty, flushed features, he grinned. Victoire was panting already, as if she were already being fucked senseless, like she was on the verge of orgasm.

And he hadn't even started.

His reservations about Legitimacy flickered, then vanished. Concerns about privacy hardly mattered in this context, and he'd only be skimming surface thoughts and emotions anyway. He slipped silently into her mind, sifting through the chaos until he found the pulsing heart of her desire.

His smirk widened.

Without warning, he pressed a delicate kiss to the shy bud of her clit, then flicked it lightly, expertly, with the tip of his tongue.

That was all it took.

Victoire's head snapped back, her hips bucked, and she screamed as an orgasm ripped through her. Instantly. Embarrassingly so, he thought.

Harry's grin deepened. She came like *she'd* been the one denied for weeks, not like a girl who'd been shagging her boy-toy every second of every bloody day.

He didn't stop. His tongue worked her mercilessly, guided by the storm that was her mind, chasing every nuance of what she wanted before she even knew it herself. Before her first orgasm had finished shuddering through her, he tore another from her.

And another.

It was absurd. *He* was the one who'd been caged, denied and tormented for weeks. Yet she was the one unraveling in seconds, writhing and screaming, utterly undone by his tongue. Frankly, he'd be annoyed if it wasn't so bloody fun to watch her come apart.

It was almost too easy, but Harry chided himself and banished such merciful thoughts to the depths of his noble soul.

Now wasn't the time for *chivalry*.

Harry wasn't going to let her off that easy. Not even a little.

His tongue plunged deeper, guided by the chaotic sparks of her thoughts. Every flick, every swirl, every calculated press was pulled straight from her desires before she even realised them herself. His nose buried against her mound, inhaling her scent, drowning in it.

He was on a mission.

This wasn't about release. This was about breaking her. About showing the arrogant little tart what happened when she flew too close to the sun.

Her thighs trembled, hips bucking as orgasm after orgasm wracked her slender frame. At some point, her euphoric haze twisted into desperation. She tried to wriggle away, to escape the relentless assault, but Harry's grip tightened, pinning her in place like an anaconda strangling its prey.

Her keening wails filled the room, rising higher, turning ragged, but Harry was unheeding. Uncaring. He drove her higher and higher, cruelly working her through the hypersensitivity, until she was nothing but a convulsing mess atop him, her bright eyes sightless and her entire body flush with passion.

She sang for him.

And it was glorious.

He wanted it to last forever. Not only because he relished every second, but because the longer he kept her there, the longer his poor, battered todger remained blissfully free, heavy and throbbing against his thigh.

Only when her body finally went limp, trembling and spent, did he relent. Her cunt was red, swollen, a quivering ruin, and his face was drenched in her essence.

Harry eased her down gently on Ginny's side of the bed, admiring his handiwork with a smug grin. She was ruined. Completely and utterly undone.

And he'd only used his tongue.

And maybe cheated a little with magic.

Though his ears still rang from Victoire's screams, he certainly hadn't interpreted the incoherent gibberish as *complaining*.

His gaze dropped to his towering erection, thick and angry, twitching in the cool air. It would've been so easy—just a stroke, just enough to take the edge off. No one here coherent or aware enough to stop him. No one to know.

But *he* would know.

And Harry Potter didn't surrender. Not to temptation, not to Victoire, not to *anyone*. The only person he yielded to was his wife. And until she was home, until he laid eyes on that sultry smile of hers, those dark, smouldering eyes, he'd bloody well hold the line.

'You know,' he murmured, voice low, 'if you're going to pretend to be asleep, you need to regulate your breathing better.'

Victoire's lashes fluttered. Her cheeks burned pink as she peeked at him. 'I sometimes forget you're some badass super Auror...'

'Uh-huh.'

Her lip caught between her teeth, she batted her eyes at him and spoke, her voice husky. 'Not gonna beg me to let you cum, then?'

Harry leaned down until his face hovered a hair's breadth from hers. He relished the way she gasped, her pale eyes wide, her breath catching in her throat.

'When I cum...' he whispered, every word a dagger of intent, his brilliant green eyes sparkling with mischief, '...it'll be because *you* broke, sweetheart. Not me.'

