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Chapter 24

~ Harry Potter ~

The wind howling outside the towering windows of Number Twelve, Grimmauld Place sounded like a pack of wolves, but inside, the drawing room was crackling with warmth.

Harry Potter sat deep in the plush cushions of a crimson-coloured velvet armchair, staring into the roaring hearth. It was New Year's Eve. The mantelpiece was decorated with elegant silver garlands Narcissa had conjured, and a single, enchanted clock in the corner ticked away the final hours of the year.

He took a slow sip of the firewhisky in his hand, letting the burning liquid slide down his throat, and marvelled at just how much things had changed. Some for the absolute best, some for the worst.

A few months ago, he'd been a freezing, desperate boy in a tent, wearing a soul-sucking locket that whispered poison into his mind, flanked by two friends he thought would stand by him until the end. But the war had broken them. Ron's bitter betrayal in the forest, Hermione's desperate flight after him—it had shattered the illusion of the "Golden Trio." They had left him. They had assumed he was just a child who needed Albus Dumbledore to hold his hand.

But they had been wrong.

Now, he was alone in the eyes of the Order, but he had never felt more powerful. Hogwarts—the one place he had truly called his home—was gone, closed to him, occupied by Severus Snape and the sadistic Carrow twins. He couldn't go back to the castle's halls, but he didn't need to. He had built a new sanctuary right here in the ancestral home of his godfather.

And he had a family.

A bizarre, decadent, and intensely loyal family of women who had surrendered themselves entirely to his love and leadership.

Harry's lips curved into a smirk as he let his mind wander over the women who now ruled his household and his bed. His school nemesis's mum, Narcissa Malfoy, was his primary mistress. She was the elegant, high-class lady of the house, a woman who had abandoned her cowardly husband to pledge her life, her resources, and her stunning, mature body to Harry's cause.

Then there was Bellatrix. The woman who had once been Voldemort's right hand, the most feared witch in Britain. Harry had dragged her out of the dark, literally ripping the Dark Lord's corrupting soul-parasite from her mind. Now, she was sane, her fanatical, obsessive devotion redirected entirely toward him. She worshipped the very ground he walked on, a wild fire in his bed.

And then there were the Veela.

Fleur Delacour, the breathtaking blonde he had fantasized about as a horny, repressed teenager during the Triwizard Tournament. And alongside her was her mother, Apolline. The mature, incredibly voluptuous Veela matriarch had taken it upon herself to teach Harry the true depth of carnal pleasure, helping him regulate his raw, overflowing magical core through hours of unbridled, back-breaking sex.

They shared him. They fought over him. They pampered him, cooked for him, fought beside him, healed him and eagerly warmed his bed every single night.

He was their King, and they were his willing, devoted mistresses.

Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, heavy object. He rolled it between his fingers, the cold, polished metal catching the orange light of the fire.

The golden snitch.

It was the very same snitch Albus Dumbledore had left him in his will, hand-delivered by a highly suspicious Rufus Scrimgeour months ago. Harry stared at the delicate, tightly folded golden wings, his brow furrowing in deep frustration.

Why? Why had the old man left him this?

He had spent hours over the past few weeks playing around with it, tapping it with his wand, casting diagnostic charms, and whispering half-remembered passwords, usually names of muggle candy, to the metal. Nothing. It remained a stubborn, silent sphere of gold. Dumbledore never did anything without a double meaning, and the lack of answers was starting to grate on Harry's nerves. Was it a test? A riddle? Or just another one of the late headmaster's manipulative games to keep him distracted?

The soft, rhythmic click of heels against the hardwood floor broke the silence of the room.

Harry didn't reach for his wand. His magic, highly attuned to the residents of the house, recognized the signature instantly. It was a warm, intoxicating wave of sweet vanilla, jasmine, and raw, pulsing allure that made his blood run hot in his veins.

Fleur walked in.

Harry's breath hitched, his emerald eyes widening as he took her in. She was dressed in her nightgown—a light blue negligee made of the sheerest, most delicate silk. The fabric was so thin it might as well have been transparent under the firelight, clinging possessively to the generous, heavy curves of her breasts. The lace trim lined her narrow waist and highlighted the swell of her hips, dipping low to show off the long, flawless expanse of her creamy thighs.

