

Commission 3
Unbound - Part 5
Fandom: Harry Potter

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

Chapter Tags: Cuckolding, Humiliation, Chastity, Denial, Teasing, Cuckold Cleanup, Degradation, Anal, Spanking, Hair Pulling, Domination

Ginny was in a foul mood.

Anyone that knew her situation would marvel that she even had the *audacity* to feel this way. Objectively, life was pretty bloody amazing for her lately, both on the pitch and in between silken sheets.

She had a loving husband who supported her no matter what and, if the delicious scents drifting in from the kitchen were any indication, he was in the process of cooking them something mouth-watering. She smelt garlic, butter. Something slow-roasted too that was already making her mouth water.

He knows I'm in a bad mood and is trying to make me feel better by cooking my favourites. Bloody hell. Why is he so perfect?!

So yeah, she not only had a husband who was an incredible lover and utterly devoted to her and her pleasure...but one that was *completely* subservient to her. A husband who eagerly locked his cock away because she told him to. Who, rather than complain, moaned her name like a prayer and eagerly called himself her cuck with the most adorable grimaces and flushes of embarrassment.

And on that note, she also had a ruggedly handsome and domineering bull who would shag her in a way Harry never did—rougher, louder and far less controlled. A man who *took* rather than asked, who pinned her, dominated her, and left her with bruises she could admire in the mirror the next morning.

A bull who had been too busy lately to see to her.

She grit her teeth in annoyance.

If that was all, one might say her sour mood was pure, immature petulance.

But that *wasn't* all.

Her other lover, the young, handsome stud her niece had set her up with, had *a/so* gone AWOL. She hadn't heard from Luca in over a week now and it was driving her crazy.

She hated how it made her sound, but she genuinely missed her devastatingly handsome boy-toy. She missed his eager touch, his talented tongue, the way his worshipful gaze fixed on her like she was the centre of his universe. She *especially* missed the way he acted like he was the luckiest man in the world to even be allowed to gaze upon her glorious, naked body.

And how Harry would respond to watching or hearing her shag him...

So yes. She was naffed off. And she didn't care how spoiled it made her sound to admit that.

She and Harry had driven headfirst into this new lifestyle and, frankly, Ginny had grown a taste for it. The teasing, the delicious torment, the way it made her feel powerful and wanted and *dangerous*. The way Harry's voice broke when she called him her cuck. The way his hands shook when he watched her with someone else and didn't dare look away.

The way his cage punished him for enjoying it...

She exhaled sharply through her nose, pacing the sitting room like a restless Kneazle. Her fingers toyed with the snitch charm between her breasts, the golden bauble cool against her smouldering, flushed flesh.

Where the bloody hell is he?!

Her traitorous mind wandered without permission.

Luca's hands on her hips as he passionately made love to her. Wood's mouth at her throat as he fucked her like an animal. Harry's gorgeous eyes dark, tormented and utterly *devastated* as he watched, powerful and so randy it *literally* hurt.

The spike of pleasure hit so abruptly she sucked in a breath.

Ginny froze.

She hadn't even realised she'd slipped a hand into her pants, fingers pressing between her thighs, rubbing idly as her thoughts spiralled.

'Merlin's saggy balls...' she muttered under her breath in disbelief.

Her fingers stilled and her lust gave way to frustration.

Bollocks to this. I'm supposed to have a solid stable of studs at my beck and call. Why the bloody hell am I frigging myself?

The thought only made her more annoyed.

She ripped her fingers away as if burned, jaw tightening. This wasn't how it was meant to be. She wasn't some neglected housewife sneaking a quick, cheeky touch while her clueless husband slaved away for her pleasure. She was Ginny *bloody* Potter. Captain. Leader. Legend.

She wasn't only the wife, but the domineering mistress of Harry *bloody* Potter, the most powerful man in all of Europe—if not the *world*.

Her eager and willing *cuck!*

If she wanted attention, she should have it in spades, not be pining over a boy who'd only just bloody graduated!

From the kitchen, Harry's voice drifted out, warm and easy. 'Gin? You alright in there, luv?'

How does he always bloody know?

Her irritation cooled as fresh affection for her soul mate filled her with a different kind of warmth.

'Yes,' she called back, too quickly.

Silence. Then the faint clatter of pans and utensils started up again as he went back to cooking. He obviously didn't believe her, but he also didn't press.

She rolled her eyes and resumed pacing, bare feet silent on the floorboards. If she were being honest, she was a little disgusted with herself. Disgusted with how needy she sounded in her own mind, and at how Harry being the perfect husband only served to annoy her further!

He's cooking. Being sweet. Being devoted. Being perfect.

And that was kind of the problem.

Perfection didn't scratch the itch that had taken root between her powerful thighs.

As much as Harry would always be her rock, always be there for her when she needed him...that wasn't what she needed at that moment. She needed someone to burst through the front door or flash through the Floo and *take* her.

Right now, she didn't want her loving, doting, submissive husband, she wanted one of her eager or domineering lovers to *shag her brains out*.

As if summoned by her thoughts, the Floo flared a bright green.

Ginny didn't immediately turn. She expected her niece—Victoire usually made it back around this time after work if she didn't have other plans. She often stayed back later than the players, brewing creams and tinctures that would help Gin and her teammates keep going when their muscles would normally be screaming at them for rest.

But the masculine clearing of a throat from the fireplace made her start in surprise.

Slowly turning, Gin had to try really hard not to let her delight show when she was met with a devastatingly sexy Luca standing there sheepishly, a gorgeous bouquet of flowers in hand.

Rather than do what her womanly instincts screamed at her to do, Gin leaned back, cocked a hip and crossed her arms, affecting an unimpressed look.

'And where the bloody hell have *you* been?'

It seemed her young lover hadn't been expecting *that* as a greeting.

'W-what?'

'You heard me. You think I was having a laugh when I called you *man of the house*?'

Luca looked completely shocked, unsure how to respond.

'Y-yes?'

Ginny wanted to scream. She should have known better at her age, but it truly astounded her how boys could be so bloody *stupid*.

Grabbing the scruff of his shirt, she pulled him close like he was one of her misbehaving Harpies and glared daggers into his wide, terrified eyes.

'Where. Have. You. Been?'

'I... I didn't want to come off as too eager! When I told my friends about you, they said I'd mess it up if I showed too much interest!'

Ginny was breathing heavily at this point. She was still angry, but something Luca had said had caught her attention.

'You told your friends about me...?'

Luca misunderstood the intensity in her gaze and paled in terror. 'I didn't tell them your name!'

'Oh?' she asked, surprised to find herself disappointed by that fact. 'And what did you tell them? *Don't* lie to me, Luca. You're already on thin ice as is.'

The handsome young stud swallowed thickly and spilled.

'I—I told them I was having sex with a famous married woman. They told me you'd lose interest if I acted too eager, too immature.'

She was sorely tempted to headbut the sexy idiot.

'And how many of your *friends* are fucking "famous married women"?'

He quailed under her glare. 'N-none of them?'

'Then why the bloody *fuck* would you ask *them* for advice?'

'Because... because I didn't want to lose you?'

Oh for fuck's sake, can't believe the little shit just made my cunt flutter...

'Listen to me very carefully, Luca. I'm not one of these little tarts you run around with. I'm not faffing about with this. I don't want to play *games*. I'm too old for that. Bloody hell, I'm old enough to be your mum!'

Luca trembled in her grasp and Ginny raised an amused, curious brow.

Letting go of his shirt, she stepped back and gave the gorgeous idiot a once over. He really was delicious to look at. Tall, slim, but shredded. His ripped jeans looked tighter than she wore hers, his loose shirt showing off a glimpse of youthful, well-defined muscles and his face... if she were twenty years younger and she'd run into both her husband and Luca in a bar...?

Even *she* was scared to admit which of the two would have drawn her eye first. Luca was her type—at least her type when she was his age.

He was the type of boy she'd have gladly "made mistakes" with. The type of boy she and her friends giggled and daydreamed about. The type that often graced the covers of steamy romance novels or Teen Witch Weekly because he looked genetically engineered to cause women's knickers to flood *everywhere*.

Her eyes trailed down to the flowers and she snatched them from his weak grip, bringing them to her nose and inhaling deeply. Letting out a pleased sigh, she gave the young stud a wicked grin.

