

Chapter 4

“Uncle Harry!” Victorie yelled excitedly the moment Harry stepped out of the Floo.

Harry smiled and dropped down to one knee, catching the six-year-old girl as jumped into his arms, hugging him tightly.

“Hello sweetie.” He said as she pulled back. “I have something for you.”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a Honeydukes sampler box, containing a variety of different candies they made. Victorie squealed happily and took the box, hugging it to her chest like a cherished treasure.

“Thank you, Uncle Harry! Thank you! Can I have some now?” She asked eagerly, looking at him with her big, sparkling blue eyes.

“After dinner.” Came a familiar voice from behind her.

Harry looked up and smiled as he saw Fleur, as beautiful as ever, leaning against the doorway with her arms crossed over her chest and a smile on her face.

“But maman.” Victoire whine pleadingly.

Harry looked up at Fleur and stuck out his bottom lip, pout at her while struggling to keep a straight face. She sighed and shook her head at them, but there was still a soft smile on her lips.

“You can ‘ave *one*, if you go set zhe table.” She said after a moment.

“Yes maman.” Victorie said happily, skipping into the kitchen with the box of chocolates still clutched to her chest.

“You spoil ‘er too much.” Fleur accused him as she walked over to him.

“I’m her rich uncle, it’s in my job description.” He told her.

She gave a spine-tingling chuckle as she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and hugged him softly, her large breasts pressing into his chest.

“Eet’s good to see you again, mon ami.” She said quietly into his ear.

“Good to see you too, Fleur.” Harry whispered back, hugging her tenderly and rubbing her back.

They stayed like that for a long moment before Fleur pulled back, a small, sad smile on her face.

“How are you holding up?” He asked gently, leading her over to the couch where they sat.

"I'm, better." She answered slowly. "He wasn't around much for the last couple of years anyways. Angelina has been watching Victorie for me during the way while I am at work."

"Have you heard from him lately?" Harry asked as she took his hand in hers and leaned against his shoulder.

"He sent me a letter and a gift for Victorie on her birthday last month. He's still in Egypt and planning to get married to Markus in June." She explained with a sigh.

"I'm so sorry, Fleur." Harry said, hugging her to his side. "You shouldn't have to go through this."

"It's alright." She told him. "I knew things weren't working between us. I just never expected him to leave me for a man. I'm more worried about Victorie. Bill hardly came home to see her when we were married. It's been six months since he last saw her."

"Well, she's still got you." Harry told her reassuringly. "She's got me, she's got your family, and I doubt Molly is going to give up on her granddaughter that easily. She'll always have a family no matter what, I promise."

"Thank you, Harry." Fleur said thickly, kissing him on the cheek.

Smash

“Sorry maman!” Victorie yelled from the kitchen.

With a weary sigh, Fleur started to get up before Harry put a hand on her shoulder and stopped her.

“I got.” He said.

Fleur smiled at him gratefully, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye as he stood up and walked to the kitchen. Victorie had dropped a plate on the floor, shattering it to pieces. She was standing next to the table, looking at him nervously and playing with her dress, looking as if she was expecting to be yelled at.

“It’s fine.” Harry told her, fixing the plate with a wave of his wand and picking it up off the floor. “See, all fixed. Why don’t you go put this one in the sink and get a new one?”

Nodding quickly, Victorie carefully took the plate from him and gently place it in the sink before grabbing a clean one out of the drying rack. As she placed it on the table, he noticed that she had set the table for four people.

“Sweetie, you know you only needed to set three places.” He told her with a smile.

“But what about Aunt Gabbie?” She asked, her face scrunching up cutely.

"She's still coming." Fleur said as she entered the kitchen, her face freshly washed. "She Flooded a few minutes before you got 'ere. I 'ope you don't mind."

"Of course not." Harry said, waving off her concerns. "It'll be great to see her again. I haven't seen Gabrielle in years. How has she been?"

"Good." Fleur said, checking the chicken in the oven. "She just got back from Rome, studying Ancient Runes."

"Ancient Runes?" Harry asked curiously.