Her silver-blond hair was loose, cascading down her shoulders in a chaotic, beautiful mess that framed her face. She looked like a goddess of temptation, her sapphire eyes locked onto him with a confident, teasing heat.

"You are still brooding, *mon chéri*," Fleur purred, her thick French accent slipping like honey through the quiet room.

She sashayed toward him, her hips swaying, putting on a show that made the sheer silk of her negligee shift over her skin. She didn't wait for an invitation. She crossed the rug and sat directly in his lap, straddling his thighs.

Harry let out a low growl as her weight settled on him. The friction of the sheer silk against his trousers was maddening, the heat of her pussy radiating straight through the fabric, immediately causing his cock to harden, pressing thick and demanding against her thigh.

Fleur let out a soft, pleased hum, her fingers wrapping around the back of his neck, her nails lightly scratching his skin as she leaned close, her breath hot against his ear. "What eez keeping your mind so busy on New Year's Eve? When you 'ave four beautiful women waiting upstairs to slide into your bed?"

Harry managed a weak, self-deprecating grin, his hands instinctively finding her waist, his thumbs rubbing the soft, warm skin exposed by the low cut of her negligee. "Dumbledore," he muttered, holding up the golden snitch between his fingers. "I'm still trying to figure out why the old man left me this in his will. I've cast every detection charm I know. I've tried passwords, counter-curses, even brute force. It's just a regular, useless snitch."

Fleur tilted her head, her sapphire eyes dropping to the golden sphere. She reached out, her delicate, pale fingers brushing against his as she took the snitch from him, her touch sending a pleasant, static-like spark of magic through his hand.

She turned the metal over, her brow furrowing slightly as she examined the intricate engravings on the golden wings.

"You do not know much about Quidditch history, do you, 'Arry?" she asked, a teasing, affectionate smirk playing on her plump lips.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "I played for five years, Fleur. I think I know how a snitch works."

"You know 'ow to catch them," Fleur corrected, her voice dropping to a soft, educational purr as she rested her chest against his, her heavy breasts pressing firmly into his sternum. "But you do not know 'ow zey are made. Snitches... zey are very special magical objects. Zey have flesh memories."

Harry blinked, his mind pausing. "Flesh memories?"

"Oui," Fleur nodded, her silver hair brushing his cheek. "When a snitch eez forged, the maker wears heavy leather gloves. Nobody is allowed to touch ze bare metal wiz zey skin. Ze snitch memorizes ze touch of ze very first person who catches it. If zere eez a dispute during a match, ze snitch will only open when it touches the bare hand of the seeker who caught it."

She pressed the cold golden sphere back into his palm, closing his fingers over it. "Dumbledore enchanted it, 'Arry. It should open ze moment it touches your hand. If you caught it."

Harry stared down at his closed fist. The logic of her words slammed into his brain like a blasting curse, shattering the mental block he had been fighting for weeks.

Flesh memories.

Touched by the skin of the one who caught it.

The memory of his very first Quidditch match—the chaotic, terrifying game against Slytherin in his first year—rushed back to him in a vivid flash. He remembered his broom spinning out of control. He remembered diving forward, losing his grip, and crashing face-first into the freezing mud.

He hadn't caught the snitch in his hand.

He had almost swallowed it.

"Oh," Harry breathed, a sudden, brilliant grin breaking through his frustration. "I'm a bloody idiot."

Fleur giggled, a sweet, tinkling sound. "I will not argue wiz you, *mon beau*. But why do you say

zat?"

"I didn't catch it with my hand, Fleur," Harry said, his voice rising with excitement. He looked up at her, his emerald eyes glowing with focus. "My first game... I almost choked on the thing. I caught it in my mouth."

Without a second thought, Harry raised his hand. He brought the cold, metallic sphere of the snitch directly to his face and pressed the golden metal firmly against his lips.

The metal reacted instantly.

The cold gold suddenly flared with a warm, internal heat. The delicate, tightly folded wings fluttered once, letting out a sharp, metallic hum, and then, a series of elegant, spiky silver letters began to carve themselves into the surface of the metal, glowing with a soft, magical light.