'Harry?'

Her husband popped his head into the room and froze at the scene that greeted him. Ginny sent the bouquet of flowers soaring to Harry with a flick of her wand before, after giving the young stud a sultry wink, she turned to her husband with a too-innocent smile.

'Put those in a vase for me, luv, and set the table for Luca and I. We're having a date night.'

Ginny nearly soaked her knickers at the tormented look in her husband's eyes, at how his slaving over the stove for hours was to be binned in favour of another bloke. She raised an eyebrow when he didn't immediately move to obey and, just as she thought he might protest and stand up for himself, Harry shuddered, lowered his head, and did as she ordered.

Ginny's nipples stiffened into twin diamonds in excitement, especially as Luca gasped in awe.

'I don't think I'll ever get used to that...'

Ginny turned back to Luca and, unable to hold herself or her raging libido back any longer, threaded her fingers into the hair at the back of his head, fisted tight, and smashed her lips against his.

There was nothing tentative about it.

She *devoured* him, her lust boiling over.

Her mouth claimed his, her tongue forcing its way between his lips and demanding surrender. She bit, sucked and dominated with a matchday-kind of fervor—testing, punishing and rewarding him all at once.

He was passive for half a heartbeat, stunned by the sheer force of her aggression.

Then his youthful pride flared.

His muscles flexed, his back straightened and then... he pushed back.

When his tongue met hers with equal passion, when his grip on her hips grew bold and possessive, Ginny felt her womanhood flutter in savage approval.

There you are...

Luca slipped one hand into her joggers and cupped a muscular cheek, fingers digging in like he meant to tear the powerful muscle he adored so much free. His other hand slid beneath her shirt, palm hot against the small of her back as he possessively pulled her close, moulding his body to hers.

She moaned into his mouth, the sound low and shameless, and deepened the kiss until her lungs burned and she had no choice but to pull back.

Her face was flushed deep crimson when she lifted her head, breath coming hard as she stared into her young lover's lust-darkened eyes.

He was breathing just as heavily, his eyes wide and adoring.

Leaning in close, still gripping his hair, she forced her breathing under control before speaking in a tone that was deep, sensual and laced with warning.

'You better get used to it, Stud. If you're gonna be my *boyfriend*...my cuck and I are a package deal. Think you're man enough to handle that?'

The way Luca tried—and failed—to stop his smile from splitting his face in two was *properly* funny. He swallowed down the disbelieving laugh threatening to burst free, chest rising with barely contained glee.

Seeing him like this—all boyish charm, wide-eyed excitement and utterly besotted—made her, perhaps weirdly, think of her niece. Of the unnatural attractiveness of Veela.

Of course, there was no such thing as a male Veela...but you'd be forgiven for thinking so. There was something unfairly beautiful about him. All sharp cheekbones, thick lashes and sun-tanned, olive skin stretched over lean, corded muscles.

Harry was undeniably attractive. Oliver was ruggedly handsome.

Luca...

Luca was something else entirely.

Comparing them didn't even feel right. They weren't competing in the same league.

And Ginny very much intended to keep this stupid, young, beautiful idiot in her stable.

Bloody hell. I'm literally and figuratively gushing. Get a hold of yourself, you silly tramp.

And speaking of gushing...

She hadn't dressed for seduction that night. She'd been prepared for a cosy evening with her husband—good food, amazing company, a candlelit dinner and cuddling on the couch. She'd thrown on joggers and one of Harry's old shirts when she got home, her coppery locks tied up in a loose bun.

Not exactly *sexy*, if she were being brutally honest...

But sometimes, even comfortable clothes had their own kind of charm.

With casual ease, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her joggers and pushed them down her hips.

The fabric slid to the floor.

She stepped out of them and kicked them aside without breaking eye contact.

She hadn't bothered with underwear.

Luca's pupils flew wide with glee at the realisation.

‘Go on, luv,’ Ginny whispered seductively, stepping closer until their bodies were inches apart, until her bared cunt could *feel* the head radiating off of Luca’s young body. ‘I think you need to prove to me just how sorry you are for leaving me hanging...’

Brushing the backs of her fingers over his perfect, chiselled jawline, she trailed them down his muscular chest, over his perfect abs, and brushed naughtily over the cock she felt straining against his jeans.

‘You wanna be my boyfriend?’ she asked coyly, her lips curled in a teasing smile. ‘Show me you’re worth it.’

From the kitchen, a plate clinked.

Harry.

Could he hear? Were his ears straining, trying to pick out the sounds of lips smacking, of their heated exchanges? Did he rummage around in drawers to find her brothers’ Extendable Ears? Did he use another charm to spy on them?

Her thoughts raced as she thought of the possibilities, her lust climbing higher and higher at the thought of her husband trying to spy or eavesdrop on her and her young lover.

Biting her lip and stifling a lusty smile, Ginny sat back on the couch and spread her powerful legs wide, exposing her dripping, glistening, *aching* cunt to Luca as she parted her lips for him.

‘Go on then,’ she purred, half impatient and half eager. She rubbed gentle circles over her clit with one hand and pinched her nipple with the other as she urged her young lover on. ‘What’re you waiting for? A written invitation?’

Letting out an explosive, eager groan, Luca fell to his knees and buried his face in her core.

Merlin...

This was what she loved about him, about his youthful exuberance in general.

Ginny loved it when Harry took his time, when he played with her womanhood like a *maestro*—her pussy, his instrument.

Luca didn't care about any of that. He went all-out from the get-go. He ate her out like he was terrified this was all a dream he might suddenly wake up from. Like he was on a timer.

While lapping at her lips like an eager puppy, his tongue flattening and dragging over her sensitive vulva, he wrapped both arms around her powerful thighs and batted her hand away to tap against her clit himself, like he was trying to get a tune out of her flesh.

Ginny bit her lip to stifle a groan, her back arching off the couch as she smothered his head and pulled him closer. The deep, molten pulses of heat from her beleaguered womanhood was contrasted deliciously by the sharp flashes of pleasure brought on by his gentle tapping of her clit.

Compared to Harry where, this early on, he'd be more focused on getting her to relax, on getting comfortable and settling in for the long haul, higher value climax, Luca went down on her like he wanted to make her cum as quickly as possible, as often as possible.

Her eyes had fluttered closed and her hips jerked in time with Luca's ministrations. Eager, triumphant moans slipped from her lips as the heat built up *fast*. She felt her climax swelling like a wave that would quickly wash over her. Ginny started undulating her hips like a belly dancer in an attempt to set her own rhythm and regulate the intensity, but Luca only clamped down tighter, trying to restrict her movement.

A sharp jolt of pleasure earned a gasp when Luca started to pinch where before he'd been gently tapping, a gasp that was quickly followed by a deep groan when her eyes snapped open and she found her husband awkwardly standing there with a grimace on his handsome, tortured features as he silently watched them.

Ginny cackled throatily when she realised the cause of the pained expression on Harry's face.

The cage must be biting something fierce. The cuck is turned on...

'Dinner's...ready,' he mumbled, his cheeks flushing when he couldn't hold his wife's gaze.

'Little, *nnh*... little busy at the moment,' she teased breathlessly, in between moans.

Rather than let him scurry away with his tail between his legs, Ginny held out her hand towards her husband, palm outstretched and inviting. He stared at it, dumfounded, for several awkward moments before hesitantly taking it and returning her gently squeeze.

Hypocritically, after all the shit she'd given her niece, it was *really* hard not to get drunk on her own feelings of power in that moment.

A gorgeous young lover eating her out, a perfect, cuckold husband supporting her...

Ginny was very much suffering from success.

'Yes, yes, own that pussy you beautiful little shit, *oooooh!*'

At feeling her husband's grip on her hand tighten, Ginny let out a breathless laugh in between moans.

She threaded her fingers through Luca's thick, curly hair and pressed him harder into her core as her orgasm threatened to overwhelm her.

When it hit, when the wave crashed into her, the scream that escaped her lips sounded more like a war cry than a pleasurable release. All her muscles tensed at once, then warmth flooded her body in overwhelming, intense pulses that robbed her of all her strength.

From almost crushing his head between her powerful thighs, Ginny's body went slack as she sank into the plush couch, twitching as her body was assailed by continuous, pleasurable aftershocks.

