

Commission 8
Empty Nesters
Fandom: Harry Potter

Chapter Tags: Cuckolding, SubHarry, BiHarry, Chastity, SPH, Creampie, Cum eating, humiliation, punishment, Interracial, Older man, Daddy kink

King's Cross was always hectic this time of year.

Families crowded the platform in a restless, shifting mass—trunks rattling over uneven stone pavers, owls hooting in protest from their cages, and pet Kneazels weaving in between hurried feet. Voices overlapped in a constant din of last-minute instructions, reassurances, and tearful farewells, punctuated by the occasional hiss of steam from the great scarlet engine waiting impatiently at the platform's edge. It was loud, chaotic, and, to Draco's eye, entirely lacking in dignity or any sense of decorum.

It was the first day of term and, unfortunately, the children were still forced to partake in this ridiculous ritual with the Hogwarts Express rather than apparating or taking a Portkey like *proper* witches and wizards.

Unfortunately for him, Hogwarts remained under the unsteady stewardship of buffoons.

If I were in charge...

He shook his head, dispelling the thought.

One step at a time...

He observed the scene with a faint, derisive curl to his lips, making no real effort to conceal it, as Astoria tearfully embraced a clearly uncomfortable Scorpius and a trembling Cassiopeia, drawing them close to her frail chest.

He tried not to roll his eyes at the theatrics. He had already done his part.

A stiff nod to each of them, a hefty purse-ful of galleons for pocket money.

Why do they always have to be so difficult...?

He'd withdrawn after seeing his progeny off, joining Crabbe, Goyle, Nott, and Zabini, all gathered out of the way after seeing off their own children.

They'd greeted each other with muted nods. It was all rather low energy, with few words exchanged.

The reason for that was the same as it was every other year.

Their attention had been brutally snatched, almost against their will. Their gazes had been drawn to the other side of the platform, where the *less reputable* families gathered.

Drawn, specifically, to one person.

One woman.

Daphne... *Potter*.

This time, Draco did not bother masking the sneer that touched his lips as his gaze settled on the *saviour* of the Wizarding World.

And his *wife*.

She stood with her children—all three of them—the picture of composed motherhood. Daphne was reserved and aloof at the best of times, though her children seemed uniquely able to wrestle small smiles from her jealously-held cool facade regardless.

She did not cling to them as her sister did.

But neither did she keep them at a distance, as had once been her habit.

‘I don’t get it.’

Draco turned, one brow lifting slightly.

Before he could ask, Goyle gave a low grunt of agreement, somehow understanding exactly what Crabbe meant from those three scant words.

‘I swear she looks better every time I see her.’

Draco’s lips pressed thin.

Ah.

That.

He looked back at Daphne Potter—and felt the old, familiar irritation stir in his chest.

His supposed *betrothed*.

Not that anyone but their fathers—and Daphne herself, he supposed, unless Lord Greengrass hadn’t seen fit to inform her—had known of the arrangement.

A secret he’d be taking to his grave—he didn’t think he could bear the mocking if that ever got out. He could only hope Daphne had been equally circumspect.

Through their infrequent run-ins at the Ministry, Potter had never mentioned it, so Draco could either thank the poor relationship between husband and wife, or father and daughter.

His money was on the latter, given who she married...

‘I’ve seen better.’

All of them turned to Zabini at once, expressions ranging from disbelief to outright scepticism.

As much as it galled him to admit it, Zabini *was* reaching.

Embarrassingly so.

Despite dressing like some Muggle harlot—clothing that clung to her as though painted on, her neckline scandalously low given she was surrounded by *children*—even Draco could not deny his sister-in-law’s beauty.

How could she lower herself for someone like Potter?

The question had never stopped gnawing at him.

‘Veela don’t count,’ Crabbe muttered, not once taking his eyes off Potter’s... *wife*. ‘They’re cheaters.’

Blaise drew in a breath to argue—then exhaled and shrugged, conceding the point.

‘Fair enough.’

Across the platform, Daphne placed her hands lightly atop the heads of her two youngest—Albus and Lily—while Potter himself engaged in some idiotic display with his eldest, James, boxing before wrapping him in a headlock like the buffoon he was.

No decorum. No class...

The youngest began to cry.

And they were all witness to something Draco would once have thought impossible.

Daphne Greengrass—showing *warmth*.

She bent down—favouring them all a *fantastic* view—and picked her up, holding the child against that ample chest of hers. The little one clung to her like an actual monkey, sobbing as her mother ran her hands through her flowing, golden locks.

‘Bloody hell... look at that arse...’

‘Don’t be obscene,’ Nott snapped, sharp and immediate.

Draco said nothing.

Though he found himself in rare agreement with Goyle.

It really was vulgar, the way she dressed for attention. Like a harlot, rather than the mother of three and matriarch of an ancient pureblood line like she was.

Even if said line had been *sullied* by the previous generation...

And Potter simply... *allowed* it.

He allowed his wife, the mother of his children, to parade herself before the entire world. Too weak to put a stop to it, too shameless to care that it reflected poorly on his family name.

He doesn’t deserve her.

‘I bet I could have her in bed within the hour. Two, tops.’

Draco didn't bother to turn at Blaise's bold proclamation.

He didn't need to.

The others were quick to call him on his overinflated bravado without any input from him.

He was met with derisive snorts and disbelieving eye-rolls. He didn't blame his old friends—Blaise's boast might have been more believable if the last time they'd encountered each other in public hadn't ended in the dark-skinned man fleeing the venue at the mere *possibility* of being caught playing a barely-legal game of cards...

Zabini has always been all talk...

'What? I could.'

'You've been saying that for years,' Crabbe grumbled, irritation clear in his tone. 'Yet here you are, perving on *Lady* Potter like the rest of us.'

'Don't lump me in with the rest of you,' Nott snapped, annoyance flashing across his face as Crabbe and Goyle chuckled.

Draco watched her as well—though for entirely different reasons.

He remembered.

The disdain. The quiet, cutting contempt Greengrass had held not just for him, but for *all* of them, back at Hogwarts.

How had Potter managed to tame that shrew?

How had he convinced her to forsake her family?

For *him*?

It seemed he wasn't the only one asking such questions.

'But why *Potter*?' Crabbe all but whined, the undignified note of petulance unmistakable. 'What's he got that we didn't? Don't make no sense.'

As much as Draco wanted to reprimand him, to call him out for sounding like a ridiculous child, he couldn't deny he had asked himself the same thing every time he laid eyes on the perpetually enchanting mother of three.

'Don't be a fool,' Nott said sharply. 'The Greengrasses were in shambles after the war. Spurned on one side for past associations, cut off on the other for their neutrality. Potter was the best match she could have made. That isn't even in doubt.'

As much as Draco hated to admit it, Nott was right. As usual. Even if he wasn't so sure that had been in her calculus.

It had taken him *years* to undo the damage his parents' association with the Dark Lord had inflicted upon their name. Years of careful manoeuvring. Of calculated risk-taking and targeted philanthropy.

And now—after nearly two decades of hard work—the Malfoys stood in a better position within the community than his father had ever had them, even without the burden of a ruined reputation.

But it had taken time.

Effort.

By contrast, the world had been handed to Potter on a silver platter.

He had been ushered effortlessly to the very top of society.

And Daphne had risen alongside him.

And what had *he* done with that advantage?

Settled for becoming an *Auror*, of all things.

The limit of his narrow ambitions was to be a loyal Ministry *lapdog*.

He doesn't deserve her...

'How do you think she got so tanned?' Blaise mused idly, proving, as ever, how simple-minded he was. 'I swear she used to be as pale as Astoria. Doubt she gets much sun looking after those kids and running that little apothecary of hers. Not in London, anyway.'

'Probably inherited a place or two in France or Spain from his godfather,' Goyle suggested, then winced as he realised the sore spot he'd inadvertently dragged up. He turned to Draco, an apologetic cringe on his face. 'Sorry.'

Draco gave no outward sign of the irritation that flared at the mention.

That particular wound had never fully healed.

Blaise, perhaps recognising the shift in his mood, was quick to redirect.

'What I wouldn't give to know what she's like in the sack...' he said, voice dropping slightly. 'You think he ties her up? I remember she had a mouth on her. Probably has to gag her, I'd wager. Otherwise she'd be spitting venom at you the whole time.'

Crabbe and Goyle laughed, low and crude.

Nott rolled his eyes skyward, as though silently appealing for patience. As if he were above all this childish posturing.

Draco...wasn't as above it all as he wished.

Discreetly adjusting his robes, he was thankful how well they were at masking his awkward, untimely erection.

He loved his wife.

Truly.

Astoria had given him two heirs. She conducted herself with perfect decorum. She was everything he had ever been taught to value in a wife.

And yet...

He would be lying to himself if he claimed his thoughts had never strayed to the places Blaise had so crudely dragged into the open.

These were not things he would ever do with his own wife. He would not debase her in such a manner.

But the countless women and whores he had entertained over the years were another matter entirely.

They were transactional. Temporary.

There to serve a purpose—to take his coin, then leave.

And in those moments...where he let himself succumb to weakness and to sate his lusts, he would bind his lovers in rope, pull their hair, marr their skin and, when he closed his eyes...it wasn't his wife he fantasized about doing this with.

It was *always* her.

His sister-in-law.

Bound beneath him, at his mercy, her mouth gagged but her eyes smouldering with desire and defiance as his cock drove in and out of her relentlessly.

Sometimes...he even fantasized Potter in the room too, equally bound. Forced to watch as Draco took his woman just as Potter had taken her from *him*.

He burned with envy at the thought of his old rival being able to experience that indecent body of hers freely. And with the way she dressed and carried herself? He bet Potter didn't need to sneak around with whores either—not when he had one living at home...

Draco wondered, not for the first time, what Nott would think if he could see inside his mind.

Given the direction of those thoughts...

He suspected the look would be far worse than the one currently aimed at Zabini, Crabbe, and Goyle.

The Express' horn blared, a long, piercing note that cut cleanly through the din—calls for the final boarding.

It was time for the students to be off to Hogwarts.

Draco spared a glance toward his own family as Astoria clung to Scorpius and Cassiopeia for one last tearful farewell, but his attention was—as ever—drawn elsewhere.

Across the platform.

To *them*.

His jaw tightened as he watched Daphne lean back into her husband's chest, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Potter's arm settled easily about her waist, the gesture casual. Familiar.

Possessive.

They stood that way as their children boarded, a quiet, effortless picture of contentment amidst the chaos.

For years, Draco had told himself a more palatable story.

That Potter had somehow deceived her. Pressured her. Taken advantage of circumstance to win the ultimate prize—Daphne Greengrass' hand in marriage.

He'd told himself that she'd settled. That it had never been her *true* choice, only one she was forced to make out of self-preservation.

But the truth was anything but... and painfully obvious.

Even now.

Even after all these years.

They were happy. *Obviously*.

Not performatively. Not for show.

Genuinely.

The perfect couple, with their bright, overachieving children and their infuriatingly seamless life.

And Draco?

Draco had everything he was meant to want.

A proper, beautiful wife of his own.

A family name and legacy restored through blood, sweat and tears.

Competent and clever children to carry it all forward.

And yet...

The sinister, errant thought once more came unbidden, sharp and unwelcome, like acid roiling in his gut.

She should have been mine!

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His wife settled against his chest, her body going slack as she leaned fully into him, as though the tension of the morning had finally bled out of her.

Her husband. Her rock.

Around them, the sea of humanity that was platform 9 ¾ at the start of term was beginning to dissipate as families trickled back out into London proper once their children had disappeared into the Express. The earlier chaos was thinning into something more intimate and manageable.

They watched as their children moved together along the length of the train, weaving between open doors and hanging trunks, James leading his siblings with exaggerated confidence. Their protector and guide both.

He's so adorable when he tries to act responsible...

'Are they still staring?'

Harry snorted softly, dipping his head to press a kiss into her hair, catching the faint scent of whatever floral nonsense she'd decided to wear that morning. 'Yup.'

Daphne exhaled, long and put-upon. Like someone who had had to deal with this entire life. 'Disgusting.'

A whistle shrilled somewhere down the platform, sharp enough to cut through the noise, and Harry huffed a quiet laugh, his arm tightening around her waist as a group of parents jostled past behind them.

'What? You don't like it when Malfoy and his cronies ogle you like a piece of meat? Merlin, you've *changed*.'

Her elbow drove back into his side with practiced precision.

'Ooft—what? If you don't want them looking, maybe *don't* wear a top that's got your baps practically spilling out of it.'

He twisted just in time to avoid the second jab, though he could feel the ghost of it brush his ribs.

‘Prick.’

‘You should’ve seen James’ face when he caught his mates staring at you,’ Harry went on, ignoring both the physical and verbal jab as a grin spread at the memory. ‘Poor kid looked ready to start headbutting. Best thing about being an orphan? Never having to deal with my mates wanting to shag my mum.’

That did it.

She spun in his arms, eyes narrowing, the movement bringing her just enough out of his hold to properly glare up at him. He tried for innocence, his eyes wide and blinking slowly with a “who, me?!” expression on his face, but his mouth betrayed him.

‘They were *not!*’

Harry barked out a laugh, loud enough that a passing couple glanced their way before going back to minding their own business.

‘Babe, they were practically *drooling*. Their mums had to cuff them. Face it—you’re the “yummy mummy” of Hogwarts. Jamesie’s been condemned to an entire *year* of his mates telling him how much they wanna suck your—’

‘Finish that sentence,’ she said coolly, ‘and you’re staying home while I go on this cruise *alone*.’

The words hit different. Not because of what she’d said, but the *implication*.

Harry’s expression shifted in an instant.

His grip tightened, drawing her back into him, one hand settling more firmly at the small of her back as he leaned down, brushing a quick kiss against the tip of her nose.

‘I bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you?’

For a moment, something sharp flickered in her gaze—something *hungry*—but just as quickly, it was smoothed away. Though he still felt it in her body. Her tense muscles, her smouldering eyes.

People often said his wife's crystal-blue eyes were like two-chips of ice.

Those people, Harry assumed, just didn't know Daphne as well as they thought they did.

Or never got close enough to know better—and given how prickly his wife could be... fair enough.

Because there was *nothing* icy about her eyes when she was like this. They reminded him more of twin pools of blue-white *fire*.

He had to physically restrain himself from bending Daph over and shagging her right there, in front of the Express, in front of Malfoy and his twat friends, in front of *everyone*.

Oh fuck, not here. Not like this.

The train gave a heavy, metallic lurch somewhere behind them, the sound reverberating through the platform as doors began to slam shut one by one.

And then, suddenly, his wife whispered something up at him and the spell was broken.

'Have I been a good mother?'

Harry blinked.

The question cut clean through the moment, the non-sequitor jarring enough that it took him a second to recalibrate.

He pulled back slightly, enough to look at her properly—not just her plump lips or smouldering eyes, but her entire face.

There was something...*off* there.

Not uncertainty, exactly. At least not entirely.

But something... searching.

‘You’ve been the best,’ he said, voice firm, certain. ‘And not a half-bad wife either.’

Her lips parted, teeth catching briefly at bottom one as she nibbled uncertainly, and then—unexpectedly—her arms slid up around his neck, drawing him closer again.

‘I’m very much looking forward to this holiday.’

The way she said it made something in his chest tighten.

That look.

That faint, knowing curve of her lips.

His heart skipped a beat.

‘It’s been... a *long* time,’ she murmured, voice softer now, almost lost beneath the growing rumble of the train. ‘Since we’ve really... *let go*.’

Harry dragged a hand through his hair, glancing around out of instinct more than anything else. The platform was clearing faster now—fewer people lingering, more space opening up between those who remained.

Less people around to overhear their conversation...

Still...

It wasn't empty *enough*.

'Are you *mental*?' he hissed under his breath as Daph started to subtly grind against him, uncaring of who saw them.

He didn't give a toss if Malfoy got an eyefull, but if the kids saw their mum dry-humping him in the middle of platform 9 ¾ like a horny teen?

Harry stilled, genuinely considering the scenario.

Actually... that'd be pretty funny...

Daphne pressed her face briefly into his chest, a quiet laugh slipping free, her shoulders shaking just enough for him to feel it.

'Seems you're just as excited as I am,' she murmured.

Harry huffed, eyes flicking out to the other side of the platform again and saw Malfoy trying to grind his molars into dust.