"Oui." She answered, pulling vegetables out of the refrigerator to make a salad. "She ees 'oping to get 'er Mastery, but she ees 'aving trouble finding someone to take 'er as an Apprentice."

Victorie tugged on his shirt and looked at him pleadingly as she held up the box of Honeydukes to him. Harry smiled at her, took the box and opened it for her to pick a sweet. Searching for a moment with a look of utmost concentration on her face, she pulled out a Fizzing Whizbee. Popping it into her mouth, Harry could hear the sherbet candy fizz in her mouth before she began floating a few inches off of the ground a couple of seconds later. Victorie giggled, flapping her arms and legs madly as she floated in place. Smiling, Harry left her to her fun as he joined Fleur at the counter and started chopping vegetables next to her as she smiled at him thankfully.

"So, what's Gabrielle doing with Runes?" He asked.

“She needs eet for Enchanting.” Fleur explained. “Gabrielle loves making things with magic. She’s ‘oping to open ‘er own shop een a few years.”

“Good for her.” Harry said, already planning how he could help her.

Despite the fact he rarely got to see her, he had always had a soft spot for Gabrielle ever since he pulled her from the lake during the Tournament. It would be good to see her again, he thought. The last time he had seen her was at Bill and Fleur’s wedding, and then he was to be in disguise for the safety of the attendees, not that it helped much in the end.

“How’s work going for you?” Harry asked, turning his attention back to Fleur.

“Well.” She said proudly with a smile. “I’m now een charge of cataloguing and examining all artifacts zhat are recovered from expeditions.”

“That’s great!” Harry told her excitedly.

“Oui. Zhere are so many interesting artifacts enchanted with spells I ‘ave never seen or ‘eard of before. I’ve started writing a book about zhem.” She told him.

“Really? Have you come across any interesting defensive spells?” He asked curiously.

“Actually-”

“Hello?” Another voice called out, interrupting her.

“In zhe kitchen Gabrielle!” Fleur called out.

A few seconds later, Gabrielle entered the room. As Victorie and Fleur rushed over to greet and hug her, Harry stared at her in shock at the way she looked. Gone was the cute little girl he remembered from the wedding. Now, Gabrielle was a stunningly beautiful young woman, just like her sister. Her golden blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail, showing the striking features of her angelic face. Dressed in a tight t-shirt with a black leather jacket over top and a pair of jeans that looked painted on, her outfit was designed to show off her curvaceous figure. While her breasts weren't as large as Fleur's, they still looked big on her lithe frame as they stood perkily from her chest. The tight, short t-shirt gave him an occasional tantalizing glimpse of her toned stomach when it rode up as she moved. As she turned to hug Fleur, their breasts pressing together, his eyes traveled down her thin waist as it flared out to her wide hips and her round protruding ass. He was only just getting over his shock when she turned to him.

“Arry!” She exclaimed happily.

Skiping over to him, her perky tits bounced enticingly under her shirt as she gave him a brilliant smile. Her breasts were squashed against his chest as she hugged him tightly. He had to fight down his arousal as he hugged her back, his arms wrapping around her thin body.

“Eet's so good to see you again.” She said softly into his ear, her warm breath ghosting over his neck and causing the hairs to stand on end.

“Good to see you too, Gabbie.” Harry said in return.

She continued to hug him for a little longer than he expected, not that he minded, before she finally pulled back. Her bright blue eyes sparkled joyously as she stared him, her hands resting on his shoulders. Harry couldn't help but stare back at her with a bright smile on his face, his hands resting on her hips. He didn't know how long they stood like that before Fleur's tinkling laughter brought them back to reality. Jerking his hands away as if burned, Harry cleared his throat and ran a hand through his hair self-consciously as Fleur continued to smirk at him and Gabrielle blushed. Fortunately, the awkward moment was broken when Victorie let out a loud belch and landed lightly on the floor, the levitation potion in the sweet having run its course.