No longer trapped, Luca pulled back to admire his handiwork, and flinched when he saw Harry standing there like an ominous wraith, a tortured expression marring his features. Before he could freak out, Ginny grabbed her gorgeous young lover by the scruff of his shirt, pulled him onto the couch, and captured his lips in another passionate kiss.

She wasn't crazy about snogging Oliver. It's not that she was against it—she very much liked the way he took control and bruised her lips with his ferocity—but with Luca it was different. She felt a *spark* when snogging her young lover, one even more powerful than the one she'd felt when she'd kissed her husband for the very first time.

A memory she'd treasure forever.

And yet somehow, this little shit lit a fire in her that set her heart aflutter and took her breath away. He simultaneously made her want to giggle like a school girl and drop her knickers for him.

She was crushing. *Hard*. For a boy old enough to be her son.

And that fact just made the whole affair even more *delicious*.

Pulling back, Ginny grinned wolfishly at Luca, her pale cheeks flushed a deep crimson.

'Still hungry, lover? My husband's a *wicked* cook.'

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Harry's guts churned as he watched his wife and the *boy* skip into the kitchen, giggling like schoolchildren.

Just like he and Gin used to when their relationship had been new and exhilarating, in the way young love always was.

His wife hadn't bothered pulling her joggers back on. Her powerful legs remained completely bare, Harry's shirt hanging just low enough to be indecent if she so much as leaned the wrong way. Luca couldn't keep his hands to himself, seizing every opportunity to pinch and grope her perfect bum like this was a dream he never wanted to wake up from.

Ginny swatted him playfully, but the look in her eyes—bright, wicked, and aroused beyond belief—told both men she was enjoying every second of it.

Harry swallowed, his cheeks heating in embarrassment.

He'd transfigured the kitchen of Grimmauld Place into something out of a high-end wizarding restaurant. Brick walls softened into warm mahogany panelling, the counter melted into a curved alcove. Their long dining table had been shrunk and reshaped into an intimate booth tucked beneath the fancy chandelier.

He'd gone all out.

He'd done it to impress his wife. To wine and dine and, hopefully, seduce her.

To maybe—just maybe—earn a little time out of the cage.

As it turned out, his efforts *hadn't* been wasted.

They just wouldn't be for his benefit.

Luca—who was intimately familiar with what the kitchen typically looked like—stopped dead in the doorway, gaping openly at the transformation. Even Ginny, who was far more accustomed to Harry's quiet brilliance with a wand, let out an impressed whistle.

She turned toward him, dark eyes glittering with mischief.

But she didn't thank him, or praise his thoughtfulness. She didn't even properly acknowledge the effort, the *hours* he'd spent preparing everything so it was *perfect*.

Instead, she allowed Luca to take her hand and led her to the table as if Harry were nothing more than part of the décor.

Luca pulled out her chair with exaggerated care.

‘Well look at you,’ Ginny purred. ‘Such a *gentleman*.’

The pride on Luca’s face was blinding and nauseating in equal measure.

The giggle that slipped from Ginny’s lips—uncharacteristically light and girly—made Harry’s chest ache.

He had shrunk the table deliberately so the dining experience would be more intimate. So that their knees would brush and their hands wouldn’t have to travel far.

When Luca took his seat opposite her, their fingers never parted.

The lighting dimmed automatically. Candles lifted from hidden alcoves and began to orbit slowly around the booth, casting golden halos over the adoring couple.

Luca stared at them, eyes wide with wonder.

Ginny bit her lip to stop herself laughing in delight.

Harry felt his humiliation cause his guts to churn nauseatingly.

His wife was *loving* this.

She loved the theatre. Loved that he was standing there, silent and obedient, watching the scene unfold and unwilling to do anything about it. Unwilling to displease her.

As if reading his mind, Ginny reached for one of the empty glasses and turned toward him with casual indifference.

The sort one reserved for the *help*.

‘Waiter?’ she asked sweetly. ‘Can my date and I get some drinks please?’

Harry’s jaw tightened.

She didn’t look at him as she held out and twirled her crystal glass by the stem. Her legs were crossed under the table, and from Harry’s position, he could see the tips of her toes gently brushing the inside of Luca’s thigh.

She stared adoringly at her young lover across the table, grinning wide at how he stiffened at her touch.

‘What’re you having, luv?’

Luca shifted, clearly uncomfortable with the roleplay and focused attention—but when Ginny’s gentle caresses turned into a sharp, impatient kick, he answered like a puppy, eager to please.

‘Um. Just wine, please. Red.’

Ginny beamed and Harry’s stomach sank, knowing what was coming next.

‘That’s a *lovely* idea! We’ll have a glass of one of the house’s *finest* reds, please. Bring the whole bottle.’

Harry’s cheeks burned.

Not only did he have to watch his wife go on a *date* in a kitchen he'd prepared for her... she was now making him open the bottle he'd chosen specifically for their evening. A special bottle he'd been saving for this very occasion.

Robotically, he lifted his wand.

The bottle of red he'd bought from the Delacour's vineyard at great personal expense floated from another hidden alcove into his waiting hand.

He uncorked it with steady fingers, let it air briefly, then poured into the glass Gin held out to him. He rounded the table and did the same for Luca as Gin's eyes twinkled at him over the rim of her glass. As the boy's glass filled, Harry made sure not to make eye-contact.

He didn't think he could bear to see the look in the kid's eyes.

Their glasses full, Harry set the bottle down nearby and stood to attention, hating himself for how little he was resisting, while simultaneously loving how much his subservience pleased his wife.

As ludicrous as the thought was, as much as he knew he was deluding himself, a part of him hoped if he did as his wife asked, she might take pity on him.

Wisdom should come with age, twat...

Uncaring of his mental plight, Ginny took another slow sip as Luca sampled the wine for himself.

Her lashes fluttered and she let out a soft, indulgent moan. Ginny wasn't typically a big wine lover, but when it came to the Delacour vintage, she—and most of the *Wizarding World*—made a notable exception.

'My... that *is* delicious. The sort of wine one saves for *special* occasions, don't you think, my pretty boy?'

Luca blinked at her, then nodded eagerly.

‘O-oh, yeah. *Amazing.*’

Both Harry and Ginny barely suppressed the urge to roll their eyes.

The boy had somehow managed the impossible of being unimpressed by a vintage that cost more than he likely made at the alchemy fields in a *year*.

Ginny leaned forward slightly, resting her chin on her hand as she studied Luca like he was the most fascinating person in her universe.

‘Well...are you ready to eat?’

Luca looked between Gin and Harry nervously, clearly unsure how far this performance was meant to go.

Ginny kicked him sharply under the table again as she grew annoyed by his hesitation.

Her smile never wavered, but her eyes narrowed dangerously. A clear warning look that Harry knew from experience was the prelude to disaster if you pushed her too far.

‘Pet,’ she said sweetly, tilting her head, ‘if you think I’d let someone terrified of my *cuckold* be my *boyfriend*, you’re in for a rude awakening...’

Luca stared deep into Ginny’s dark eyes and swallowed nervously. He looked between them again, weighing his fear of the great Harry Potter against his clear desire for his wife, the famed captain of the Holyhead Harpies, superstar and the object of many of his childhood fantasies.

There was only ever going to be one winner.

Something in the skittish kid’s posture shifted.

Luca's shoulders straightened, his jaw set and he lifted his chin before forcing a cocky grin onto his unfairly handsome face.

Finally, he turned to Harry and did his best to mask the tremor in his voice.

Harry might have found it endearing... if the next words hadn't landed like a slap to the face.

'Why're you still standing there, *fool*? The lady's hungry.'

Ginny burst out laughing and clapped in delight, offering Luca a proud smile Harry had seen Hermione give her overachieving children countless times before.

Harry smiled in turn, brutally tamping down the urge to string the little shit up by his thumbs like an infamous Filch detention.

Instead, he flicked his wand. Polite and obedient.

Supposedly cowed.

The meal he'd spent the better part of the afternoon preparing drifted from the stove and settled before them in a display worthy of the finest wizarding dining room in Europe.

