

Chapter 39

“Moody, you made it,” David said, clapping the man on the back moments after he stepped through the mirror.

“It’s about time you got here,” Dorea said, handing him a slice of cake and a fork.

“I know you like to take your work home with you, but this is a bit excessive, even for you,” Charlus teased.

“It’s not my fault the strays followed me home,” Alastor replied, his face twisting in a lopsided grin. “They walked right into my trap, too. Almost felt like it was my birthday.”

Laughing, he took a seat on the couch across from Greyson and Jenna and cut into his cake.

“Connie told me about your little setup,” David nodded. “She also recommended you undergo a psychological evaluation.”

“I could’ve made it worse,” Alastor shrugged.

“I can’t believe we spent all that time planning how to capture them and just walk right into your hands,” Greyson said, shaking his head before taking a sip of his butterbeer.

“It’s better this way,” David said. “Much less risky. We got lucky.”

“But do you think we’ll be able to get a warrant to search Avery’s property?” Jenna asked.

“I can’t promise anything, but I think so,” David replied. “The Minister has been much more proactive lately.”

“That speech Harry gave at the Wizengamot really helped,” Charlus said.

“And even the moderates are afraid now that Voldemort openly attacked us,” Dorea added.

With a pop, one of the Potter House Elves appeared and set a tray of fresh drinks on the coffee table before vanishing just as quickly.

“Speaking of Harry, where is he?” Alastor asked.

“He’s making the rounds,” Dorea replied, pointing to the other side of the room.

Alastor looked over and saw Harry talking to a group of former Werewolves. Thor’s booming laugh echoed through the room as the others laughed at something he said.

“I hope he doesn’t mind if I make him wait until Monday for his present,” Alastor smirked.

“I doubt he’ll mind,” Charlus chuckled. “He got so many presents we had to move them into one of the spare bedrooms, so we didn’t trip over them.”

“Anything good?” Alastor asked.

“The Wimbourne Wasps got together and sent him the latest model Cleansweep,” Charlus said. “The workers from the Wolf’s Den got him a bottle of aged mead. His classmates got him books and sweets. Oh, and the girls got him a whole new wardrobe.”

“And it looks like they’re setting up another present for later tonight,” Jenna said, grinning and nodding towards the kitchen.

Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix were talking with their classmates, their heads close together as they whispered and stole the occasional glance at Harry before giggling.

“You can tell what they’re talking about from across the room?” Greyson asked.

Jenna rolled her eyes at him, “No. I heard them talking when I went to the loo.”

“I know the Potters are known for being ladies’ men, but that’s just ridiculous,” David said, shaking his head.

“Moody, you made it!” Harry said happily.

Sitting next to Alastor, they began to chat while Greyson glanced over Harry’s shoulder with a sour look.

“Lucky bastard,” he grumbled.

Jenna followed his line of sight and watched as Lily and Bellatrix quickly escorted two of the girls they had been talking to through the mirror.

“Tell me about it,” she muttered. “I haven’t had a decent shag in months because of work.”

“Neither have I,” Greyson admitted.

Taking a sip of his butterbeer, he sat back with a thoughtful look on his face and then turned his head towards Jenna.

“You, uh, wanna come back to my place?” he asked nervously.

Jenna looked at him and arched an eyebrow.

“Do you really think it’s a good idea for us to be shagging when we work together?” she asked.

“I suppose you’re right,” Greyson sighed. “I’ll take that as a ‘no.’”

“No,” Jenna said, watching his face drop before she smirked. “It isn’t.”

Greyson’s eyes widened in surprise for a moment, and then he smiled brightly and started to stand. Rolling her eyes, Jenna grabbed his shirt and yanked him back down into his seat.

“After the party,” she muttered softly.

“Right,” Greyson nodded, blushing lightly.

“And we’re going back to my place,” Jenna added. “I still have a new outfit I bought when I went undercover as a prostitute.”