Fleur leaned closer, her heavy breasts shifting against his chest as she peered down, her eyes wide with curiosity. She read the glowing inscription out loud, her French lilt turning the ominous words into a beautiful, haunting melody.

"I... open... at... ze... close," Fleur whispered.

She looked back up at him, her brow furrowed in confusion, her fingers tightening around his neck. "What does it mean, 'Arry? Do you know what the 'close' eez?"

Harry's triumphant grin slowly faded, replaced by a cynical hardness. He stared at the glowing silver letters, his mind immediately dissecting the phrase through the lens of everything he had learned about the late headmaster.

"I don't know the exact meaning," Harry said, his voice dropping to a low, hard rasp. "But if Dumbledore had it enchanted... knowing the old man, it's something sick. Something related to death. Sacrifice."

He let out a dry, bitter scoff, his fingers tightening around the snitch. "He spent my entire life setting up tests, raising me like a pig for slaughter so I could face Voldemort at the right moment. The 'close' is probably the end of the war. Or the end of my life. It's a riddle he expects me to solve while I'm bleeding out in the dirt."

Fleur's expression softened, the teasing light in her eyes vanishing, replaced by a fierce, protective anger.

She reached down, gently prying the golden snitch from his hand and placing it carelessly on the small side table next to his empty glass of firewhisky. She didn't want him thinking about death.

Not tonight. Not when they had so much to live for.

She turned back to him, her weight shifting on his lap, her sheer negligee riding up even further to expose the soft, pale skin of her inner thighs.

"Let ze old man keep 'is secrets for tonight," Fleur whispered, her voice a sultry, commanding purr. "Dumbledore eez dead, 'Arry. Voldemort eez bleeding in the dark. But you... you are 'ere. You are alive. And you 'ave a family to take care of."

Harry looked up at her, the cynical coldness in his chest melting away under the intense, blinding heat of her beauty and her devotion. He didn't want to think about Dumbledore's riddles. He didn't want to think about the sacrifices he might have to make.

He had won his freedom. He had claimed his women. And tonight, he was going to enjoy the spoils of his victory.

A dark, feral grin spread across Harry's face. He reached out, his large, calloused hands sliding up her thighs, the rough texture of his skin contrasting beautifully against the sheer silk of her negligee. He gripped her curved, soft hips hard, his fingers sinking deep into her flesh.

"Ahhh..." Fleur let out a low, needy moan, her eyes fluttering shut as she arched her back into his strong, possessive touch. The sheer, overwhelming power of his magic wrapped around her, making her Veela blood boil with desire. She ground her pelvis down harder against his thighs, her pussy rubbing directly against his thick, throbbing erection. "Yes, 'Arry... grip me. Hold me."

Harry leaned forward, his green eyes burning with a raw, carnal hunger. He angled his head, his lips hovering mere inches from hers, ready to crash his mouth against hers and devour her right there in the chair.

But before their lips could meet, Fleur suddenly tensed.

She placed her hands flat against his bare chest, her fingers digging in slightly as she pulled her head back.

Harry stopped, his brows furrowing in a sudden, confused frown. He raised a single eyebrow, a silent question in his eyes at her sudden, unexpected retreat.

Fleur smirked, a wicked, incredibly teasing light dancing in her sapphire eyes. She reached out, her tongue darting out to lick her bottom lip, her gaze dropping to his mouth before snapping back up.

"Do not look at me like zat, my Lord," she purred, her voice dripping with a sultry mischief. "I am merely... saving the best for last. I 'ave a surprise for you."

Harry's grip on her hips tightened slightly. "A surprise? What kind of surprise?"

Fleur let out a soft, delighted giggle, her body shifting as she slid off his lap. The sudden absence of her heat made Harry grunt in protest, his body aching for the contact. She stood up on the plush rug, the light blue negligee swaying gracefully around her long, sculpted legs.

She looked down at him, her silver hair catching the golden light of the fire, her posture projecting the breathtaking confidence of a woman who knew she held her King in the palm of her hand.

With a slow, seductive motion, Fleur extended her pale, delicate hand toward him, her fingers curling slightly in an silent, irresistible invitation for him to rise.