He resisted the urge to let out a maniacal cackle.

Harry met his old rival's gaze, held it, then gave him a slow, deliberate wink.

The reaction was immediate.

Jaw somehow tightening further, shoulders stiffening, back going ramrod straight...

Then Draco turned sharply, stalking back toward his own wife with all the rigid dignity he could muster.

Twat.

Harry's grin lingered as he returned his attention to Daphne.

She hadn't turned, hadn't given Malfoy the pleasure of her acknowledgement or notice, but the faint lift at the corner of her mouth told him she'd noticed their byplay all the same.

'You're a menace.'

'You love it,' she replied quietly.

Another whistle blew, longer this time, and the train began to move in earnest—slow at first, wheels grinding against the tracks as it pulled away.

'You know, I think you're meant to be a bit sad right now,' Harry said, nodding toward the retreating carriages. 'Your sister's still crying.'

'My sister doesn't have a life outside of her children,' Daphne said, her gaze still fixed on the train. 'And I've *earned* this. I *need* this.'

Harry opened his mouth to tease her—then closed it again. There was no need to question what she meant by "this."

He knew damn well, after all.

Because she wasn't joking.

‘You have, luv,’ he said instead.

And the smile she gave him then—bright, completely unrestrained and so utterly at odds with the woman the rest of the world thought they knew—hit him harder than anything she’d said.

She slipped her arms from around his neck, taking his hand instead, fingers lacing with his.

‘Come,’ she said, already turning. ‘We still need to pack.’

Harry followed, more than happy to be led, his attention drifting—inevitably—to the sway of her hips as she moved ahead of him, and the glance she tossed over her shoulder when she noticed him lagging behind.

The knowing smirk she favoured him with when his gaze finally lifted from that thick arse in her too-tight jeans made his knees go weak.

Maybe I should take a bit more time off...

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Contrary to what their public image might suggest, Harry and Daphne had once had a *wild* relationship.

The kind that those who knew them would *never* believe, even if their secrets had been completely exposed.

They had never shied away from pushing boundaries, testing limits, or voicing kinks and desires others wouldn’t even *dream* of sharing with their significant others. There had never been anything they couldn’t say to each other. Nothing they couldn’t try.

Then they had children... and everything changed.

They'd never discussed it. There wasn't some kind of grand declaration or solemn vow.

It had just been... understood.

Simply, their wants no longer came first.

Their children *did*.

Harry and Daphne had traded a reckless pursuit for hedonistic delight for responsibility, and comical excess for stability, building a life that put their family above everything else.

And, Harry thought with no small amount of pride, they had done a damn good job of it.

He'd seen the obnoxious spawn some of his friends had raised—little terrors with too much freedom and not enough discipline—and he wasn't too modest to admit their own were better.

Kinder. Smarter. Braver.

Daphne had truly done an incredible job.

And he hadn't done half-bad himself.

Now, though...

Now they were all at Hogwarts.

And for the first time in over a decade and a half, Harry and Daphne had something they hadn't realised they'd been missing quite so much.

Time.

Time for themselves.

Time to remember who they had been before James had come along.

Time... they had not wasted.

The holiday they'd chosen was an adults-only cruise—a decision that had raised Harry's brows when they'd first booked it, though he'd quickly stopped questioning anything once he understood exactly what his wife had in mind.

The tone of it had been apparent from the moment they boarded.

Low, ambient music drifted through polished corridors that smelled faintly of expensive perfume and salt air. Staff moved with quiet efficiency, offering drinks before they'd even properly found their bearings, while the open decks beyond revealed clusters of couples already settling into a slower, more indulgent rhythm of life.

There had been laughter—looser than what Harry was used to—and glances exchanged between strangers that lingered just a touch too long to be entirely innocent. Hands brushed secretly, embraces lasted longer than was proper. Conversations often dipped low enough to suggest something... *inappropriate* was afoot.

It had been... telling.

It wasn't overt or obnoxious, but the ambiance of the ship and the feelings of the passengers were unmistakable.

It was the sort of place where the normal rules of society softened, where inhibitions blurred, and where people came not just to relax...

But to *indulge*.

Just as his wife had wanted.

Not that Harry and Daphne had had much opportunity to experience any of it.

They had barely left their cabin since the ship had set sail.

Meals, when they remembered them, were quick—often taken in comfortable silence, or punctuated by the occasional shared look that had them both abandoning their plates before they were even finished.

Harry hadn't realised just how much their restraint over the years had been affecting them. How tamping down on their lust and libido had both conversely upped their stress levels and affected them in ways that weren't so easy to detect.

But the moment the reason for that restraint was momentarily out of the picture, the moment there was no risk of interruption, no small voice outside the door, no more careful moderation required...

Something in both of them had *snapped*.

It had been immediate and animalistic. Harry had felt like a starving lion set free and given an entire *herd* of gazelle. The way Daphne had reciprocated?

She'd clearly felt the same.

He'd have said it was overwhelming if it hadn't felt *so bloody brilliant*.

Days blurred together, marked only by the shifting light through drawn curtains and the distant, ever-present hum of the ship's engines down below. Sleep came when they ran out of energy. Food, when they remembered or their tummies grumbled.

Everything else just... fell away.

And now, they lay in a tangle of limbs, naked, on sheets soiled with their combined filth, the room completely destroyed by their passion.

Their lusts, it seemed, had been sated.

For now...

Harry lay sprawled on his back, his body glistening with a thin sheen of sweat, chest rising and falling like he'd just been put through one of Moody's infamous training sessions.

Which made the disbelieving, long-suffering groan that left him all the more justified—in his opinion—when he felt his wife fiddling with his beleaguered dangling bits.

Rather than responding with any enthusiasm, his thoroughly overworked todger did quite the opposite—shrinking and shrivelling away from her insistent attention.

Daphne was curled against his side, her head resting over his heart, lips quirking in amusement as he twitched and groaned.

She giggled at his protests, then lifted her head to look at him.

That look in her eyes... Mischievous. Wicked. Utterly unapologetic.

It took his breath away.

If the last few days weren't enough of a reminder, that look was enough to establish in his mind how much of a nympho Daphne was—despite all evidence to the contrary.

Yummy mummy is bloody right...

Maybe if he were ten years younger, he might've lasted longer—but after *days* of rigorous, overenthusiastic shagging, he figured he'd done more than alright for himself.

And, to be fair, Daphne wasn't pushing so much as... testing and teasing.

'No go?'

Harry let out another pained groan, dragging a hand over his face. 'I reckon if you keep at it, it'll packs its bags and fuck off for its own holiday.'

'Brilliant,' she replied brightly.

He blinked at her. That... wasn't the reaction he'd been expecting.

'...What d'you mean *brilliant*?'

But she was already moving.

With a fluid, almost lazy grace, she rolled off the bed, landing lightly despite the faint protest in her limbs—a reminder that even his seemingly insatiable wife had her limits.

Not as easy as when we were younger, eh luv?

Harry's gaze followed her like an owl, distracted in spite of himself as she crossed the room toward their private bathroom.

The suite had been... excessive. Deliberately so.

Even by his wife's standards.

He'd balked at the price when booking it—a month's wages, easily—but between the space, the privacy, and the service, he couldn't bring himself to regret it.

Not when it meant he could spend days sequestered in said room shagging his wife rotten while waiters brought them nourishment whenever they so desired.

'Oh... nothing,' she said over her shoulder, leaning casually against the doorframe and turning to face him.

Harry found himself momentarily robbed of words.

There was something about her like this—unguarded, unbothered, entirely at ease in her own skin—that still managed to catch him off guard, even after all these years.

If a stranger saw her like *this*—and wasn't *that* a titillating thought—they'd call bollocks when finding out this incredible beauty was a mother of three.

There was something a bit unfair about the way Daphne had aged.

Not that she'd softened or faded into it like some people did. If anything, she'd grown into herself. Somehow growing more beautiful and breathtaking rather than fading away.

She'd always been striking—not soft, not delicate. Sharp features, high cheekbones, the sort of face that could look cold if you didn't know her. Motherhood hadn't taken that away, just... filled it out a little. Made it warmer in ways only people close to her ever really got to see.

Her eyes were the same as ever. Clear, bright blue. Hard to read for most, but not for him. He knew every look she gave, every little shift in them before she even said a word.

And her hair... Merlin.

Still long. Still thick. Still bloody brilliant to run his fingers through and tug while shagging her.

Harry's gaze drifted, taking in the rest of her without much subtlety. Heavy breasts that drooped but still kept that delicious, full, teardrop shape. Pink areola the size of galleons with thick nipples he loved to spend hours suckling. An unfairly narrow waist with hips that flared out deliciously, giving her—in his opinion—the ideal, womanly, silhouette.

And, even after days of non-stop shagging and three children, her pussy still kept that tight, clean look, with lips that puffed up whenever she was aroused.

Daphne had never fit the typical *mould*.

Where most pureblood women seemed to chase that willowy, almost fragile look—all sharp angles and deathly afraid of any body fat—Daphne had always gone the other way.

There was nothing *slight* or *frail* about her. Never had been.

And she'd never tried to be.

If anything, she'd leaned into it.

Which... yeah.

Fair.

No one but cunty, gossiping, Pureblooded shrews would ever mistake her for *overweight*. Not even a little. But she carried just the right amount in her thighs and arse that made ramming his cock into her and watching her flesh jiggle one of his favourite Patronus memories.

It wasn't something he ever really put into words, but Daphne had always been in a league of her own when comparing her to every other woman he knew—with the possible exception of Fleur.

Harry genuinely believed that everyone was beautiful in their own way, but at family get-togethers, it genuinely felt like a celebrity was gracing them with her presence and slumming it with the “plebs.”

Unfortunately, the difference became even more stark when you compared Daph to her Astoria.

His sister-in-law was pale, slight... breakable, almost. That bloody curse hanging over her like a shadow no one could quite ignore.

Daphne, thankfully, had lucked out and—as much as the guilt always weighed on her—she’d dodged that unfortunate malady...

Where Astoria felt delicate, like something you had to be careful with...

Daphne felt solid and full of life.

And my cum...

He chuckled perversely as his gaze once more roamed up and down his wife’s naked body unashamedly.

It was a sign of how much she’d shagged his brains out that his todger didn’t even twitch at the sight.

His wife was speaking. Her lips were moving. His brain wasn’t registering the words.

His nostrils flared and his eyes zeroed in on the sight of his cum slowly spilling out of her thoroughly used nethers.

Merlin, he loved the sight of his wife’s cunt drooling cum...

This time, there *was* the faintest twitch.

It's alive!

'Are you even listening to me?'

Harry blinked, shaking himself out of it.

'Sorry, luv... bit distracted.'

She rolled her eyes, though the faint hint of satisfaction she tried to hide didn't escape him.

'Idiot,' she muttered. 'I'm having a shower. I feel disgusting.'

'Take your time,' Harry said, stretching lazily against the sheets, a slow grin tugging at his lips.
'I'll deal with the damage out here.'

She snorted, turning away and, as if to reward him for his ogling, made absolutely no effort to hide the deliberate sway in her step.

If anything, she exaggerated it.

Instead of using her hands to close the door behind her, she caught it on her arse and swung it shut with a sway of her hips.

Bloody hell... this woman is gonna be the death of me...

Harry let out a quiet breath through his nose, palming his eyes as he tried to burn the image of his naked wife into his mind.

Absolute menace...

As he heard the water start in the bathroom, Harry blindly reached for his wand and started tidying up with a few casual flicks and stabs.

He was still laying in bed, his legs crossed at the ankles and his wand twirling in his fingers when Daphne remerged, looking refreshed and energized, a mischievous glint in her eyes and her hands held teasingly behind her back.

He was so in lust with his wife, he didn't even consider what she had hid there. His mind couldn't get past the fact that Daph holding her arms behind her back like that accentuated her succulent breasts *just* right.

'Guess what I found?'

Harry only just managed to wrestle his gaze away from his wife's tits and, when he finally met her eyes, he raised a challenging eyebrow.

'Do you actually want me to guess...?'

Rather than wait for another smart arse response, Harry sucked in a shocked breath when she rolled her eyes and revealed what she had hidden.

Memories surfaced at the sight of it. Of how truly wild they'd become before settling down and having children.

In her palms, like she was cradling an ancient artefact, was a small, pink, piece of plastic. It looked cheap, old. Like it hadn't seen the light of day in over a decade.

And it *hadn't*.

Where the bloody hell did she even find that?

It was as if his wife read his mind.

Daph bit her lip before explaining. 'I started looking for it the second we decided on going on this cruise. I found it in one of my old purses, believe it or not...'

I believe it.

Harry swallowed thickly as his wife approached, his eyes locked on the chastity cage she held in her hands.

Surprisingly, it was rather easy to forget how they'd dabbled with cuckolding and chastity play.

Even more surprising was the fondness with which Harry recalled those memories.

Both at watching his gorgeous wife in the throes of passion with another man, and at how her eyes sparkled with lust and desire when she saw how eagerly he fitted the cage.

For her.

Because she asked it of him.

No hesitation. No pushback.

Daph had the same look in her eyes right now as he didn't fight it, didn't back away as she stalked towards him.

Their eyes remained locked as she gently took his cock and balls in hand and blindly started fitting the cage.

She smiled, half bashful, half exhilarated.

'Like riding a bike...'

In that moment, Harry was barely capable of forming words. His chest heaved, his heart threatening to beat its way out of his chest.

We're really doing this...

It was one thing to acknowledge that they were back. That they were “picking up where they left off.”

It was quite another to have the sensation fully driven home as he watched Daph slip his bits through the ring.

Honestly, he hadn't really considered the implications of this holiday until that very moment.

With his cage fully affixed, his cock now looking even more small and pathetic now that it was caged in pink, Daphne sat back on her haunches and grinned proudly. She pinched him, then giggled as the lock jingled as she jiggled him.

‘So cute...’

Harry was still finding it hard to form words.

Moulding herself to his side, her fingers still pinching his caged knob, she pressed her lips to his ears and started whispering pure filth that *finally* got a reaction out of him.

Brilliant mate. Wait until you're caged to wake up. Useless.

‘I can't believe I survived with only this tiny little thing for company these past years...’

He whimpered, burying his face in his wife's cleavage as she giggled evilly, the delight obvious in her tone.

She'd missed this too. Clearly.

'I can't wait to find a bloke with a *proper* cock. I bet it'll feel like being a virgin again. Especially when compared to *you*.'

He was wheezing at this point, trembling as old feelings resurfaced. A delicious cocktail of insecurity and desire that had him straining against the little cage.

'I'm thirsty,' Daphne whispered, her voice hot and heavy in his ear. 'I want some cold water. Why don't you go out and fetch us a bucket of ice, luv?'

It was an absurd request. Harry could have conjured his wife a *mountain* of ice with a swish of his wrist.

But that wasn't the point.

Upon seeing her smouldering eyes staring at him impatiently, Harry got up off the bed on wobbly knees and obediently headed towards the door.

There was a delicious thrill in obeying his wife like this. Her voice, with that sexy posh accent, demanding unreasonable things from him...

Really is like riding a bike.

With his heart threatening to beat its way out of his chest, Harry grabbed the ice bucket and shakily made his way out into the hallway. It was empty. For now.

At this time of day, it was only a matter of time until someone came back from lunch.

He could have hurried. Reduced the risk of being caught.

But that obviously wasn't what his wife wanted.

And pleasing his wife was all Harry really cared about, even as his breath came out in shuddering gasps.

Turning to look over his shoulder, he saw his naked wife waiting in the doorway, arms crossed and with her bottom lip caught between her teeth as she watched him.

Harry filled the bucket with ice. No interruption. His body trembling like a newborn doe.

Get a hold of yourself, twat!

He turned to slowly make his way back to his room, the empty hallway both a relief and disappointment.

He almost made it back without incident, but just as he was about to turn into the safety of his room, a woman rounded the corner just beyond their suite, and stopped dead in her tracks. Harry froze too, eyes wide. Daphne turned, the disappointed look on her face shifting to delight as she caught the woman staring at her husband.

The woman looked to be in her sixties.

She had aged well—not untouched by time, but not horribly diminished by it either. There was a certain ease to the way she carried herself, a confidence and swagger that let all know she was experienced and comfortable in her own skin. Her auburn hair was swept back beneath a wide-brimmed straw hat, her figure slight beneath a sensible one-piece that still clung faintly from what looked like a recent swim.