Victorie had a surprised look on her face, her mouth hanging open in an O shape as she covered it with her dainty hand. It was such a cute expression that he, along with Fleur and Gabrielle, couldn't resist laughing at her. With his embarrassment forgotten, he went back to helping Fleur prepare dinner. It was a long evening full of talk and laughter as they talked throughout dinner, catching up, telling stories, and reminiscing about old memories. As the night grew late, Victoire was sent off to bed and Harry, Fleur and Gabrielle retreated to the living room with a bottle of wine.

"Ow long will you be staying Gabrielle?" Fleur asked, settling into the loveseat comfortably.

"Actually, I was 'oping to stay with you for a while." She said, tucking her legs under her on the couch next to Harry. "I thought I could keep you company while I look for someone to 'elp me wiz my Rune Mastery. Eef you don't mind, of course."

"Of course not." Fleur said, waving off her concerns. "You can stay as long as you like. I would love to 'ave you here, and I know Victorie would love to spend more time wiz her favorite aunt."

"You're still looking for someone to teach you Runes?" Harry asked Gabrielle as she smiled happily at her sister.

"Oui." She said, sighing in frustration. "All of zhe Maters I 'ave found already 'ave Apprentices."

"I could talk to Professor Babbling at Hogwarts for you. I don't think she has an Apprentice right now." Harry offered.

"Really? Zhat would be wonderful, 'Arry. Zhank you!" She exclaimed happily.

Gabrielle leaned over and hugged him tightly, her large breasts enveloping his arms. Letting him go suddenly, she jumped up from the couch and ran over to her sister, hugging her as well.

"I'm going to go get my zhings from the 'otel. Zhis ees wonderful." She said excitedly.

Before either of them could say anything, Gabrielle dashed over to the fireplace and disappeared in a flash of green flames. Harry blinked bemusedly and looked over at Fleur before they both let out a small laugh. When they calmed, Fleur straightened and looked at him seriously.

"You know she is going to ask to become one of your mistresses." She told him.

"She told you that?" Harry asked in surprise.

“No, but I know my sister. She’s been in love wiz you ever since you pulled her out of that lake.” She said, looking at him closely. “She won’t give up so long as zhere ees a chance.”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair. It wasn’t that he objected to Gabrielle joining his growing family, in fact he would be quite glad to have her. It wasn’t just him that would be affected though.

“Well, it’d really be move up to the girls than me if she joins the family.” Harry told her. “Would it bother you?”

“No, of course not.” She said, shaking her head. “I just don’t want to see ‘er get hurt.”

Harry got up and sat down next to her on the loveseat, turned slightly to face her. “I can’t promise anything until I talk to the girls, but I can promise you that I won’t do anything to hurt her if I can help it at all.”

“I know.” She said simply, giving him a small smile briefly.

It took Harry a few seconds to work up the courage for what he wanted to say next.

“You know, when we were talking about possible mistresses, your name came up.” He told her, reaching over to take her hand in his. “We’d love to have you as part of the family, if you want to.”

Fleur gripped his hand firmly and smiled at him.

“Thank you, but I’m not ready to be in another relationship yet.” She said, a hint of sadness in her voice.

“I understand.” Harry said. “If you change your mind...”

“I’ll let you know.” Fleur said with a nod.

Harry smiled at her and gave her hand one last squeeze before he let go and stood up.

“Well, it’s late and I should get home, besides, I should probably warn the girls to expect a visit from hurricane Gabbie soon.” He said jokingly.

Fleur giggled as she stood up and gave him a hug. When she pulled back, she grabbed his hand to stop him from turning away.

“Can you do something for me before you go?” She asked.

“Of course.” Harry answered without hesitation.

“Will you kiss me?” She asked, looking uncharacteristically vulnerable. “Just pretend zhat you love me? I want to remember what eet feels like.”

Harry smiled at her affectionately, his hand coming up to stroke her cheek and push a few strands of hair behind her ear as he leaned forward. Her warm breath washed over his face as he brushed his lips against hers softly. With his hands on her hips, he pulled her body against his, wrapping his arms around her back as he held her pressed against him. The speed of Fleur’s breathing increased with her excitement when Harry kissed her full, soft lips again, this time more firmly. Her fingers clutched the hair at the back of his head as she pressed her body firmly against his and she kissed him back hungrily, her tongue slipping between his lips. It was a slow, languid kiss, his tongue caressing hers while his hands trailed up and down her back.