He let her see his smirk before seizing her wrist, dragging the Snitch charm to his lips. With a cold satisfaction, he muttered the phrase, never breaking eye-contact.

The cage snapped back into place, biting down cruelly over his cock.

That night was the best night of sleep he'd had that month.

-

Harry stumbled out of the Floo, shoulders aching with fatigue but his spirits lighter than they had been in weeks. Ginny would be home tomorrow. He could endure *anything* with that promise waiting on the horizon.

The house was quiet, blessedly so. He brushed the soot from his robes, already dreaming of a long shower and an early night, when he froze.

Victoire was waiting by the hearth. Naked.

For the past several days she had shadowed him like an eager pup, desperate for a repeat of what he'd done to her. He'd mostly blanked her, aside from one occasion where he'd impatiently fingered her to a thunderous orgasm simply because she was blocking his way to his bedroom.

Much to his own surprise, he was rather enjoying the reversal. As much as he liked to surrender control to Ginny, he found he didn't feel the same about her niece. With Victoire, he relished the power. Denying her was intoxicating. Watching her pout and squirm and beg had become the one part of this whole mess that didn't feel like torment.

She stood tall and pale in the firelight, her body taut with need, blue eyes huge and shimmering as they locked onto him. She was practically vibrating, her desperation written across every line of her body.

'All right,' he muttered with a defeated sigh as he rubbed his temples. Once more then, before his wife was home, back in his arms. 'Go on up, then.'

She squealed, bounding past him, platinum-blond hair streaming behind her as she flew up the stairs. Harry's eyes betrayed him, trailing over her lithe back, the toned curve of her bum, the glistening lips of her cunt already leaking her eagerness down her thighs.

He groaned softly and shook his head, following after her at a slower, heavier pace.

By the time he stepped out of the shower, droplets sliding down his shoulders, he found her perched at the edge of his bed. Naked, nipples diamond-hard, thighs quivering with anticipation.

She raised the Snitch charm to her lips. The whispered command dissolved the cage, and Harry's cock surged free. He groaned aloud, the relief nearly buckling his knees.

He couldn't *wait* to bury his cock back where it belonged. Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough.

He'd feel more sorry about the state he would leave Ginny in if she weren't partly to blame for the state he was in...

Victoire drank in the sight of him hungrily, eyes roaming his still-wet body. Her need was palpable, thick in the air.

Harry sat beside her, lips quirking in amusement. 'Someone's eager...'

Her cheeks bloomed pink as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. 'No one's ever made me cum so hard before...'

Harry snorted, amused. 'Have a lot of experience, do you?'

She gave him a look like he'd just asked if the sun rose in the morning. 'Obviously.'

'Poor Teddy,' Harry muttered under his breath.

Her flush deepened into crimson, indignation sparking hot in her pale eyes. 'Don't ruin the mood!'

That was the opening he needed.

'Don't take that tone with me, brat. Do you have any idea the stress you've put me through this month?'

Before she could snap back, he seized her wrist and yanked. With a startled squeal, Victoire toppled across his lap, her lithe frame sprawled against him. His cock twitched violently where it pressed against her belly, and he groaned low in his throat as she wriggled instinctively.

She froze when his palm began tracing slow, deliberate circles over the curve of her bum.

'I love your parents,' Harry said, his voice dangerously soft, 'but it's clear they've been lax with *discipline*.'

Sliding silently into her mind, he felt her emotions flare—shock, indignation, a rebellious spark—but beneath it all, he found what he was looking for.

A whisper of forbidden desire.

'T-they disciplined me plenty—'

'Don't talk back to me.' His voice cracked sharp, authoritative. Victoire went rigid. Her head twisted over her shoulder, wide-eyed, trembling. Not with fear. With *arousal*.

'Is that understood?'

'Y-yes...'

Crack. His hand fell, sharp and hard. Her squeal melted into a sultry moan.

'Address me properly.'

She bit her lip, cheeks flaming. 'Y-yes... sir?'

Another smack. Her other cheek bloomed red.

'Better. But I'm not your professor.'

Her voice dropped to a husky tremor. 'Yes, sorry... *d-daddy?*'

The word shuddered through him, dark and taboo. Harry groaned, his cock jerking against her belly. He rewarded her answer, rubbing soothing circles over the stinging skin.