She kind of gave off movie star vibes—but one from the black-and-white era. Someone who had been through a lot and seen it all, and had come through the experiences all the better for it.

She glanced between Harry and Daphne.

Despite the absurd situation, she didn't so much as blink.

No shock. No embarrassment.

Just... interest. Playful intrigue.

Harry felt something in his chest shift at that.

He probably should have expected something like this.

Adults-only cruise, after all.

Still... knowing it and *standing here like this* were two very different things.

I feel like such a twat.

And yet, he couldn't deny the illicit, excited thrill.

'Oh my, now isn't *this* interesting. We don't often see couples as young as you two around here...'

'Good afternoon,' Daphne greeted smoothly, as though they were meeting over tea rather than in the middle of a corridor, exposed, and naked as the day they were born. 'I'm Daphne. This is my hus—my *cuckold*. Harry.'

There was the faintest pause. He wouldn't have said the woman was shocked—she looked too experienced to be shocked by anything—but maybe *pleasantly surprised* was a better description.

She hadn't been expecting Daphne's forthrightness.

The woman clapped her hands together in delight, laughter bubbling up easily.

‘Oh, how *delightful*!’

There was something about her voice—bright, amused, mature—that made Harry think, absurdly, of a more playful, American Augusta Longbottom.

The comparison did wonders for incessant pinching at his bollocks.

‘Are you two new to this lifestyle?’

Harry stayed quiet, content to let Daphne steer the conversation. He was in far too deep to pretend he had any idea what the proper response was here.

Daphne chuckled softly. ‘Not quite. Just... out of practice.’

Understanding flickered instantly in the woman’s eyes.

‘Ah. Let me guess—children?’

Daphne nodded. ‘All at school now. First time in years we’ve had the house to ourselves. How did you know?’

The woman’s smile turned conspiratorial.

‘You’d be surprised how many couples like you find their way onto ships like this once the nest empties.’

She stepped a little closer, entirely at ease.

Harry noticed, distantly, that she hadn't once looked uncomfortable. If anything, she seemed... entertained. A spark in her eyes letting Harry know she was ready for some mischief.

'Quite a few rediscover themselves out here,' she added lightly.

Daphne's eyes brightened at that.

'Oh?'

'Oh yes.' The woman's gaze flicked briefly toward Harry, then back to Daphne, something knowing passing between them. 'You're looking at one, in fact. Though I left my husband behind this time—*work obligations*. Story of our lives, unfortunately.'

'His loss,' Daphne said, a hint of something sharper threading through her voice.

That felt a tad pointed...

Harry felt that flicker of tension again—that same illicit thrill—but he didn't interrupt.

His head was bouncing between both women as their conversation carried on with a casual, unbelievable ease.

'And you?' the woman asked.

Daphne tilted her head slightly. 'We're... exploring. Pushing boundaries, as it were.'

That earned a soft laugh.

'Aren't we all, dear?'

The woman's attention drifted again, and this time Harry felt it properly—the way he was being assessed, not with judgement, but with curiosity.

It was... *different*. He wasn't used to having his worth judged so openly. Like he was cattle.

It was a little unsettling, but strangely... not all that unwelcome.

'Well,' she said lightly, straightening, 'you've certainly picked the right place for it.'

Daphne's interest sharpened. 'Oh?'

'The ship's only half of it.' The woman's eyes gleamed. 'We're docking tomorrow morning. First stop on the route. If you head to the eastern side of the island... you'll find things are a little more... *relaxed*.'

Harry felt his pulse kick.

Daphne didn't miss a beat. 'Relaxed *how*?'

The woman smiled, slow and knowing. That glitter in her eyes reminded him of Dumbledore at his finest. It was the same look too, like he knew something you didn't.

And with Albus, that was pretty much always the case...

'You'll see.'

She paused for a beat, her eyes greedily raking up and down his chiselled body before settling on his caged member. She pouted, clearly disappointed that his todger didn't live up to the promise his well-sculpted body had made.

Then she turned, already moving on from the conversation. As if she hadn't stumbled on... whatever *this* was. As if it was the least interesting thing that had happened to her that day.

‘Enjoy yourselves,’ she called lightly over her shoulder. ‘I need to go and meet up with Richard.’

‘I thought you said your husband wasn’t here?’ Daphne asked, confused.

The woman turned to them, and Harry had the sudden realisation that she’d never introduced herself.

Maybe that’s just not a thing that happens here...?

‘Oh he’s not, dear,’ the woman called casually over her shoulder. ‘Richard is my *bull*.’

Before she disappeared around the corner, she sent one last cheeky look at them and offered them a wink.

‘Play your cards right, and maybe you’ll come back aboard tomorrow with one of your own?’

And then she was gone.

Silence settled in her wake.

Harry exhaled slowly, only just realising he’d been holding his breath.

His muscles felt too tight. His senses were on overdrive in a way that made him hyper-aware of himself and his apparent... *shortcomings*.

He wasn’t used to this at all—to being looked at like that. Looked *down* on. His entire life had been spent on the other side of it. Authority. Respect. *Fear*.

This was... different.

And he didn't entirely hate it.

Daphne turned back to him, her gaze sweeping over him with open consideration now that they were alone again. She looked pleased by his performance.

Pleased by his *obedience*.

Her eyes were calculating, and amused.

She stepped closer, lifting a hand to his jaw, thumb brushing lightly along the line of it—a platonic gesture, one he'd seen giving to Jamesie countless times before. It wasn't sexy, it was familiar and grounding.

'Well,' she murmured, lips curving, 'weren't you an unexpectedly good boy?'

Harry swallowed, then nodded. Letting out a shaky breath.

He didn't trust himself to speak without making himself out to be even more of a tit.

Daphne's smile widened, pleased by his hesitation.

'Miss this, have you?'

He nodded again, surprised with how honest the answer felt.

He really *had* missed this. The naughtiness. The humiliation. The *thrill*.

She laughed softly, the sound low and satisfied, before taking his hand and tugging him back toward the room.

The door shut behind them with a quiet click.

-

It hadn't even been a full day, but the anticipation was already getting to him.

Harry had barely slept.

And, for once, not for any fun reason.

He'd tossed and turned all night, fantasizing about what the next day would bring. How far his wife would push things.

The night before had been... restrained. By their standards, anyway. Quiet and measured. They'd supped, they'd cuddled, but nothing beyond gentle petting.

It was suspiciously tame...

As if his wife was deliberately holding herself back, saving herself for their adventure the following day.

For *this*.

He'd remained locked away, much to his mixed frustration and excitement, and had resigned himself to a pair of swimming trunks and a loose, open shirt for the trip ashore.

Daphne, on the other hand...

Daphne had very nearly undone him before they'd even left the ship.

The bikini she'd chosen was something new—something he'd never seen before—and it highlighted her alluring, curvaceous body to perfection. No support, heck, it barely covered her at all.

The bikini was a crocheted number, stylised and doing very little to stop her pendulous baps from swaying and jiggling with each step.

This thing was very obviously *not* meant for swimming. Wool typically wasn't particularly hydrophobic.

This...*bikini* was meant to show off his wife's body. And it did just that *very* well. Distractedly so. Wearing little else but a large straw hat and a sheer sarong, it left little of her delectable body to the imagination.

Harry had spent most of the walk off the ship trying not to stare. He was out of practice when it came to being locked away, his misbehaving bits trying to get hard despite the pain it caused.

Trying—and failing.

Hand in hand, they followed the subtle flow of passengers drifting toward the eastern edge of the island, the path narrowing as it wound through dense trees and over sun-warmed stone.

The air grew quieter the further they went. The crowds thinning out, the atmosphere more...secluded.

And then they passed beneath a natural archway of rock and foliage and everything clicked into place.

Harry stopped dead.

Ahead of them, nestled along the shoreline and stretching further inland, was a small town that looked, at first glance, like any other coastal retreat.

Until he realised what was missing.

Clothes.

There weren't any.

Not a single scrap.

Just a whole bunch of completely naked, attractive people frolics in the sun and going about their day, utterly unbothered or unhurried, like being naked was the most natural thing in the world.

Harry swallowed.

Right.

That's what she meant by *relaxed*.

He would soon come to find that nudism was only half of it...

He turned slowly toward his wife, and found her already looking at him, eyes bright with mischief.

'When in Rome...?' she said lightly, amusement curling her rosy lips.

Before he could respond, she was already moving.

No hesitation. No pause. She didn't even give him a second to mentally prepare.

Not that she was in the mood to.

She moved smoothly and effortlessly as she removed each article of clothing one teasing movement at a time. First the sarong, then her top, then the bottoms, each of them disappearing into the large, straw beach bag she carried over her shoulder.

She disrobed until she stood completely naked beside him save for the large, floppy, straw hat.

Harry blinked. Then swallowed. *Hard*.

Part of him wondered—briefly—if his wife had been replaced by a shapeshifter overnight.

Was this really Tonks, having him on? Trying to push his button while disguised as his wife?

He let out a breath. Impossible. As amusing as the thought was, no shapeshifter could dupe him when it came to his wife. His life partner.

That being said, this was *bold*. Unusually so.

Even for her.

They'd done plenty in their time, but it had always been behind closed doors. Controlled and private.

This was neither.

And yet she stood there, entirely at ease, the attention of those around them sliding off her like water off a duck's back.

She even pinched and played with her hardened nipples while standing there—her hip cocked, waiting for him to undress—completely unconcerned by the increased scrutiny.

She didn't shy away from it, nor did she pay it any mind. While Daphne was the most attractive woman there—and it wasn't even a contest in his opinion—and she earned her fair share of attention, modesty made little sense in a sea of nudists.

Harry dragged a hand through his hair.

Right.

His turn.

He glanced around, taking in the scene properly now—the easy confidence of everyone here, the complete lack of self-consciousness... and, very notably, the lack of anyone else in a chastity cage.

It seemed, despite what the mysterious woman had said the previous day, the other cuckolds brought along on this cruise either had the good sense to stay in their cabins while their other halves *played*, or they didn't parade around in conspicuous chastity cages....

His stomach flipped.

His cheeks flushed a brilliant crimson.

Slowly, he shrugged off his shirt, handing it to Daphne without meeting her eyes.

He shook as he removed his bottoms, but he steeled himself and got over it.

This was new, but it wouldn't kill him. And seeing the look in his wife's eyes only spurred him on.

She was loving every second of this. Of seeing him squirm but still obey her wishes without question.

Despite making peace with it, he couldn't help but fold in on himself when he stood completely naked beside his gorgeous wife.

If the cage itself wasn't embarrassing enough, the fact that it was hot pink drew attention to his bits as if announced by a howler.

A few heads turned.

Not many—but enough to be mortifying. Especially as they smirked at what they saw.

Their gazes were originally drawn by his stunning wife, but they invariably couldn't help but look when the hot pink drew their gaze.

'This is... humiliating...' he muttered.

'I know,' Daphne said, far too pleased with herself. 'Isn't it brilliant?'

He shot her a look.

She didn't even try to hide her smile.

His hand moved on instinct, an attempt to regain some scrap of dignity, but she caught it immediately, fingers closing around his wrist and pulling it away.

'You're not to cover yourself,' she said, voice soft but leaving no room for argument. 'Am I understood?'

Harry swallowed, pulse kicking up again—not just from embarrassment this time.

Something deeper and more primal. The desire to please his wife and obey her commands. When her voice snapped like that, demanding, expecting to be obeyed... it was so hot.

He nodded, biting his lip as Daphne offered him a brilliant smile.

Her eyes lingered on him for a moment longer, seeing if he'd rebel, if he'd push back. When she saw no sight of his rebellious spirit, she nodded. Satisfied. Then she smirked and continued, almost casually.

'We can't have you covering yourself up, dear,' she teased, her eyes flashing. 'I'm on the market, after all. Can't have prospective *bulls* think I'm *taken*.'

Harry blinked, then he whimpered as he let out a shaky breath.

Daphne laughed, delighted by his reaction.

Bloody hell...

Daphne paraded him around the small town like he was a prized pony, not content unless every person they spoke to got a good, long look at his caged cock and balls.

They chatted and mingled with locals and other tourists alike as though nothing at all was out of the ordinary, and had Harry not been in his current situation, he suspected he might have actually enjoyed the relaxed socializing.

Maybe something to try another time... if she ever lets me out of this bloody thing.

His prospects didn't look too promising on that front, because Daphne seemed to be having the time of her life.

She took particular pleasure in steering him toward groups of attractive women, watching with poorly concealed delight as they reacted with condescending smiles, giggles, and raised brows at his small totger, before eventually returning their attention to Daphne and ignoring him completely.

It should have been mortifying.

It *was* mortifying.

And yet... Harry's pulse sky-rocketed along with his excitement.

Something's wrong with my head...

Shame tangled with something hotter and sharper, a near instinctive need to meet his wife's expectations, to obey her, no matter how absurd or humiliating her demands.

'Have you been to the beach yet?'

Harry blinked, dragged back to the present as Daphne continued her conversation with a pretty brunette who'd been chatting to them for several minutes now—while he stood there, feeling more like an accessory than anything else.

'No,' Daphne replied easily. 'Is it over that way?'

'Uh-huh,' the girl said in an American accent, a knowing smile tugging at her lips. 'You should go. I think you'll enjoy it.'

Her gaze flicked to Harry, then lower, her expression shifting into something far less sympathetic.

'You might find something that'll... *actually* satisfy.'

Daphne laughed, bright and unbothered, as Harry felt the heat climb further up his neck.

'That's certainly the plan.'

The way she seized his hand after that—eager, purposeful—left no room for hesitation as she practically dragged him along the path toward the shoreline.

And when they finally found the beach in question, both Harry and Daphne *properly* understood what the mysterious woman had meant by “relaxed.”

It certainly didn’t have anything to do with nudism...

The beach stretched out before them, quieter than the main stretch of sand they’d passed earlier. Fewer people, more space...

And a very different kind of atmosphere.

It wasn’t just the absence of clothing.

It was the absence of restraint.

Clusters of people dotted the shoreline, scattered along the water’s edge and beneath the shade of low palms, their interactions... unmistakably explicit and completely without shame.

He wouldn’t say they were *all* shagging out in the open... but that also wouldn’t have been too much a stretch to say either.

It was pure indulgence at the most basic level. The kind of which not even the craziest of orgies they’d attended as a couple could even compare to.

Snogging. Oral. Full-on shagging. You name it, they saw it. On banana lounges, in the shades of trees, in the water, in covered huts...

Harry stopped and stared, his mouth gaping in shock.

‘Bloody hell...’

Beside him, Daphne didn't move. She didn't speak.

But she didn't have to.

He felt it in the way she squeezed his hand and the way she trembled beside him.

She was *excited*.

He stared at his wife like she'd grown a second head, but she only had eyes for the rutting couples on the beach.

He also noted, her eyes were scanning the crowd as if at a buffet...

And she had—it pained him to admit—*quite* the smorgasbord to choose from...

They didn't immediately go and put their bag down or find a banana lounge to claim.

Instead, Daphne dragged him around like an overeager child at the zoo.

Taking in the sights, as it were.

They weren't stand-outs on that front. In a way, the beach felt more like a farmer's market than anything else, with people strolling about and examining the *produce* more than actually basking in the sun like one would normally expect.

Except instead of families it was a bunch of naked degenerates, and instead of fruit and veg, there were people shagging, completely unashamed.

Not only were they afforded close-up views of the festivities, but their closer proximity put his chastity cage front and centre. Harry lost count of the amount of times someone would look down at his caged todger, then look back up at him with a smirk or grin on their faces.

Daphne continued to stop him from protecting his modesty—slapping his hand away any time he veered to cover his shame—and every time someone stopped to stare, Harry felt his face heating up with embarrassment, despite never really being self-conscious about the size of his willy even once in his life.

Even when he'd watched blokes with bigger dicks shag his wife in the past.

In general, Harry was below average in that department. But he'd never let it bother him—still didn't.

He was an excellent lover, if he did say so himself. He worked with what he had and never *once* failed to bring his wife or past lovers off at *least* once whenever they shagged.

And yet, whenever a fellow beachgower glanced at his caged cock and smirked, whenever someone would look away from the erotic displays around them to glance in his direction, he felt his face flush and his guts squirm.

