

## Cuckolding Weasley

### Chapter 4

Ron, Bill, and George Weasley all looked at each other in a way that only a cuck could understand. There was confusion and a bit of sadness laced in as the show proceeded around them.

Lavender wouldn't shut up about giving the whole thing with Harry another shot until finally, her redheaded boyfriend agreed just to get her to shut up. He was beginning to regret his decision. One time turned into two, then two into three, and so on. Not only was he forced to endure the indignity of having his friend constantly fucking his girl, but he was made to watch. At least he didn't need to remember birthdays and anniversaries anymore.

Fleur Weasley was still threatening to leave her husband, so Bill had little choice but to give in to her demands. In truth, he had no choice. She had been a fixture in Harry's bedroom since that first day, and she wasn't going to give up that luxury any time soon.

George Weasley had the least choice of all. He was still injured, had no money, and had already agreed that Harry could bed his wife until he was completely healed. Things hadn't gone the way that he had expected. He never should have listened to his idiot brother. Apparently, Harry was more than capable of taking care of her needs. So much so that she went back to him again and again, sometimes forcing him to watch, and other times wanting some privacy. 'Weasley Willy indeed,' George scoffed. His lying little brother was packing a baby pickle in his trousers while Potter was lugging around a Beater's Bat in his. He should have known that Ron was tooting his own horn, but that really didn't matter anymore. What was done was done and couldn't be changed. He just had to endure for another month or so.

It was nearing Christmas, and the girls had decided to throw a party to celebrate. Of course, the boys were expected to be the guests of honor. Feeling excited that maybe things were going back to normal, they attended only to find themselves sitting on a small couch next to one another. That's when things really got spicy, and sadly, they weren't involved.

"Move your arm, you git!" Ron bellowed, pushing George's cast-covered arm away from him.

"Watch it! You'll injure it further, and I'll be stuck in this thing forever!" George glared back at him.

"Will both of you shut up," Bill muttered, sitting there like a good little boy. At least he wasn't forced to watch his wife with Harry. There were other shows going on ... like Hermione in the arms of two Harry's while they double penetrated her. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to rearrange his sad, little erection in his too-tight trousers.

He had to admit, Hermione looked gorgeous as her face was twisted in pleasure and glistening with sweat as her arms were wrapped around Harry's neck while he thrust into her welcoming

pussy. At the same time, another Harry was behind her, sandwiching her between them while he thrust into her tight, little asshole. The pleased noises that she was making were getting them all a little hot. Ron certainly kicked himself over the missed opportunities with the sexy bookworm. Her beautiful brown eyes fluttered as the two Harrys took turns pistoning their massive cocks into her holes. Her mouth was open, and her tongue was hanging out like a bitch in heat as she scratched at his bare back, too far gone to say anything competently. Stealing George's gaze was Gabrielle Delacour. She walked by and instantly his eyes were glued to her perfect, pear-shaped bottom.

Completely nude, she didn't seem to mind the three Weasley men looking at her. In fact, it seemed like she enjoyed it. His eyes traveled down from her bare bottom, down her perfectly sculpted legs, and onto her high-heeled feet. She was the epitome of perfection, in his opinion. She bent down just a bit while holding her recording device, getting a better view of Hermione getting double-teamed. When she did, George saw her plump and wet lips press together tightly. The incredible smoothness and the way that her light pink inner lips poked out from between them just a tiny bit had his cock nearly ripping through his pants. Or at least it would if it wasn't so small and pathetic. At that moment, he wanted nothing more than to touch himself while staring at the gorgeous Veela, but unfortunately, his arms were in their plaster prisons and couldn't be used.

Gabrielle smirked as she walked by the boys, swaying her hips just a little more than normal. Before bending over, she made sure to spin just a bit so that they could see her front. Her perky breasts that were capped by lovely, light pink nipples filled their visions, and she could see Ron's eyes lower to her hairless mound. Deciding that they had seen enough of her front, she turned around and started filming Hermione again. She shook her head, seeing their little tents in their trousers. 'They could never hope to compete with a real man,' she thought to herself as she turned her attention to her man, Harry Potter. As she did so, her eyes turned glassy and the smile of a smitten, teenaged girl spread over her beautiful face. Pointing the recorder at him, she watched the show that he was putting on.

The three Weasleys turned their attention to Harry when Lavender let out a whorish moan. Harry was standing there with a smug expression while both Lavender and Fleur were on their knees, sharing his fat cock. Pulling his cock from her mouth, she angled the saliva-covered meat pole toward Fleur only for her to take it down her mouth. As the older Veela started bobbing her head like a pro, Lavender lowered her head and began lathering his huge, cum-filled balls with her tongue. Sucking his nut into her mouth, her eyes fluttered as her hand drifted up and down his body, feeling the muscles of every area that she could reach. Just then, Fleur pulled his cock from her mouth, and Lavender lifted up. Seeing the recorder pointing at them, they giggled and leaned in, each kissing a side of his erection while winking at their men. Harry moaned and threaded his fingers through their blonde hair. Just then, Angelina pulled her face from his ass and peeked around his hip. When the recorder pointed at her, she smiled and waved before stuffing her head between his legs and licking and sucking on anything that her mouth could reach.

“Angie!” Harry moaned as her tongue massaged his asshole. “Get over here! I want your tits,” he ordered, and she quickly obeyed. Angelina waddled to his front and hefted her healthy tits up with both hands. Harry absolutely loved the light brown color of her skin, especially when it contrasted with the pale skin of his other lovers. Fleur placed his spit-laden cock between her pillowy tits and pressed them together, forming a tight, fleshy crevice for him to fuck. As the girls helped Angie bounce her tits, they heard a moan from the couch.