It was quite a while before they broke apart, their foreheads touching. Fleur kept her eyes closed and her mouth partially open as she breathed deeply, her entire body radiating contentment. Harry was unable to resist placing on last, brief kiss on her plump pink lips.

“I don’t need to pretend.” Harry told her softly.

Fleur opened her eyes and gave him a watery smile, her eyes glistening.

“I-” She said, cutting herself off, voice choked with emotion.

“It’s alright.” He said, stroking her back soothingly. “When you’re ready.”

“Zhank you.” She said thickly, looking at him gratefully.

Leaning forward, she kissed him softly, her lips lingering on his for several seconds.

“Gabrielle will be back soon.” She said quietly, her eyes locked with his.

Kissing her on the cheek, he hugged her and held her gently in his arms. They stayed like for much longer than he intended, not that he was complaining. When they finally pulled apart, Harry gave her one last smile before making his way to the fireplace and Flooing home.

Fleur proved right in her guess about Gabrielle’s intentions when she showed up the next morning after he had gone to work. Hermione Flooed him and let him know that she and the other girls were going to take her out to lunch and get to know her better. Harry was anxious to find out what was going to happen the whole day. Frankly, he was hoping his girls would allow Gabrielle to join their family. Not only was she beautiful, but she brought a spark of innocent joyfulness to his life that he sorely missed.

Finally, his work was finished, and Harry headed home for the day. Stepping out of the Floo, He laughter coming from the sitting room down the hall. Making his way there, he found Hermione, Lavender, Sue, Katie, and Gabrielle were lounging around the room, talking and laughing happily. They didn’t notice him at first, so Harry leaned against the doorway with a smile on his face as he watched them for a few moments. Hermione was the first to spot him, jumping off the couch and running over to him with a smile on her face.

“Harry!” She greeted him happily.

Smiling, Harry rested his hands on her hips as she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. When she tried to pull back, her pert little bum and pulled her to him tightly,

kissing her passionately. Hermione let out a surprised squeal, muffled by his mouth, but kissed him back just as aggressively. The rest of the girls giggled, cheered, and whistled at them. When they finally broke the kiss, Hermione looked slightly dazed, and Harry couldn't help but smirk down at her.

"So, how was your day?" Harry asked, a hint of smugness in his voice.

"Good." Hermione said, her voice cracking slightly.

"How was your lunch with Gabrielle?" He asked, leading her over to the couch and sitting down next to the girl they were talking about.

"It went well." She said, looking over at Gabrielle as they smiled at each other.

Gabrielle slid off the couch and on to her knees and then moved between his legs. Harry looked at her with a raised eyebrow as she undid his belt and started opening his pants.

"Er, should we give you two some privacy?" Hermione asked, looking slightly uncomfortable.

Despite that fact that it was her idea to take advantage of the laws regarding line continuation and to have as many wives and mistresses as possible, she hadn't actually watched him have sex with another woman. He wondered if this might be more than she bargained for.

“Non.” Gabrielle said quickly, putting her hand on Hermione’s thigh to stop her from leaving.
“Stay, please.”

“Okay.” Hermione said after a moment, settling back on the couch.

Harry took her hand in his, rubbing his thumb along the back of her hand soothingly as he turned his attention back to Gabrielle. She opened his pants and pulled out his slowly stiffening member, staring at it with an enraptured look as she stroked him to hardness. Meanwhile, his other girls joined them on the couch. Katie sat down on his right, and Lavender sat to his left on the opposite side of Hermione, while Sue sat on the floor between Katie’s legs. They all watched intently as Gabrielle opened her mouth and took the head of his rigid length between her pouty pink lips. Harry closed his eyes, laying his head on the back of the couch as he let out a deep, pleased groan.

Bobbing her head up and down, the top half of his length was enveloped in the wonderful feeling of her hot, wet mouth as she sucked lightly, moving leisurely. With his free hand, Harry reached up and combed his fingers through her silky soft hair, his fingertips lightly trailing over her scalp. Harry grunted in surprise, his hips bucked involuntarily when her head descended all the way down in one slow, smooth motion, burying the entirety of his cock in her throat.

