

“Right, thank you for coming, it does mean the world to us, but I really do have to be going.” It was the same disingenuous platitude that he’d been repeating for the last half hour. For every person he actually knew at his own wedding ceremony, there were at least five that he didn’t.

Harry hadn’t the foggiest idea of the man’s name that he was talking to. He was skinny and old, wearing some proper Victorian style robes, though they were far more fashionable than the ones that Ron had worn just a few years earlier.

As he’d been reminded more than once, such things were inevitable. Simple and private simply wasn’t an option for the wedding of The-Man-Who-Conquered. Honestly, he was just ready to get on with it and get the day over with. Given the new law, the ceremony was only a formality, though there were certain aspects he was looking forward to.

Things were meant to begin soon, and so Harry finally was able to extract himself from the well-wishers and opportunists to take his place at the front of the many chairs that lined Greengrass’s back garden.

Standing at the front with Kingsley beside him, not for the first time, Harry really had to admire Annabel’s work. Everything was simply immaculate, from the streamers to the flowers, even down to the grass of the lawn. The hedge that ran along either side had been sculpted, one side to represent her Slytherin pride the other his Gryffindor. The wedding was taking place just before dusk, and fairy lights twinkled above their heads.

His attentions were pulled away from the quality and general beauty of his own wedding as music began to play. Mere moments later, Ron appeared around the corner with Daphne’s little sister, Astoria on his arm. They made their way to the front before parting.

Ron took his place at his side and leaned into whisper, “Merlin... did they really have to invite quite so many people?”

“Something about it being the social event of the year, apparently.” Harry resisted the urge to roll his eyes.

“Lucky for me Padma isn’t bothered about any of this...”

“Yes, as you’ve mentioned, repeatedly.”

“Ahem.” Astoria was glaring across at them. And while she was a rather petite young woman, neither of them were in the mood to be in her bad side, and so they zipped it.

Next came Neville with Tracey Davis on his arm. The brunette half-blood had been Daphne’s closest friend since their first year at Hogwarts, something that Harry only found

out since their forced marriage. *Never would've guessed there was a halfblood in Slytherin to begin with, at least not since Tom and his blood mania.*

The music changed and everyone stood. Their wedding party was small, as both he and Daphne kept their circle of friends small. It was one of a surprising number of things that they'd come to find out that they had in common.

His thoughts on that matter went right out the window when he saw Daphne turn the corner with her father. He saw people in the crowd lean into one another, the quiet murmurs of their whispers drowned out by the music. He could imagine what they were saying though.

Daphne was stunning. That wasn't anything new. Even at their first, contentious, meeting he knew that she was a gorgeous young woman, but seeing her in a white dress that was the perfect combination of modest and form-fitting was entirely different. There were lace embroideries that covered her shoulders and wrists, and thin lace on her chest that gave only a hint of her cleavage beneath. Her veil looked as though it'd been hand woven. Every intricate bit of lace, perfectly placed jewel, only adding to the effect. There was no one that could think of her as anything but beautiful.

Harry felt a nudge against his shoulder, but he ignored it. He only had eyes for his wife, and while everyone else was looking at her, she was looking at him. Through the thinness of her veil, he could just make out the blue of her eyes.

Her father walked her down the aisle as she moved with an easy grace by his side. When they reached the front, Harry stepped down and personally pulled the veil from over her eyes. When she saw him, she was smiling and he couldn't help but grin back at her. It was odd how quickly things could change because just a few short months ago he would've been dreading that moment. Taking her hand, he led her up the few steps to where Kingsley was waiting for them.

The Minister's smooth, baritone voice rolled over the crowd as the music came to an end, "Thank you all for joining us here today as we recognize the union of Daphne Potter née Greengrass and Harry Potter."

Frankly, the entire ceremony was a lot of pomp and circumstance for something that was going to amount to maybe ten minutes in total. Because as Kingsley was about to inform everyone, "The couple has decided, as per old tradition, to take part in a handfasting ceremony to mark the beginning of their union."

Astoria stepped to Kingsley's side holding three thin cords of rope. Addressing the two of them, he said, "Take each other's hands."