Doubly so when they would then turn to his wife and eye her up like a piece of meat.

Looks Daphne was anything *but* opposed to receiving.

Very much unlike her reaction back at Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$.

He could hardly blame them. While he wouldn't strictly refer to himself as a cuckold in the literal sense as he understood it... he was certainly wearing a cuckold's kit.

And that meant Daphne was very much up for grabs.

Unfortunately for every bloke who thought they had a chance with his stunning wife... Daphne's *interest* had already been piqued by one person in particular.

'*Bloody hell*, do you see that?'

It was hard not to. Daphne had cupped his face and turned his head to look at a mountain of a black fella, his body tatted up and looking like it had been lifted straight from the pages of a men's fitness magazine. Harry was fit. Heck, he worked out almost every day after work, but *this* guy looked like working out was his religion.

Then there was the obscenely long and thick slab of meat dangling between those powerful, tree trunk-like thighs.

Harry's eyes widened at the sight of it, and he swallowed thickly.

'I think your eyes are bigger than your cunt on this one, luv...'

Daphne froze beside him at his words, and Harry was only half-surprised to see the unimpressed look on her face when he turned to see why she'd stopped. Still holding his hand, her other was planted on her cocked-hip, one eyebrow raised in disbelief and challenge.

'What?' Harry asked, defensively. 'Alls I'm saying is you've been out of the game for a while, maybe ease yourself back in?'

And privately, he'd very much prefer that monster *not* completely stretch out his wife's deliciously tight cunt out so early on their holiday.

A snort escaped, followed by a disbelieving, almost mocking laugh.

Daphne patted the side of his face, half affectionate, half patronizing. 'Oh Harry... you're *adorable* when you're jealous.'

‘And *you’re* hilarious when you’re over confident. You’re not as young as you used to be, luv. Not as... *elastic*.’

This time, she didn’t cup his face affectionately. Her teasing smile turned into a smirk and she grabbed him by his undersized, still-drained bollocks. *Hard*.

‘You’ve got an awfully *big* mouth for someone with such a *small*...’ she leaned in, and though she didn’t need to whisper it—it wasn’t as if they were drawing all *that* much attention when compared to the rutting couples around them—doing so made the delivery all the more wicked. ‘*Cock*...’

Harry shuddered despite himself. Said dick twitched then attempted to harden at the tone of her voice, but found itself restricted.

Daphne chuckled softly, looking down between them at how his caged willie strained desperately against its cage.

‘Glad to see some things never change. You’re still such a *naughty* boy...’

Harry screwed his eyes shut and shuddered again. ‘Can’t help it,’ he gasped, out of breath. ‘Hearing you talk like an evil cunt in that sexy posh accent of yours never gets old...’

Daphne leaned in close, a self-satisfied, cruel smile on her lips.

She kissed his nose, then made sure his eyes were locked with hers before continuing.

‘Well... why don’t you be a good little *boy* and fetch your sexy, posh wife a *real man* while I go find us a spot?’

They both once more turned to the black bloke. He seemed to be a bit of a celebrity. People were approaching him and dapping him up, sending him greetings and having quick chats.

Daphne also wasn’t the only one eyeing him up like a piece of meat.

'Best not dally, luv,' Daphne warned. 'If someone else beats you to him, I'm not letting you out of that cage for the rest of the holiday...'

Bloody hell, it's like we never even stopped...

Squaring his shoulders, Harry stamped down on his pride and started heading towards the, what he assumed to be, local celebrity.

A man his wife had seemingly chosen to break her duck with...

A shiver ran down his spine at the thought.

Even when they were at their kinkest, Harry would have never *dreamed* of doing something like this, especially after being goaded and teased so blatantly to boot.

He'd been too prideful. Too stubborn.

Something had definitely changed in the proceeding years, and his wife had expertly picked up on it. Call it love, or an inherent gratitude for having given him three perfect babies, but Harry was almost feverishly excited to fulfil any of her desires—no matter how wild.

Or humiliating.

Despite what he said or how he acted, he was genuinely getting turned on at the thought of obeying his wife's crazy commands.

And not *just* the *thought* of it either... not anymore.

As if by providence, the small crowd around the bloke naturally cleared as Harry approached, and he swallowed at the sight of his oversized, hard-to-miss cock.

It looked even bigger and more imposing up close...

I've seen gag dildos that are smaller, and he's not even bloody hard.

'Look any harder and I'm gonna have to charge, mon,' the guy joked in a thick, islander accent. He hadn't looked up, but Harry had briefly blocked out his sun, so he didn't have to stop oiling himself up to know someone was standing there.

But when he did look up, the man's eyes briefly widened at the sight of the cage.

It was only brief however, a slight flash of surprise.

Surprise at *what*, Harry wasn't sure, though he guessed it had something to do with his body as the man gave him a cautious once-over.

While not as ridiculously shredded as this bloke, Harry didn't look like a pushover either. Especially with all the scars on his body.

He looked like what he was.

A soldier.

With a tiny, pink chastity cage jutting out from where his privates should be dangling.

The bloke clearly did the calculus in his head and thought discretion was the better part of valor.

'Look mon, I dunno who ya woman is, but I take no one. Dey come ta me. If you have issues, take it up with her.'

Giving him another once-over, Harry believed it.

Steeling himself and ruthlessly quashing the queasiness in his guts, Harry looked over his shoulder and motioned to Daphne, who was busy pretending like she wasn't paying attention and making herself comfortable on a banana lounge.

Naturally, she did so in the most suggestive way possible, on hands and knees, her perfect arse and pussy on display while her large breasts dangled like a pair of delicious tear drops.

'Not a jilted lover, mate. The missus wanted to know if you were up for a chat.'

At the lack of heat in his tone, and after what he'd said, the man's energy instantly shifted. Seeing where Harry was looking, the bloke pulled down his aviators and to get a better look. Harry derived a twisted sense of satisfaction at seeing the guy's gobsmacked expression.

'She ya woman?!'

His question was accompanied by another once-over of his pale, naked body, with a particular emphasis on his small, caged cock.

Okay, that's rude.

'She is.'

He let out a long, low whistle. 'Damn mon. How you manage that?'

He didn't outright point and laugh at his todger, but he may as well have given how he'd emphasised his words.

Harry just shrugged, finding himself more relaxed and calm than he'd expected to be given the situation. 'I do okay.'

The man sent him a dubious look but didn't outright refute him.

The implication of that was clear too.

If you did okay, why are you here like an errand boy fetching me so I can go shag your wife?

And... Harry didn't have an answer for that.

'Whatever you say mon...'

'So...' Harry asked, after several more beats of silence in which both men ogled the clearly performing Daphne. 'You coming?'

'Da hounds of Hell couldn't keep me away...'

As he stood, Harry audibly swallowed as the man's *weapon* swayed ominously, like a Graphorn trunk, blood steadily filling it and making it grow to an even more absurd size.

The man didn't wait for him and instead hurried over to Daphne as if she might change her mind at any second.

Judging by the little he'd said so far, Harry figured the man was rather experienced with this kind of thing, so maybe he also had experience with women second-guessing.

Fortunately for him, Daph typically wasn't the *second-guessing* sort...

By the time Harry had joined them at the banana lounge, the man and Daphne were already inches apart and sitting side by side. Seeing the huge man so close to his completely naked wife sent a surge of arousal through his cock that had the plastic cage tugging at his bollocks painfully.

It was so wrong, yet also so, so right.

‘Hey luv,’ Daphne greeted with a cheeky grin. ‘Mind getting us a drink while Dexter and I get acquainted?’

She motioned casually to the bar over her shoulder.

The bar with a huge line of naked people queueing up for fruity cocktails served in coconuts.

‘What do you...?’ The question died on his lips when he turned back to his wife and found her already liplocked with the towering man.

The sight, expected yet paradoxically sudden and out of the blue, felt like one of Robard’s gut punches. Especially as *Dexter* had a hold of one of his wife’s heavy breasts and was aggressively twisting and squeezing the generous titflesh as they snogged each other’s brains out.

Bloody hell...

He wanted to stay there and stare, but a blind, impatient waving of his wife’s hand—the one with her wedding ring, as an added, wicked twist—worked effectively to shoo him off and give the duo the *privacy* they clearly wanted.

As ludicrous as such a notion was, *here* of all places...

They didn’t even take a second to chat, they just went right at it... How excited must she be?

Before the kids, Harry would have believed it. Daph was a wicked little tart back then. But after three kids and fourteen years of motherhood, he thought she’d have cooled down some.

Guess not.

She was snogging the bloke she’d only just laid eyes on like his lips held the secrets of the Philosopher’s Stone... completely uncaring that *she* was now the one drawing the attention of lookie-loos.

When she shot him a side-eyed, impatient, narrow-eyed look—her tongue very much in the process of wrestling with her new lover's—Harry held up his hands in surrender and started to back away...

Backed away...without turning around.

He didn't want to take his eyes off the erotic scene for even a second. Even as his wife feverishly reached for that long, thick, obsidian pole and tried to wrap her fingers around the impossible girth.

And failing.

Daphne groaned into her lover's lips and, while she couldn't grip him like she so easily gripped her husband, that didn't dull her enthusiasm any. Her hands stroked along the long, veiny length to the plum-sized tip, one over the other, gliding along slick, lubricated flesh while twisting her hands in a corkscrew motion.

The man groaned, his eyes closed as he deepened the kiss. His own hands explored too, but they were less targeted, as if he didn't even know where he wanted to touch next. Her chin, her tits, her arse, her pussy... all of it fascinated him.

As they should.

The sounds of their passion faded away as Harry slowly backed away obediently.

I can't believe it...

Just a couple days ago, he watched as his wife cuddled and played with her children. The perfect mother, the loving wife. Wholesome. Beautiful... but *sane*.

Now? It was as if a switch in her had been flipped from *Mum* to *Slut*.

And her children, or the fact that she was a wife and mother, were the *furthest things* from her mind.

People didn't so much as crowd around them and enjoy the show as they paused in their stroll to have a cheeky gander.

It just so happened to *a/ways* be in his line of bloody sight.

They would stop, they'd admire his wife's naked, undulating form, her breathy moans, the way she stroked that huge cock, and they'd take it all in as if they were at the *Louvre*.

His vision wasn't *completely* obscured, he still saw flashes of perfect, tanned skin and black as night flesh. A bit of tit here, a glistening cock there. It was enough to keep him desperately trying to get a better look, all while still steadily creeping backwards towards the beach bar.

Right up until he bumped into someone and nearly stumbled to the floor like a tit.

What the?!

He spun around and nearly cried out in frustration when he saw how *long* the line was. Longer than even when he'd first turned to look.

Why is everyone bloody lining up at a beach bar?! Why aren't they waiting at their lounges like a proper resort?!

'Sorry mate,' he mumbled absently to the bloke he'd bumped into but, naturally, he wasn't even paying attention.

The man's attention was captured by his wife, and the performance she was putting on. The bloke barely favoured him with a glance at his mumbled apology before returning to the show.

Harry wanted to whine petulantly, now understanding why Daphne had sent him to get drinks.

Not because she was *thirsty*—she'd never been much of a day drinker anyway—but because she wanted him out of his hair while she shagged her new *bull*.

Or, rethinking it, it was far more likely that she enjoyed the thought of him watching and squirming from afar.

His wife was a wicked cunt like that.

It was part of her... *charm*.

He often told her how he loved watching her be a bitchy, posh cunt to other people.

Naturally, he'd never expected to have that side of her personality turned onto *him*. Her husband. Her lover. Her *life partner* and father to her three, wonderful children.

Not only should he have expected it... but judging by the aching in his bollocks... he might have even been enjoying it.

I'd enjoy it a lot more if I could bloody see!

Instead, he had to be satisfied with glimpses.

And in a way, he was. Each peek felt like a spark of electricity was shooting up his spine.

They looked so sexy together, his wife's curvaceous form and her lover's huge, domineering one. Weirdly though, it was the not-so-secret smiles she shot the bloke that had his guts churning the hardest, not the way she marvelled at his cock like it was a magical artefact, or ran her fingers over his bulging muscles.

That was all physical. The way she looked at him though?

Harry had thought she'd reserved that kind of affection to only her husband and children...

He'd thought wrong.

'Can I help you?'

The question zapped him out of his fugue state and he spun around to find he was the only person in the line now.

Taking a moment to reset his bearings, Harry shook his head and approached the bar. It was a ramshackle thing, manned by a gorgeous twenty-something who apparently wasn't all that interested in the casual nudism everyone else seemed to be partaking in.

Maybe because she's staff? Or maybe she just doesn't want sand in her vadge?

Before he could approach however, the woman's eyes immediately fell to his caged todger—hard not to, given it was highlighted in fluro-pink—and though she tried not to laugh, though she tried to act professional, he could see the amusement shining in her beautiful, hazel eyes.

Clearing his throat and trying to act like his manhood wasn't on display in its current, humiliating form was a challenge in front of someone so pretty, but he steeled his resolve and managed all the same.

'Er. Something fruity and sweet for the missus, thanks,' he ordered, seeing the names of the drinks on the sign behind her and recognizing none of them. He turned back to their lounge and let out a breath as his line-of-sight cleared and he was granted a clear as crystal view of Daphne leaning against her lover's chest, her legs spread and her eyes closed in pleasure as he reached around and thrust his finger in and out of her sopping cunt.

He could hear her moans, her gasps and mewls of pleasure, all the way from here.

His swallow was audible.

‘And one of whatever he likes.’

Harry didn’t even need to ask if the bloke was known around these parts—he exuded classic *local legend* energy and, he suspected—especially given the way the barkeep looked at the rutting couple while biting her lip sexily—he was *very* well known by the pretty woman.

‘Dexter?’ She asked in a breathy tone, her gaze also struggling to pull away from the beautiful couple. ‘I’m assuming that’s your wife, then?’

The way she asked the question—conciliatory, apologetic—had Harry’s guts clenching anew.

‘You could tell?’ Though he managed amusement and affected an aura of calm certainty well enough, he wasn’t quite sure he could hide how eager he was to hear what she said next.

She bit her lip again, this time less in arousal. It looks more nervous.

‘You’re not the first... *cuckold* couple that sought out Dex for his...*services*. There’s a reason why we call him The Bull around here. The man attracts married women like he has some kind of gravitational field pulling them in.’

Harry’s eyes sharpened, but rather than letting his angst and arousal show, he flashed the pretty girl a smile. ‘Like you?’

She blushed and looked away, tucking a strand of wavy, brunette hair behind her ear in embarrassment at having been so crudely, and accurately, called out.

Once more, she looked down at his caged cock, seemed to come to a realisation that she could be more open with him for some reason, then smiled shyly. ‘My husband doesn’t know about...us. We’re not like...you two.’

Harry didn’t let his disapproval show. Whatever he and his wife got up to, it was *never* without the others’ either explicit, or implicit permission.

Even, with Daph, it didn't often seem that way.

His wife knew him better than he knew himself, after all.

She handed him the drinks and offered him a parting, beautiful smile before Harry hurriedly made his way back to his wife and the *Bull*.

It was as if they were waiting for him.

Daph was still lounging against the man's chest, her legs spread and a finger buried deep in her cunt, but they were being languid about it. No rush, no feverish passion like they'd initially shown.

'You, *nnh*, took your time.'

Harry couldn't meet his wife's crystal blue eyes when he replied, his gaze was glued to her nethers. To how Dex's thick finger spread her cunt wide and ran delicately over her puffy lips. No hesitation, no caution—as if he already owned her pussy.

'There was a line,' he said, distractedly while his wife let out an amused huff.

'His finger is bigger than you are...'

This time Harry *did* tear his gaze away, and the look Daphne was favouring him with as she awaited his reaction made him weak at the knees.

She was getting off on teasing him, on tormenting him.

Almost as much as he was getting off being teased and tormented.

‘And my fist is tighter than your cunt, what’s the point?’

The *Bull* let out a surprised guffaw at his snapback and Daphne shot an annoyed look over her shoulder before turning back to Harry with narrowed eyes.

‘I’d say you could avail yourself of that *tight fist* you seem to love so much then, but you can’t, can you? *Cuck?*’

Without waiting for an answer, she spun around until she laid on her belly, planted herself between Dexter’s huge, spread thighs and looked up at his towering cock as it ominously loomed over her.