“Whoa, how’d you do that?” Lavender asked, her voice holding a note of awe.

Somehow, even with her lips stretched wide around his girth, Gabrielle managed to smirk around his shaft as she slowly pulled her mouth up and off of him.

“I am Veela.” She said, playfully smug.

“Can you teach me?” Lavender asked eagerly.

“Oui. I weel teach you later.” She said, her hand gliding over his spit slickened cock.

Lavender smiled brightly, bouncing in place excitedly as Hermione rolled her eyes with a small smile on her lips. As Gabrielle took him in her mouth once again, Harry let go of Hermione’s hand and grabbed two handfuls of her lustrous blonde hair. Her bright blue eyes sparkled as she looked up at him lustfully. Giving her a smirk, Harry began pushing her head up and down his shaft at a quick, steady pace. Her tongue writhed along the underside of his cock as she sucked lightly. Bucking his hips, he fed his straining length into her throat repeatedly, a wet sucking sound coming from her mouth every time his head left her throat.

“Katie!” Hermione gasped in a scandalized tone.

“What? That’s hot.” Katie said.

Turning to look as he continued to pump his cock into Gabrielle’s spasming throat, he saw Katie had her hand down her opened pants and was rubbing herself. As he went to turn his attention back to Gabrielle, he saw Lavender stand up and pull her dress up and over her head, leaving her in only a pair of bright pink panties before those too fell to the floor.

“Lavender!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Oh, lighten up, Hermione.” She said, sitting back down on the couch with her legs spread as she fingered herself. “You had to know something like this was going to happen at some point.”

“But-” Hermione started, only to stop when both Katie and Sue began striping as well.

She looked lost and flustered as she looked at between the three naked women and the blonde on her knees, sucking her husband’s cock. Harry began to fear this would all be too much for her, and she might change her mind about everything. Then, she did something that surprised him. Sighing, she stood up and started stripping out of her clothes.

“That’s the spirit!” Katie cheered.

As Hermione sat down, naked, Harry smiled proudly at her and leaned over to kiss her lovingly. Gabrielle pulled his attention back to her by driving his cock all the way down her throat and wiggling her head side to side. Harry groaned into his wife’s mouth and pulled back from the kiss to look down at her as her eyes smiled up at him.

“You know, I think we might be overdressed.” Harry told her.

Pulling her mouth slowly up the length of his cock, her lips made a loud *pop* as she pulled off of him and stood up. Holding out her hand, Harry took it and she helped him to his feet. Quickly, they undressed each other, and Harry took a moment to take in her incredible body. She was quite thin, with an athletic build and she had large, incredibly perky breasts with slightly upturned, pale pink nipples. It was almost unreal the way her breasts defied gravity and jutted out from her chest. Her thin waist flared out deliciously to a set of wide hips and a protruding ass. It looked as if someone had designed the perfect body and then made it real. Harry was drawn out of his lustful staring when she reached forward and grabbed his rigid cock, stroking him lightly.

Harry opened his hand and his wand leaped up from his clothes to smack into his hand. With a quick wave, he turned the low coffee table into a large, fluffy bed that took up most of the room. Striding forward, he picked up Gabrielle and set her down on the bed. Kissing her hungrily, he reached up, cupping her breasts and groping them firmly as he slipped his tongue into her mouth. She moaned into his mouth, her hand continuing to stroke his spit-soaked cock while he took his time caressing and exploring her body. Grabbing her shoulders, Harry broke the kiss and spun her around and laid her down flat so that she was on her back and her head was hanging over the edge of the bed.

Grabbing his cock by the base, he fed it into her open mouth and pushed straight down her throat. Groaning, he held himself there for a long moment before pulling back and fucking her throat with slow but long, deep thrusts. Long, thick strings of saliva stuck to his shaft and her lips as he drove his cock in and out of her throat. Reaching forward, he grabbed her breasts, squeezing and groping them while he watched her thin, delicate neck bulged around his girth each time he fed it into her throat. When she didn't show any sign of strain, Harry increased his pace, her chin bouncing off of his stomach. Occasionally, he paused, giving her a moment to suck in a much-needed breath before sinking his length back into her gullet.

