

Fine Print

Stepping out of the Floo, Harry sighed and ran a hand through his disheveled hair, a haggard look on his face.

“Rough day?” He heard a familiar voice ask from his right.

Turning, he saw his wife, Daphne, walking towards him from the kitchen while wiping her hands with a small towel. Her long, blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail, with the exception of a small strand that had come loose and was hanging over one of her bright blue eyes. She was wearing a dark green dress that hugged the curves of her wide hips and large breasts. Or, it would have, if she wasn’t also wearing a bulky white apron over top of her dress.

“Very.” Harry said as he shrugged off his robe and flopped down onto the couch.

Walking over to the couch, Daphne sat down next to him and tucked her knees under her as she took his hand in hers.

“Do you want to talk about it?” She asked, running her fingers through his hair.

Harry closed his eyes, luxuriating in the feeling of her fingers lightly massaging his scalp.

“Tonks and I have spent the last three months looking for six Death Eaters that escaped after Voldemort died, and we finally found them in Greece. The problem is, they won’t let us go after them.” He told her, sighing in frustration.

“I’m sorry, love. Why won’t the Greek Ministry let you go get them? Do you think they were bribed?” She asked curiously.

“Oh no. It’s not the Greek Ministry that’s against it, they’re more than happy to let us go get them. it’s our Ministry that’s the problem. The Wizengamot, in its infinite wisdom, has decided that if they’re not here, they’re not our problem. They won’t let us go and arrest them, and the Greek Ministry can’t arrest them for us because they haven’t broken any laws in Greece. Unless the Wizengamot allows us to go get them, or makes a formal request for extradition, the only thing we can do is ask the Greek Aurors to keep an eye on them.” Harry explained.

“Do you think someone here is trying to protect them?” Daphne asked.

Harry paused to think about it, as the thought hadn’t occurred to him before.

“It’s possible, but I don’t know how we would find them, or prove it.” he said.

Daphne hummed in agreement.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll figure something out. You always do.” She said, smiling at him affectionately.

Harry smiled back at her.

“Tonks thinks we might be able to draw them back to England. All of the still have family and property here they might come back for.” He told her.

“See. There you go.” Daphne chirped.

Smiling, she leaned forward and kissed him lovingly on the lips before pushing herself to her feet and walking back into the kitchen.

“So, is there a reason you’re all dressed up?” Harry asked, standing up and following her into the kitchen.

“My parents want us to come over for tonight after dinner, apparently there’s something they need to talk to us about.” She answered, pulling a tray of chicken out of the oven.

“Is anything wrong.” He asked in concern.

“I don’t think so, my mother wouldn’t tell me what it’s about. She said everything was fine when I asked though. Go get changed so we can leave as soon as we’re done eating, I have other things I’d rather do tonight than talk with my parents.” Daphne told him, saying the last part with a suggestive tone and a pointed look.

Harry smiled crookedly at her and walked quickly to the bedroom to get changed. Three-quarters of an hour later, Harry and Daphne were walking into Greengrass Manor. When they walked into the sitting room, he was dismayed to see Draco Malfoy was there with her parents and sister. Draco was married to Daphne’s sister, Astoria. It was a rather depressing how they got together. Astoria had been diagnosed with a blood curse at a young age and knew she didn’t have long to live. As a result, she was quite desperate to start a family quickly, but since most people knew she had a blood curse, no one was willing to marry her out of fear she would give it to their children, despite healers assuring her it could happen. After Hogwarts, with his family’s reputation in tatters, Malfoy had decided the best thing to do was marry into a family that was still in good standing.

It was a marriage of convenience rather than love. Malfoy could attach his name to a good, Pureblood family, and Astoria got the family she wanted before she died. It was a perfect setup, so, of course, Harry had to screw it up. It all happened in Diagon Alley a couple of months after Astoria had graduated from Hogwarts.