Perfectly seared lamb medallions, blush-pink at the centre, rested atop a cloud of garlic and rosemary *pomme purée* whipped until it shone like silk. A glossy red wine reduction—deep, almost black—had been painted in a careful arc along the porcelain. Tender asparagus spears lay neatly stacked to one side, dusted with shaved parmesan and lemon zest. Honey-glazed baby carrots glistened like lacquered jewels.

Steam rose in fragrant curls.

Ginny's eyes widened. She'd been smelling what he was preparing all afternoon, but seeing it now in front of her...Harry could sense her awe and genuine gratitude when he peeked into her mind.

Luca, meanwhile, stared openly, his mouth watering as he was engulfed by the delicious aromatics.

Harry's stomach growled softly, but neither of them heard it.

They dug in immediately.

Ginny closed her eyes on the first bite and let out a low, satisfied hum.

Luca groaned with exaggerated appreciation, cutting into the lamb like a man who'd never eaten anything so refined in his life.

Their moans were for different reasons now, but the sounds equally twisted his guts.

Still, Harry stood, silent as a Dementor, watching with impotent frustration.

His dinner. His effort. And now he was forced to watch as his wife's lover swallowed it whole, barely chewing enough to appreciate the way the perfectly cooked meat would melt on his tongue....

He didn't dare interrupt.

He didn't dare sit.

He didn't even dare ask for a plate.

He had long since accepted his new role.

The denial hurt, the humiliation burned in his chest...but his obedience pleased his wife to no end.

And pleasing his wife, feeling the way his subservience excited and thrilled her, had always been the point.

Her pleasure, before his own.

Always.

Eventually, both leaned back with satisfied sighs, plates wiped clean.

Luca stretched, then turned to Harry with a teasing grin that had grown noticeably bolder.

‘Now I know why she keeps you around.’

Harry refused to rise to the bait, his lips pursed in annoyance.

Ginny clapped and cackled, thoroughly pleased by his cheek and entertained by the vein throbbing on Harry’s temple.

Luca shifted his chair closer, turning his body toward Ginny until their knees brushed.

He leaned in, frowning playfully at her cheek.

‘You missed some... right there.’

He reached up and brushed his thumb along her skin.

Ginny inhaled sharply, her nostrils flaring as she got a whiff of Luca's cologne when he invaded her personal space.

He leaned closer and Ginny moaned prettily as her young lover audaciously licked the faint streak of jus from her cheek.

Ginny melted, her eyes fluttering closed as she sank into her chair and let him escalate.

She didn't fight it when he tilted her chin and kissed her.

It was soft at first. Tentative.

Then deeper, more passionate and eager.

Moans slipped between them as their mouths opened, tongues meeting and duelling for supremacy.

Harry's teeth clenched as he watched Ginny's hands slide down Luca's chest.

Lower...and lower still. Until her fingers hooked into his belt buckle.

She began to undo it without breaking the kiss.

Harry had been *begging* her for this over the past week.

He'd all but pleaded to be let out of his cage, for either her or Victoire to give him the relief he so desperately craved.

She had refused him every time. And her niece had gone along with her wishes, despite now having the power to do otherwise.

Of course she chooses now to lose her rebellious streak!

But he knew the truth.

Victoire had discovered a taste for torment. She might even enjoy it more than his wife did...

Now, all he could do was watch with impotent rage and jealousy as Ginny's fingers danced and she freed Luca's throbbing erection. Long, hard, thick, pulsing with thick veins and weeping his excitement from the tip.

Harry's stomach churned, his jaw tightened, and his cage started to pulse discomfort as it fought to tame his arousal.

Before he could watch his naughty wife swallow that huge cock whole and perhaps derive a sliver of vicarious pleasure, Ginny turned to him and smiled wickedly.

'Cuck, why don't you go and put a movie on? We'll be with you, well, when we're finished.'

Harry shook, staring at his wife in open-mouthed shock as she held Luca's cock inches from her lips, her eyebrows raised as she waited for him to give them some privacy.

In his own damn home.

Shaking with repressed desire and from the waves of discomfort emanating from his cage, Harry robotically turned and shuffled towards the living room as Luca's delighted groans and the wet suckling of Ginny's lips chased him out.

Harry stumbled out in a daze and switched on the telly with a wave of his shaking hand.

At least the hiss of static drowned out the wet sounds and breathy moans drifting from the kitchen.

He blindly grabbed a random VHS and shoved it into the VCR. His father-in-law had done a magnificent job—with Hermione's reluctant but undeniable help—getting the Muggle tech to function in wizarding homes. As soon as he pressed play, the screen flickered to life without so much as a spark or ominous pop.

Arthur had been absurdly proud of that.

Harry dropped into his armchair and stared at the moving images without truly seeing them. Colours shifted. Faces spoke. Something exploded on screen.

He registered none of it.

His ears strained instead.

Every laugh from the kitchen felt like ants crawling under his skin. Every low murmur twisted something tight in his chest.

Ten minutes later, footsteps approached.

Ginny entered first.

Luca followed close behind, his hard cock no longer hanging out of his skinny jeans.

Apparently his wife had taken care of that problem...

Their hands were intertwined, completely unashamed, and unconcerned with his reaction.

They didn't even try to hide the intimacy. Ginny's hair was slightly mussed, and no longer in a loose bun, her lips swollen, her eyes bright and satisfied. Luca looked flushed and smug in a way that made Harry's stomach churn.

They took the two-seater together.

Not just side by side.

Together.

Ginny curled into Luca like it was the most natural thing in the world, her head resting on his muscular shoulder, his arm settling possessively around her waist.

Harry chanced a glance.

He immediately regretted it.

The way she looked at the boy—soft and loving as she messed with his curly hair—was the same way she used to look at him when they'd sneak off from Burrow gatherings to snog like idiots behind the orchard.

The cage bit down sharply.

Pain lanced through him, sharp and punishing, and he swallowed hard, forcing himself not to let his discomfort show.

He tried to focus on the television. Tried to hold onto the last sliver of his pride and not let his desperation show.

He failed.

Behind him, fabric rustled. Luca chuckled quietly.

Ginny let out a quiet hum of contentment.

Harry saw out of the corner of his eyes that Luca's fingers traced the lines of his wife's muscular thighs almost reverently.

Harry's pulse thundered in his ears.

This is what we both wanted...

The reminder didn't help any.

Ginny caught him looking, and as if waiting for him to do so, she offered him a wicked smile.

Harry sucked in a startled breath, his eyes opening wide when Ginny opened her mouth and showed off her prize.

Her *desert*.

A mouth full of cum.

Luca's cum.

While he watched, she eagerly sealed her lips and made a show of swallowing, loudly and audibly.

Luca chuckled again. Harry saw the little shit smirking at him out of the corner of his eye.

He only had eyes for his wife though.

She was biting her lip, her cheeks flushed with passion, and her eyes smouldering with desire. She looked ready to fuck, and that the thought of him watching was driving her wild...

Harry tried to split his attention between the movie and the couple on the two-seater, but found one vastly more compelling.

They made a show of watching the film.

For a while, at least.

Ten minutes, *if* that.

Long enough that their *performance* didn't come off as *completely* farcical...

Their shoulders brushed, fingers idly grazing casually over fabric as if by accident. As if they were a couple of love-struck teens trying to get handsy under the watchful eyes of their strict parents.

Harry knew *all about* that...

Their knees touched and lingered. Their eyes stayed dutifully trained on the television, but neither of them seemed particularly invested in whatever was unfolding on screen. Rather, they were looking for more ways to touch each other without being overt about it. They were having fun with it, their lips twitching in amusement as they pinched and poked while gazing unseeing at the telly.

Luca, to his credit, *did* appear genuinely fascinated by the Muggle contraption. His gaze flicked between the moving images and the corners of the room as if half-expecting actors to jump out from behind the screen each time they exited the scene. Every so often he'd murmur in appreciation about the Muggle tech, but his interest was quickly recaptured by his mischievous wife.

When you had someone like Ginny draped against you—warm, hot, bottomless and completely randy—there was only ever going to be one winner.

It started subtly.

Her hand sliding over his thigh as if she was appreciating the texture of his jeans. His palm settled at the small of her back as he wrapped an arm around her waist and drew her closer. The caresses were mostly innocent and exploratory, just two lovers acting all touch-feely.