Greyson’s eyes glittered excitedly before he was pulled back into a conversation with Moody.

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“Where are Lily and Bellatrix?” Harry asked, wrapping his arms around Narcissa as the party began to wind down.

“They went home to get your other present ready,” she replied, caressing his arms.

Harry smiled and kissed her cheek softly.

“You girls are too good to me,” he murmured.

“I know,” Narcissa smirked. “Are you ready to go? They’ve been waiting for us for a while.”

“Sure,” Harry said. “It’s getting late anyways.”

Stepping out of his grasp, Narcissa took him by the hand and led him to the kitchen, where Dorea and Charlus were starting to put away the food and drinks. After saying their goodbyes, they made their way to the office and returned to Godric’s Hollow.

As they stepped into the living room, the house was dark and quiet. Sylvia had returned home with Amanda a couple of hours earlier to put her to bed. Slowly, they made their way upstairs to the master bedroom. Narcissa opened the door, and Harry paused in the doorway at the sight of what greeted him.

There were four naked women on his bed. Lily and Alice lay on their sides facing each other, hands groping each other’s breasts as they snogged heatedly. A couple of feet away, Bellatrix had Marlene pinned to the mattress beneath her. Her lips were latched onto one of Marlene’s enormous breasts, expertly extracting gasps and moans from her lips as she sucked and bit at her nipple.

“Looks like they started without us again,” Narcissa said, dropping her robe.

Harry blinked as she revealed her naked body and quietly shut the door behind him. The girls on the bed were oblivious to their entrance until Narcissa climbed on the mattress.

“Harry!” Lily exclaimed happily. “Do you like the presents we got you?”

Dropping her hand on Alice’s thigh, she slowly trailed it up her body, over her ribs, and grabbed one of the blonde’s large breasts.

“Sorry we unwrapped them for you,” Bellatrix said, removing her lips from Marlene’s swollen red nipple just long enough to speak before biting it teasingly.

“I see that,” Harry said before turning to look at Alice. “Er, aren’t you dating Frank?”

“We’re taking a break while he goes through Auror training,” she replied before rolling on top of Lily and shaking her bum while looking over her shoulder. “Now get over here and fuck me. Lily’s been teasing me for so long. I need that big cock she’s always bragging about.”

Harry hesitated for a moment, considering the possible consequences, before stripping out of his clothes. He’d already messed up the timeline enough that this probably wouldn’t matter, he decided. Crawling onto the bed, he massaged Alice’s bum and watched as she snogged Lily passionately. As he rapidly hardened, he ran the pad of his thumb between her folds, finding them all but dripping with arousal. Moaning, Alice pulled her swollen lips away from Lily’s and wiggled her hips temptingly.

“Don’t tease me anymore,” she said in a breathy whine. “Pound me, Daddy.”

Lily laughed at the look of surprise that crossed Harry’s face and groped the blonde’s large, dangling breasts.

“Alice gets randy when she drinks,” she said, rolling her friend’s nipples between her fingers and drawing a groan from her lips.

Smiling and shaking his head, Harry lined himself up with her entrance and sank into her depths in a single thrust.

“Morgana’s tits!” Alice exclaimed. “That’s a big cock.”

“I told you,” Lily giggled. “You like it?”

“Oh, yeah,” Alice gasped, shuddering as Harry began to thrust back and forth. “Mmh, he’s so deep. Harder, Daddy.”

Harry couldn’t believe the woman who would one day become Neville’s mum was acting so slutty. Grabbing a handful of her dirty blonde hair, he tugged her head back and slammed into her depths. Alice arched her back as she let out a guttural moan. Her thick, round bum jiggled each time it impacted Harry’s hips. Reaching around her body, he grasped one of her breasts and squeezed it roughly.

“Oh, Merlin, yes!” Alice yelled, her mouth hanging open as she climaxed suddenly.

Her depths tightened and fluttered around Harry’s length, drawing a groan from his lips.