Reaching out, Harry took her daintier hand in his and looked back to Kingsley, “I asked you to join hands as a symbol of your union, in recognition of the fact that you have become one. The circumstances of this union are peculiar there’s no denying that, but even still, these are the hands of someone promising to love you and protect, promising to build a future together. These are the hands that will give you strength, and tenderness, and love.” Harry squeezed Daphne’s hand affectionately but added one last line to that in his head. There was a wry little smile on his wife’s lips, and he wouldn’t be surprised if she was having a similar thought. *And these are the hands that will give you a firm spank when needed.*

Kingsley was wholly unaware of their silent exchange as he continued, “These are the hands, years from now, that you will seek for comfort.” With that, he reached for the first cord that Astoria was holding, “A cord for the life that Harry has lived before he wed Daphne.” He grabbed the second and interlaced it with the first, “A cord for the life Daphne lived before Harry,” The final one tied the first two together, “And a cord that binds them together. A cord of three is a difficult thing to break and may it prove just as true of your union.”

Astoria stepped back into her place beside her sister as Kingsley made his final remark, “Daphne and Harry Potter, ladies and gentlemen.” There was a round of polite applause that turned into laughter as Harry pulled on Daphne’s hand. She ended up braced against his chest as he kissed her.

Music started playing and the couple led their wedding party out of the gardens and into Greengrass Manor, their guests following behind them. The entire way, their hands were still tied together.

Drink flowed and food was served, followed by music and dancing. The guests, many of whom wouldn’t have been caught dead at a social event together only a few short months ago, seemed to be enjoying themselves. Even if Daphne’s family and their allies hadn’t been supporters of Voldemort and his agenda, they were still posh purebloods compared to the likes of the Weasleys.

But then, when enough social lubricant is applied those sorts of things tend to be forgotten. And after the rigors of the war, everyone was just happy for the excuse to party. Even some of the older witches and wizards.

“Really you did a lovely job... goodness the gardens looked beautiful.” Molly Weasley had a slight slur to her words as she was talking with Annabel Greengrass, “I always... *hiccup*... I always imagined that it would be my Ginny walking down the aisle with Harry at the end of it, but even I must admit they make quite the striking pair.”

Annabel was doing no better than Molly as far as drink was concerned. Every word was over enunciated, as though she were trying to compensate, “Thank you... it was a pleasure to put together. Daphne has been dreaming about her wedding here since she was a little girl. I wanted to make sure it was exactly what she had in mind.” And then the rest of what Molly said seemed to register in her mind, “I know! I’m sure I’ll be blessed with adorable grandbabies someday.”

Molly nodded her head effusively, hard enough that it made her head spin. She had to shake herself before continuing, “They seem to like each other, so that day might be coming sooner rather than later. Though it does seem rather surprising... Slytherins and Gryffindors rarely get along even once they’re out of Hogwarts.”

Leaning in conspiratorially, Annabel confided, “Daphne would be irate if she knew I told you, but... she’s been smitten with him since she first saw him sitting on the stool with the Sorting Hat on his head. She was absolutely ecstatic when the letter came and Harry was her match.”

Tittering at that, Molly pointed out, “I doubt there are many girls in Britain who wouldn’t have been happy with Harry.” She was right, though far too many of them would have been enamored with the idea of being with the hero of the hour, “He’s a sweet boy, always...*hiccup*... always has been.”

Annabel giggled, “He’s been nothing but courteous, and I’m sure that you’re to thank for that.”

Waving her off, Molly tutted, “No... no, I adore that boy like one of my own, but a few weeks a year isn’t enough ... *hiccup*... enough to make much of a difference. Even from the first time he came to the Burrow he was always polite.”

“You’re selling yourself short, I’m sure. But luckily for Daphne, his manners aren’t his only good quality.” Annabel giggled to herself before whispering, “He’s quite handsome, isn’t he?”

“Oh dear, yes, but that’s not much of surprise, is it?” She took another sip of the wine, a vintage far more expensive than what she’d put on her own table. Though she had some rather nice one’s gifted to her by Fleur that she kept locked away for special occasions, “James was always a handsome lad.” She found her husband in the crowd, her tone became soft and affectionate, “I always preferred redheads myself though.”

“They always said the same thing about James.” Annabel giggled, “Though, I think he just preferred Lily. In all their years at Hogwarts, I can’t remember him ever having eyes for anyone else.”

“Not that anyone could blame him. Lily was a beautiful girl, inside and out. Half the boys in school were half in love with her.”

“Too true.” They clinked their glasses together in commiseration and took another drink of wine as their conversation was interrupted by Ron and George.

“Mum, have you seen Harry anywhere?” She could only imagine that they meant to cause some mischief. She’d seen that look in their eyes far too many times to miss. It was a great relief to see it in George’s again.

That caused the family matriarch to look around the dance floor, and sure enough there wasn’t a sign of the groom. Though it appeared that the bride had disappeared as well. After seven children, Molly knew perfectly well what a married couple might abscond away to do, even during their own wedding. She just waved her boys off, “He’s probably just getting a breath of fresh air... *hiccup*... he’ll be back soon, don’t you worry boys.”