Then the touches grew bolder as passions flared.

Much bolder.

Luca's posture shifted as Ginny's wandering hand grew more adventurous, the earlier coyness gone entirely now. His cock visibly thickened down the length of his too-tight jeans as she pet the bulge like a Kneazle. His hands grew more confident too—greedy even—gliding up her thighs, squeezing, groping, biting his lip as he appreciated her powerful muscles.

Ginny responded in kind, giving Luca apparently just what he wanted.

With an unapologetic giggle, Ginny swung her legs around so they both rested in his lap, giving Luca easy access to the parts of her he was apparently so enamoured with. The movement was fluid and slick, and Harry was given the briefest of glimpses of his wife's utterly *drenched* and glistening womanhood as she spun around.

Luca gasped like a kid at Christmas, marvelling at Ginny's powerful legs more greedily than Dudley did his dozens of presents. He ran his hands over them, and his wife chuckled as her young lover started to dry hump the powerful appendages.

As she made herself comfortable and allowed Luca to explore, she did a little *exploration* of her own. With Luca busy with the *gifts* in his lap, Ginny reached for the buttons of his shirt with an eagerness that let Harry know she was very much *over* the foreplay.

Her fingers worked quickly, almost impatiently, popping the buttons free while spreading his shirt wide to expose his shredded chest. Luca groaned as she pinched his exposed nipple, then bent down to capture her lips in a fierce, hungry kiss.

Ginny met him with equal fervour.

Her lips parted for him without hesitation, hands still busy with his shirt while they moaned eagerly into each other's mouths. Fabric parted to reveal more and more of Luca's chiselled physique—the kid looked like he had zero percent body fat—and Ginny hurriedly untucked his shirt and tore it the rest of the way open, groaning hungrily as Luca's torso was laid completely bare before her.

Harry didn't blink.

He barely breathed.

The world beyond the couch ceased to exist. The ludicrous farce that they were here to watch a *movie* died a swift and passionate death.

His hands tightened around the armrests until the wood creaked softly beneath his grip.

If either of them noticed the tension radiating from him—the way his cage sent pulses of pain through his bollocks, the nausea coiling in his gut, the helpless jealousy and impotent rage threatening to overwhelm him—they certainly didn't show it.

They barely seemed aware he was in the room at all.

They were well and truly lost in each other. His wife and this *boy* Victoire had brought home to help her torment him.

The thought sent another pulse of pain through his member as the taboo nature of it shamefully spiked his arousal.

Their kisses deepened, growing noisier, wetter, the soft soundtrack of the film utterly eclipsed by the sounds of smacking lips and quiet moans. Their hands roamed freely now, gliding over bare skin and rumpling clothing that had quickly become more nuisance than necessity.

Luca palmed Ginny's bum possessively, running his hand over the toned flesh appreciatively as he drew her deeper into his embrace.

Ginny explored him just as boldly.

Her fingers traced the lines of his abdomen, mapping each ridge and dip before she pinched lightly at his nipples, delighting in the sharp intake of breath she drew from him.

She really likes his nipples... Or maybe she just likes the noises he makes...

Knowing his kinky wife...that made a wicked sort of sense.

Their snogging turned frantic as their passion threatened to boil over.

Ginny wasted no time in reaching lower, fingers working at the buttons of his jeans with calloused, assured fingers. It was only then that Harry absently realised the kid had lost his belt at some point.

Well...he was sure his wife didn't mind. One less barrier to her prize.

Luca let out a low, relieved groan as she freed him from the confines of his skinny jeans once more, his towering erection springing out and standing tall and proud, throbbing angrily like an enraged basilisk, the crown leaking a steady stream of his excitement.

Harry's mind, traitorously clinical even through this humiliating, painful experience, seized on one small, relatively unimportant detail.

Why'd he even bother putting it away...?

He couldn't help asking the pointless question.

Years as an Auror had trained him to observe. To assess. To dissect strange or anomalous behaviour.

Did they think they were going to cool it for the rest of the night and just... *relax*? Did his wife seriously think she'd be done after the whole mess with their ruined date night and leave it at that?

Unlikely.

Especially with how his wife finally regarded him as her hands curled around Luca's thick manhood, a teasing grin on her lips.

Harry thought he had an idea where this was going. He was sure Luca did too. Which was why they both gasped in surprise what Ginny did next.

Luca, more than Harry, to be fair.

With her legs still in Luca's lap, Ginny repositioned once more. Not a lot...but enough. She bit her lip and stifled a giggle as she sandwiched her young lover's impressive endowment between her powerful thighs before grinding them together.

If you were to judge the experience by Luca's reaction alone, you wouldn't be faulted for thinking Ginny's thighs held some kind of magic power of their own.

'Oh Merlin's balls!' Luca cursed, screwing his eyes shut and biting a lip as he gripped one of Ginny's thighs in each hand and squeezed them harder around his cock. 'This...you're amazing, bloody shit!'

Ginny looked immensely proud of herself as Luca writhed. The kid had clearly fantasized about his wife for years. Harry wouldn't have even been surprised if he still had a copy of her *Charm & Quaffle* centrefold hanging on the wall in his bedroom, where he'd no doubt spent many a night fantasizing and wanking to the beautiful Quidditch star.

And now fantasy has become reality...

Another wave of pain assaulted him.

Without breaking eye-contact with her husband, Ginny ran her hand along Luca's cheeks and pulled him in for a kiss.

She said no words, and Harry didn't bother reading her mind.

He didn't need to.

She was getting off on this in a *big* way. She was loving the torment on his face, the very obvious pain brought on by the cage. She basked in the freedom of being able to take any lover she fancied, how powerful it made her feel to be able to rub his face in it, and she absolutely *adored* having a young, reverential lover at her beck and call—one that would clearly do anything for her.

He didn't need to read her thoughts to glean that information. He knew his wife well enough to read her just from the way her eyes crinkled in amusement as she watched her husband hiss and writhe.

While Ginny ground her thighs together and deepened the kiss, she used her free hands to rub the uncovered head of Luca's furiously leaking erection as if she was trying to polish it and see her own reflection in the glistening flesh. His moans grew to a fever pitch and, just as Harry thought he might cum all over his wife's thighs, his fantasy came to a swift and abrupt end.

Luca whimpered like a kicked puppy when Ginny apparently grew tired of the impromptu *thigh job*. That disappointment was short-lived however as she flipped around onto her belly and took hold of his cock with both hands. With her eyes still locked with Harry's—her face half obscured by the angrily throbbing manhood of her young lover—Ginny opened wide and showed off her years of experience by suppressing her gag reflex and swallowing Luca whole.

'Ooooooh yes! That's it babe, I can't believe you can do that!'

Ginny's amused chuckle was muffled by the huge cock in her mouth, then overpowered by Luca's groan as she palmed his bollocks and started to gently coax them into giving her what she wanted.

'Can't...can't hold on!'

Ginny's cheeks hollowed out as the suction increased, the *gentle* encouragement of his bollocks grew more *insistent* and her tongue started to get in on the action. Luca hissed in a breath through clenched teeth as his hands threaded themselves in his wife's coppery locks. He bounced her head up and down in his lap, his big, throbbing manhood disappearing up into her throat with ease.

'Cumming! I'm cumming! *Shit!*'

Ginny didn't blink, she didn't even flinch, as Luca tensed and his orgasm hit. She sealed her lips around his crown and sucked for all she was worth, the corners of her eyes crinkled in amusement.

'Oooooooooh yesssssss!'

Harry had the best seat in the house to see Luca's manhood pulse with every jet of cum he shot in his wife's mouth. He got to see Ginny coaxing more and more of his seed out, stroking, pumping, squeezing. The young man jerked, gasping with each ejaculation, then sagged as his wife greedily accepted it all.

Rather than show off and swallow like she'd done earlier however, Ginny slowly stood and sauntered towards him, her lips sealed tight and the corners quirked in a mischievous grin.

He knew what was coming.

And he was powerless to stop it.

Even if he wanted to...

His wife graced him with the first bit of affection and attention since Luca had Floo'd in, and she did so by sitting in his lap and wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

She stared deep into his eyes, her gaze smouldering, her arousal off-the-charts. When she closed the last few inches between them and pressed her lips to his, he didn't push her away.