'That's better. Now,' he murmured, leaning close so his breath ghosted against her ear, 'you've caused me a lot of pain and stress this month. What do you have to say for yourself?'

Her lips curved, eyes glittering with defiance. 'Aunt Ginny said you'd—'

Crack.

'I didn't ask for excuses.'

'Sorry, Daddy!' she gasped, arching under the blow.

Another smack.

'I'm sorry, Daddy! I thought it was what you wanted, sorry Daddy, please touch me, *please*, I want you so bad—!'

Her words broke into a sharp cry as his hand struck again, this time pulling something closer to a wail than a moan.

Harry's brows lifted, half in disbelief.

Is she going to cum just from this? This girl has issues...

'Only good girls get rewarded. Are you a good girl?'

'No, Daddy,' she whispered after a pause, trembling. 'I'm a bad girl. A *very* bad girl.'

Harry chuckled darkly, his palm still soothing her reddened skin. He felt the warring desires in her mind—one part craving praise, another aching for punishment.

He almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of it, but held his tongue. No need to break the spell.

Ginny would have a field day with this one in the Pensieve.

Harry bent low, his lips brushing the shell of her ear. 'And what happens to bad girls?'

The whispered words slid down her spine like a spell. He felt her shudder against him, her thighs quivering.

Before she could answer, his fingers drifted between her legs. He brushed once over her slick folds, and his hand came away soaked. Victoire squealed at the barest contact, her whole body trembling, right at the cusp of release.

In her mind he tasted the chaos—stick and carrot battling for dominance. One part of her begged for another hard smack, the other screamed for gentle fingers slipping inside her.

'T-they get p-punished... d-daddy...'

Crack. Crack. Crack. Crack.

Two sharp strikes to each cheek. Her erotic wail echoed off the walls, her hair falling forward in a curtain over her face as her head bowed low.

Before she could recover, Harry plunged two fingers deep into her, curling hard to grind against her g-spot directly in a brutal assault against her pleasure spot.

Victoire's body went rigid, then she flung her head back and let out a warbling cry as climax crashed over her. Her hips bucked helplessly, her moans turning ragged and animalistic.

She twisted frantically to look at him, eyes wide in mortified embarrassment and alarm, her voice breaking around her cries. 'I'm—I think I'm gonna—!'

Harry already knew. He was still deep in her mind. He smirked, biting back laughter. The poor little brat—so sure she was sophisticated in the art of lovemaking, *experienced*—had never squirted before. She thought she was about to piss herself.

Naturally, Harry didn't stop. His fingers worked mercilessly, pressing and curling, until her choked moans became a shriek. With a startled squeal, fluid gushed from her cunt, soaking his hand and pattering across the floorboards.

Her whole body quaked, undone, trembling violently as her orgasm wracked her.

Harry withdrew his fingers at last, but not before delivering one final punishing smack that left a glowing red imprint across her pale cheek.

'Now look what you've done,' he drawled, voice thick with cruel amusement. 'You've gone and made a mess.'

Victoire sagged against him, limp, dazed, barely responsive as he soothed her raw skin with slow, gentle circles. She looked utterly wrecked in his lap, her breath coming in shallow pants, eyes glassy with exhaustion and something dangerously close to worship.

Harry lay back on the bed, dragging Victoire's quivering body with him until her drenched cunt hovered once more over his mouth.

He'd spent weeks denying her, tormenting himself by refusing her, but Merlin help him... he'd dreamt of this, of making her *squeal* for him.

He pressed a soft kiss to her swollen lips and smirked when she squealed, the sound high and helpless, from the foot of the bed.

Feeling wicked, Harry spread her cheeks wide and kissed her again—higher, this time. Right over her delicate rosebud.

Victoire stiffened in shock.

There was, unfortunately, a critical flaw in using Legilimency in the bedroom—a lover could only desire what they already knew. And Victoire apparently had no experience with anal play.

Not until now, at least.

Her mind screamed in surprise, a flash of disgust... but curiosity and arousal burned brighter.

Harry kissed her again, then flicked his tongue in quick circles around the tight ring of muscle. At the same time, his fingers slipped back inside her cunt, scissoring gently, pressing deep.