Harry was patrolling Diagon Alley as an Auror for the first time while valiantly trying to ignore the blatant staring and pointing he incurred as he walked around. He didn’t mind it so much from the children, but seeing adults do it was quite disconcerting. Just as he was passing Fortescue’s ice cream shop, which had only just re-opened, he heard a commotion behind him. Turning around and drawing his wand, he found a young woman on the ground. As he walked over to her, pushing his way through a crowd of onlookers who had stopped to look instead of help, he knelt down beside her as she struggled to sit up.

“Are you alright, miss?” He asked, looking her over for any obvious wounds. “Were you cursed?”

“No, no, I'm fine. I just fell, that's all.” She said.

Harry grabbed her arm to help her up when she started swaying as she stood up. Taking a closer look at her, he noticed she was quite pale and there was a light sheen of sweat on her forehead despite the cool weather.

“Maybe we should get you to Saint Mungo's, just so they can check you out.” Harry said in concern.

“No. Really, I'm fine.” She said, waving him off.

Her attempt to reassure him failed miserably as she swayed and nearly collapsed again when she tried to take a step. If it wasn't for Harry holding her arm, she would have fallen.

“Miss, you just collapsed in the middle of Diagon Alley and you can't walk on your own. I can't just leave you like this.” He told her.

“I-I just need to sit for a moment.” She said weakly, moving towards one of the tables outside of the ice cream shop.

Harry sighed and helped her take a seat.

“You really need to go to Saint Mungo's.” He told her, this time much more sternly.

To his surprise, she snorted humorlessly at him.

"They can't help me." The young woman muttered darkly.

"Look, I hate going to hospital as much as anyone, but they can fix you up in a couple of minutes and then you can go back to your shopping." Harry told her, his frustration leaking into his voice.

"They can't do anything for me because I have a blood curse, alright." She hissed angrily at him, her eyes glistening with tears.

"Blood curse?" Harry couldn't help but ask, unfamiliar with the term.

"Yes, someone cursed my blood and it's killing me. There's nothing the healers can do, I already checked." She told him, looking down at her hands.

"I'm sorry, I—" Harry broke off, at a loss for what to say.

To make matters worse, he could hear her sniffing and he was sure if she looked up, he would be able to see her tears. He hated when women cried, he never knew what to do.

"It's fine." She muttered.

There was a long moment of awkward silence, and Harry felt like more and more of an ass the longer it went on. He knew it wasn't his fault, but he still felt like he could have handled the situation better.

"Hello, what can I get for you?"

Harry looked up to see a young, pretty red headed witch with freckles on her cheeks standing next to their table with a note pad floating next to her.

“Oh, nothing, I was just-”

“Two bowls of ice cream.” Harry said, interrupting the young woman across from him. “I’ll have the small chocolate volcano and whatever the lady wants.’

The red head nodded and wrote down his order while the girl across from him looked at him in puzzlement.

“The sugar might make you feel better. You’d be surprised what chocolate can do for you.” He explained with a shrug and a smile.

The girl blinked at him a couple of times before she laughed and ordered a simple bowl of chocolate ice cream. As they ate their ice cream, Harry got to know a little bit about the young woman across from him. By the time they were done eating, she looked much better than she had before.

“Astoria, do you mind if I ask you a couple of questions about your curse?” Harry asked cautiously as they stood up from their table.

“Oh, um, sure. I guess.” She said.

“Is it an actual curse in your blood, or is something that runs in your family?” He asked.

“A blood curse is when someone uses your blood to put a curse on you. It has nothing to do with a bloodline curse.” She informed him.

“And you have no idea who cursed you?” He asked, looking for clarification.

“No, we have no idea who did it, or why.” She told him, then looked at him out of the corner of her eye as they walked through the alley. “Why do you ask?”

Harry was quiet for a moment as he traced his finger over the long, slender shaft of the Elder Wand in his pocket. The wand gave off a pleasant warmth to the touch at just the thought of using it.

“I think I might be able to help. Do you mind if I take a look at you?” He asked, looking at her.

“The healers said there’s nothing that can be done about it.” She said, shaking her head.

“Look, just give me a few minutes. I promise, I won’t do anything to hurt you. I really think I might be able to help.” Harry said sincerely.

Astoria bit her lip as she thought for a minute. Harry stayed silent and gave her time. He was getting worried that she wasn’t going to give him an answer at all when she finally spoke.