When she parted her lips, he didn't resist.

When her tongue slipped out and started to pass her lover's cum into his mouth, Harry obediently accepted the gift and dutifully swallowed it.

Ginny ground herself in his lap, groaning with lust as he fought to keep up with what her tongue was forcing into his mouth.

Luca was young and virile...there was a *lot*.

When she had nothing left to give, Ginny pulled back and giggled at the glazed look in his eyes, and the way he trembled with a persistent pain brought upon by his restrictive cage.

'You missed some,' Ginny gently informed, collecting some cum that had escaped their liplock on her finger and slipping it into his mouth. He sucked on her digit, and licked it clean like a popsicle. Ginny shuddered atop him, her face heating up at his complete, unequivocal surrender.

Something flashed in his wife's eyes and Harry nearly wept as she pulled his trousers down in one, greedy tug. It seemed his obedience, his service would finally get rewarded...

But rather than reaching for the locket between her pert breasts, she cupped his angry, red, caged cock tenderly, balancing it in her palm as she admired the way it trembled in her grip. Harry whimpered pathetically as she unhand him, and if he didn't think it would have only made the situation worse, he'd have begged her to do more.

In that moment?

He'd have done *anything*.

And given the way she was looking at him? Her chest heaving and her eyes smouldering with lust?

Ginny knew that too.

As his wife pulled her hand away, she giggled at the strand of his excitement clinging to her wrist that had dribbled from his caged crown. It looked as if she was about to say something before two masculine arms wrapped around her waist and she let out a dreamy sigh.

While looking directly into Harry's eyes—and revelling in what she saw there—she leaned back against Luca's chest and put her arms over his.

'We're going to bed,' she informed him in a soft tone, her words carrying a far deeper meaning than the literal. 'Revert the kitchen, do some chores, and finish watching the movie, if you like. I'll be sleeping with my boyfriend tonight—though I don't imagine we'll be sleeping all that much...'

Harry trembled as each line was delivered like divine judgement and, despite the cage training him to do otherwise, his traitorous cock still tried to heed his arousal and tear its way through its gilded cage.

Unsuccessfully of course.

Ginny's smile widened at his reaction, her chest heaving as her breaths became laboured.

'We'd like some privacy, so you can sleep down here tonight. Am I understood?'

Harry screwed his eyes shut and let out a pained whimper. His wife was impatient however and she was clearly waiting for an answer. He gasped in a mixture of shock and pain when his wife *stepped* on his cock, applying a not-inconsiderable amount of pressure that slowly ramped up the longer he didn't answer.

'Yes!' he gasped, as the pain grew too intense. 'I—I understand!'

'Good,' Ginny purred as the pressure instantly lessened, but crucially, didn't abate. 'Do you have anything else to say?'

When Harry's eyes fluttered open, tears stinging in the corners of his eyes and spittle dribbling from his mouth, he looked up at his wife with genuine confusion.

Rather than risk another stomping, he quickly brushed her mind and flushed furiously when he read her intentions.

Looking up at the face that was watching the scene with wide, fascinated eyes, Harry cleared his throat and spoke with as much dignity as a caged cuckold could manage.

'Thank you for the meal,' he whispered hoarsely. 'B-but please don't shag my wife. Not on *our* bed...'

Luca's eyes widened as shock and confusion nearly ruined everything. But before he could stammer out an apology, before he could do something so foolish as to *believe* Harry's words, a cocky smirk split his lips and he picked up a proudly grinning Ginny in a bridal carry.

'No can do, cuck,' Luca dismissed him with a careless shrug, grinning wide as he made for the stairs. Before he started to ascend with Ginny looking back at Harry from over her boyfriend's shoulder, he called back a final message. 'Best make yourself comfortable down here yeah? I'll be coming over a *lot* more often.'

Harry watched the young stud carry his wife up the stairs.

To shag her.

On *his* bed.

He couldn't take it anymore.

He *needed* release.

Where the bloody hell is she when you actually need her?!

Grabbing his wand in his trembling hand, he fired off a *Patronus* message and impatiently waited for a response.

When it finally came, his whole body was slick with sweat, the everpresent ache in his bollocks that controlled his erection sapping him of all his strength. He could hear the moans and groans floating down from his bedroom—the lovers hadn't waited long at all—and it only made his current predicament worse.

When the reply finally came, he wanted to bury his face in a cushion and *scream*.

A white, pearlescent dove flew through the walls of Grimmauld Place and hovered before him. When its beak opened, her amused voice filtered through. Languid and unhurried.

'Terribly sorry, Uncle Harry, but I'm currently trapped at Château Delacour in Bordeaux for Grand-mère's birthday dinner. Maman insists it's a "family affair," which apparently means I'm not allowed to pop away for anything.

As much as I'd love nothing more to...come to your aid. I'm afraid it's very much not possible right now...

Try not to miss me too much.'

The dove didn't immediately disappear with its message supposedly delivered, even as Harry punched the armrest of his chair with a frustrated cry.

As if knowing he'd have a mini-tantrum, Victoire had staggered her messages to allow him the time.

'Though...I suppose you could handle it yourself? There are...other ways one can have relief that don't involve their...naughty cocks being let out of their cages? Hmm? Good night! I can't wait to hear all about your evening!'

The Patronus finally winked out as its message was delivered and Harry stared at the spot it had been inhabiting with mixed emotions.

He knew what she was referring to, of course...but he'd never done such a thing.

At least to himself, without his wife there...

But the pain was growing too intense... At this point, he was willing to do *anything* if it would take the edge off.

And...without access to his closet of sex toys, he had to improvise.

With a command, Harry had the Elder Wand vibrating in his grip, and before he could overthink the absurdity of what he was about to do, he leaned back on the couch, spread his legs wide, and slipped it in.

And when the vibrating tip made contact with his prostate...he let out a strangled gasp as his vision went white.

-

Luca kicked open the door to the master bedroom and didn't bother closing it behind him.

Let the cuck hear me fucking his woman better than he can!

His heart was racing so fast it felt like it was gonna beat its way out of his chest, half terror, half excitement. He couldn't believe he'd just said that to Harry *Fucking* Potter, and his body still shook with adrenaline after the fact.

Given he was about to shag the man's wife in his own marital bed however, he probably shouldn't be focusing on what he'd *said* to the man...

Luca had worried he might have taken it too far, but judging by the way Ginny looked up into his eyes with adoration and glee, he must have done *something* right, or passed some kind of test...

A boyfriend test...

Is she really my girlfriend now? Or is she just saying that to mess with her husband?

He scolded himself for overthinking it. He didn't get this far by second guessing everything he did. Ginny clearly didn't want a weak-willed man as a boyfriend, someone too cowardly to take what he wanted and stand up to the great *Harry Potter*.

She wanted searing passion, taboo thrills, and—most of all—she apparently wanted to cuck her husband.

He could help with all three.

He threw her onto the bed and, as she bounced, the spitfire tore off the rest of her clothing while Luca did the same. He admired her perfect form as she propped herself up on her elbows and favoured him with a coy smile.

His buddies never understood his obsession with Ginny Potter. And they'd made fun of him when they caught him wanking to her risque centrefold. She was too *manly*, they'd said, her tits too small and her jaw too chiselled.

They've got no idea what they're talking about. She's...she's beautiful.

No longer stuck to worshipping her body through a tiny, well-used scrap of magical parchment, Luca admired the very real naked goddess before him while stroking his cock to readiness.

He'd already cum several times that night.

For her? He'd cum a thousand times more.

Her smile made him weak at the knees, and the look in her eyes made him feel like he was worth a million galleons. Her body was a shredded masterpiece, each muscle sculpted to perfection without going over-the-top or sacrificing her raw femininity. Best of all, her perky tits were topped by the best, most delicious looking pink nipples he'd ever seen. His eyes trailed down her body to the lines of her abs, the V of her groin and the perfect lips of her pretty pussy.

A pussy he was going to spend the rest of the night filling with his seed.

They've never had kids... is the cuck infertile? Could I impregnate her?

That would very much be a dream come true, so much so that he didn't even dare think about the fallout.

Finally, his eyes trailed down to her thick, powerful thighs and his mind drifted back to earlier in the evening, when she'd smothered his cock in them. It was one of the most erotic moments of his young life and he couldn't wait for a repeat performance...