"Come, 'Arry," she whispered, her voice a silken promise of things to come. "Follow me."

Harry stared at her hand, and then up at her wicked, beautiful face.

He didn't hesitate.

He let the golden snitch lie forgotten on the table, stood up from his chair, and took her hand, ready for whatever surprise his gorgeous lover had waiting for him in the dark.

~ **Harry Potter** ~

The swish of Fleur's silk negligee against her bare thighs was the only sound echoing in the dimly lit corridor of Grimmauld Place. Her fingers, delicate and warm, were wrapped tightly around Harry's hand, pulling him forward with an unhurried, absolutely teasing pace. She didn't look back at him, but the slow, seductive sway of her hips was a language he understood all too well. Under the flickering light of the gas lamps, the pale blue fabric of her gown seemed to cling to the voluptuous curve of her ass, presenting a view that had Harry's blood boiling in his veins.

His heart was hammering heavily against his ribs. The physical toll of the past week seemed to melt away with every step he took behind her. The corridor felt narrower, the air warmer, thick with the scent of lavender and the sweet, muskiness of female arousal that always seemed to linger in the house when the women were waiting for him.

'I open at the close,' the spiky silver letters on Dumbledore's golden snitch had read.

Harry let out a low, rough exhale through his nose. He knew what the dead headmaster had intended. The "close" was meant to be his death, a final, sacrificial march into the forest to let

Voldemort kill the piece of his soul residing in Harry's scar. It was a manipulative plan designed by a man who had viewed Harry as a pawn on a chessboard of the Greater Good.

But Harry had shattered that board.

He had ripped the parasite out of his forehead, claimed his Lordships, and built a sanctuary. He wasn't going to choose death. He wasn't going to let the old man's ghost dictate his path.

Tonight, on the very edge of the New Year, Harry was choosing life.

He was choosing the women who had bound their souls and magic to his, who looked at him not as a tragic martyr, but as their Lord, their protector, and their lover.

Fleur stopped in front of the heavy, dark oak doors of the master suite.

She turned around slowly, her sapphire eyes sparkling with a wicked, predatory heat. She reached up, her manicured fingers tracing the hard line of his jaw, her thumb brushing over his lower lip. "You are so quiet, *mon beau*," she whispered, her voice a sultry, melodic purr that vibrated against his skin. "Are you still thinking of ze old headmaster's riddles? Or are you ready to let ze past burn, and focus on ze future we are building?"

"I'm ready," Harry said, his voice a low, gravelly voice that made Fleur's pupils dilate with immediate arousal. "Show me what you've put together, Fleur."

Fleur smirked, a slow, incredibly triumphant expression. She reached out, her hand wrapping around the tarnished brass handle, and pushed the heavy doors open.

The master bedroom was bathed in a warm, amber glow. A massive fire crackled and spit in the hearth, casting dancing orange shadows across the dark mahogany floorboards and the heavy velvet drapes. The air in the room was suffocatingly hot, thick with the scent of burning cedar, expensive perfume, and the sweet, cloying aroma of raw, unfiltered arousal.

Harry stepped into the room, and his eyes widened in instant surprise. His breath caught in his throat, a sudden, fierce rush of blood flooding straight down to his groin.

His cock hardened instantly.

Standing in a loose semi-circle around the massive, silk-draped four-poster bed were Apolline, Bellatrix, and Narcissa. Each of them was dressed in scandalously revealing lingerie, their eyes fixed on him with a collective, hunger that made the air in the room vibrate with sexual tension.

Bellatrix stood closest to the hearth, her pale skin glowing golden in the firelight. She was dressed in a pristine white lace set of lingerie that offered a breathtaking contrast to her thick, wild black curls. The sheer, delicate lace of her bra pushed her heavy, full breasts up, the dark

peaks of her nipples clearly visible pressing against the fabric. Around her narrow waist was a matching white garter belt, the lace straps trailing down her thighs to secure a pair of thigh-high white stockings. Her long, sculpted legs were slightly parted, and her dark, heavy-lidded eyes were wide and adoring, filled with a fanatical, submissive hunger that made her look like a whore waiting for her master.