When she met Annabel’s eye, it seemed that she’d noticed the same thing. They shared a wry smile.

Glughck... Glughck... Glughck... Harry thought Daphne looked beautiful walking down the aisle, but it had nothing on the site of her in her wedding dress, down on her knees with spittle running from her chin to stain the lace of her dress, and as much of his cock lodged in her throat as she could manage without hurting herself.

His hand rested on the top of her head, gently guiding her back and forth. He pushed her just that little bit deeper and she gagged on his knob, “Such a good little slut taking so much of my cock...”

She was staring up at him, pure adoration in her eyes. He held her there until tears started forming at the corner of her eyes before finally allowing her to pull back. With a gasp she popped off his length, but her dainty hands kept jerking his slick cock-flesh. She tapped his dome against his cheek as she smiled up at him, “Please, don’t make me wait anymore. I’ve been waiting to give you your gift for weeks”

They tried to make it through the whole reception, but she was just too eager, too needy to wait. Once everyone was sufficiently distracted, whether from drink or conversation, they’d taken the opportunity to slip away. He was sure someone would notice their absence though, neither of them was interested in a simple quickie.

“I won’t sweetheart.” He reached down and cupped her chin. Pulling her to her feet, he leaned into place a passionate kiss upon her lips. She gasped as he reached down and ripped the top of her dress open to reveal her impressive tits, “Harry! That’s my wedding

dress!” Her complaints fell on deaf ears as he bent down to suck and nibble at the tender, pale flesh.

He only took a brief break to remind her, “And we can do magic... it’ll be fine.” Despite her protests, he knew that she enjoyed every second of his manhandling. She moaned low in her throat as he spun her around so that her firm arse was pressed against his turgid member.

He pressed on her back, pinning her against the door. His hands found her skirts and he pulled them up to reveal her long legs clad in white stockings. They were stained at the tops with her own juices as they dripped from her tiny slit. Her knickers, thin and lacey, were drenched. He pulled the gusset to the side to reveal her pristine, pink treasure. He could still see the pearly white of his seed peaking out from her lips, just where he’d left it earlier that day.

Above the tight seal of her sex, there was that same green-eyed lion that he’d seen in the garden. He didn’t know it, but this was the third that had slowly stretched and trained his wife’s tightest hole. It was a beautiful, lewd sight that he would keep ingrained in his memory for years to come.

Then, his hand came down hard and fast, reddening the pale skin of her heart-shaped bum and only made it that much sweeter.

Daphne yelped as her body jiggled. As she glanced back over her shoulder, her eyes were dark with lust, her voice husky with desire, “Such a brutish Gryffindor...”

“Such a prissy Slytherin that still needs to remember her place.” His hand caressed the spot where he spanked her, “But you were a good girl and did exactly what I asked.”

“Of course, sir.” Daphne whimpered as his thumb pressed against the plug in her bum, “It felt **so** unbelievably good, **so** naughty having your warm cum filling me as I walked down the aisle.”

No one would suspect such a thing from his perfect, pureblood wife. But she’d happily taken his cock that morning knowing that he expected her to have him dripping down her thighs. Their happy little secret on their wedding day. *One of a two.*

The other was her gift to him, which he was ready to make good on. Daphne’s eyes rolled to the back of her head as his fingers pressed beneath the flanged end of her plug. With a soft ‘pop’ the plug came free. Her tiny asshole gaped for just a second before promptly flexing shut.

He held himself at the root, resting his length in the valley of her firm bumcheeks. His bulbous head sat imposingly against that tight ring of muscle. Leaning against her back, he kissed against the back of her neck. She shivered as he whispered against her ear, "Are you ready?"

Daphne didn't even hesitate. Her words were eager, almost demanding, "Yes, sir... I want you to have all of me. Every hole yours to fuck and fill as you please. Take my ass and have every part of me, please!" He could imagine the scandalous looks on the faces of their more upright and honorable guests if they heard such a shameless request from the bride.

Fortunately for Harry, he was the only person that would ever get to know this side of Daphne.

"Oh...fuck! That's... that's not." Her words failed her as pleasure became her world. Daphne's nails scratched against the door as he angled his cock down and filled her pink pussy first. Her grippy, cock-hugging sheath clutched him as though she'd been missing him from the very moment he last left. He fucked her hard, and fast. His hand reaching around to pinch at one of her sensitive nipples as he worked her to a quick climax.