His friends really had no idea what they were talking about. Ginny Potter was a warrior, a sexual *beast*. He'd already experienced her passion, had felt her pussy clinging to his cock, but this time felt different. Hearing her referring to him as her *boyfriend* had lit a fire in his very soul.

One that wasn't so easily quenched.

He reminded himself to do something nice for Victoire. She had been one of his favourite conquests—a great lay and someone he genuinely liked to hang out with. But never in his wildest dreams did he think his tryst with the stunning Veela would inadvertently lead him into the bed of his dream woman...

'Are you just gonna stare at me all night, lover?' Ginny asked with a tilt of her head. Her legs had spread open, a clear invitation, but Luca was still too busy admiring her masterpiece of a body to make his move. 'I sure hope not...not after all that *big* talk to my husband...'

He shook himself out of his own head and offered the older woman a predatory smile.

'I'm gonna fuck you better than your cuck ever could.' Then, feeling daring, he pushed it even further. 'I'm gonna fuck you so good you'll never want to fuck him again. He can be our House Cuck, cooking us incredible meals and keeping the place clean while we spend all our time together...'

Her smile was mysterious and he couldn't quite decipher it, but she didn't admonish him for his audacity so he figured he'd said the right thing. As if to prove the point, she then spread herself for him and beckoned him with a curled finger.

'Then you best get to it. I'd hate for my *boyfriend* to be a liar and a braggart...'

Luca inhaled sharply through his nose, his eyes opening wide at the provocation. So excited he was shaking, he hurriedly joined Ginny on her marital bed, his hard, throbbing cock leading the way.

The bed was *big* and as soft as a cloud, his knee sinking into the mattress the second he put his weight on it. Just like many other beds he'd been on in the past. There was something special about getting on *this* one in *this* context though that had his body primed and ready to go.

Their lips met and sparks flew. Luca immediately deepened the kiss and moaned into his girl's mouth, but Ginny, apparently, was very much done with foreplay. He felt her reach for his member between their bodies and lined him up with her gushing womanhood, his broad head nestling between her glistening lips.

'Go on,' she whispered, her dark eyes smouldering with desire. 'You're the man of the house tonight, make me *scream*. Make him *hear*...'

There was no need to specify who "him" referred to...

Gladly...

Without another word, Luca sank into the married woman's too-tight cunt and let out a victorious cry as her familiar warmth gripped him like a vice. Ginny's groan no doubt carried all the way down stairs to her cuckold husband, which only spurred him on to greater heights.

Planting a hand either side of her head, Luca stared down into Ginny's dark, adoring eyes and thrust the full length of his cock in and out, her lips gripping him jealously the entire way.

He'd never been with a woman who could swallow his entire considerable length like she could—not even close. He wondered how many other guys this sexy slut was shagging to have such experience, such depth.

He didn't question it, only vowed to prove himself better than the rest.

'You're gorgeous,' he gasped, never breaking eye contact. 'Perfect. You're wasted on a cuck like him. That's why you're *my* girl now!'

Ginny didn't reject him, didn't admonish him for his cheek or his arrogance. Rather, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss, her legs hooking behind his bum and urging him deeper.

He gladly obliged.

For his dream girl, he'd *never* run dry. With all the enthusiasm of a man in love, his hips repeatedly crashed down into the Quidditch Superstar, his cock burying itself in her womb with every deep thrust. His moans were only eclipsed by Ginny's euphoric cries as she repeatedly broke the kiss to let her pleasure be known.

Every time he bottomed out, he was met with brief resistance as Ginny's cunt gripped him, unwilling to easily let him go. He relished in the feeling, in the implicit message her body was giving him—that he belonged there, that she *wanted* him there.

And then, with matching, soulful groans, they both came undone as one with Luca filling her womb with his seed. Ginny didn't let go, didn't stop snogging him and, certainly, didn't unhook her legs from around him, making sure he filled her up and gave her everything he had.

Though both gasped with their exertions, their bodies slick with sweat and flushed from effort, neither felt *close* to finished. Instead of pulling out, Luca collapsed atop Ginny's body, unable to help the gleeful giggle as they stared into each other's eyes with passion.

'Good boy,' Ginny praised, brushing his hair out of his face and planting a cheeky kiss on his nose.

They cuddled and kept snogging like horny teens in love, whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears and finding comfort in each other's warmth. There was no frenzied shagging, no hurry to get him hard again to keep going. They just basked in each other's presence and contented themselves with luxuriating in the aftermath of their shared climax.

That didn't mean Luca was *done* however. His cock was still in the most beautiful woman alive, her lips pulling out every last drop of his cum. It was only a matter of time, with her body pressed to his, and her lips smiling at him like that, for him to reawaken for round two.

Seeing the way she looked at him—just as his hopelessly-in-love conquests often did—lit a *fire* in Luca.

He needed to prove himself, to stake his claim. He *needed* Ginny Potter to fall for him, so that she'd never grow tired of his presence in her bed, and never move on.

She's mine!

With a feral growl, he flipped them over so that Ginny was on her hands and knees. His new and experienced girlfriend let out a surprised squeal, then looked over her shoulder at him with a wicked smile.

'Oh? How bold...'

Luca was momentarily stunned not just by his own burst of possessive rage, but also the sight of Ginny's muscular back and thick, toned arse. He *still* couldn't believe this was real, but he forced himself to get over it.

Especially as Ginny wagged her hips from left to right, his cock still buried deep inside her.

'What're you waiting for? An invitation?'

He almost asked before he did what he did next.

That, he now knew, would have been a fatal mistake.

Instead, he shocked the married whore by pulling out—said whore no-doubt shocked he wasn't shagging her into her marital bed like a rabid roger in heat.

Before she could protest or complain, Luca swiped at her leaking pussy, gathering up some of their mixed juices on his finger, and slipped it into her gorgeous, teasing, *delicate* rosebud.

'Ooooooh, you naughty, *naughty* shit!'

Luca's smile nearly split his face in two.

That's not a no!

Suitably prepared, Luca placed the imposing head of his cock at her rear entrance and, while holding it steady, started to press in. Firmly and assuredly.

He watched as Ginny clenched the bedsheets in tight fists, the muscles in her back tensing and rippling, before relaxing as her sphincter loosened for him, allowing Luca to pop through the tough ring of muscle and slide all the way into her bowels.

'Ooooooooooh *fuuuuuuuuuck!*'

Ginny's groan was deep and guttural, appreciative and sensual. And if the way her tight ring of muscles eagerly squeezed the base of his cock as he bottomed out was any indication, she was *very* appreciative.

Luca only took a moment to relish in the warmth, the fact that he'd taken the final of his dream girl's holes, before forcibly resting himself out of his euphoric state.

He had a job to do.

A wife to *fuck*.

Feeling bold, bolder than was likely safe, Luca watched Ginny bow her head and breathe deeply around deep, satisfied moans. Her coppery tresses fell around her face like a waterfall, while some damp strands clung to her muscular back...within easy reach.

He thrust powerfully, wrestling against her vice-like grip as he pulled almost all the way out, before sinking back into her warm, velvety embrace.

Fuck it...

His hands had been cupping her narrow waist and guiding her on his cock, but he had a better use for them now.

Running his fingers along her spin, Ginny arched her back at the sensation, turning her head just slightly to side-eye him questioningly. He grinned, winked, then lunged forward, wrapping a healthy lock of her hair around his fist.

It seemed all the experience in the world couldn't have prepared her for his bold move and her eyes widened in shock. Rather than causing him to hesitate, it gave Luca confidence.

On his next thrust, when he snapped his hips forward, he tugged back on Ginny's hair, causing her head to shoot back even more and a surprised—but not displeased—gasp to slip from her parted lips.

He thrust again, this time tugging harder. Ginny's mouth hung open, more delicious gasps accompanying each painful tug of her hair, but at no point did she tell him to stop.

At no point did her eyes scream *anything* but raw, *hot* arousal.

'You're such a naughty *slut*,' Luca growled, thrusting again, tugging harder. 'You love it when your *boyfriend* treats you like a *whore*!'