‘How...*lovely.*’

She took said cock in hand and, without so much as a *by-your-leave*, his wife stuck out her tongue and started licking the bollocks that rested heavy on the lounge. Each one the size of her closed fist.

Dex’s powerful muscles tensed and he flung his head back, dreadlocks askew atop his dark head as he groaned out his pleasure.

‘Ya like mi balls, gyal? *Mmmn*, right there!’

He ran a hand through her luscious blonde hair, but didn’t try to force the issue as his wife’s tongue poked out and she licked the oversized balls like they were two scoops of Fortesques’ finest, the heavy shaft resting against her forehead and dwarfing it by comparison.

All while he stood there, holding their drinks. Like an absolute tit.

Finally noticing him, Dex’s eyes widened and he snatched the drink from Harry’s hand with a groan and a polite nod.

‘Thanks, brudda.’ He took a sip and groaned, sending a blind toast towards the bar. ‘Courtney always treats me well.’

Annoyed at her efforts being ignored for even a second, Daphne looked up at him with narrowed eyes while cradling that absurdly oversized cock, saw the drink in his hand, and flicked her eyes down to the sand.

‘Put it down,’ she instructed, dispassionately.

Naturally, Harry did as instructed. He was in that kind of mood, it seemed. Creating a divot in the sand, he made an impromptu cup-holder before returning his attention to his naughty wife.

Smirking, Daphne reached out and tickled his dangly bits. Harry shuddered, but remained standing as she played with him in one hand, while still nuzzling Dexter’s huge cock.

‘You see this, luv?’ she whispered, sultry and heated. ‘Do you understand the sacrifice now? Of having to put up with this little thing for so long, rather than a *real* man’s cock, like this one?’

Despite the cage, Harry nearly came all over himself.

Just hearing Daphne, normally so cool and measured, spewing such filth was sending erotic explosions off in his brain. She was reminding him more and more of the sexpot she’d been before they had kids—all untamed, nympho energy combined with viscous dirty talk.

Seeing his reaction, Daphne chuckled sultrily before turning back to the current object of her desires.

Dexter’s ridiculous cock.

No longer only focusing on his bollocks, Daph stuck out her tongue and started to drag it along his absurd length. Watching closely, imprinting this erotic scene on his mind, Harry noted the tip of her tongue trailing the thick, pulsing veins that ran along the obsidian shaft.

Like she was making a game of it.

Bloody hell...

Dexter clearly approved. He leaned back against the lounge, spread his legs wide to accommodate Daph, then ran his fingers through her hair approvingly as she worshipped his domineering manhood.

Daphne was steadily getting into it, no-doubt psyching herself up for the true end-game.

And when he did come, Harry and Dexter both watched in stunned disbelief as she opened wide and swallowed him whole.

Daph was the kind of fellatrix that liked to focus on the head, usually. But at this moment, she seemed more determined to see how much of her new lover's shaft she could fit down her throat before gagging.

He'd watched his wife with other men before. More endowed men, even. It had been a while, but it wasn't something one easily forgot.

None of them were in Dexter's league, true, but he'd watched her give them blowies all the same.

He'd *never* seen her manage such a feat as she was displaying now though, and while she'd been forced to stop halfway down the big man's member, that was still one and a half times his own length.

And the less said about the difference in girth, the better.

Suffice it to say, in a battle with Daphne's forearm, Dexter's *cock* came out on top...

Dexter groaned deep and the way the corner of his wife's lips curled as they spread obscenely wide around the absurd shaft sent Harry's brain into the stratosphere. The following sound of her muffled chuckle somehow even hotter.

'You be *incredible*...'

Daphne pulled off her latest toy with a gasp, a thick string of saliva connecting his oversized tip to her lips that she brushed away.

'We've only just begun...'

Taking one large breast in each hand, Dexter groaned with approval when Daphne wrapped them around his spit-soaked shaft and started to massage as she went back to her main move.

Focusing on the head of the cock. Using her talented, dextrous tongue to tickle and stimulate the glans while her hefty baps smothered his shaft like an erotic cocoon.

Naturally, given his own more modest endowment, this wasn't something Harry got to experience simultaneously.

Ever.

And that realisation made his knees go weak, the realisation that this stranger was getting something from his wife he *never* would.. He reached out instinctively and put a hand on Dexter's broad, muscular, oily shoulder for balance lest he collapsed in the sand and made an even bigger tit of himself.

Perhaps sensing what had happened, his wife's lover didn't even flinch at the unexpected contact, chuckling under his breath in between moans.

While they hadn't necessarily drawn a crowd—something Harry didn't quite understand. Sure, people were shagging all over the beach, but *none* of them were as fit as his wife—Harry still felt the gazes of several onlookers watching the spectacle with curious eyes.

Chief among them, the pretty bartender he'd only just left.

Courtney? Was that her name?

He looked over his shoulder towards the now empty bar and locked eyes with the pretty barkeep. She had her lips caught between her teeth and her hands were out of sight, beneath the bar.

The way her shoulders were moving, however, Harry suspected she was *very* much enjoying the show.

Bit unprofessional, that...

A sharp strike to his shin had Harry yelping and turning back to his insatiable wife.

'Are we *boring* you, love?'

'N-no,' Harry answered, rubbing at his shin with a pained wince. What had she hit him with?! 'Just... not used to all the attention.'

'Don't worry,' she teased, her eyes alight with mischief. 'I don't think they're focusing on your *ickie dickie*,' she teased in a sing-song baby voice that brought to life uncomfortable memories best kept buried. 'Despite how utterly *adorable* it is in its new *dress*.'

Ickle dickie? Dress?! Where does she come up with this stuff?!

Harry was starting to suspect his wife had been fantasizing about this trip long before they'd even conceived it...

'Nearly there...'

Daphne pulled off his cock with a gasp and raised a delicate eyebrow.

‘Are we going to have an issue? As much as I’m enjoying this, I much rather have you somewhere else...’

Dexter answered with a deep, rumbling, only slightly exerted chuckle.

‘Pretty lady, for *you*? There will be no issue.’

Daphne’s eyes flashed with a predatory hunger that contrasted so violently with the perfect mother he knew her as, Harry felt it in his *soul*.

‘That’s *good*, because as much as I want to taste you, I much rather feel you *deep* inside me...’

‘Oh Lawd have mercy!’ Dexter groaned, muffling an ecstatic groan as Daphne pinned him with smouldering eyes and took him back in her mouth.

Seeing the way her jaw worked, Harry knew exactly what the bloke was experiencing. This was his wife’s favourite move. Vacuum-like suction, her tongue like a whirlwind—only this bloke was experiencing something Harry *never* had. *Couldn’t* have.

His wife’s heavy breasts squeezing, sandwiching, and stroking him *at the same time*.

Probably doesn’t hurt the ol’ ego that he’s getting all this while I’m standing here like a twat...

Dexter cupped Daphne’s face, his grunts growing more urgent as his end drew near.

‘Coming!’

His wife’s eyes flash and, while she continued to pump her tits like a metronome, she awaited what this bloke’s heavy bollocks promised to deliver.

And deliver, they *did*.

Harry saw the bloke's package *pulse*, like a *machine*, with each rope of cum he fired into his wife's mouth. Each ejaculation was accompanied by a pleased gasp, his large body wracked with shudders as his wife swallowed it *all*.

When he was done, Daphne pulled away and touched the corner of her plump lips to mop up an errant bit of cum, as if she was touching up a small bit of sauce.

But she hadn't swallowed.

Not yet.

And Harry soon figured out why.

His wicked, sadistic, *darling* wife turned to him—her ice-blue eyes twinkling much like a certain Chief Mugwump—then stood, her heavy breasts swaying with the motion.

Harry was a *tad* too slow to react, his brain still recovering from the sight he'd just seen, and distracted by the motion of her tits.

Daphne wrapped both arms around his neck and drew him close. Before he could even yelp out in alarm, she feverishly smashed her lips to his, her tongue forcing its way into his mouth.

Forcing its way, as well as a whole lot of thick, warm, *slimy* cum.

Shit!

He almost choked as he instinctively tried to reject the *offering*, but old instincts kicked in before he could think better of it.

Daphne the Slut groaned—Daphne the Mother having evidently stayed back in London—grinding her body against his as her tongue kept shovelling more and more of Dexter's cum into his mouth.

And after the initial hesitance, after his memory sparked and recalled that this was *far* from the first time they'd done this, Harry once more obeyed like the good little cuck that he apparently was.

He swallowed.

And bloody hell, the bloke's big balls weren't just for show. There was *a lot*.

His wife didn't let him go until she had nothing left to give, and even then, she was so turned on she was all-but dry humping him right there on the beach.

As if she were in heat, her mind completely surrendering to this hedonistic shift she'd welcomed ever since dropping their kids off King's Cross...

Pulling back, Daphne grunted in annoyance as she looked down and remembered she'd trapped his small cock in the chastity cage.

Her eyes cleared and she remembered where she was. Looking around, Harry nearly *gasp*ed when he saw his wife *blush* at all the attention she'd garnered.

People weren't necessarily crowding, but they *were* all looking over towards them—men and women alike—touching themselves as they admired their performance.

'They're looking...'

Harry let out a disbelieving bark of laughter and his wife turned to him with narrowed eyes.

'No bloody shit luv. I can't wait to show you this little performance of yours back to you once we get back home.' Back to their Pensieve, it needn't be said. Wrapping his arms around her lower

back, he pulled her close and kissed her again, still very much tasting Dexter's salty discharge on her lips.

He'd grown immune to the stares at this point. Humiliation could only go so far before one got over it.

Daphne got over the attention quickly too, especially when she turned back to their lounge and saw Dexter sitting back, his huge cock still hard and ready.

Ready for round two.

He felt his wife shudder against him.

'He's so big...'

'Ayup.'

His voice snapped her out of her 'cock-lust' and she turned to him with a wicked look.

'*So much* bigger than you.'

'Luv, I think he's bigger than anyone you've ever been with...'

Daphne bit her lip and nodded seriously, conceding the point.

After a beat of silence, with his wife admiring the oversized member, she turned back to Harry, her eyes alight with desire.

'I want you to put him in me.'

Harry's mind, already in pieces from overstimulation, came to a screeching halt.

‘...beg your pardon?’

‘You heard me,’ Daphne purred, leaning in close and grinding harder. ‘I’m gonna get on him, and you’re going to put that *huge* cock in me. I want you to properly understand what a *real* cock feels like...’

Harry joined his wife in turning to stare at Dexter—who, in his defence, was waiting rather patiently all-things considered—and swallowed audibly when the huge bloke smirked and shrugged.

‘Don’t get any funny ideas, brudda...’

Daphne smirked, released her hold on her husband, then threw a long, toned leg over Dexter’s chiselled, prone body. She settled on his oiled up, obsidian waist with a sigh, placing both palms on his bulging pecs while still maintaining eye contact with Harry.

It was less an intimate gesture and more a warning at this point.

Releasing the hold he had on his own cock, Harry watched as Dexter’s monolithic member slapped with a meaty thwack against his wife’s plump arse. He was almost hypnotized by the way her flesh jiggled in response, and how their skin-tones contrasted so sharply.

‘Well?’

Harry swallowed audibly at Daphne’s impatient urging, unable to tear his gaze away from the other bloke’s colossal member. It glistened obscenely in the sun, a combination of oil, spit and his excitement making it shine as if seeking attention.

Despite not being new to this kind of play, Harry had never put hands on another bloke.

And he’d certainly never even thought about it.

Yet that's what his wife was asking him to do.

Trying not to think too much about it, he steeled his resolve and bent down to reach for the twitching member.

He heard whispers and giggles from the nearby observers, but he tuned them all out. He tuned out all sensation but the feeling of another bloke's member in hand.

He didn't know what he'd been expecting. Harry figured it was just another cock, touched one, touched them all.

His assumption couldn't have been further from the truth.

While not the tallest bloke around, Harry had always had fairly large hands. And yet, not even he could wrap his fingers around the shaft.

Ugh, why is it so hot...?

Probably because of all of the blood running through it, he mentally added.

Dexter's cock wasn't just hot, it *pulsed* in his grip. It felt ominous. *Alive*.

And it was about to split his loving wife, mother of his three beautiful children, in two.

Shaking, Harry manoeuvred the shaft, angling it so the head dragged over his wife's arse and moved towards her opening. Naturally, she had to hoist herself up to give him an angle, but even that wasn't enough to stop Harry from needing to get his second hand in on the action.

Both Daphne and Dexter chuckled as he lined everything up while everyone watched the absurd spectacle.

When the head finally kissed his wife's lips, Harry had a front-row seat in seeing how her petals spread for him, eagerly accepting the oversized member as Daphne slowly sank down with an appreciative groan.

Seeing he was about to let go, Daphne barked out another command.

'Keep him, *nnh*, keep him steady!'

'Keep him steady?! This thing feels like a tree, I could take an axe to it and I don't think it'd make a bloody difference!'

'Rather you, *nngh*, didn't, mon,' Dexter rumbled, his hands on Daphne's hips as he slowly guided his moaning wife down on his cock.

Daphne didn't have the presence of mind to punish him or make her displeasure about his "lippyngness" known, she was too lost in pleasure.

Too enraptured at the feeling of being spread wider than she had been since giving birth...

'Shit! Bloody *shit!* Big! You're so damned *big!*'

'Take it easy, pretty lady,' Dexter warned, controlling her descent like a man used to the effect his oversized member had on women.

No longer suffering the indignity of keeping the bloke's cock steady, Harry was free to watch the torturous process of his wife's impalement.

To hear how she gasped and moaned like she was in labour as she slowly worked her way down.

Quickly scanning their surroundings, Harry noticed a good dozen people nearby watching the little show they were putting on, each of them touching themselves and not at all being discreet about it.

Harry could understand. Daph was *by far* the best looking woman on the beach, and watching that big cock disappear into that ridiculously tight pussy was like seeing a magic trick.

She did it in bursts, getting a few inches in before raising and starting again. The staccato motion was having a glorious effect on her soft flesh, and Harry had to bite his lip to stifle as gasp as his cage bit into him, tugging painfully at his balls as he tried to get hard.

The process became a lot easier as Daph grew more aroused, her juices practically drooling from where they were joined and soaking the towel beneath them.

Harry had watched something like this loads of times before. Daphne had been with loads of other guys before they settled down to have kids, and he'd enjoyed watching her shag them all.

All of them had been bigger than Harry, but *none* of them came close to Dexter in size.

He'd always known his wife had a *deep* pussy. He'd never come close to reaching her cervix when they made love, and he also remembered how she screamed when her lovers invariably *did*.

This time was no different.

The whispers picked up around them as Daphne took more and more of the foot-long cock in her womanhood, the comparison to a magic trick becoming more apt by the second.

She finally stopped with a loud gasp when her pelvis was resting against a disbelieving Dexter's.

'I can feel him...so deep inside me,' Daphne purred, her eyes locked on her lover but her words meant for him. 'He's pushing against my womb love...rearranging my insides... I *missed* this...'

Harry shuddered at the raw *want* in her tone.

This wasn't teasing anymore, but genuine desire.

She'd forgotten how much she loved the feeling of a well-endowed lover.

How she loved to be stretched to the point of breaking, her insides pressed deeper and deeper as she accommodated lovers with oversized members.

Finally, Daph turned to him and smiled.

'How do I look?'

'Beautiful,' Harry answered, breathless and awestruck.

Seeing how much of the absurd cock Daphne had taken, the way her lips spread obscenely, and her body jiggled with the motions...

For the first time since they'd tried something like this all those years ago, Harry felt a deep sense of envy burning in his gut.

Because he could *never* make his wife look as beautiful as this. He just didn't have the equipment.

As if sensing his thoughts, Daphne let out a breathless chuckle.

'Hop on, love,' she urged, her voice breathless. 'Get a closer look as another man shags your wife better than you *ever* could...'

As much as the words hurt—hitting him right in the insecurity—he couldn't deny wanting to do just that.

As Daphne started to rise and begin her shagging in earnest, Harry lay on his belly like a child sitting too close to the telly, his face mere inches away from his wife's impaled womanhood.

'Ooooh, *shit*, yes, *yes*!'

Harry swallowed thickly as they got into a rhythm. He couldn't stop himself. Everything Daph said or did was made a million times hotter because he instinctively and constantly juxtaposed that with mental images of Daphne, the Mother.