Beside her, Apolline Delacour leaned back against one of the heavy bedposts with a known grace. The Veela MILF was dressed in a similar lace set, but in a deep, midnight-blue that perfectly matched the rich, sapphire blue of her eyes. She was a woman in her prime, her curves fuller, her heavy breasts spilling over the cups of her bra. Her matching dark blue lace panties were cut high, showing off the generous flare of her hips and the soft, pale skin of her stomach. Her lips curved into a knowing, incredibly seductive smirk.

And standing in the centre of the bed, her knees sinking slightly into the plush silk mattress, was Narcissa.

The Lady of the House was a vision of absolute debauchery. She wore a deep crimson negligee made of the finest, most delicate silk, the hem riding high up her thighs to reveal her long, flawless legs. The front of the negligee was cut low, exposing the pale, heavy mounds of her breasts, and the fabric clung possessively to the curve of her hips. Her blonde hair was loose, cascading over her shoulders in beautiful, golden waves. She looked down at him with a gaze of pure, possessive adoration, her cool grey eyes burning with a heat that was entirely, beautifully feral.

"My Lord," Bellatrix whimpered, her voice a low, desperate plea that broke the silence of the room. She took a step toward him, her hands clasping together in front of her chest. "We have been waiting for you. The house has been so quiet, and we... we are so cold without your magic."

"The New Year is almost here, Harry," Narcissa said, her voice smooth as silk, her gaze dropping pointedly to the massive, throbbing bulge straining against the fabric of his trousers. "And we have decided that the old traditions are no longer enough. We do not want to simply wait for the war to end. We want to claim you. We want to be yours."

Apolline stepped off the bedpost, her hips swaying as she approached him, her Veela allure spiking, filling the room with a wave of intoxicating, aggressive heat. "We are begging you, *mon King*," she murmured, her voice a smoky, melodic purr. "Come inside. Take us. Show us the raw, unbridled power of our lord."

Fleur stepped up behind him, her arms wrapping around his waist, her soft breasts pressing firmly into his back. She let out a low, pleased hum as she felt his back muscles tense. Slowly, deliberately, she slid her hand down the front of his trousers, her warm, delicate fingers slipping past the waistband.

Harry let out a sharp, ragged gasp as her hand found his cock.

His dick was harder than ever before, the head glistening with a heavy bead of pre-cum that Fleur smeared over the shaft as her fingers wrapped around him. She began to stroke him, a slow, agonizingly tight glide that made his hips twitch instinctively against her hand. She squeezed him firmly, her thumb rubbing over the sensitive ridge of his crown.

"What could be better than starting the New Year off with the start of a new family?" Fleur whispered directly into his ear, her hot breath making him shiver. "Seed us all today, 'Arry. Fill our cunts with your magic. Breed us."

The word—*breed*—shattered the last remaining threads of Harry Potter's restraint.

The civilized, polite boy who had been raised to be a polite Gryffindor simply died in that moment. In his place stood the Lord of Potter and Black, a magically dominant wizard who had been handed a kingdom and was more than ready to claim his queens.

He turned on his heel, his hand catching Fleur by the back of her hair. He pulled her head back sharply, his green eyes burning with a dark, territorial fire.

"You're going to get exactly what you're begging for," Harry growled.

He crashed his mouth against hers in a brutal, dominating kiss that tasted of desire and raw possession. Fleur let out a needy whimper, her tongue instantly darting into his mouth to meet his, wrapping around his as she submitted completely to his grip.

He broke the kiss with a wet, heavy gasp, turning his attention to the other women in the room.

"Get on the bed," Harry commanded, his voice a deep, resonant baritone that carried the absolute, unquestionable authority of a Lord. "All of you."

The women obeyed instantly.

Bellatrix scrambled onto the mattress, her white stockings sliding over the silk sheets as she knelt in the centre, her wild curls spilling over her face. Apolline climbed onto the bed from the side, her mature, curvaceous body moving with a fluid, hungry grace, while Narcissa lay back against the pillows, her crimson negligee riding up to her waist to expose her pale, dripping wet pussy.

Harry stripped off his trousers in one swift, impatient motion, throwing them to the floor. He stood before them stark naked, his massive, veined cock standing tall and rigid, pulsing with a restless, hot energy.