Victoire was a storm of sensations, emotions tumbling over one another in chaos. Her shock faltered, melted, and when his tongue pushed just inside, she let out an adorable squeal that spurred him on.

'Yes, Daddy! I'm such a naughty, dirty slut! *Oooh—!*'

Harry chuckled into her flesh, the vibration making her shudder. His tongue never stopped. Neither did his fingers, pumping steady, relentless, until Victoire was writhing atop him and another orgasm tore through her.

Her cries echoed in the room, bounced off the walls until his ears were ringing. She screamed her voice hoarse and didn't stop until she sagged against him. Spent.

Harry lay there, face slick with her essence, lips teasing her still as he smirked to himself.

This almost feels like cheating.

She was too eager, too responsive, breaking again and again under his tongue.

He'd never quite understood the appeal of chasing younger women, and he still preferred Ginny and women his own age by miles. But now... with Victoire trembling above him, utterly at his mercy, he understood how the power of it could become addictive.

Harry was enjoying himself far too much, wringing orgasm after orgasm from the young woman until she was little more than a trembling wreck above him. Her cries had filled the room, raw and needy, swelling his ego and, for once, *he* was the one in control.

Which was why he was completely blindsided when something hot and wet slid suddenly over the head of his cock.

He froze. The sensation was so alien, so overwhelmingly different after a month of steel confinement and endless teasing, that his breath caught in his chest.

'W-what?!'

'Shh, Daddy,' Victoire whispered, her voice husky and wicked. 'Let me do this for you...'

Her lips sealed around his crown, tongue swirling as she slid lower, taking him deeper, greedily drinking in his taste.

Harry had no chance. No warning. No defense.

A month without release, a month of torment, denial, and pain—it all came crashing down. His vaunted discipline, his battle-forged control, none of it mattered.

The pressure surged too fast, unbearable, and then it *shattered*.

He gasped. He groaned. He roared as his orgasm hit, violent and overwhelming. Thick ropes of seed erupted from him in wave after wave, pumping relentlessly into the heat of her mouth before quickly filling it and forcing her to disengage. He couldn't tell where it landed after that. He didn't care. He only knew that it poured out of him in a flood, his body emptying itself after being denied for so long.

His vision whited out. His body shook. His mind, wrung dry by bliss, slipped into darkness.

Dimly, just before unconsciousness claimed him, he felt Victoire wriggling, repositioning, shifting atop him. But the blessed relief was too much. His muscles slackened, his body spent.

Harry Potter surrendered to sweet, merciful unconsciousness, a victorious smirk on his lips.

In the end, he didn't break. *She* did.

-

He woke to warmth, to the familiar scent of flowers and broom polish, to soft lips pressing desperately against his cheek.

'Harry,' Ginny whispered, her voice thick with relief and hunger. He blinked groggily, eyes struggling to focus. She was above him, hair wild, cheeks flushed, dark eyes alight. His heart surged, leapt in his chest—*his wife was home*.

Before he could speak, before he could even get his bearings, something slapped lightly against his chest.

A photograph.

Ginny grinned down at him, eyes dancing as she waved it under his nose. 'Care to explain this, *naughty boy*?'

Harry's gaze snapped down—and his blood ran cold.

There it was. Victoire's pale body straddling his unconscious form, her pussy stuffed and dripping with his seed, his cock cradled limply in her hand while she held the camera aloft with the other, smirking like she'd won the Quidditch Cup.

Harry's mouth went dry. His stomach churned. He wanted to scream that it wasn't true, that it wasn't what it looked like—but Ginny's lips crashed against his, smouldering, hungry, before he could even fathom the words.

'I didn't think you'd give in,' Ginny breathed, kissing him hungrily before pulling back, dark eyes alight. 'Not when you were so close to the finish line...'

She tore off her jacket and shirt in one swift motion, tossing them aside before diving back in for another kiss, her mouth hot and demanding.

'How was that tight little cunt?' she murmured against his lips, biting playfully before pulling back again. 'Was it everything you dreamed of? Did she squeal? Please tell me you at least made her beg for it. Don't tell me you made me look bad.'