Either his wife had forgotten about their audience, or she no longer cared. Her enraptured cries rang out up and down the beach, completely uninhibited and unashamed.

Even at his best, Harry *couldn't* make his wife scream like that.

It took all of his skill as a lovemaker to get his wife to cum every time they made luv. All Dexter had to do was sit there and encourage her in that deep, exotic voice to outshine all of his effort and knowledge of his wife's body.

The thought was both deeply upsetting and insanely hot at the same time.

'Yes, Yes, oh *shits*, yes! I'm cumming!'

And it was the first of *many*.

His wife's body shook with her climax, so thunderous and overwhelming she nearly blacked out had Harry's hand not snatched out to steady her. Stopping Daphne from collapsing flat on Dexter's face.

Daphne grasped the hand Harry had looped around her body like a lifeline as she rode her orgasm out, *this* particular sea of euphoria a tempestuous and violent one.

She was quick to recover however.

Eager to keep going.

It had been *fourteen years* after all, since James had been born.

Since she'd, *effectively*, gone celibate to focus on raising her children.

The naughty, self-deprecating thought didn't quite have him moaning like his wife, but it was a close thing.

Daph came three more times before Dexter let out a warning that he was close.

'In me! Cum *deep* in me!' Daph cried, bouncing on Dexter's lap so hard her boobs would've been flailing all over the place had Harry not taken it upon himself to mould himself against Daphne's back and cradle them for her.

Did that mean he could unfortunately feel Dexter's big bollocks hammering against his own when the big bloke's thrusting got a little too vigorous?

Yes. And that was unfortunate.

It *wasn't* enough for Harry to let go.

What's a bit of ball-touching when I've already held his cock?

He was finding himself making a lot of mental justifications like that lately.

Dexter's orgasm was more violent than the one from his wife's oral treatment. His body stiffened, his back arched, and he *roared* as he unloaded inside his wife's greedy womanhood.

'Oh Merlin' Daphne gasped, the odd exclamation going either unheard or unnoticed by the nearby voyeurs or her trembling lover. 'It's been so long since someone filled me like this...'

Harry squeezed Daphne's large breasts playfully, and earned himself a breathless chuckle as he nuzzled his wife's neck and bit the lobe of her ear harder than was playful.

'Relax woman. There's only so much of a beating my ego can take.'

Her answering laughter was both playful and wicked at the same time.

'We'll see...'

When Dexter finally stopped shooting a lorry-full of cum into his wife, Harry finally disengaged and backed off to see the damage.

Having somewhat softened, Harry watched the still-huge member slip out of his wife's utterly demolished cunt with a wet, sucking sound. The tight seal no-longer in place, Harry was greeted with the rather grotesque sight of a *waterfall* of cum oozing out of Daph's womanhood.

It took him a moment to realise his darling wife was looking at him over her shoulder with a wicked smirk.

'Well?' she prompted. 'It's not going to clean itself...'

Swallowing thickly, Harry flipped around and got on his back. Scooching up until he felt the unwelcome sensation of gently headbutting Dexter's still oversized bollocks, Daphne met him halfway until the waterfall was soaking his face.

Trying not to think too much about it, and instead imagining the rapturous smile on his wife's face as he cleaned her of her lover's discharge, he got to work.

When he was done, feeling a little queasy and bloated, but satisfied, he made to get up but Daphne shuffled back further until she was sitting on his chest.

'You're such a *good* boy,' she cooed. He'd heard her say the same to their children thousands of times before, but it hit so different this time. 'The job is only half done though, my love.'

Before Harry could process the almost *crazed* look of lust in his wife's eyes, she reached for something above his head before letting it drop with a meaty thwack on his face.

Something large.

Something somehow both hard and spongy.

Something wet.

Something warm.

Something...

Oh fuck she's gone and put his cock on my face!

'Clean him,' Daphne urged, and though one eye was completely covered by the huge, soiled cock resting against his face, the other was unobstructed enough to see the look in his wife's eyes.

She didn't even look this turned on when she was shagging the bloke.

She wanted this. *More* than she wanted anything else that happened that day.

His wife wanted him to suck another man's cock.

And he was crazy enough to not immediately tell her to sod off, or use their long-forgotten safe word.

Seeing the look of wanting, the raw *desire* shining in her ice-blue eyes though... Harry found it incredibly hard to say no.

Despite his guts roiling with disgust and his mind screaming protestations.

He'd *never* been able to refuse his wife anything.

He wasn't about to start today.

Steeling his resolve, he shoved his reservations way back to the back of his mind and, once more... *obeyed*.

Opening wide, Harry's tongue was about to snake out and start licking the offending, soiled member resting against his face...

Dexter's reflexes were sharper.

'*Woah* bruddah! No no, I don't play like that!'

He pulled his cock away, taking it off Harry's face before he could start licking the shaft clean.

'What are you on about?!' Daphne asked, all sultriness and euphoria replaced with frustration.

It reminded Harry so much of how little Lily got when she didn't get her way it *hurt*.

He should *not* be thinking about his darling angel at a time like this!

Daphne clearly *wanted* this, and Dexter was *denying* her.

And his wife was *not* in the mood to be denied this day.

'He's touched you loads of times! Your bollocks were resting on his face for goodness sake!'

'Dat's different,' Dexter shrugged with certainty. 'That's dominant, this is gay. Go find someone else on the island if you want to play that. Plenty of people be willing.'

Harry almost laughed as Daphne clenched her fists. She was on the verge of having a full-blown temper tantrum when Harry's attention was stolen by the glorious, gaping pussy hovering just inches from his face.

It had been a *long* time since he'd seen his wife's cunt red and gaping like that...

Licking his lips, he made sure to get a long, hard look. He wanted the memory he would *absolutely* watch back when he got home to be as crystal clear as possible.

Then he remembered something.

Before disembarking from the ship, they strolled past the gift store. Harry had been pointing out all the muggle contraptions Daphne didn't recognize, explaining their uses.

She'd been particularly fascinated by the concept of disposable cameras.

Reaching blindly for the beach bag, Harry's hand rummaged around inside until he found what he was looking for.

Whirr... click. Ka-chik.

He was about to crank it again for another photo when a loud whistle cut through the ambient sounds of the beach—sounds he hadn't even realised he'd grown used to—and the arguing of his wife and her lover.

'*No photos!*'

It was Courtney, the gorgeous bartender.

She didn't look particularly gorgeous or friendly at that moment though. She had a severe frown on her face, and was pointing at him from the bar like a bloody referee.

'Out!'

Everyone on the beach was looking at them now while Harry and Daphne stared at the woman in disbelief.

Then Harry looked down at his hands and his eyes widened.

Looking back up, Courtney was no longer pointing at him, but at one of the signs Harry had glossed over and ignored when he'd gone to get drinks earlier.

In his defence, his attention had been... otherwise occupied.

There were three clear signs, each a simple black image with a red cross over it.

One clearly depicted a piece of litter.

Another a closed fist by the silhouette of a man and woman.

And the third... a camera.

Oops.

'Leave!' Courtney ordered, no signs of her previous geniality in sight.

Harry turned to look back up at his wife, his eyes wide.

Rather than looking put off, Daphne was grinning down at him.

Completely unsympathetic.

'You heard her,' she said, smiling wider when he made to argue. 'Don't look at me. *You're* the idiot that broke the rules.'

He puffed out his cheeks and frowned. He threw the camera into the beach bag and reached for his clothes but Daphne slapped his hand away.

'You won't be needing those.'

His frown deepened.

'What? You want me to walk back to the ship with my twig and giggleberries hanging out?'

Daphne's smirk grew wider. 'Don't be so dramatic. It's not as if anyone will even notice something so *small*.'

His cheeks flushed as Dextrer's deep chuckle reverberated in his throat.

'What am I supposed to do by myself?'

'You'll think of something,' Daphne assuaged with a careless shrug. 'Now if you don't mind, that spoilsport of a barkeep is looking rather annoyed at being ignored and I think Dexter might be up for another round.'

'Mhmm.'

With an annoyed frown at being so ridiculously dismissed—he was taking a picture of his *own wife* for goodness sake—Harry left the beach, doing his best not to meet the eyes of his fellow, suddenly shy hedonists

Despite feeling their gazes burning into his back.

He hadn't felt so ridiculous since being called up to the front of the Potions class by Snape for brewing his potion *too* well.

Still, he left with what little dignity he had remaining.

Did he go back to the ship and wait like a good boy?

Fuck that.

Once he'd put enough distance between the hidden alcove and himself, Harry doubled-back around and headed towards the beach once more—this time, under the cover of the thick forest that served as the hedonistic escape's privacy barrier.

Bizarrely, his cage *helped* when trekking through the dense underbrush, guarding his privates from being scraped and marred by stray foliage.

The alcove sported a crescent shaped beach surrounding the water. The majority of the revellers were concentrated on one end, while Harry's new vantage point in the dense brush put him at the other.

Far enough to not be seen, close enough to see plenty.

And judging by what he was seeing, his wife certainly didn't waste any time mourning his sudden absence.

He should stress, though his focus might imply otherwise, there were *loads* of people shagging on that beach. While Daphne was the most attractive, it wasn't as if she was the star of the show.

The other hedonists kept doing their own thing, perhaps with a cheeky glance at the others around them, but mostly focusing on their own pleasure.

Naturally, Harry didn't have that to worry about.

Besides, seeing the mother of his children being jack-hammered into her banana lounge was plenty distracting.

And any lingering doubt that signs of her *vociferous* approval were previously *over-exaggerated* for his benefit were quickly put to rest.

No. Daphne was not moaning like a *whore* for his benefit. She was doing that and then-some with him gone as Dexter drove his huge cock down into her over and over, crashing against her meaty arse with every plunge.

Harry's cheeks flushed, his heart threatening to beat its way out of his chest at the sight, at seeing his wife's legs flailing like a porn-star, at hearing her uncharacteristically scream like she'd never screamed before as she got the shagging of a lifetime.

Dexter was a machine, and the reason for his popularity became even more evident as he watched them finish in that position, before switching to another, doggy, and finally, reverse cowgirl, with his wife facing Harry's hidden vantage point and her tits flopping all over the place.

Harry was desperate to break the cheap, plastic cage and wank. He'd never been so turned on in his life, the sight before him enough to take his breath away.

Eventually, with a lingering kiss, Dexter left his spent wife all-but passed out on her lounge, gasping for breath as if she'd just run a marathon with a river of cum *oozing* from her gaping cunt.

Merlin, she's gorgeous... I can't believe it, but I actually missed this side of her...

He loved Daphne-the-Mother. He *adored* Daphne-the-Mother.

He *worshiped* Daphne-the Slut. His wife, when she was like this, had him wanting to do things he'd never usually consider in a million years—swallowing her lover's cum, he'd learned, the more tame of her *commands*, apparently.

He shook as the memory of how close he'd come to giving another bloke a blowie pierced the cloud of fog clouding his mind in that moment.

Rather than recoil in disgust however, he only felt a surprising emptiness when he remembered Daphne's disappointed face at Dexter's firm disapproval.

He shook himself out of his self-reflection when he saw the cute barkeep strolling over to his wife and handing her another drink. He watched as the two talked for a while, smiling and laughing together, as if they'd been friends forever.

That was almost as shocking as watching his wife take the huge islander.

Daphne did not make *friends* easily.

Eventually, Courtney was called back to her bar and Daph apparently decided, without her beloved husband there to take care of it for her, that she'd slink into the calm waves and wash herself off in the crystalline water.

Then... a lot of nothing happened.

Harry made himself comfortable in his vantage point and watched as his wife just... did beach things. She read a book, she swam, she sun-bathed, she people-watched.

Of course, *people-watching*, wasn't as innocent on *this* beach as it was on others, but other than enjoying the view and touching herself, she didn't get up to much else.

And Harry found himself... disappointed.

What the bloody hell is this?!

It took Daphne approximately three seconds to find a lover when they'd first turned-up. He didn't think for a *second* she was satiated now either, even after the thorough shagging Dexter had given her.

Whether it was the insecurity of being the follow-up act to the huge, popular local, or being intimidated by Daphne's beauty and the absence of her mysterious plus-one, no one even came *close* to approaching her other than Courtney for a quick chin-wag here and there.

That was... until the *Silver Fox* appeared.

Tall, fit, handsome with a head of thick, silver hair, this new bloke turned up to the beach by himself, looked around, then paused when his eyes fell on Daphne.

He'd have called someone of his age—in his sixties, if Harry had to guess—*ambitious* for approaching his wife, but this bloke wore his age *well*.

Frankly, he looked like someone who'd played James Bond in his youth. Someone who still retained the clear signs of *heartthrob* status he'd enjoyed once upon a time, and also worked hard to keep himself in shape, but who was inevitably losing the battle with father time all the same.

Harry was far enough away that he couldn't make out age-lines on his face, but he didn't need to see them. Years of observing people as an Auror gave Harry a sense for these things.

Spotting his wife on her lonesome, the Silver Fox made a beeline for one of the empty lounges beside her.

And Daphne... didn't look displeased by his invading of her personal space.

If anything, the opposite. Especially when he shucked his swimming costume and joined the other beach-goers in their nudity, revealing a cock just as shockingly large soft as Dexter's had been.

Bloody hell, they need to put a sign out at the entrance to the beach, like the ones for fair rides. My ego's taken a proper beating today...

Even from this distance, Harry could see his wife bite her lip hungrily at the sight of it. She stared, completely unashamed as he set out his towel and made himself comfortable, his trunk of a cock swaying about with his movements.

Much to Harry's disappointment—unlike with Dexter—Daphne and this new challenger didn't throw themselves at each other like a couple of horny teenagers.

She'd apparently had her insatiable, keening lust for a huge cock shagged out of her by her dark-skinned lover, and while she still showed interest in this new, older man, his wife clearly wasn't as desperate to jump on his cock.

But she wasn't uninterested either.

Harry watched, silently, and somehow, *hours* flew by.

Daphne and this new man chatted like old friends, drank together, swam together, applied lotion on each other's bodies...

If they weren't both completely naked and surrounded by others just like them, or occasionally engaging in explicit acts of their own, it would have felt like a completely normal beach date.

The closest they ever came to emulating the frenzy from earlier in the day was when they went out for a swim together, and while nothing Harry saw had him thinking they'd shagged while their bodies were submerged, they *did* kiss.

And, *absurdly*, watching his wife kiss the older, handsome man had his guts churning harder than they ever did when he watched Dexter fucking his wife.

There was just something about the sensuality of the kiss. The closeness and intimacy...

It made Harry feel uncomfortable and queasy.

Naturally, it still turned him on, but it was a different mix of feelings churning inside him. An equally intoxicating cocktail that made him simultaneously burn with jealousy and desire.

Unfortunately, their little date was interrupted as the ship's horn sounded from the other side of the island—long, deep, and impossible to ignore.

The unmistakable warning that their fun would be quickly coming to an end.

As those that would be returning to the ship on the beach started to dress, Harry stood, stretched out the stiff muscles in his back, and let out a disappointed sigh.

He'd been hoping for... *more*.

As he started to make his way back to the ship, Harry idly wondered if Daphne was *really* satisfied with how she'd left things with her new *friend*.

-

Daphne was dissatisfied.

Immensely so.

Not, perhaps, for the obvious reason. The afternoon had not been unpleasant—far from it. Arthur had proven handsome, charming, *and* attentive in all the ways a man of his age and

experience ought to be. She'd felt at ease in his presence, in a way she rarely did with men that weren't her husband.

It had been a *thoroughly* pleasant afternoon.

And yet...

She was dissatisfied.

I sound like a child...

She had stepped onto that beach that morning with a very particular goal in mind. A hunger she had allowed to lie dormant for far too long—one she'd let wilt ever since her beloved James had come into the world.

A hunger that had been steadily growing ever since they saw their children off at King's Cross.

It reminded her of a time where she'd been infinitely more reckless and willing to indulge her most vivid, erotic fantasies, her willing and voyeuristic husband by her side.

And on that beach, she'd found someone willing to indulge, someone *more than* capable of sating that hunger. Dexter had been *incredible*, his oversized penis stretching her in a way that tickled at memories in the back of her mind. It had almost been overwhelming, the way her womanhood had spread for him had her lips stinging in the best possible way, his absurd length hitting places within her Harry couldn't hope to reach, even on his best day.