“Alright, I guess I don’t have much to lose.” She said with a small smile.

Harry smiled back and led her to the Leaky Cauldron.

“Hello Harry, Miss, what can I get for you today?” Tom greeted them when they entered.

“Hey, Tom.” Harry said, leaning over the bar to talk quietly. “Can we get a private room for a few minutes?”

Tom gave him a knowing look, raising a bushy white eyebrow, and slipped him a key.

“Take all the time you need.” Tom told him with a lecherous smile.

Harry rolled his eyes and set a couple of Galleons on the bar as he took the key. Waving to Astoria, he led her into a room on the second floor. Once they were inside, he locked and silenced the door before turning to a visibly nervous Astoria.

"It would probably be best if you laid down on the bed." Harry told her, giving her a reassuring smile.

Astoria walked mechanically over to the bed and laid down, her hands fidgeting nervously.

"It's not going to hurt, is it?" She asked in a quiet voice.

"Honestly, I don't know." Harry said honestly.

Taking out the Elder Wand, it hummed with barely contained power in his hand. One of the most powerful aspects of the Elder Wand was its ability to perform magic with the need for a spell. Thinking about what he wanted, the wand seemed to take on a life of its own, guiding his movement and magic to accomplish the task. As the wand moved over her body, Harry felt a pull, almost like a magnet, as the wand tried to bring something to it. Astoria gasped just as he felt whatever the wand was trying to pull fight back. It was like trying to reel in a fish that really didn't want to be caught.

"I think I can get rid of it, but it's probably going to hurt." He warned her.

"Do you really think you can get rid out it?" She asked him, a tangible note of hope in her voice.

"Yes." Harry said confidently.

Astoria took a deep breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, her eyes glinted, face set with determination.

“Do it.” She said firmly, giving him a quick nod.

Harry nodded back and she turned her face towards the ceiling, closing her eyes and bracing herself. Focusing on the wand in his hand, he felt the pull again, only this time much harder. He could feel the curse fighting, trying to move away from him, but the wand was too strong. Astoria writhed in discomfort on the bed as he pulled harder with his magic. A pained whine came from her mouth as thin lines of black sludge began leaking from her eyes, nose, and ears. The skin of her knuckles was white as she gripped the bedding tightly in her clenched fists, beads of sweat forming on her forehead. Pulling harder with his magic, the sludge left her face and moved slowly through the air to gather at the tip of his wand. As the last of the curse left her skin, Astoria’s body sagged in relief, her muscles relaxed, and color returned to her face.

Once all of it was collected into a walnut sized blob at the end of his wand, three hollow cavities formed on the surface, a mouth and two eyes. The narrowed its slits angrily at Astoria and let out a small screech as it tried in vain to jump off of the wand. Harry looked at it curiously, turning his wand back and forth to look at it from all angles. He found it quite strange that it seemed to have a life of its own, acting more like a parasite than a curse.

“Oh Merlin, that thing was in me?” Astoria gasped, looking at the blob in horrified fascination.

“Yup.” Harry said.

Flicking his wand, he sent the blob crashing into the worn rug on the floor and brought his boot down on it with a *thud* and a pained screech from the curse. Grinding it under the ball of his foot a few times, there was nothing left but a small black stain on the rug by the time he was done.

“Well, you should probably have a healer look at you just to make sure, but I’m pretty sure you’ll be fine now.” Harry told her with a smile.

The reality of the situation seemed to suddenly set in for her, and tears of relief fell freely from her eyes. Hopping off of the bed, she pulled him into a tight hug while crying into the crook of his neck.

“Thank you. Thank you.” She chanted over and over.

Harry rubbed her back soothing for a couple of minutes as she worked to get herself under control.

“You might be a bit emotional for the next couple of weeks. Having a curse like that in you for so long can have some strange effect when you get rid of it.” He informed her, thinking back on his own personality changes after getting rid of the Horcrux in his scar.