“You slut,” Lily said, harshly slapping the breast he wasn’t mauling. “Are you cumming on my boyfriend’s cock already?”

“I can’t help it,” Alice whined. “His big cock feels so good.”

“I know,” Lily smirked, kissing her lips softly.

Harry let go of Alice’s hair, and she collapsed on top of the redhead with a long, low moan. Lily wrapped her arms around her friend and flashed Harry a naughty smile as he grabbed the blonde’s hips and pounded her with long, harsh thrusts. Glancing down, he watched as her tight lips clung to his glistening shaft each time he pulled back. When he slammed back into her clutching depths, the wide, pale globes of her bum rippled and shook. His lips turned up in a smirk as he raised his hand and brought it crashing down on her right cheek.

Smack!

“Oh, fuck!” Alice gasped. “Spank me, Daddy. Oh, Merlin. I’m going to cum again!”

Harry rained the occasional spank down on her jiggling bum, gradually turning the delicate skin pink. It didn't take long for her to tighten around him again as she grunted and shivered on top of Lily.

"Slag," Lily said teasingly.

Leaning over Alice's back, Harry buried himself deep and erupted inside of her. With a gasp, she trembled under him and groaned in Lily's ear.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted.

Sitting up on his knees, he slipped from her depths and gave her bum a light, parting smack. As he caught his breath, Narcissa appeared beside him with a vial in her hand. He quickly recognized the blue liquid inside as a Stamina Potion and downed it with a grimace. Despite the horribly sour taste, he instantly felt his energy return.

"Thanks, love," he said, smiling as he handed Narcissa the empty vial.

"Just make sure to save enough strength to make love to me after you're done with these sluts," she replied softly.

"Gladly," Harry smiled, kissing her softly.

Turning back to the bed, he saw Bellatrix lying next to Marlene. At some point, she shifted to rest her head on the brunette's substantial chest and was torturously teasing her glistening folds with her fingers. When she saw him looking, Bellatrix smirked and spread her lips open.

"I got her ready for you," she said.

Marlene blushed brightly and covered herself with her hand, causing Bellatrix to look up at her face with a pout. Chuckling, Harry crawled over and laid down on the other side of her body.

“Hey,” he said, smiling softly as he rested a hand on her stomach.

“Hi,” Marlene said, her eyes darting nervously down to his soft but swollen length.

Suddenly, Bellatrix grabbed her by the wrist and placed her small hand on his shaft.

“Touch it,” she whispered, her fingers teasing the shy girl’s folds. “Stroke him until he gets hard again.”

Biting her lip, Marlene hesitantly began to move her hand up and down his length. She glanced up at his face and then quickly looked away, her eyes landing on his rapidly growing erection.

“Nervous?” Harry asked.

Marlene nodded and took a shuddering breath.

“I’ve only had sex once,” she admitted in a whisper. “It wasn’t great, and he wasn’t nearly as big as you are.”

“Then we’ll take things slow,” Harry replied, caressing her cheek.

“You can do it, Marlene,” Alice said encouragingly. “Trust me, it feels amazing. I’ve never cum like that before.”

Marlene glanced down at his throbbing erection and hesitated, nervousness and excitement dancing in her hazel eyes.

“Do you want to be on top?” Harry asked. “That way, you can control everything?”

Biting her lips, she nodded. He gave her a reassuring smile as he rolled onto his back and patted his lap invitingly. Sitting up, Marlene straddled his waist and inhaled sharply as her folds pressed against his hard shaft. Harry took a moment to drink in the beautiful woman above him. She had an amazing hourglass figure with enormous breasts that hung down to the bottom of her ribcage, a thin waist, and wide hips.

Taking a deep breath, Marlene raised herself up, placed his head at her taut entrance, and slowly descended.

“Oh!” she gasped when he slipped inside.

“You got it,” Lily said. “Take it nice and slow.”