She shuddered as she recalled the pure, unadulterated pleasure that had coursed through her body with each orgasm, the way her caged husband gaped at the sight as Daphne was thoroughly ravished before him.

Unfortunately, the good times hadn't lasted.

That utter imbecile...

Her husband had allowed himself to be removed, and with him had gone that intoxicating dynamic she had so thoroughly enjoyed. That look on his face. That delicious blend of torment and want that made every moment feel sharper and more vivid.

She had almost called it a day there. What was even the point if Harry wasn't there to enjoy the show? If her husband wasn't there to torment while she gave herself freely to others?

And then, like a knight riding a Gryphon, Arthur had arrived to save the day.

He was older than her, that was true, but he was also *fit*, handsome in a way that was distracting, so charming he made Daphne forget about her missing husband.

And then there had been the absurd endowment hanging heavy between his legs.

Distracting, she mentally corrected, was an understatement.

Arthur wasn't a bore, he wasn't just some eye-candy with an oversized endowment like Dexter had been. He was charming and *interesting*.

And yet... she hadn't been immune to her environment. The constant sounds of sex, the freedom of the Sun's rays warming every inch of her naked body... but most importantly, Arthur's mouth-watering *cock*. Despite the pleasant conversation they'd shared, it had taken an immense amount of focus to direct her mind anywhere but at that awe-inspiring phallus.

She'd gone too long without. Been content with her husband's below average endowment for so long she'd *forgotten*.

Daphne exhaled softly through her nose as she walked the corridor toward their cabin, her fingers tightening slightly around the strap of her bag.

Still...he *had* been good company.

Good enough that, for a time, she had not thought of Harry at all.

That, more than anything, gave her pause.

She slowed just outside the door, her teeth catching briefly at her lower lip as the memory of their parting flickered through her mind—Arthur's lingering glance, the unspoken promise left hanging between them.

Her eyes narrowed faintly as that sense of *dissatisfaction* intensified.

That was not how I'd imagined my afternoon to go...

And yet... the evening was gearing up to be *infinitely* more promising.

The corridor itself was quieter than the deck, though not by much. The ship thrummed faintly beneath her feet, a constant, steady reminder of the world beyond its polished walls. Voices drifted from further down—older couples, mostly. This cruise skewed decidedly toward a more... *seasoned* clientele.

It made Harry and Daphne stand out even more, gazes following them hungrily wherever they went.

She'd long since grown used to the stares, and in a place like this? Had even grown to welcome them.

She wasn't quite sure why, but the stares of these strangers didn't make her skin crawl like that of her brother-in-law and his friends.

No shared history...

She found herself subconsciously adding an extra sway to her steps as she made a beeline to their cabin. Daphne hadn't thought much of her fellow cruise-mates when they'd first embarked on this much-needed holiday, but after Arthur...?

She didn't immediately dismiss those older than her anymore, and even gave a few of the better looking ones a return glance—no doubt making their evenings.

Fishing the small, flat card from her bag, she slid it through the slot with a faint frown of distaste.

Muggles... so strange.

The lock audibly disengaged with a mechanical *beep*, and she pushed the door open... only to pause at the sight that greeted her.

Harry lay sprawled across the bed, utterly at ease, clad in nothing but the ridiculous little cage she had left him in earlier.

For a moment, she simply stared at him, her mind, for some reason, unable to comprehend the absurd sight.

'I'm *sorry*?' she asked incredulously, genuine surprise colouring her tone. 'You *actually* came back here with your tail between your legs?'

He snorted, as though the very idea were absurd.

And just like that, something warm and familiar settled in her chest, while a tightness she hadn't even noticed, but had been present all day, loosened.

The way her husband looked at her, the amused smirk, the sparkle in his eyes. The easy affection, the comforting camaraderie.

Completely untouched, despite what had happened earlier that day.

It came as a genuine shock how much the possibility of their relationship irrevocably changing had been weighing her down all day. So much so that the immense relief she felt when she saw the way he still looked at her made her weak at the knees.

Harry was always quick to praise her—to call her the perfect wife, the perfect mother.

Daphne had never been particularly fond of such overt sentiment... But the feeling was decidedly mutual. Harry truly was an incredible father, and in a partner, she couldn't have possibly asked for more.

Her lips curved, almost despite herself.

A thought—decidedly wicked—slipped into her mind unbidden.

Well... that's not entirely true...

Her gaze fell to the absurd, fluro-pink chastity cage despite herself. She let out a heavy, controlled breath at how the plastic kept her husband's decidedly below average endowment in check.

I couldn't even fit that on Dexrer... or Arthur...

'Don't be ridiculous,' he said, rolling his eyes. 'I doubled back through the forest. Watched your *encore* through the trees. Then spent the next few hours bored out of my bloody mind while you did sweet fuck-all with your new *friend*.'

Her smile widened.

Good.

He *hadn't* scurried off like a beaten dog. He'd seen the way Dexter had *ravished* her after he'd left. She still felt the phantom sensations of his delicious endowment stretching her beyond her limits.

Her husband was a fantastic lover. When they made love, he *never* failed to bring her to climax—she wouldn't have settled for anything less.

But he was all that *despite* his lacking endowment.

She loved her husband... but they'd learned early on in their relationship that she was also particularly fond of something in the bedroom he could never provide.

And so... they'd adapted.

That's how they'd originally gotten into this lifestyle—at her husband's insistence, she hastened to mentally add. She wasn't so base or heartless as to enforce an ultimatum on the man she loved.

But once he'd opened the door...?

She shivered as she once more recalled the way Dexter had made her feel. The way her vision had whited out and starbursts exploded behind her eyes every time that ridiculous cock bottomed out inside her...

Daphne composed herself quickly, smoothing her expression into something more neutral as she crossed the room, setting her bag neatly by the door.

'Well,' she said lightly, 'you'll be pleased to know your efforts won't go entirely unrewarded.'

That got his attention.

He pushed himself up, suspicion sharpening his features.

'What d'you mean?'

She allowed her smile to deepen, her eyes becoming heavily lidded as arousal surged from deep within her core.

'Arthur is a passenger on this cruise,' she said, as though discussing the most mundane of details. 'And he'll be joining us shortly to finish what we started.'

Harry blinked stupidly as the words washed over him, then he shot up, as if struck by lightning.

'Youwot?'

Daphne did not even attempt to hide her amusement now.

'That got your attention, did it?'

'What do you mean he'll be *joining us shortly*?'

'I didn't think I was being especially obtuse, my love,' she replied, her tone perfectly even as she circled the bed, leaning down to press a brief, almost absent-minded kiss to his cheek. 'I imagine we'll be needing the bed, if you don't mind...?'

The look on his face was just pure *perfection*.

She very nearly laughed.

She *did* bite her lip to stifle a needy moan.

I don't recall the last time I was this horny... It's like I'm a teenager all over again...

Only barely restraining herself as she straightened, she turned towards the closet before pausing, glancing back over her shoulder with a raised brow.

‘If we’re revisiting old hits...’

She looked back towards the walk-in closet, with its heavy, wooden, non-slatted, doors. Harry’s gaze followed hers, and he puffed up so *adorably*.

For some reason, while he wore that cage, most of what he did just came off as *adorable* to her.

She giggled, despite herself. Harry, of course, misread her amusement.

‘If you think I’m missing—’

She didn’t let him finish.

She flicked her wand and the closet doors swung open.

Another flick, and the interior of the closet shifted, reshaping itself into something far more *accommodating*.

‘Honestly,’ she said, almost idly, ‘you’re rather excitable today.’

‘*Excitable—?!*’

‘Will you *calm down*?’ Daphne cut in, her tone cooling just a fraction, just as she did when her beloved children pushed her *too far*. ‘You’re remarkably lippy for a *disgusting* little *cuck*.’

That did it.

He froze.

Heat rose in his cheeks—sharp and unmissable.

It wasn't just embarrassment though. Something else made itself known on his features.

Something she recognised instantly.

Daphne held his gaze for a moment longer than strictly necessary, daring him to object again with her cool gaze... then looked away at his prolonged silence. As if the matter was settled.

As if this was expected.

As if putting him in his place hadn't made her wetter than *anything* she'd done with Dexter, or promised to do with Arthur.

Another flick of her wand, and he yelped as he was levitated cleanly from the bed and deposited neatly into the chair she'd conjured.

It wasn't as elaborate a piece of furniture as if Harry had conjured it, but it would suffice.

With another flick, the doors slammed shut with a booming finality. Completely solid and cutting her husband off from the action in the bedroom.

Well, we can't have that...

Daphne considered for a moment...then began layering charms far more complicated than her previous spellwork, her wand moving in careful, intricate patterns.

She could have just transfigured the door to give it slats that would allow Harry to watch, but that was getting perilously close to flirting with the Statute—especially if Arthur's room featured an identical closet, sans-slats...

A reach, but not *impossible*. And the Ministry was notoriously prickly about these things.

Thankfully, she had other options.

Her wand finished its movements, the spell taking hold. All Daphne could see was the deep mahogany of the wooden door, but if she'd been successful...

She palmed her breasts then groped them with a smile as if she was showing them off to her husband.

And if the spell had worked, she *was*.

'Well?'

Harry's voice came through the heavy wooden door, muffled but clearly amused.

'...Like it's not even there.'

'Good.'

He would be able to see *everything*.

Her womanhood tingled with delight at the thought.

A polite knock cut through the silence of the cabin.

Daphne turned toward the door, paused, then turned back to the closet and, feeling a little ridiculous, gave the solid, timber door a slow, sensual grin.

'Enjoy the show,' she whispered, warmth already flooding her core as she mentally prepared for what was to come.

Her hands drifted down to her chest, the crocheted bikini doing absolutely nothing for her modesty, but working overtime in highlighting her hard-earned physique.

She bit her lip then crossed the room, her posture settling into something more composed.

Effortless.

Exactly as she wished to be seen.

A not-insignificant part of her didn't want her excitement to bleed through her cool facade but, after a whole afternoon of flirting and holding herself back, she didn't rate her chances all that highly.

'Wow...'

Arthur just stood there in the doorway, his dark eyes drinking her in as he visibly tried to hold himself back.

She really wished he didn't.

'I mean no offence by this, but I'm not quite sure if you look better like this, or naked...'

His voice was deep. Cultured. He sounded like he had a rich education and enjoyed spending his time discussing philosophy and politics.

She wasn't quite sure why, but it was a voice that instantly made her perk up and take notice.

'Arthur? As much as I enjoyed our time together today, I'm afraid I'm in no mood for more *talking*.'

His eyes were glued to her chest—to the way the wool clung to her large breasts like a pair of stretched hammocks—but at her words, they flicked up and, after inhaling deeply, he slowly nodded.

‘I... feel the same.’

And then they were on each other.

It all happened so fast. One moment, they were standing in the doorway, Arthur dressed in a sailor-style button-up shirt, short shorts and boat shoes and Daphne in her bikini, the next, they were on the bed, naked, their lips locked in a passionate embrace.

Daphne whined as Arthur pulled away, then moaned as he kissed her neck and trailed lower. She wrapped her legs around his waist and held him close, feeling his aching hardness press against her core while he feasted on her pebbled nipples.

‘Yes, *nnh*, more, *please!*’

It seemed Daphne wasn’t the only one left frustrated from their more sedate, lazy afternoon in the sun.

Arthur set his oversized manhood down against her belly and Daphne thrilled at how it made a heavy, *thwack* sound as it landed.

She didn’t know if it was her abstinence that had made her desire grow sharper, but the way just *looking* at her older lover’s shaft sent tingles of desire surging through her felt pretty telling.

She’d *missed* this. Missed the no-strings sex, the *newness*, the excitement, the complete release of all inhibitions, the walls she put up around herself whenever she was in public...

But most of all, and perhaps at its most banal and basic, she really *did* just miss big cocks.

She felt wicked even thinking it.

She loved her husband.

Dearly.

But there was something about how a well-endowed lover could so effortlessly please her—as if her pleasure was a foregone conclusion, not something one needed to put effort in—that had her trembling with need so intense she visibly shook as Arthur teased his plum-sized head over her glistening opening.

‘Arthur... *please!*’

Daphne flung her head back and let out a deep, soulful groan as her older lover eagerly acquiesced, first parting her flower with his large head, before forcing his way into her tight canal,

He couldn’t have known that she was a *very* bad girl, that she didn’t *need* gentle easing onto his oversized member.

Rather than put it into words, Daphne hooked her ankles around Arthur's narrow waist and *pulled*.

Her lover yelped in alarm, but as he sank deeper and *deeper*, his protestations were replaced with gasps of shock.

‘You’re, *nngh*, outstanding!’

Daphne, her eyes screwed shut as her womanhood spread, deliciously, *painfully* wide to accommodate Arthur’s girth, laughed breathlessly as she luxuriated in the exquisite *fullness*, the mind-numbing, *deep* pleasure that, until that morning, she’d all but forgotten the taste of.

Time blurred as the duo unleashed a whole afternoon's worth of repressed desire unto each other, with Arthur proving that age was just a number. He did not finish as often as Daphne did, but when he inevitably did, a quick feasting on her breasts, or passionate liplock was often enough to get him going again.

If Daphne had found out the man wasn't a muggle, and had, in-fact, been on stamina potions, she wouldn't have been surprised.

After filling her to the brim with another mighty climax, they pulled apart as if by mutual, silent consent, with Daphne's head resting on Arthur's chest. Slick with sweat, it rose and fell rapidly as he fought to regain his breath.

One of the many signs that proved how their exertions had affected them. Another being the slimy mess between her legs she could *feel* soaking the sheets, leaving behind an unfortunate puddle of their mixed excitement Daphne didn't *love* laying in...

After finally regaining his breath, Arthur seemed to look around at their room for the very first time since being allowed in.

'I thought you said you were married...?'

'Your conscience making itself known? Tell it it's unwelcome.'

She snuggled deeper into his hairy chest—Merlin, call her weird, but she actually loved that he didn't remove it—molding herself tighter against his side as she let her eyes rest, her legs intertwining with his.

In answer, she heard him snort.

'Hardly. I'd just assumed... something else, I suppose.'

Daphne cracked open an amused eye and stared up into Arthur's slate-grey pupils.

‘Oh? And what did you *assume*?’

He shrugged, and started running his hand through her thick hair as he thought on his next words.

‘These kinds of things usually play out differently, in my experience. Especially in places like *this*.’

The thought that Daphne was just one in a seemingly *very* long line of conquests for the handsome, older bull didn’t upset her so much as it made her feel tawdry. *Cheap*.

In a *delightfully* wicked way.

‘Well, we can’t have you be disappointed, can we?’

Standing and catching herself on the bed as her wobbly legs threatened to give out beneath her, Daphne slowly strolled towards the closet, a sensual sway to her hips she caught Arthur greedily staring at as she looked back at him over her shoulder with a teasing smile.

She opened the door blindly, her gaze focused on Arthur and how he was already stroking himself to readiness, eager to resume their lovemaking.

‘Oh my, how unsightly...’

Curious, Daphne turned to see what Arthur was referring to and her eyes widened in surprise. Surprise shifted to annoyance that quickly morphed into *outrage*.

Harry, still sitting in his cuck chair... but now he was completely naked, sans the one article of *clothing* she’d left him with.

Looking to the floor, she couldn’t see the chastity cage anywhere.

He either tucked it away somewhere, or wandlessly vanished it...?

She was too angry to be impressed.

Especially as she saw her husband lazily slumped in his seat, his little cock shrivelled and spent with a pool of his cum drying on his belly.

She'd been looking forward to unlocking him *herself*, and having her husband unleash his pent-up desires on *her*.

Instead, he'd *disobeyed* her and apparently handled it himself.

He had a silly smile on his face. As if *he'd* been the one that just got done shagging. He tried to sit up, but he still looked like he was lost in a pleasurable fog.

'Bloody hell... forgot how good the orgasms were after being locked up...'

Daphne's nostrils flared in anger.

They didn't particularly codify rules and boundaries. They were more implicit.

Daphne ordered. Harry obeyed.

She allowed him his rebellious and oft-amusing repartee, but that had always been under the proviso that he *do as he was told*.

And breaking out of his own chastity cage to *wank*... that was against the *rules*.

She wanted to punish him. Severely. But she couldn't think of anything in that moment—with her face flushed in fury—that wouldn't violate the statute.