Gripping her smooth, round breasts tightly, his cock throbbed as her felt his climax rapidly building. Pulling his slimy, spit coated cock out of her mouth, he gave her a few moments to catch her breath before pushing back in and fucking her face as if it was her pussy.

Shluck Shluck Shluck

A loud, wet sound came from her ravaged throat as his body tensed and his cock swelled in her tight, spasming gullet. With a roar, Harry came, burying his cock in her throat and firing streaks of hot cum directly into her stomach. He held himself there, his spit covered balls resting on her nose as his climax waned. When Gabrielle put his hands on his thighs and pushed him back lightly, he finally pulled his spent, but still hard length out of her throat. As he tried to pull his wilting cock out of her mouth, she grabbed his ass and stopped him, her lips wrapped tightly around his head as she sucked hard, drawing every last drop from his shaft. Swirling her tongue around his head, Harry became too sensitive and pulled out of her mouth with a hiss.

Wiping the spit off her face, Gabrielle sat up and smiled at him before looking over his shoulder and letting out a giggle. Turning around, he saw that Lavender was on her knees, face buried between Hermione's legs. Hermione's chest rose and fell sharply as she panted, her medium-sized, perky breasts jiggling with each breath as she watched him and Gabrielle intently. Harry gave her a lopsided grin and winked at her. Maybe his dream of having massive orgies with all of his girls wasn't as impossible as he had thought.

Turning back to Gabrielle, he climbed onto the bed and pushed her down on all fours. She looked over her shoulder at him, a lustful gleam in her eyes as he ran his hands across her firm, round cheeks. He turned her slightly so that both of them were facing the couch so he could watch them while fucking Gabrielle. Grabbing his cock, he drove his length swiftly into her dripping entrance, forcing a loud moan from her mouth. Harry kept his eyes locked with Hermione's as he began hammering in and out of her, his hands splaying her cheeks apart. Hermione panted even harder, her hands gripping Lavender's curly hair tightly and pulling her face firmly into her pussy.

Glancing down, Harry watched her taunt slit stretch open to accommodate his thick cock, her pink lips clinging tightly to his glistening shaft. When her head dropped down to the mattress, he grabbed a handful of her hair again and slammed into her roughly, his hips making a loud *clap* as they bounced off of her jiggling ass. She let out a wanton moan as he pulled her head back, forcing her to face the girls on the couch. Suddenly, Hermione let out a gasp, followed by a quivering moan as she came, her arousal drenching Lavender's mouth and chin. Harry slammed into Gabrielle even harder as he watched his wife cum on another woman's tongue, her breasts trembling as her body shook from the overwhelming pleasure.

Focusing his attention back on the writhing, moaning girl under him, he noticed her wrinkled hole winking at him as he plowed into her. A mischievous smile pulled at the corner of his lips. Looking up at Sue, who was sitting on the floor, her legs spread wide as she fingered herself furiously, he crooked his finger, beckoning her over. Sue jumped to her feet and dashed over to him, eagerly climbing on to the bed and waiting with her hands on her knees for his next instruction. Smiling affectionately at her, he pulled her close and kissed her passionately before putting his lips next to her ear.

“Get her ass ready for me.” He whispered into her ear.

Panting with excitement, Sue leaned over Gabrielle’s back, her small breasts and hard brown nipples pressing into the swell of her ass as she gently spread open her cheeks. Sue’s stuck out her tongue and tentatively licked Gabrielle’s puckered hole. She pulled back sharply in surprise when Gabrielle let out a gasp. Hesitantly, she licked her again, this time drawing a moan from her lips. Growing more confident, she slipped her tongue in deeper and soon added one finger, then a second, drawing more pleased gasps and groans from Gabrielle. Harry was so turned on by what was happening that it quickly pushed him towards another climax, his balls churning as it built. He fought to hold off as long as he could, pounding his rigid, throbbing cock in and out of Gabbie’s hot, fluttering pussy as hard as he could, trying to bring her to orgasm before he did.