Astoria and her family had been extremely grateful once the confirmed, with a rather baffled healer, that the curse was indeed gone. It was when they invited him to dinner that he properly met and got to know Daphne. Despite the years they had gone to school together, they had never had a conversation before that day. Harry had pretty much fallen in love with her that day, and eight months later they were married. While their marriage had flourished, the relationship between Astoria and Malfoy had become more strained and distant. He wished he could do something to help her, but unless Malfoy broke the marriage contract somehow, there was nothing they could do. Harry was brought out of his reminiscence when his mother-in-law stood to greet him.

“Harry. It’s good to see you again. You and Daphne really should come visit us more often.” Anastasia Greengrass, a tall, stunning blonde said as she gave him a gentle hug.

“Sorry, Ana. Work has been keeping me busy.” He said, hugging her back.

“Yes, I heard about your little disagreement with the Wizengamot today.” She said as she pulled back, her bright blue eyes sparkling mischievously.

“Wait. How did you hear about it?” Daphne asked, narrowing her eyes suspiciously at him.

Harry scratched the back of his neck self-consciously and looked away. That turned out to be a mistake, as he ended up looking at Astoria who was giggling at him and covering her mouth with her hand.

“Oh, your husband didn’t tell you that he gave the entire Wizengamot a telling off for not letting him go after the Death Eaters he found?” Anastasia asked.

“He didn’t tell me about that part.” Daphne said, crossing her arms over her chest and glaring at him reprovingly.

“Sorry.” Harry muttered, to which Daphne shook her head in exasperation.

“Don’t apologize.” Came the cold, monotone voice of his father-in-law, Edward Greengrass. “They needed it. They’re fools for thinking that those men are no longer a danger to us simply because they are no longer in England.”

Harry nodded at him respectfully and gave Astoria a brief hug before sitting down on a couch. Harry liked his father-in-law, but they weren’t very close. Edward Greengrass was a rather cold and calculating man, who showed very little emotion, even to his family. He wasn’t a bad person by any means, but Harry had a hard time connecting with him. It had always seemed odd to him that he would marry a woman so carefree and playful as Anastasia, but they always seemed happy when he saw them.

“So, why did you call me here, and why did you invite Potter?” Malfoy drawled, looking a bit sullen.

“Harry is here because he is family, and we need to discuss a family matter.” Edward said, his voice firm as he pinned Malfoy with his cold grey eyes.

He took a moment to take a sip from his tumbler filled with an amber liquid, staring at Malfoy as if daring him to speak. Harry had to fight back a smile as he watched him easily put the arrogant little ponce in his place.

“As for why you are here, we need to discuss your marriage contract.” Edward said simply.

“Is there a problem, Father?” Astoria asked, and although her tone was conversational, he could see the slight glint of hope in her eyes.

“I haven’t violated the contract.” Malfoy barked defensively.

“Oh, haven’t you?” Edward asked, a cold smile briefly twitching at the corners of his lips. “One of the main stipulations of the contract was that you would provide Astoria with a child within the first two years of your marriage, and a total of three within ten years, should she survive that long.”

“But that was when she had that blood curse.” Malfoy argued petulantly.

“That doesn’t change the contract.” Edward said simply, taking another sip of his drink. “It has been more than two years and you have yet to provide my daughter with an heir.”

“You can’t just annul our marriage contract over this.” Malfoy yelled angrily.

“No, unfortunately, I can’t.” Edward agreed. “But there are other options available. Since you are either unwilling or unable to provide my daughter with what was promised, I can choose someone to do it for you.”

Harry nearly laughed out loud at the look of impotent rage on Malfoy’s red face.

"Then she'll be violating the infidelity clause and I can break the contract." Malfoy argued back through gritted teeth.

"No, you won't." Edward replied confidently. "I am not a fool Draco. I made sure the contract had provisions for just such a case. You would know that had you read the fine print. This is an exception to the infidelity clause, and even if it wasn't, we both know you won't do anything about it. You need our family name to keep what little credibility you have left. If you lose that, no matter the reason, you're finished."

Malfoy stewed silently in his anger, his face turning a darker red as he glared at Edward, who was unfazed.

"Father, who?" Astoria asked nervously.

