

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Harry gets rewarded~

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... It would be better for Astoria to rest some more. She could sleep off the events of tonight and wake up more naturally tomorrow morning. Of course, Daphne is entirely ignoring the fact that Astoria can't wake up naturally as she is right now... Daphne or Tracey will have to end the magical coma come morning.

But that's fine, right?

"Lord Hallows... would you return to my family estate with us? So that we may... further discuss the friendship between our two Houses?"

She's not being particularly subtle, she doesn't think. In fact, she's putting just as much emphasis in her voice as she needs to. Harry raises a brow at her and for a moment Daphne wonders if he might reject her offer out of hand. It is a bit presumptuous. But...

"Very well. I accept."

Daphne exchanges a glance with Tracey and then rises to her feet, using her magic along with her arms to carry Astoria's sleeping form up off of the ground. Tonight had been an unmitigated success. And now? Now they were going home.

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"Please milord, make yourself comfortable. My Mistress will rejoin us shortly."

Harry looks around the Greengrass Parlor Room while holding back the urge to sigh. Even Tracey is not sounding rather... suggestive in her tone, having clearly picked up on Daphne's amorous intent and backing the noble witch to the hilt.

“While we wait for her to return, perhaps I can assist you in relaxing. I am... well versed in carrying for the needs of my betters.”

The complete absence of magical paintings in this room is telling. Harry wonders if Daphne put them all in storage as she delved deeper into blood magic. She must have known her predecessors would not condone her actions. Hm, would she bring them back out now that she'd succeeded where they'd all failed?

A flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye finally forces Harry to look back over at Tracey. She stands there having just vanished away her clothes, leaving her entirely naked. The half-blood witch is not ugly by any stretch of the imagination. She's not drop dead gorgeous like Fleur or anything like that, but she still has a pretty rocking body. And now it's completely bared, exposed to his gaze.

Harry doesn't bother shying away from the view. If Tracey wants him to look, he'll look. He soaks in her nude visage even as she stalks up to him, licking her lips.

“Like what you see, Lord Hallows? Please, have a seat.”

At her insistence, Harry sits down in the nearest high back chair and watches with some amusement as she sinks to her knees before him, pushing apart his legs so she can sidle up between them.

“What you've done tonight... cannot ever truly be repaid. You know that right? You didn't allow my Mistress or I to swear a life debt, but... even if there is no recognized magical debt, that doesn't change much.”

As she speaks, Tracey reaches up and deftly pulls open his pants, her hand slipping into his boxers to drag out his cock. Stroking him up and down with both hands, she gives him a meaningful look. Harry looks back at her in turn and sighs.

“I’m aware. Still, like I said before, I didn’t do it for a reward.”

Tracey just hums... and promptly wraps her tits around his cock and begins to give him a boobjob right then and there. Her breasts slide up and down his length, squishing and pushing this way and that as they engulf him in their soft pillowy embrace.

She doesn’t answer him with words... perhaps because she sensed that Daphne was just about to arrive. Indeed, the Greengrass Matriarch slips into the parlor room a few moments later, barely pausing as she takes in the sight of Tracey on her knees before Harry.

“... I see my retainer has taken the initiative in making you feel right at home Lord Hallows. Allow me to do the same.”

Daphne moves forward with an elegance to her step that barely masks her eagerness. Harry watches on in amusement as the Lady Greengrass uses her wand to vanish her clothing as well, revealing every last inch of her naked flesh to him just as Tracey did. Daphne is a bit more beautiful than Tracey if Harry had to compare them, as well as a bit more voluptuous... but in the end they’re both attractive, eager young women and that’s all Harry really needs to know.

He might have felt more guilty if he actually suspected either of them were only doing this because he’d helped them tonight. But while the ritual is completed, the connection between their magic still somewhat lingers. Basically, he can feel the lust and desire wafting off of both Daphne and Tracey. They don’t just want to reward him, they want to be with him, they want to be fucked by him.

As such, when Daphne closes in, Harry doesn’t waste time. He reaches out and wraps an arm around the Greengrass Matriarch’s waist, yanking her in close and up onto the arm of the chair. Daphne yelps but then moans as Harry’s mouth lands upon one of her breasts. She swiftly arches her back and turns herself so she’s presenting to him as best as possible, her body shuddering as her nipple hardens in his mouth.

“Oooh~”

Meanwhile, down below Tracey continues to use her tits to great effect on his cock. Up and down she goes, running her breasts across his shaft. At this point Harry is at full mast and his dick is throbbing betwixt her cleavage. Until finally, Tracey goes for broke, leaning down and capturing the head of his cock in her mouth right then and there.

“Mmm~”

Her humming moans combined with her pillowy tits and Daphne’s nipple in his mouth prove to be enough to tip Harry over the edge. As he grope Daphne’s ass, his other hand comes up to rest upon Tracey’s hair, his fingers carding through her locks to press against her scalp.