Harry's heart hammered. He wanted to scream—*none* of it happened, not like she was imagining. It was a lie! He *hadn't* broken. *She* had. But the words froze in his throat as Ginny

kissed him again, then stood above him, skin practically glowing with want as she peeled down her jeans and kicked them aside, tugging her thong to her ankles with a wicked grin.

'Little pussycat got your tongue?' she teased, straddling him, showering his lips with quick, desperate kisses. 'Merlin, I missed you so much. I've got so much to tell you—Wood's our new coach, by the way. Insane, right? Oh bugger it, I'm getting off track. You *broke*, naughty boy, and now I get to have my fun. Fuck, it's been so long, I feel like my pussy's going to catch fire!'

'I—*what?* Oliver Wood?'

It felt absurd, ridiculous, but the fact that the Harpies had shattered centuries of tradition to bring in a *male* coach—a former rival, no less—rattled his thoughts even through the storm of lust and panic.

'I know, right? Crazy!' Ginny kissed him again before sitting back, biting her lip sexily as her eyes roved over him.

Harry stared, dumbstruck. After weeks of Victoire's taunting, he'd almost forgotten the perfection that was his wife. The toned lines of her body, the freckles spattered across her skin, the proud lift of her breasts, the delicious abs that rippled when she moved. He wanted nothing more than to throw her down and fuck her senseless.

But his wife had other plans.

'Who's this Luca kid?' she asked casually.

'Huh?'

'Luca.' Her smirk sharpened. 'The hot young stud supposedly waiting for me in the guest room. The little tart had my first bit of strange lined up for me the second I got home. Poor kid apparently nearly shat himself when he realised he'd get to shag me.'

Harry's mouth went dry.

Ginny's grin turned predatory. 'What's good for the dragon is good for the drake, babe. You *knew* what would happen when you fucked that little whore.'

But I didn't. He wanted to howl it, to tear the words out of his chest. Instead, silence bound him. And his traitorous cock surged with excitement, standing proud and eager without the cage.

'Well, well,' Ginny purred, eyes gleaming. 'Someone's excited...'

Before he could form a protest, her lips were back on his, hot and hungry, kissing him as if he'd disappear again if she stopped. 'I can't wait for our reunion fuck, babe,' she whispered breathlessly, 'but I've been dreaming about this for *weeks*. I'll go warm up on this hot young stud, and you can...' She leaned down, her lips brushing his ear. '...you can reclaim me afterwards. Okay? Just like we talked about...'

By the time his brain caught up, she was already on her feet, standing in the doorway, hair wild, cheeks flushed, an excited smile splitting her face.

'I can't believe this is actually happening!'

Her giddiness was like a punch to the gut and an electric surge to his cock simultaneously, yet still, he remained silent.

And then she was gone.

The silence that followed Ginny's departure was deafening.

Harry sat frozen, chest heaving, skin hot. His mind raced through the entire bloody spectrum—shame clawing at him, fury boiling in his gut, jealousy twisting like a knife, and desire thundering in his veins. His cock pulsed traitorously, his body craving the very thing his conscience railed against.

He wanted to roar. To tear after Ginny and drag her back caveman-style. To curse Victoire into next week for the mess she'd made. To give in. To watch. To touch. To fuck.

It was too much, too fast, his thoughts spiralling into chaos.

And then the door creaked.

A shadow slipped inside, and there she was.

Victoire.

Her pale hair gleamed in the firelight, her grin sharp and hungry. She looked like the kneazle that had eaten the pixie, eyes glittering with cruel triumph as she quietly shut the door behind her.

Anger flared hot in his chest, latching onto the confusion and lust still burning through his veins. He finally had an outlet.

'What have you *done*?'

Victoire's eyes flashed. She wasn't cowed—not this time. Not even with that hard edge in his voice, the same edge that had only recently turned her into his simpering little slut.

'Don't take that tone with me, *Daddy*.' The word dripped from her lips mockingly now, stripped of the desperate reverence she'd whimpered it with before he'd blacked out. 'I only gave her a little push. But I didn't hear you correcting her. I didn't hear Ginny asking. Maybe your wife has always *wanted* to cheat on you and just needed an excuse. You ever think of that?' Her lips curled in a wicked grin. '...and maybe you've always just been a big, strong *cuck* at heart?'