Then she felt a gentle grip on her bicep and a warm presence behind her and she turned, staring up into Arthur's sleet-grey eyes.

What she saw there gave her pause.

It wasn't just amusement, not just the triumph of a man who'd conquered what belonged to another.

There was something... *deeper*. Something not-quite inscrutable as her lover admired her husband's naked and exposed body.

Something... she could work with.

She felt her insides flutter with excitement.

Looking down her older lover's surprisingly chiselled body, she saw his manhood hanging heavily between his legs, still looking utterly delicious even in its semi-hard state.

Still soiled from their recent coupling.

Well... we can't have that.

A surge of inspiration hit her, as memories from what had nearly happened on the beach flooded her mind.

She turned back to her husband and—making sure not to use the hand with her engagement ring, or to put too much strength behind it—she backhanded him across the face.

The sound of the slap went off like a thundercrack in the otherwise silent room. Her husband's head shot to the side, his eyes wide more out of surprise, than pain or anger.

'Oh dear...'

She ignored Arthur's surprise and narrowed her eyes at Harry.

'Who gave you permission to get out of your cage, *cuck*?'

Her husband's eyes widened at the harsh tone of her voice. Naturally though, given his nature, he didn't wilt at her fury. If anything, his *ickle* spent *dickie* started to once more show signs of life.

Daphne stared at her husband's privates in shock, watching as it twitched, showing signs of life after the surprising slap.

Surely not...

She had to make sure...

'|—'

She cut him off with another backhand. It was less impactful now that he was expecting it, but the reaction was somehow even *more* intense.

'Do it again,' he growled, his eyes flashing with arousal.

Daphne ignored him, staring down at his privates in disbelief. 'You're *hard*?'

The question was ridiculous, the evidence was as clear as day. Harry stared down at his own, far less impressive endowment with equal amounts of awe.

'Woah, learn something new every day.'

'You *like* me hitting you?!'

'I think I do...?' He looked up, his eyes shining with a peculiar mix of desire and incredulousness. 'Do it again!'

This was ridiculous. She was supposed to be punishing him, *not* exploring a new, unexpected—if highly amusing—kink.

Rather than indulge her misbehaving husband, Daphne wrenched her mind back to her initial plan and shook her head to clear it of the clutter that had rudely inserted itself.

If *anyone* was going to have their kinks indulged, it would be *her*, thank-you-very-much!

'Get on your knees!'

Harry started in surprise at the barked command, his eyes wide and his cheeks flushed. He was in some kind of perverse, subservient fugue-state brought upon by her backhands, and Daphne was *more* than willing to take advantage.

She was already dripping in anticipation at the thought of it.

Harry obediently fell from the chair and got to his knees before her, his head bowed in submission but his body trembling with excitement.

Morgana, I married a degenerate.

She couldn't say she hated it though. If anything, Harry's eagerness to please her—and to be punished, apparently—only served to inflame her own desires.

'Arthur, darling? Please come here.'

She immediately missed her lover's warmth being pressed against her back, but she ignored it in lieu of a different, more *tantalising* warmth growing in her core.

Unlike with Dexter—who was younger, full of testosterone and machismo—she just had a feeling the older, more experienced man would be far more *flexible*, and receptive to her desires.

Arthur stood beside her as Harry knelt before them, his eyes slowly widening as Daphne smirked and gently took her lover's oversized member in hand.

'This is what a *real* penis looks like, Harry,' she whispered, her voice deep and hoarse as she tried to control her arousal. 'This is what I've been missing out on all these years...'

She stuck a toe out and gave her husband's far smaller, less impressive endowment a contemptuous flick.

'I've only had this little thing to satisfy me. No more.'

She saw the effects her words were having on her husband. He didn't shy away, didn't cringe in embarrassment or humiliation... he *trembled* with *desire*.

She really had married the most degenerate of perverts.

And she absolutely *loved* it.

Especially with what he did next.

'Look how filthy it is,' she whispered, cradling and holding out Arthur's heavy manhood out for Harry's inspection. 'I'm afraid we made a bit of a mess of it. Why don't you be a good little boy and clean it for us?'

She felt Arthur stiffen beside her but—amazingly, *gloriously*—he didn't pipe in with an objection like Dexter had.

Harry's reaction was more severe. Her husband's eyes widened, his back stiffened, his cheeks flushed darker but, *most* important, his eyes fell on the oversized member and he *licked his lips*.

Yesss. *Do it, you dirty boy.*

She daredn't speak the words out loud lest she break the metaphorical spell of the moment.

Daphne struggled to stifle an excited gasp as her husband—who'd never shown *any* such leanings in all their years together—obediately shuffled forward until his lips were mere millimetres away from Arthur's leaking crown.

Until her lover could *feel* her husband's breath on his glans.

'That's it,' Daphne whispered, her voice soothing but the breathy tone belying her eagerness. 'Come now. Worship the penis that brought your wife such pleasure...'

Her husband's eyes flicked up and Daphne genuinely struggled to hold in shudder at what she saw there. It was hard to put to words, but if she had to summarise it... nothing she saw even *hinted* at hesitation.

Her husband gently, almost reverently replaced her hand on Arthur's shaft with his own and Daphne once more felt her lover tremble beside her. She watched as Harry examined it, testing the weight in his hand, looking over it like it was a curiosity.

One that intrigued him, rather than disgusted.

'Yesss,' she whispered, unable to hide the desire in her voice even if she wanted to. 'Feel it, smell it, *worship* it.'

She nearly *wept* when he stuck out his tongue and placed a tentative lick right along the tip.

'Oh...'

Arthur leaned against her side as Harry continued to lick, growing in confidence, running his tongue along the rapidly hardening cock. Daphne threaded her fingers through his hair, massaging his scalp as her beloved husband did as he was told like a *good* cuck.

Her lover let out the most *adorable* little moans and grunts as her husband serviced him.

It was taking all of Daphne's self control to not cum on the spot as she watched the delicious scene play out before her, her cheeks flushed, her breath coming in ragged pants.

Her cuckold husband, obediently servicing her lover.

If either one of them touched her, she was sure she'd come undone.

Instantly. *Violently*.

Daphne watched as Harry ran his tongue all over Arthur's penis, licking up and swallowing their combined juices just as he'd been instructed to.

What she *hadn't* instructed— after the shaft was spotless and shining with spit—was for her husband to open wide and take her lover's manhood into his eager mouth.

Oh, Morgana...

Harry was clearly unpractised. Not only could he barely get more than the oversized head in his mouth, he almost immediately gagged as it pushed towards the back of his throat.

He pulled off, coughing, before looking up at the both of them with an embarrassed smile.

'Sorry luv... you make this look a lot easier than it is...'

Before she could say anything, something even more brilliant happened.

‘Just focus on the tip,’ Arthur instructed, his soft, gentle voice tight with arousal. It reminded her of a soft-spoken professor, gently coaching a struggling student with a particularly difficult spell. ‘Use your hands to play with my balls, yes, that’s it, *nnh*, good boy...’

Daphne was close to hyperventilating at this point, her chest heaving with arousal. Her face felt like a furnace and it felt as if her core would combust at any moment.

She watched, half-disbelief, half-delight as her husband did as he was told, taking Arthur’s tip into his mouth once more and suckling while his hands reached up and played with the heavy balls.

While his actions made it seem like Arthur was the centre of his world, what made the situation even more intense and erotic to Daphne was Harry refusing to look anywhere but her eyes. He didn’t look away as he sucked and pleased her lover, seemingly drawing strength from her own delight and arousal.

‘Yes, that’s it, good cuck... *nnh*, you’re really rather good at this...’

The room was filled with the sounds of Arthur’s pleasure, Daphne’s heavy breathing and the obscene, suckling noises Harry made.

In no time at all, it seemed, she felt Arthur begin to tremble beside her.

As much as I want to see him swallow... I have a better idea...

Daphne’s knees nearly gave out at the *adorable* sound both men made when she pulled her lover out of her husband’s eager mouth.

Rather than explain herself, Daphne threw her arms around the older man’s neck and pulled herself up his muscular body. Almost instinctively, Arthur held her aloft, both hands cupping her meaty arse and holding her suspended.

She looked down between them, seeing how his heavy cock hung nearly down to his knees.

She also saw her husband sitting there. Obediently. Waiting for his next instructions.

His next *punishment*.

Which was ludicrous. It looked as if Harry was enjoying being punished as much as Daphne enjoyed giving it.

‘Put him in me,’ she whispered, hoarsely, wiggling her bum for emphasis. ‘Watch how a *real* cock makes your wife feel...’

Her husband had lost all hesitation when it came to handling another man. *Obviously*. He didn’t even blink at her command, taking hold of Arthur’s heavy manhood at aiming it up at her glistening core.

When she felt the spongy head pressing against her lips, she felt Arthur loosen his hold and gravity take hold.

Naturally, she came. *Instantly*.

She’d been so turned on, it hadn’t taken much.

Arthur obviously wasn’t far either.

When he came, Daphne didn’t stop bouncing, and Arthur didn’t stop supporting her. As their bodies trembled, she held on for dear life as she felt spurt after spurt of thick, warm cum shooting deep into her womb.

Cum that quickly lost the battle against gravity and immediately started to seep out from the sight seal her womanhood held around the obscenely thick girth of Arthur’s endowment.

Cum that subsequently poured out onto her husband's face.

He'd made to get out of the way, to not be *collateral damage*, but a sharp bark from Daphne kept him in place.

It allowed for him to be *covered* in Arthur's cum.

He looks good enough to eat...

When they both stopped trembling and Arthur gently set her down, she watched as Harry wiped the thick cum from his eyes before looking up at them with an amused expression.

'I can't believe that... despite all *this*—' he motioned to them all, as if that explained what he was referencing...

Funnily enough, it *did*.

'—I still can't believe that's not even *close* to the kinkiest thing going on right now...'

Arthur frowned and Daphne's face scrunched up in confusion.

Her husband, despite his delicious obedience, had a bit of a tongue on him. She loved him, *deeply*—a feeling that had only been strengthened on this trip—but he had an *infuriating* habit of always wanting to get the last word in on their arguments.

Even now, after having just felled her lover and gotten a face-full of his cum, that instinct was as alive as ever.

Seeing the look of confusion on both hers and Arthur's faces, he elaborated.

Motioning to Arthur, her husband shrugged.

'I had *no idea* you had a *daddy* complex, luv. But I guess you learn something new every day,' he said, motioned to himself, and Arthur's manhood as if to highlight his point. 'Obviously.'

Daphne blinked, genuinely confused.

'What are you on about?'

It was her husband's turn to look confused.

'Wha—you serious? Look at him! Shave the moustache and he's a spitting image of your old man!'

Daphne's eyes widened in shock, the words somehow dispelling an illusion that had been cast over her eyes and painting the truth of it clear as day.

As Arthur looked on, incredibly confused, Daphne's eyes grew wider and wider.

How the bloody hell didn't I see it?!

Harry was right...

The resemblance was uncanny.

Of course he bloody is...

Her husband laughed.

'You actually didn't know?! Oh, that's *hilarious*!'

Arthur looked just as surprised as she did... though not *nearly* as put off as he probably should be.

At Harry's continued laughter, she turned, put a foot on his chest, and shoved him back into the closet before slamming the door in his face.

The charm had been broken when she'd opened the door earlier. Given how things had turned out, how little she'd actually punished her misbehaving husband, she figured being cut off from watching what came next would be a far more fitting punishment than him invariably liking whatever kinky misdeed she made him do next.

Arthur didn't look disgusted, he didn't even look put out.

If anything, he looked relieved.

'That makes... so much sense.'

Daphne wanted to feel insulted, but you'd forgive her for being a little bemused and thrown off in that situation.

'Beg your pardon?'

Arthur shook his head and offered her a strange smile, one she couldn't immediately decipher despite her skill at reading people.

'All day, I've been wondering how someone so beautiful, so out of my league, as you could show an interest in an old fuddy-duddy like me—'

'What?' Daphne squawked defensively. 'What are you on about? You're handsome, funny, charming and, I'm *sure* you don't need reminding, rather *well-equipped*—'

Her words died on her tongue when Arthur pinched her cheek and stared deep into her eyes.

She hadn't realised how much the older man loomed over her, but at that moment, he felt like a *giant*.

Someone she felt *compelled* to *obey*.

And Daphne... shrank. Not just in stature... but in other, inconceivable ways too.

She sucked in a breath, her eyes going wide.

'Good girl,' Arthur whispered, his voice smooth, deep and commanding.

Just like—

She cut off that thought before it could materialise.

'Get on the bed,' he followed up, his tone brooking no argument.

And Daphne, much like her husband... *obeyed*.

Unsure *why* she was obeying, she nevertheless got on the bed, face down, and she shuddered as she felt Arthur climb on after her.

'Good girl...'

She shuddered at the words, the second time he'd said them.

And each time, they landed like a hammer-blow on her psyche.

She lay still and silent as she felt Arthur position himself at her entrance, then she let out a muffled whimper as she felt him sink back into her core.

'Yesss, that's it, good girl, take daddy's big cock like the little *whore* you are...'

The words *alone* made her vision swim and see stars, then add unto them the feeling of Arthur's manhood sinking *deep* and... and most importantly, the fact that she *couldn't see his face?*

She could only *feel his presence*.

Behind her.

Out of sight.

A nameless, faceless man calling himself...

'Daddy,' she whispered breathlessly, letting out a deep groan as Arthur paused, as if in shock, before his thrusts became *eager*. His hips crashed into her meaty arse with a ferocity she'd yet to experience with him in their time together.

Daph let out an utterly undignified yelp every time Arthur's groin crashed into her behind. Yelps that quickly turned into moans as the thrusting grew *deeper* and more *forceful*.

'Oh, *Daddy*,' she moaned again, feeling delightfully wicked, embarrassed and horrified in equal measure.

This... this would need further examination. Preferably with her husband.

But that... that would come later. For now?

For now, she'd take a page out of her husband's book and just *surrender*.

'Daddy, *harder*, I've been such a *bad girl!*'

Daphne let out a gasp, equal parts shock and delight, when she heard and felt a harsh crack as a large hand connected with her meaty arse.

'I'm sorry, Daddy!' she screamed, pleasure and pain warring with each other and sending her to greater and greater heights.

'Why are you sorry?!' Arthur growled, his voice more aggressive and guttural than she'd ever heard it.

It was so garbled and unrecognisable, she could *almost* hear...

'I'm sorry!' she cried, her head being tugged back as Arthur gripped her hair and *pulled*. 'Daddy, I'm sorry for marrying him! I know how much you hated him!'

She didn't know what she was saying. She didn't—*couldn't*—think rationally, the words just spilled out from somewhere dark, somewhere *wicked*.

But whatever the words, they seemed to be the right ones, because Arthur grew more harsh, more *frenzied*.

He spanked her again. Hard enough she was *sure* he'd leave a mark.

Hard enough for Daphne to cry out in pain... and a mini-orgasm to wash over her.

'I'm sorry, Daddy! I'm sorry for not keeping our line pure!'

The thrusts grew more urgent, and the words spilled out of Daphne's mouth in a torrent, utterly out of character, her mind a jumbled mess of conflicting emotions and desires.

She was a mess, and she could hardly remember her lover's name let alone think clearly enough to put a stop to this nonsense.

Perhaps if she could, she might not have said what she said next.

‘Breed me, Daddy! I’ll give you a pure heir!’

Her father came, with a roar, emptying his pure-blooded seed in her womb while the most powerful orgasm of Daphne’s life overcame her.

Her vision exploded into starbursts and her body shook as waves of pleasure, unending, washed over her, one after another.

And through it all, her daddy didn’t stop rutting into his little princess...

-

In the closet, Harry had been visually cut off from the erotic spectacle that was happening just on the other side of that door.

Not audibly, however.

He gaped, utterly incredulous at the pure *filth* his insatiable wife was spewing.

Where the blood hell did that come from?!

Tomorrow... they’d need to have a serious talk.

But right now?

‘Shut. Fuck. Bloody hell!’

Right now he was wanking away like a horny monkey, so hard that both his arms were numb with fatigue.

He had no idea motherhood had inhibited his wife as much as it clearly had.

Now that she'd discarded the shackles however?

Harry couldn't *wait* to see what would come next. How their relationship would evolve and change in ways he couldn't even *begin* to imagine...