"Bella," Harry growled, pointing a finger at the eldest Black sister. "Come here."

Bellatrix let out a sob of pure, fanatical joy at being chosen first. She crawled across the mattress on her hands and knees until she reached the edge of the bed. She didn't wait for him to guide her. She grabbed his thighs with both hands, looking up at him with a gaze of absolute, submissive worship.

She opened her mouth wide and took him in.

Slurp. Schlick.

Harry threw his head back, his hands instantly tangling into her thick, dark hair to guide the frantic, wet rhythm of her mouth. She was incredibly enthusiastic, her lips stretching to accommodate his girth, her tongue swirling frantically around the sensitive head of his cock.

"Mmm... slurp... shlick, shlick," the wet, sloppy sounds filled the room, mixing with the crackle of the fireplace.

"Suck it, Bella," Harry growled, his hips bucking instinctively into her throat. "Suck your Lord's dick."

Bellatrix moaned around his shaft, her hand reaching down to cup his heavy ballsack, fondling his scrotum gently while her mouth worked overtime to please him. She wanted to prove her absolute loyalty, to show him that she was his most devoted slut.

Harry let her suck him until he was completely slick with her saliva, the friction of her tight mouth driving him dangerously close to the edge. He pulled out of her mouth with a wet *pop*, ignoring her immediate whine of protest.

He grabbed her by the hips and flipped her over onto her stomach, shoving her face-down into the silk pillows. Her round, pale ass was hoisted high into the air, the white garter belt framing her cheeks beautifully.

"Spread your knees," Harry commanded, delivering a sharp, stinging slap to her right ass cheek.

Smack!

"Ah!" Bellatrix gasped, her ass jiggling from the impact, a bright red handprint blooming on her pale skin. She immediately shuffled her knees further apart, opening her tight, wet cunt completely to him.

Harry knelt behind her. He didn't use any finesse. He grabbed her hips, his fingers digging into

her soft flesh, and lined his cock up with her dripping wet pussy. With a single, powerful thrust of his hips, he buried himself to the absolute hilt.

"AAAHHH!" Bellatrix screamed, her voice muffled by the pillows as she took the full, heavy length of him. Her vaginal walls clamped down around his shaft like a vice, the intense friction of her tight cunt making Harry growl with pleasure.

He began to pound into her from behind, his hips moving like a piston. Every thrust was deep, hard, and relentless, his pelvis hitting her ass cheeks with a loud, echoing smack.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Yes! Fuck me! Breed me, my Lord!" Bellatrix wailed, her hands clawing at the sheets as she took the brutal pounding. "Make me your pregnant slut! Fill me with your magic!"

Harry reached his hands around her waist, grabbing her heavy, bouncing breasts right through the white lace of her bra. He squeezed them roughly, pinching her nipples hard through the fabric, matching the frantic pace of his thrusts.

"You like that, Bella?" Harry growled, leaning his chest against her back, his sweaty skin slapping against her with every strike. "You like being bred by your Lord?"

"I love it! Oh god, yes! Deep! Harder!" she shrieked, her internal walls spasming around him in a tight, desperate rhythm as she hit a screaming, soul-shattering climax.

Her orgasm triggered his own. Harry felt the hot, heavy wave of his load building at the base of his spine. He grabbed her hips with both hands, bracing himself, and drove his cock deep inside her one final, bone-jarring time.

"I'm seeding you, Bella!" Harry roared.

He erupted, pumping thick, hot ropes of his seed deep into her womb. Bellatrix let out a ragged sob of pure ecstasy, her pussy milking his shaft as she drank down his magic, her body shaking with aftershocks.

Harry stayed buried inside her for a long moment, letting her feel the warmth of his seed flooding her. He slowly pulled out, a thick, white stream of his cum leaking from her stretched, red pussy, dripping down her thigh and pooling onto the white stockings.

"Narcissa," Harry croaked, his eyes locking onto the blonde matriarch who was watching with wide, dilated eyes. "You're next."