Gabrielle angled the recorder to them and saw that Ron had pulled out his tiny pecker and was stroking it with two fingers while staring at Angelina’s nude form. She then swung the recorder to Angie’s husband who didn’t look too pleased that his brother was masturbating to his wife who was pleasing another man. It was all very strange. Unable to stop herself, she giggled causing her perky tits to jiggle. Deciding that it was only fair, Bill pulled out his pathetic erection and stroked it while staring at Gabby. “Look ‘ow wet ‘Arry makes us,” Gabby smiled sultrily and ran a finger between her lips. Holding it up, Bill could see it shining with juices. She flicked her finger at him and her juices dotted his face.

“Ohhhh!” he moaned pathetically after a dozen pumps of his cock and spurted his watery seed to the side.

“Hey!” Ron yelled out as some of it sprinkled on him. “Gross!”

Poor George was forced to keep watching without any relief.

Harry smiled as he looked down, seeing Angie’s tits jiggling and rippling as he fucked them. She looked up at him with stars in her eyes. It looked like she wanted to devour him whole. Suddenly, her tits were pulled from his cock, and he watched as Lav and Fleur each began sucking on her lovely brown nipples. Angie threw her head back and moaned from the stimulation. Letting go of her nipple with a wet pop, Lavender looked up at him.

“We want some pleasure too!”

“Oui! I need it, my love!” Fleur begged, lewdly licking his belly. Harry closed his eyes and concentrated. Suddenly four more Harrys came into existence and two each grabbed the blondes.

“It looks like your husband is suffering,” Harry smiled at the lovely dark-skinned girl. She looked around and saw the small tent in her husband’s trousers. Crawling on her hands and knees, she went up to him and unzipped his trousers, reached in, and pulled out his small erection.

“Perhaps he needs some relief. I know that I do,” she said, looking over her shoulder as she started stroking her husband. She wiggled her wide ass, and Harry laughed.

George wanted to say something, but the handjob was just too good. Unfortunately, he was forced to watch the resident sex god sculpt his wife’s asshole until it would only fit his cock. He

watched as her fleshy cheeks rippled violently every time that Harry slammed his hips forward. He watched as Angelina's eyes twitched and her body spasmed while she let out the most perverse sounds that he had ever heard. He nearly cried out when she squealed and squeezed him too hard. A loud smack brought his attention back to Harry. The bastard was smirking while spanking his wife's voluptuous ass. Suddenly, the gorgeously naked Gabrielle appeared next to Harry, pointing her recorder directly at him while smiling. Gabrielle reached down with her free hand and started massaging Angelina's swollen and hard clit. Moaning pathetically, she collapsed forward and pressed her face into her husband's groin.

George watched with fascination as Harry jackhammered into his wife's asshole, never getting tired or losing his cool. Angie was mewling and moaning and drooling all over his cock. The vibrations of her voice could be felt on his sad, little erection, which only made it more pleasurable. Suddenly, Harry slammed his cock all of the way in, and Angelina began shaking and trembling. Harry reached down and grabbed her underneath the backs of her knees. Lifting her up, he spread her legs, and George got a front-row seat to the anal penetration that his wife was suffering through. Her pussy was dripping wet and her toes were curling. Just as her back arched, she screamed and a jet of pussy juice sprayed from her contracting cunt and hit him in the face. Turning her from side to side, Harry made sure that she squirted on all of the Weasley men as they sat there jerking themselves off.

As sweet-smelling pussy juice rained down on Bill, he looked over and saw the position that his wife was in. Two Harrys were at each end, spit-roasting her like never before. Her mouth was wide open and her face was pressed against his pubes as she had deepthroated him. On the other end, Harry was fucking her with long, steady thrusts. He could see many inches of his glistening wet cock appear before pushing back in. Every time that he did, she gave off a cute, little squeak that was muffled by the mighty dick in her gullet. He had never drawn that kind of noise from her he thought as Harry held her by her wide hips and fucked her like there was no tomorrow. Her beautiful tits were swinging back and forth, creating a spectacular display. Eventually, Harry reached down and cupped the perfect breasts and squeezed, groped, and massaged them, making her mewl in pleasure. He could see Harry pulling on her crinkled nipple tips and tempting an orgasm from her. Fleur cried out and came hard. Harry grunted as her already tight pussy became even tighter. Pulling out, he stroked himself until cum spurted out of the tip and painted her ass and naked back.

Ron could only stare in shame as Lavender's beautiful face lit up with pure pleasure. Somehow, she had taken two huge cocks up her asshole at the same time. The noises coming from her pink lips were incomprehensible as the two bastards violated her hole. She was grasping and clawing at anything that she could reach as her eyes bugged out wildly. The Harrys were grunting happily as they stretched her well beyond what should have been humanly possible. Sweat dripped from her red face as she cried out again. Orgasm after orgasm tore through her pert body, but Harry showed her no mercy. Suddenly, Harry looked right at him and smirked. Lavender spasmed uncontrollably and both Harrys pulled out. Lavender was forced to open her mouth as strings of cum filled her mouth and covered her face. Ron watched as they left her dripping in cum.

They noticed Gabrielle standing there, pointing the recorder at them as they played with themselves. She smiled sweetly and closed her eyes as she felt Harry come up behind her and place his hands on her smooth belly. She hummed contently as his hands slid up her smooth skin and cupped her perfect tits.

“They’re perfect. Aren’t they?” he asked the guys. They nodded without thinking. They were too wrapped up in the perfection that was Gabrielle Delacour. In secret, all of them masturbated to her modeling pictures that occasionally showed up in magazines. Sadly, it was Harry that got the real thing. All they could do was watch and wish as Harry’s hand lowered and slid between her smooth thighs and cupped her wet and dripping pussy that would soon be wrapped around his monstrous cock.