Harry surged to his feet, face beet-red, fury and shame boiling over. He meant to storm across the room and throttle the insolent brat, but Victoire was faster. She whipped out her wand and tapped the tall mirror at her side.

Harry froze as their reflection shimmered, then vanished. His stomach dropped.

In its place was the guest room.

And there was Ginny.

His wife stood proudly naked, her toned body gleaming in the lamplight, hands on her hips and a teasing grin tugging at her lips. Before her, equally naked, stood Luca—trembling, handsome, his heavy cock stiff and swaying mightily between powerful thighs as he stared at her in awe.

'I—Is this r-really happening?' Luca stammered like a feverish fan. 'You're my *hero*. I—I have your swimsuit picture on my wall!'

Ginny snorted, amused. 'That probably sounded smoother in your head, kid.'

Still, Luca ploughed on, excitement overriding his fear. 'What about Mister Potter? I'm not... I'm not trying to get killed here...'

Ginny shrugged, easy, dismissive. 'Let me worry about that. You just worry about that gorgeous cock dangling between your legs, and where you're gonna put it.'

Harry's knees nearly gave out. He stumbled, and Victoire was at his side instantly, supporting him, guiding him down to the edge of the bed with a smirk.

'Yesss,' she hissed, lips at his ear, her words molten poison. 'You love this, don't you? *Dirty boy*. You could have stopped this. But you *didn't*. You *want* to see Aunt Ginny fucking Luca. Look how hard you are...'

And she was right. Merlin help him, she was *right*.

Harry's breath came in ragged bursts, his cock surging obscenely hard, his body betraying him at every turn even as his mind fruitlessly screamed denial.

He shook as Luca toppled back onto the plush bed, his thick cock jutting up, flailing as Ginny stalked after him like a lioness. Harry's breath hitched as she climbed over him—straddled him—her powerful thighs bracketing another man.

From the mirror's vantage point, he saw her in a way he'd never seen before—Mounting someone...from *behind*.

Her thick, toned arse rolled and undulated as she ground her cunt against Luca's stiff cock, teasing, smearing her wetness over his length. Her freckled back rippled with flexing muscle as she writhed, perfectly, powerfully in control.

'No hesitation,' Victoire purred beside him. 'Look how excited she is. And she calls *me* a tart.'

Harry's nails dug into his thighs as Ginny rose up, high enough that Luca's crown kissed her swollen lips—lips that had only ever parted for him.

'Merlin, I need this so fucking bad, kid. You've got *no* idea...'

And then, with a husky groan, Ginny lowered herself. Her legs trembled with strain as she sank, her cunt stretching wide to take him, swallowing Luca's thick cock inch by inch with greedy, delightful ease.

Harry's vision swam. His wife was *fucking another man*.

And he was *watching*.

And he had never been more turned on in his life.

Harry's breath caught as Ginny sank fully onto Luca, her head flinging back, her glorious mane of copper hair cascading down her spine as she let out a guttural moan he'd never heard from her before. She rolled her hips, luxuriating in the way he stretched her, her voice breaking into a husky, joyous cackle as Luca whimpered beneath her.

'Fuck, that's it—Merlin, that's it!' Ginny groaned, her thighs trembling as she bounced experimentally on his cock. 'Oh, *Harry*, you don't know how good this feels—'

She'd screamed it loud enough so that he'd hear her from across the hall. She couldn't have known that that wasn't necessary, that he had been there, impotently watching, every step of the way.

Harry's nails gouged crescents into his palms. He couldn't breathe. Couldn't think. His cock surged painfully against his belly, leaking a steady stream of his shameful excitement down his heavy shaft.

'Look at her,' Victoire purred against his ear, her hand suddenly curling around his thick length and unable to reach even halfway around. 'Your wife's bouncing on another cock, and you can't tear your eyes away. You love this, don't you?'

Harry tried to jerk away, tried to growl a denial, but Victoire stroked him hard and fast and his body betrayed him instantly. His orgasm ripped through him before he could stop it, cum spurting hot across his belly in messy ropes.

'Yesss...' she hissed, grinning, watching him spill himself. 'See? Proof. You're watching her fuck another man, and you're cumming. That's who you are, Daddy, you're a *cuck*.'