On the final emphasis, he thrust his hips again tugging her hair the hardest yet. This time, when she moaned, it was long, loud and proud. The corners of her lips quirked in an amused smile, even as her mouth hung open, her eyes twinkling *dangerously* with a mixture of desire and amusement.

When she didn't respond to his goading, Luca decided to push all his chips in.

If he was to judge Ginny's mood by her reactions, her lust and arousal by the volume of her cries and the way she gripped his cock jealously, he knew he was on the right track.

And if he wanted to make the married woman *his*, he needed to risk it all.

Ginny's eyes widened when his free hand, the one not gripping several strands of her hair in a tight fist, arched up threateningly, his fingers splayed. His new girlfriend only had a moment to register the movement before she gasped, the sound accompanied by a sharp crack that no-doubt reached all the way to the cuck downstairs.

Luca kept his hand on her powerful arse, gently rubbing the reddened flesh as he pulled out and prepared to thrust again. When he did, he thrust *deep*, tugged *hard* on her hair, then, with his cock fully buried in her bum, his hand struck again like a flash.

‘Ooooh, yes, yes! Spank me you dirty *shit!* Fuck my arse and spank me like a *whore!* Your whore!’

It wasn’t an exaggeration to say that Luca felt like a *God* in that moment. Drunk on power, he fucked Ginny’s arse with all his might, tugging on her hair and spanking her until her pale skin was a brilliant crimson.

If he had any hesitation about his rougher actions, seeing Ginny thrashing on his cock like an *animal* put them all to rest. She screamed, she moaned, she *came*, over and over and over again.

And through it all, Luca didn’t tire. Luca fucked Ginny Potter so hard her voice turned raw and scratchy from the screaming. He fucked her until their combined juices *soaked* the bed beneath them and, if Luca had his way, the cuck wouldn’t be allowed to return to bed unless he slept in their combined filth!

‘You’re mine! My girl!’

‘Yes! Yeees! Fuck me, fuck me you sexy stud!’

‘I mean it!’ he barked, truly drunk on power now. ‘You’re mine! Your cuck’s not allowed to fuck you anymore, these holes belong to *me!*’

Seeing the dangerous look in Ginny’s eyes, Luca still had the presence of mind to pull back slightly with his demand.

‘These holes are *mine,*’ he reiterated with a harsh thrust, and the hardest tug of her hair yet. So hard, Ginny’s head was almost bent all the way back so she could stare into his eyes. ‘If that cuck wants any piece of them, he has to ask *me*. Am I understood?!’

And suddenly, the dangerous look in his girl’s eyes turned mischievous and playful, the arousal no-doubt reflected in his own.

It seemed Ginny Potter very much liked that idea. Liked it *a lot*.

'I dunno why you're telling *me*, Lover...' she teased, a predatory grin on her chapped lips. 'You know what you have to do...'

He did...and he'd be lying if the thought didn't terrify him.

He decided that could wait until morning. If he was going to tempt fate and push his luck *that* far, he resolved to spend the rest of his night fucking his dream woman like it might be their last night together...

Because it very well could be...

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The next morning, when Ginny descended the stairs hand-in-hand with her boyfriend, her legs barely able to support her own weight and feeling satiated in a way she hadn't felt in a *while*, she was trembling in excitement.

Is he really gonna do it?

Luca had said a lot of wild shit in the throes of passion the previous evening, all of it igniting a *fire* in Ginny Potter.

She decided, in that moment, if he didn't live up to his promises, she'd kick him to the curb.

No matter how amazing and mind-blowing the sex was, no matter how beautiful he was. She still had Oliver—Morgana's tits, she could have *anyone she wanted*.

She didn't need an arrogant blowhard that was all talk.

No matter how pretty.

They found Harry asleep in his armchair, naked, with a truly pathetic pool of cum dried on his belly. Any confusion as to how that was possible was answered when they saw his wand stuck halfway up his arse.

‘What the fuck...?’

Ginny giggled at Luca’s disgusted exclamation, before approaching her restfully dozing husband.

He awoke instantly, his Auror instincts on high alert, when she ran a hand through his scruffy black hair.

He immediately relaxed upon seeing it was Ginny, then he looked around in a foggy, sleep-addled daze as his wits slowly returned to him. First, he noted how his wife still held her lover’s hand, then he noticed the cum stained on said wife’s naked body, then how thoroughly *ravished* she looked.

And then, all at once, everything came rushing back. He stiffened, and flushed furiously when he realised he still had his wand stuck up his arse. He removed it with all the dignity that was possible, and Ginny resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

This is supposed to be Luca’s final test, and you completely ruin your scary image by sticking your own wand up your arse and leaving it there...?

Ginny licked her lips as she admired her naked husband’s form. His cock no longer strained against his cage after he’d managed to *relieve* himself, but he still looked just as...perfect.

Just as...*subservient*.

Broken, beautiful and forever hers.

Without waiting for Luca to get things started, Ginny planted her foot right beside Harry’s head and, as her husband’s eyes widened, she leaned close, both holes mere inches from his lips.

He could *smell* it before he saw it.

As she relaxed her muscles, Luca's cum started to ooze out of her thoroughly abused holes and, with a coquettish smile, she threaded her hand into the hair on the back of Harry's head and pulled him close.

'Luca made breakfast for you, babe...'

As Harry dutifully started to clean her, Ginny nearly laughed at the way Luca bristled at the term of affection.

Still, he could only watch in shock and disbelief as Harry cleaned her pussy and asshole out without hesitation, right in front of him. He'd seen it before, of course, but this was a whole new level of debauched at this point.

'Say *thanks*, babe. Don't be rude. I'm sure you also heard how good a job he did last night too...'

It turned her on like nothing else that Harry didn't even hesitate. He did as commanded in between swallowing and switching between her pussy and asshole.

'Thanks,' he muttered, 'for the cum, and for fucking my wife...'

Ginny's nipples hardened at the subservient tone, and if both of her holes weren't aching, she might have even been tempted to unlock her husband and mount him right there.

She'd unfortunately found the limit to Luca's seemingly endless stamina. In his defence...she'd been the one to give out first...

Getting a young lover is the best decision I ever made...even if I kinda stumbled into it...

‘On that note...’ Luca began, and Ginny nearly laughed at how he intentionally deepened his voice to sound more menacing and in control. ‘Ginny’s *my* girl now.’

He punctuated the statement by releasing her hand and turning her face so he could give her a snog right in front of Harry. Ginny, of course, reciprocated, eagerly, relishing the way Harry’s eyes widened at her complete lack of resistance, all-but confirming the young man’s words.

‘...but I’m not so *unreasonable* that I’d deny a man access to his wife. Just know, if you ever want to fuck *my* girl, you need *my* permission. Ginny’s a good little whore, aren’t you luv? You’ll make sure he obeys?’

Ginny’s smile widened as her husband’s eyes widened at the sheer cheek of this kid. ‘Of course, luv. It’s only *right* for the man of the house to request such things. Don’t you think so?’

Harry didn’t answer for the longest time. Luca had passed his test with flying colours. Unequivocally, he was her boyfriend now, and the thought set butterflies aflutter in her belly.

But now the final test was taking place, the test that noted just how total her husband’s complete and utter surrender to her truly was. His eyes sharpened as Luca squirmed in place under his scrutiny.

She couldn’t feel it—he was too skilled for that—but Ginny was sure Harry was scanning her mind in that very moment to see how she felt about this.

Not that she thought he needed to. The fact that she hadn’t kneed him in the bollocks for suggesting something so daring should have said plenty.

Regardless of what Harry decided, Luca *would* be sticking around. It scared her to admit how fond she was of the young man. While she didn’t love him like she did her husband—a ludicrous notion she wasn’t naive enough to think Luca felt differently on—she couldn’t lie and say he didn’t hold an unusual place in her heart all the same.

Call it puppy love, or a childhood crush. Either way, Ginny was genuinely enamoured with the gorgeous man, her *boyfriend*.

He wouldn't be going anywhere, no matter how much it might sting her husband's ego—whatever of it remained.

Though she couldn't lie and say she wasn't *intensely* curious to see how Harry would handle this situation.

Thankfully he, much to her delight, chose *correctly*.

Harry bowed his head and answered in a whispered, pathetic voice that had Ginny's core *ignite* with arousal.

'Whatever you say...'