With a low groan, Harry proceeds to cum right into Tracey’s mouth. She’s caught off guard for a moment, her eyes widening and some of his seed exploding out... but then she manages to recover, quickly swallowing and holding it in as she drinks down his jizz gulp after gulp until there’s nothing left.

Once she’s finished, Tracey pulls back off of Harry’s cock with a pop, gasping for breath as she lets her breasts fall away from his loins. His member stays hard though, standing up straight and pulsing with life even now. So Harry goes ahead and pulls Daphne further into his lap from his side, until the Lady Greengrass is straddling him.

Daphne gasps and moans all over again as she feels his cock suddenly pressed against her core. His length slides along her slit for a moment, riding up against her abdomen. The blonde witch pulls her breasts out of his mouth and looks down between them and then up at him, staring him in the eye.

“Fuck me, Lord Hallows. Fuck me!”

Well, who was Harry to say no to his newest ‘boon friend’, right? With a grunt, he lifts Daphne up and then sinks her down, managing to precisely angle things so she’s lined up with his cock in mere moments. A gurgling moan leaves the

witch's lips as she's impaled upon his member, inch after inch of Harry's cock disappearing inside of her.

Daphne throws her head back, letting out another loud, lewd cry as she quivers upon Harry's throbbing phallus. She clenches down on his cock with her insides, squeezing him for all her pussy is worth as he holds her in his lap.

One hand runs along her spine while the other cups her ass and after a moment of letting her adjust to his size, Harry begins to move. He bounces Daphne up and down on his cock, filling her with his member again and again as she squeals for him. Her pussy gushes and clenches with all its might while Harry thrusts up into her from below repeatedly.

Tracey, to her credit, is not idle during all of this. Still kneeling at his feet while her mistress rides him to kingdom come, the half-blood witch's mouth can soon be felt on Harry's balls. Her tongue and lips work in tandem upon his nut sack, causing Harry to groan all the more heavily as she takes one and then the other into her mouth, suckling and slurping away.

The combined pleasure is certainly enough to bring him closer and closer to his next release, but not before making Daphne climax upon his member a handful of times. He brings her to orgasm over and over until finally, he can hold back no longer.

"I'm getting close, Lady Greengrass..."

Daphne's eyes, which had been half-rolled back in her skull, snap forward again and she looks into his eyes with a sudden intensity that might have frightened a lesser man.

"Inside. Please, if we are to be friends, fill me up! Knock me up! I wish to carry your child!"

It's not the first time Harry has heard that since arriving in this universe. It likely won't be the last. He represents a path to possible salvation for the witches of Magical Britain. Without him, their only options are to flee to the mainland or

across the pond... or wait for the ICW to finally block off all travel too and from Magical Britain entirely.

But with him, everything becomes 'open' again. The longer Harry lives, the more confident they become that the 'curse' has ended and recovery is possible. His very existence presents a hope for the future... but its his loins and the seed that comes from them that present a true possibility of a revival of their society.

Harry grunts and unleashes a hot, thick load inside of Daphne Greengrass without even a moment of hesitation. Given how hard she'd fought for Astoria, Harry believes Daphne will make a good mother... and besides, House Greengrass no longer has to worry about the blood curse. It would be a shame to break it and then have them die out all the same, now wouldn't it?

He fills Daphne to the brim and then some, causing her to cry out as she experiences one last explosive orgasm all over his cock. Once that's over, Daphne collapses forward onto his chest, panting and mewling as she nuzzles him while recovering.

Harry lets her rest for a moment... but over her head, he sees Tracey staring up at him with a flushed face and a look of longing in her eyes and he knows his work is not done quite yet. Tracey would never ask, probably presuming it's not her place... but it's not just the noblewomen of the Magical World that Harry is knocking up, in the end...

So eventually he pulls Daphne off of his cock and sets her down on the chair as he rises to his feet, his member still rock hard. Then, he moves to give Tracey exactly the same as he gave Daphne... a hot, thick load of life-giving seed to fill her fertile womb.

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Harry leaves well before the next morning, having thoroughly exhausted both women and left them to sleep off the enjoyable encounter the three of them had had. He only departs after checking the Greengrass Wards and updating them,

however. Not only does he not want to leave himself vulnerable to another Bellatrix situation, he also doesn't want to leave anyone else vulnerable either.

That said, he does get a heartfelt letter of gratitude from Daphne in the following days, one that hints at what they'd done together while going into detail about how Astoria had woken up and was in better health than she'd been in years.

Harry was happy to have helped, truly... and he was glad to find that the mystery of what Tracey and her mistress wanted the magical blood for wasn't all that nefarious, ultimately.

Of course, as the days passed and time moved ever onwards, Harry found himself pondering some of his other loose ends. Part of him wanted to just focus on the overarching mystery and pestering Narcissa for updates on what she might have found out by now... but there was still that standing invitation from the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot. Not to mention Lady Zabini...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!