Narcissa let out a breathless gasp, her hands gripping the silk sheets as Harry crawled over the

bed toward her. She was already soaking wet, her negligee completely pushed up to her chest, her pale, heavy breasts bouncing with her frantic breathing.

"Please, my Lord," Narcissa begged, her voice trembling. "I want to feel you. I want your seed inside me."

Harry didn't waste time. He grabbed her by the thighs, pulling her to the edge of the mattress. He spread her legs wide, pinning her knees to her chest, exposing her swollen, pink labia to his gaze. She was dripping, her juices slicking her inner thighs.

He positioned his wet, semi-soft cock at her entrance and, with a single, slow drive, buried himself back inside her tight, hot pussy.

"OH FUCK!" Narcissa screamed, her head falling back against the headboard as she took his full girth. Her cunt was incredibly hot, clutching at his shaft with a desperate, hungry need.

Harry began to fuck her, his rhythm slow and agonizingly deep, ensuring she felt every single vein of his cock. He leaned down, his mouth capturing her lips in a bruising, possessive kiss, his tongue conquering hers while his hips continued to pound into her.

Squelch, smack, squelch, smack.

"Ahhh... yes... right there," Narcissa moaned into his mouth, her hands wrapping around his neck to pull him down. "Stretch me out, Harry. Wreck my pussy."

Bellatrix crawled over, her face flushed and sweaty, her white lingerie ruined and stained with his cum. She reached down, her fingers sliding over Narcissa's body to rub her sister's swollen clitoris in sync with Harry's thrusts. The dual stimulation was too much for the elegant blonde.

"I'm cumming! Oh god, I'm cumming!" Narcissa shrieked, her body shaking violently as her climax hit her. Her vaginal walls contracted around his shaft like a vice, milking him.

Harry growled, the intense, rolling spasms of her cunt pushing him over the edge. He grabbed her hips, his fingers bruising her skin, and slammed into her with all his force.

"Take my load, Cissy!" Harry roared.

He erupted again, shooting a massive, hot load of his cum deep into her womb. Narcissa wailed, her hands clawing at his back as she took the full force of his seed, her body shuddering with pleasure as he filled her up.

Harry pulled out with a wet *pop*, his cock glistening with their mixed juices. A thick river of his white seed leaked from Narcissa's stretched, red cunt, dripping onto the silk mattress.

He turned his attention to the Delacour women, who were watching with wide, hungry eyes, their hands drifting across each other in hopes to imitate the thirst only their lord's touch could quench. The Veela allure in the room was suffocating, a thick, sweet wave of pure lust.

"Apolline. Fleur," Harry growled, his voice a deep, primal command. "Come here."

Apolline let out a sultry, melodic laugh. She slid off the bedpost, her mature, curvaceous body moving with a fluid, hungry grace as she crawled onto the mattress beside her daughter.

"We are ready, *mon beau*," Apolline whispered, her sapphire eyes burning with a wild, hungry fire. "We want to feel your strength. We want to be bred by you."

Apolline leaned over, her mature breasts pressing against Harry's side as she took his cock into her mouth, her tongue swirling frantically around the base, cleaning the mix of his and Narcissa and Bella's juices of his cock.

"My turn, *mon roi*," Apolline whispered, her sapphire eyes glazed with lust.

Harry crawled over her, pinning her wrists to the mattress with his hands. He looked down at her voluptuous, ripe body, the scent of her Veela musk driving him absolutely crazy.

He lined himself up and slammed into her.

"OH!" Apolline shrieked, her head snapping back as she took the full, heavy length of him. Her walls were incredibly tight, hot, and slick with her own juices. "Ahhh... *mon dieu*, you are so big... stretch me, 'Arry!"

Harry began to fuck her with a steady, punishing rhythm. He leaned his weight down, his bare, sweaty chest slapping against her heavy breasts with every thrust. He used his free hand to grab one of her breasts, kneading the soft, ripe flesh, pinching her nipple until she was crying out in pleasure.

"You're so wet for me, Apolline," Harry growled, his voice a low, dangerous rasp. "A mature, elegant cougar, begging for a teenager's seed."

"I am! I want your magic, 'Arry! Fill my womb! Make me carry your fire!" she wailed, her hips rolling with every thrust, trying to take him even deeper into her core.