"I won't force you to enact this clause, Astoria. I just want to make sure you get the children you were promised." He assured her. "I have chosen Harry, if he and Daphne agree."

"Potter!" Malfoy raged, his eyes bulging.

While Malfoy raged, Harry blinked, nonplused as he looked over at Daphne. Daphne took his hand in hers and leaned close to him.

"Would you be okay with that?" She whispered.

"Would you?" Harry whispered back.

"I just want her to be happy." Daphne said, looking at her sister sadly. "She grew up thinking she was going to die young, and ended up marrying someone she can barely stand because of it. We can't fix her marriage, but we can at least give her the kids she wants, right?"

“Are you sure you don’t want to think about it for a bit. I mean, this is a pretty big decision.” Harry cautioned her.

“I’m sure. Are you okay with it?” She asked.

“I’d be a right git if I said no, wouldn’t I?” Harry said, giving her a small smile.

Daphne smiled back and turned to her father.

“He’ll do it, if it’s what Astoria wants.” She told her father.

Astoria hopped off of the couch she was sitting on and rushed over to Daphne, hugging her tightly.

“Thank you.” She said tearfully, her voice thick with emotion.

“You’re welcome.” Daphne replied.

Malfoy shot up from the couch, his face seething with anger and his fists clenched tightly at his sides.

“You’ll pay for this!” He hissed furiously at Harry, spit flying from his mouth to land on his chin.

Turning sharply, he stomped out of the room and left the house, slamming the door behind him.

“Your old room is free if you want to use it.” Anastasia said to Astoria with a smile.

Astoria smiled back at her and grabbed Harry by the hand, pulling him to his feet.

“Now?” Harry asked incredulously, feeling it would be awkward to have sex with her while his wife and her parents were in the house.

“Go on. Stori probably hasn’t had a good shag in two years.” Daphne said, shooting her sister a teasing smile.

“Draco was my first, I’ve never had a good shag.” Astoria replied, rolling her eyes.

“Don’t worry, Harry will take good care of you.” His wife said, waving her hands at him in a shooing motion.

Harry blushed as Astoria dragged him over to the stairs and up to the second floor. She dragged him into a room that looked like it belonged to a little girl, with a pink bed covered in stuffed animals in the middle. The moment she closed the door behind him, all of her enthusiasm seemed to vanish and she became shy and nervous.

“Oh, sure. You’re fine with you mum basically tell you to have sex with me, but now you get nervous.” Harry said, giving her a playful smile.

“Prat.” She said, smacking his chest with a smile, her shoulders relaxing.

Harry wrapped his arms her and pulled her close. She looked up at him with wide eyes as he leaned down and kissed her passionately. While he loved Daphne, he would be lying if he said he wasn’t attracted to Astoria as well. As they kissed, she relaxed in his arms and kissed him back passionately, her tongue dancing with his. Her hands reached up and she started undoing the buttons of his shirt with nimble fingers. Moments later, he was shrugging off his shirt and letting it fall to the floor. She ran her hands over his chest and abs, her fingers tracing the lines of his well-defined muscles. Harry grabbed the sides of her blue dress and pulled it up. They were forced to break their kiss when he pulled it up an over her head, dropping it to the floor.

He took a moment to take in the sight of her busty, curvy figure clad in only a lace white set of underwear.

Grabbing her round ass, Harry picked her up, drawing a surprised squeak from her lips, and carried her over to the bed. Crawling on to the middle of the mattress, he laid her down and kissed her on the lips passionately. Moving down from her lips, he kissed his way down her chin, neck, and collar bone to her breasts. Sliding his hands under her back, he unclasped her bra and pulled it off, revealing her pale, full breasts capped with light pink nipples. Grabbing a handful of each breast, Astoria let out a low moan as he bent down to kiss, suck and nip at her breasts. Moving down her stomach, he kissed her panties directly over her lips. She bucked her hips, desperate for more contact. Grabbing the waist band of her panties, he pulled them off of her long, smooth legs and tossed them to the floor.