When he pulled free of her heat, his shaft was covered in combination of her juices and his earlier release. It was the perfect lubricant for what came next. He kissed her between her shoulder blades as she shivered and panted against the door, "Spread it for me."

She whimpered low in her throat, and he was sure it was the sexiest thing he'd ever heard. Without hesitation, she took each of her cheeks and spread her ass for him. Taking himself in hand, he pressed his fat tip against her tiny sphincter.

Despite her best efforts to train herself, and the natural lubrication, it still took some effort to pop into her tiny hole. And then it happened, "Fucking goddess... that's... just big."

Daphne's nails dug into her own bum as his cock slowly started disappearing into her ass. Her face was pressed against the door, her eyes pressed shut. She whined weakly and he stopped. Much as he appreciated the gesture, and their play, he didn't want to genuinely hurt her.

Pressing his hand against her lower back got her attention, and she opened her eyes, "Should I..."

She didn't even let him get the thought out, "Keep going... I want to feel every inch." Her hand squeezed his unsheathed length, and she almost tried to pull him in, "It's a good kind of hurt... I promise."

"Just tell me."

“I know.” It was touching to him just how much trust she had in him despite the odd way in which they’d been brought together.

His grip on her hips tightened as he flexed forward. Little by little, his cock sunk into the constricting heat of her ass. It was entirely different than being in her pussy, no less pleasurable, but certainly different.

When his balls rested against the lips of her pussy below, Daphne let out a sigh of satisfaction, “I feel so... full.” He felt her hand as it pressed against her own stomach, “I want you to cum for me, sir. I want you to mark my last hole as yours and only yours.”

Harry knew that he had rather impressive willpower, but even he couldn’t resist such a genuine, debauched request as that. But there was only one thing that he wanted to change. With his length still buried to the hilt, he lifted Daphne up and carried her over to the bed in the room.

She flexed around him as he spun her around so that she was facing him. She made for quite the sight. Her impressive chest, nipples hard and pebbled made him twitch inside her. Her cunt dripped girlcum down to where he was lodged inside of her.

A beast, deep within him, something primal, took over as he started plowing into her. It took all of his control to be gentle at first, to make sure that he didn’t hurt her, but within a few minutes there was a sweet chant on her lips, “Harder... harder.”

Smack... Clap... Clap... His rigid length slid in and out of her clenching butthole faster and faster, his hips smacking against her. She reached for her own breasts, tweaking her nipples as she stared at him in awe. Her moans turned to squeals of delight as they rutted against one another.

Then he felt her cum for the first time. Her first ever analgasm made it almost impossible for him to move. He just held in place as she twitched around him. Her pussy flexed around nothing and released a flow of creamy cum that dripped down to his cock. It made it all the easier to glide in and out of her ass when he was free to move again.

“I want to feel it in my ass, Harry.” Daphne’s nails scraped against his abs beneath his shirt, “Please give me your cum... I earned it!”

Somehow, he managed to resist. He wanted to make her cum again before he allowed himself release. And he knew exactly how to manage it. Thrusting his fingers into her twitching twat, he hooked them up and found that spongy spot. Daphne’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, her entire body flushed with climax, and she let out a scream that surely tested the limits of the Silencing Charm.

It was only as he felt her ass flex and ripple around him, that he finally allowed himself his own release. With his balls pressed against her twitching twat, he unloaded into her tight butt. His cock flexed again and again as Daphne stared up at him the whole time, eyes locked on his, mouth open in ecstasy. When the last of his sticky release was where it belonged, he pulled his softening member free.

Draping himself over his wife, he kissed her on the lips. She smiled as they just enjoyed each other. They knew that they'd have to get back to the reception, eventually. But it was worth taking that moment together.

When he finally pulled himself away, she gave him a wry smile, "I'm yours now, Harry. Every part of me, just like I said."

He leaned over to give her one last kiss, "I think you've been mine for a lot longer than I ever realized, Daphne."

She ducked her head in embarrassment, "That's... probably true." *And to think, without that law, I might never have known.*

He helped her to her feet, "Come on, we can only keep them waiting for so long."

Reluctantly, his wife had to agree. He fixed her dress with a bit of magic. Though he almost ripped it off her all over again when she retrieved her plug and put it back in.

When she noticed his reaction, she just gave him a sexy wink, "Just a little motivation for later."

Harry squeezed her bum, "You really are my perfect little slut, aren't you?"

Daphne giggle as she patted his cheek, "Don't you forget it. Though, I'll never get tired of you reminding me either."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll need to do that plenty." He opened the door for her, "We do have the rest of our lives after all." With that, they made their way back to their reception, with most of their guests none the wiser.