The pace grew frantic, the bedframe groaning under the force of their bodies. Harry was losing himself in her tight, wet heat, his magic flaring around them in a warm, golden aura. He felt his third climax building, the pressure too intense to hold back.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

"Yes! Give me all of it! Fill my pussy with your seed!" Apolline wailed, her hips rolling with every thrust, trying to take him even deeper.

Fleur crawled over, her face flushed and sweaty, her hands sliding over her mother's body to rub Apolline's swollen clitoris in sync with Harry's thrusts. The dual stimulation pushed the mature Veela over the edge.

He grabbed her hips, pulling her onto him with one final, violent thrust.

"I'm filling you!" Harry roared.

He shot a massive, hot creampie deep inside her, his body shaking with the force of the release. Apolline screamed, her legs wrapping tightly around his waist as she hit a screaming, soul-shattering orgasm, her internal muscles clenching around his shaft as he flooded her.

He stayed buried inside her for a moment, savouring the rhythmic pulsing of her walls, before slowly pulling out. A thick, white mixture of his cum and her juices spilled out of her, coating her inner thighs in a messy, decadent display.

Harry rolled over, his chest heaving, his skin slick with sweat. Fleur was still waiting.

The young, beautiful Veela crawled over him, her blue negligee discarded. She looked down at him, her sapphire eyes filled with a fierce, competitive heat. She wasn't going to let her mother or the Black sisters have the last word.

She straddled his waist, her pussy dripping wet, rubbing against his abdomen.

"My turn, 'Arry," she whispered, her voice a sultry, commanding purr.

She reached down, her soft hand wrapping around his semi-soft cock, stroking him rapidly until he hardened once more, rising thick and heavy beneath her. She positioned herself and slid down, taking him to the hilt.

"OH!" Fleur gasped, her eyes rolling back as her walls clenched around him.

She began to ride him with a frantic, desperate energy, her silver hair flying around her face like a halo of moonlight. She was wild, her hips snapping down with a relentless pace, her moans filling the room.

"Yes! Fuck me, 'Arry! Breed me! Start the family!" she shrieked.

Harry gripped her waist, his thumbs rubbing her clit as she rode him. The double stimulation was too much for the young Veela. She screamed, her body bowing off him as she hit a massive climax.

Harry felt his final, most abundant release building. He gripped her hips, pulling her down, and bucked his hips upward with all his remaining strength.

"Fleur!" Harry roared.

He exploded, shooting a massive, hot, and final creampie deep inside her, filling her to the absolute brim. Fleur wailed in pleasure, her pussy clamping down on him as she took his seed, completing the circle of the new family.

Harry pulled out with a wet *pop*, his cock glistening with their mixed juices. He collapsed onto his back in the centre of the bed, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath.

The room was silent, save for the ragged sound of five people trying to breathe. The air was thick with magic—a glowing haze that lingered around them, the visual manifestation of the activity they had just engaged in.

Harry lay there, flanked by the four women who had surrendered themselves entirely to his Lordship. Narcissa lay to his right, her blonde hair messy, her red negligee ruined and stained with his cum. Bellatrix was curled against his left side, her hand resting over his heart, her face filled with a serene, peaceful contentment. Fleur and Apolline were draped over his legs, their silver hair splaying across his skin.

He looked down at his own body, and then at the women around him.

Their cunts were stretched, red, and dripping with his warm, white seed. A thick mixture of his cum and their juices leaked from their bodies, pooling onto the ruined silk sheets of the massive bed.

They had done it.

They had started the New Year with the start of a new family.

"Happy New Year, my Lord," Narcissa whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder.

Harry smiled, a slow, incredibly satisfied expression settling on his face. He wrapped his arms around them, pulling them close, and closed his eyes.

"Happy New Year," Harry murmured.

The war was still out there. Voldemort was still hunting. But in this room, under the protection of his magic and his love, they were invincible.

The House of Potter-Black had never been stronger.

Author's Note

A majorly smut chapter with just the right garnishing of plot. Will get back to the main plot in the next one.

Apolline Delacour



Bellatrix Black Lestrangle



Narcissa Black Malfoy



Fleur Delacour