Starting at her knee, Harry kissed his way up her thigh. He could feel the heat of her excited core on his face as the smell of her arousal filled his nostrils. Using his hands to spread her legs wide, he placed a kiss right on top of her clit, hidden by her taunt lips. Astoria threaded her fingers through his hair and pulled him closer as moisture gathered on her lips. Harry stuck out his tongue and ran it between her lips from bottom to top, her pleasant taste coating his tongue. She panted and moaned as he continued to tease her with his lips and tongue, bucking her hips when he neared her clit. Suddenly, Harry wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked hard while furiously flicking his tongue back and forth across it rapidly. Astoria arched her back, thrusting her perky tits into the air, a long, quivering moan leaving her lips. Reaching up with one hand, He squeezed her breast, pinching her nipple firmly and rolling it between his fingers.

Astoria screamed his name as she climaxed, coating his chin in her arousal as it flowed freely out of her. When she collapsed on the bed, panting heavily, Harry sat up and pulled off his trousers quickly, his raging cock bouncing free the moment it was released and standing at attention. Astoria stared at his large cock hungrily as he crawled on top of her and place his bloated head at her entrance. She gasped as he pushed his cock into her tight core, his girth stretching her walls.

“Merlin, you’re tight. Doesn't your husband fuck you?” Harry groaned as he eased into her.

“Not often.” She admitted, closing her eyes to savor the feeling of being truly filled for the first time. “You’re so much bigger than he is.”

Harry smirked as his pride, along with his cock, swelled. Astoria noticed and smile up at him.

“He’s never even given me an orgasm before. You’re ten times the man he is.” She told him before pulling his head down for a kiss.

Holding his cock deep in her clutching depths, h gave her a moment to adjust before he started moving, rocking his hips gently back and forth. She moaned into his mouth as he worked his hips, her smooth, hot walls hugging his length tightly. Before long, they were forced to break the kiss so they could breathe.

“You know, it may take a few tries to get you pregnant.” Harry told her with a playful smile.

“Good.” She replied, staring up at him with a smokey gaze.

Once she was loosened up a bit, Harry picked up his pace, her breasts jiggling on her chest from the impact of his hips slapping against her thighs. With her tightness and the thrill of the situation, Harry knew he wasn’t going to last long.

“I’m going to ruin you for Malfoy.” Hary growled, fucking her harder. “You won’t even be able to feel his tiny cock by the time I’m done with you.”

Astoria gasped as she walls fluttered around him. Supporting his weight on his elbows and toes, Harry slammed his throbbing cock down into her, driving his length into her fluttering core. Far too soon for his liking, he felt his climax approach. Just before he reached his peak, Astoria came, letting loose a quivering moan as her core tightened around him. With a grunt, Harry slammed his cock as deep as it would go and let loose a torrent of hot cum, filling her with his potent seed. As he came down from his peak, Harry continued to rock his hips, keeping himself hard.

As Astoria came down from her climax, she stared at Harry with wide eyes when she realized that he was still hard and still fucking her. Harry smiled at her, wrapped his arms around her

body and rolled them both over so he was on his back and she was on top of him. When she continued to stare at him, he lightly smacked her ass to get her attention.

“If you want that baby, you’re going to have to do some of the work too.” He told her playfully.

She laughed at him and started riding his cock, her large breasts bouncing on her chest. Over the next hour Harry came in her twice more, filling her to the point of leaking each time. When they finally made it back downstairs, Edward had disappeared to his office, while Daphne and Anastasia sat drinking tea at the kitchen table.

“Well, it’s certainly good to know that at least Daphne has a man that knows how to take care of her.” Anastasia said while smirking at him.

Harry paused and raised his eyebrow at her with a questioning look.

“You forgot the silencing charm.” Daphne told him with a smirk.

Harry’s embarrassed look had all three girls laughing at him. Harry sighed and shook his head, but he couldn’t help but smile slightly in pride.

“You ready to go home?” He asked Daphne.

“Sure.” She answered, standing up. “Astoria, why don’t you come by on Friday and stay the weekend?”

Astoria squealed and rushed over to hug her sister excitedly.

“Thank you so much.” She said sincerely.

“You’re welcome, just don’t expect to hog him all to yourself.” Daphne warned.