It was close, but Harry was able to hold out just long enough to hear her let out a scream as her walls spasmed around him and she came. Harry grunted as he let go, his cock pulsing as he flooded her quivering walls with numerous jets of hot white cum. Gabrielle soaked his shaft in her arousal, her body shaking so hard her arms and legs gave out, and she collapsed flat on the bed. Harry fell out of her, one last spurt of cum shooting out of his pulsing cock to land in Sue’s sleek black hair as she followed her down. Harry fell back on his ass, panting to catch his breath as he watched Sue continue to lick Gabrielle’s ass, her fingers pumping in and out, stretching her open to reveal her delicate pink insides.

Glancing over at the couch, he eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he saw Hermione laying down on her back with Lavender kneeling over her head. Lavender had a tight grip on her bushy brown hair as she ground her pussy on her face. It was an incredible sight that had his spent cock jerking back to life. Katie, meanwhile, had Conjured or Transfigured a rather large dildo and was busy pumping it in and out of herself with a dazed look on her face. When she noticed him looking, she pulled the dildo out of her pussy and brought it up to her mouth, sucking the top half clean with a wicked look in her eyes before sinking it back in. Harry smiled at her and stroked his slick length.

Turning back to Gabrielle, he tapped Sue on the head. She looked up at him with a smile as she moved out of the way and walked back over to the couch. Sitting back down between Katie's legs, she went right back to fingering herself furiously as she watched him intently. Crawling over to Gabrielle, Harry grabbed his rigid cock by the base and pressed the tip against her back door. With a firm push, his head popped into her tight ring, stretching it open around his girth. Gabrielle gasped and moaned loudly as he slowly sank into her hot, tight depths. Slowly and gently, he thrust into her, gradually going deeper each time he pushed back in. Eventually, he bottomed out, closing his eyes to savor the incredible heat and tightness of her grasping walls.

Lying flat over top of her, he drew his full length back until only the head remained and then slowly sank back into her. Gabrielle let out a trembling moan as he repeated the process over and over again, gradually gaining speed each time. Soon, Harry was slamming it her like a jackhammer, pulling out until only the tip remained before slamming the full length of his cock into her ass. His hips clapped loudly off her ass each time he bottomed out, her body being forced into the mattress before bouncing back up. Gabrielle let out cute, short grunts every time he filled her, her hands clawing at the sheets.

Suddenly, she let out a loud scream, her walls clamping down on him tightly. His muscles strained as he continued to plow into her. Her arousal soaked the bed as it sprayed out of her in copious amounts. Looking down at her face, it was a rictus of pleasure, her eyes scrunched up and her mouth hanging open as sharp pants and loud moans left her lips. As her climax waned and she calmed, Harry continued to slam his throbbing length into her at a brutal pace, his hips bouncing off of her tight ass with a loud, wet clap. Before she calmed completely, another climax ripped through her, sending her into a second screaming, shaking orgasm. Her walls spasmed and tightened around him again as she sprayed and soaked the bed for a second time.

Harry grunted and groaned as she quivering walls pulled him towards his own orgasm. Growling, he gently bit and sucked on the skin of her shoulder as he came, marking her and claiming her third and final hole, filling it with his cum. Gabrielle let out a trembling coo as her legs shook uncontrollably, quivering wildly under him as he rested most of his weight on her. When his climax was finished, he rolled over onto his back and huffed for air, exhausted. Gabrielle groaned as she shifted over to him, curling up to his side and resting her head on his shoulder. Moments later, Katie, Sue, Hermione, and Lavender crawled onto the bed with them.

As Harry wrapped his arm around his wife, Katie laid next to her while Lavender cuddled up to Gabrielle and began to caress her body experimentally.

Sue, on the other hand, laid between Harry's legs and took his limp cock in her mouth, licking and sucking him clean. Groaning at the feeling, he drifted off to sleep, his dreams full of images of lying in bed, surrounded by his girls while they pleased him and each other. Curiously, there were a few new women that he recognized, but never expected to see as part of his growing family.