Harry shuddered, horrified, yet his eyes never left the mirror. Ginny was riding harder now, slamming down on Luca's cock with feral hunger, the wet squelching sounds and the way her perfect body rippled seared into his mind, sweat running down her spine as she howled in delight.

'*Fuck*, yes—yes—yes!' she cried, her nails raking down Luca's chest. 'Merlin, I needed this—I needed this so bad! *Oooh*!'

Harry slumped against Victoire in defeat, chest heaving, cum cooling sticky on his stomach. He should have been sated. He should have been revolted. Instead he felt lightheaded, drunk on release, and his eyes devoured the mirror like a starving man. Insatiable.

He couldn't look away. Ginny's euphoric cries, her rippling arse, the way she rode Luca with complete abandon—it was obscene, *wrong*, and maybe because of that, it thrilled him to his bones. To his very *marrow*.

When she shifted, climbing off Luca before spinning and resting onto her hands and knees, Harry's breath hitched. Luca slid in behind her and with one powerful thrust buried himself to the hilt.

Ginny cried out, arching her back, her hair flying as she met his rhythm. From this angle, nothing was hidden. Harry saw everything he'd been denied by the first angle—her blissful face scrunched up in effort under each impact, the ripple of muscles as her abs clenched and body flexed, the way her pert breasts jiggled with each impact as she moaned through clenched teeth. Her breathy, desperate cries echoed in his ears, branding themselves onto his soul.

His hand twitched, wanting to stroke himself, but Victoire's grip was already there, pumping lazily, cruelly, ensuring he stayed hard.

Then Luca stiffened, groaning and gasping raggedly, his hips hammering erratically against Ginny's arse before freezing, his body starting to convulse. His wife's answering moan was long, drawn-out, and satisfied—and Harry's eyes went wide as Luca pulled back just enough for the evidence to show.

When Luca pulled back and collapsed on the bed, Ginny sat tall and arched her back, her entire front revealed to him in glorious detail. He watched, horrified and more aroused than he thought possible as his wife's swollen pussy leaked thick, viscous cum down her thigh, glistening in the firelight.

Harry's stomach clenched, his balls ached, and before he could stop himself—

Another orgasm blindsided Harry, Victoire's hand milking him mercilessly as his seed pumped out again, adding to the sticky mess across his stomach. He gasped, groaned, sagged against her, shame and ecstasy blurring until he could barely tell one from the other.

Victoire giggled breathlessly, dragging her slick hand up his chest and smearing him with his own cum. 'Two... and she's only just getting started. How many do you think you'll spill before she's done, Daddy? Three? Four? You should be *ashamed*, you filthy *cuck*.'

Harry couldn't deny it. Not with his belly soiled as it was, not with his cock still twitching and hard as steel, not with his eyes glued to the sight of his wife trembling as she collected the trailing cum from her thigh and sucked the fingers into her greedy mouth with a pleased hum.

He wanted to stop. He wanted to look away. But Victoire's lips were at his ear, whispering filth, her hand stroking him again, coaxing, demanding.

And he let her, too enraptured by the show his wife was putting on for him.

On the bed, Ginny shoved Luca back with a firm hand to his chest, her breath coming fast but steady, eyes smouldering. She sat back at the head of the bed, legs spread wide in a powerful pose, her copper hair tied into a messy bun, the toned lines of her body gleaming in the firelight and casting stark shadows like an oil painting. Her eyes burned with command.

'While you're recharging, boyo, clean me up.' She crooked a finger, drawing Luca forward like a loyal hound. 'You've no idea how randy I am. If you pass out on me before I've had my fill, I'll be... less than happy. Understood?'

Luca faltered, staring wide-eyed at his idol, but at Ginny's raised, impatient brow, his hesitation evaporated. He leaned down reverently and began to lap at her slick folds, cleaning his own release from her swollen lips.

Ginny sighed—a long, indulgent sound, like slipping into a hot bath after a hard day's training. Her hand slid into Luca's thick curls, tugging his head in closer.

Victoire's hand squeezed Harry's cock, lazy, merciless, smearing his own cum across his shaft as she pumped him. Her lips brushed his ear. 'Does she make you do that too?'

Harry flushed scarlet, shame burning through him.

Victoire cackled, delighted. 'Oh, she *does*, doesn't she? You really are the dirtiest little cuck.'

Harry tried to snap at her, tried to growl, but the sound died in his throat as Ginny shifted on the bed. She rolled onto her side, facing the mirror directly. One powerful leg shot up and pressed against Luca's chest, guiding him in, keeping him exactly where she wanted him.

The kid obeyed eagerly, lining himself up and plunging back into her. As if this might be his last and only chance to fuck a *legend*.

Harry's soul shook. He couldn't tear his eyes away. His gaze zeroed in on the obscene sight of Luca's huge cock driving deep into his wife again and again, her body jolting with every thrust. Her tits jiggled with each impact, her freckled face screwing tight with pleasure as her voice rose higher, desperate, uncontrolled.

The sounds were as intoxicating as the sight—the wet slap of flesh, the guttural groans, Ginny's breathy moans rising into sharp cries as she threw her head back.

Harry's chest heaved, his cock throbbing helplessly in Victoire's grip.

And then Ginny broke.

Her body arched, her leg trembling against Luca's chest, her cry rising into a guttural roar that seemed to shake the air itself. She clawed at the sheets, her eyes screwed shut, her whole body spasming as she came apart around him.

The sound, the sight, the sheer power of her orgasm seared itself into Harry's soul. He knew, in that moment, that he'd be reliving this moment in his dreams forever.

Victoire grinned against his cheek, whispering triumph into his ear as Harry groaned, spilling yet again across his ruined belly.

Ginny was ravenous, making up for a month without release by taking out every ounce of her frustration on the eager, energetic farm boy. But Ginny was a professional athlete, hardened by years of training and discipline. Luca was just a fresh-faced graduate, all stamina and enthusiasm but no steel. There would only ever be one winner.

Harry didn't know how long he sat there at Victoire's side, helplessly watching. He'd gone from aching denial to comical excess in the span of hours, his chest and belly a sticky canvas painted by his own shame. By the time Ginny finally returned to their room, he was a wreck. His body trembled with exhaustion, his cock red and swollen, Victoire's hand and his own skin glazed by countless spent orgasms.

Ginny stopped in the doorway, chest still heaving, skin flushed, eyes wild. Her mouth quirked in amusement at the sight of them sitting side by side on the edge of the bed.

'Weird,' she drawled, tugging her bun loose so her fiery mane spilled over her shoulders. 'I thought for sure you'd be shagging her again. Don't tell me you were just getting off to just *listening*?' She smiled lovingly, her eyes flushing with hunger. 'I guess that's hot too, in its own twisted way...'

She laughed at the thought, the sound carefree, teasing. Then her eyes followed Harry's line of sight, caught the glow of the mirror, and froze. Across the glass, Luca was sprawled unconscious in the guest bed, the truth of the matter revealed to her as her eyes widened in surprise.

Her brows shot up. 'Wow. Kinky.' She turned back to Harry with a wicked grin. 'How'd I do? Enjoy the show?'

There were a million things Harry wanted to say. He wanted to scream. He wanted to pull her into his arms, bury his face in her chest, beg her to never leave him again. He wanted to fuck her until neither of them could move. But his body was wrung out, his mind shredded, his voice little more than a rasp.

So instead, he said the one thing he'd failed to say before she'd joined Luca in the guest bedroom.

'I never fucked her,' he whispered hoarsely.

Ginny stilled.

'She blew me. Made me cum while I was going down on her. Staged a photo when I passed out.' His chest rose and fell in shallow, ragged breaths. 'I *never* fucked her. I *didn't* break.'

The room was silent but for the crackle of the hearth. Slowly, Ginny's head turned.

Her eyes—dark, sharp, furious—pinned her gloating niece.

The bratty smile that had been plastered across the younger witch's face, the smug preening she'd worn since Ginny's return, cracked and crumbled under that stare.

It wasn't her Uncle's weary glare anymore. It wasn't the amused, indulgent dominance she'd teased out of him. This was her Aunt Ginny. Holyhead Harpies' captain. A predator through and through.

And the look in her eyes was *dangerous*.

Victoire trembled.

Then Ginny spoke, her voice like death.

'*What?*'