The girls gathered around them as Marlene inched her way down his shaft. They called out encouragements and advice, more than once reminding her to breathe. It took a couple of minutes, but eventually, she took all of him. An explosive sigh left her lips as her weight settled on his lap. The girls clapped and cheered, bringing a blush and a smile to her pretty face.

Grinning up at her, Harry caressed her heavy breasts, marveling at their size. Marlene closed her eyes and moaned softly at his gentle touch. With a trembling breath, she started rolling her hips and let out a low, pleased moan.

“There you go,” Alice smiled. “It’s starting to feel good, isn’t it?”

Eyes still closed, Marlene nodded. Bracing her hands on Harry’s chest, she rode him a little faster, her hips raising an inch before easing back down. That inch turned into two, then three, until she eventually bounced up and down on the bottom half of his length. Her huge breasts rose away from her chest before crashing against her body with an audible *slap* until Harry

cradled them in his hands. Gently, he teased and pinched her large nipples, drawing gasps and groans from her lips.

Marlene's breath grew ragged as the minutes passed, and sweat glistened on her brow. Her body trembled, and her movements grew desperate as her climax continually built but never reached its peak. Seeing her strength start to flag, Harry pulled her to his chest and then rolled over so he was on top. Marlene clung to him as he thrust into her sweltering depths. Her nails dug into his back, and her heels dug into the back of his thighs.

A low, needy whine escaped her lips before her breath caught in her throat. Suddenly, Marlene screamed loudly and bucked her hips so hard that Harry slipped out of her. She continued to cry out as a gush of arousal drenched the sheets. Rolling onto his side, Harry watched in surprise as she twisted on the bed, her knuckles turning white as she gripped the sheets. A second gush further soaked the bed before her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she collapsed on the mattress, eyes closed.

"Marlene?" Alice called.

The brunette groaned softly when she shook her shoulder.

"Merlin, you actually shagged her unconscious," she said, laughing incredulously.

"Can you do that to me?" Bellatrix asked, her chest heaving with excitement.

"I don't know, but I'm willing to give it a try," Harry grinned.

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Thanks to the Stamina Potion still in his system, Harry woke sooner than the girls the next morning and quietly slipped out of bed. Throwing on a T-shirt and a pair of shorts, he silently

stepped out into the hall and made his way downstairs. When he got to the kitchen, he found Sylvia standing at the stove, making breakfast as she hummed to herself.

“Morning,” Harry said, hugging her from behind and kissing her cheek.

“Morning,” Sylvia replied with a smile, turning her head to kiss him on the lips.

“Where were you last night?” he asked curiously.

“I slept in the guest room,” she answered. “I don’t mind sharing a bed with your girlfriends, but I wasn’t comfortable sleeping with two new strangers.”

“Ah,” Harry said, nodding understandingly.

“Hungry?” Sylvia asked.

“Famished,” Harry replied. “Those Stamina Potions are great, but they always make me feel like I could eat a Hippogriff afterwards.”

Sylvia chuckled just as the toaster popped. Reaching for her waist, she patted down her dress and then looked around the kitchen with a frown.

“Shoot, I think I left my wand in the living room,” she sighed.

“I’ll get it,” Harry said.

Kissing her cheek, he stepped back and squeezed her bum. Sylvia squealed softly and laughed as he danced out of her reach with a chuckle. Stepping into the living room, he paused as he watched Amanda, who had Sylvia’s wand in her hand. She conjured a stream of bubbles that

Alfie quickly attacked, popping them with his jaws. Folding his arms over his chest, Harry fought to keep from smiling.

“What are you doing, young lady?” he asked.

Amanda panicked, and the wand flashed brightly, causing her to drop it quickly.

“You okay?” Harry asked, walking over and crouching down next to her.

Amanda nodded and opened her mouth to speak, but she suddenly hiccupped, and a big bubble appeared from between her lips. Eyes wide, she covered her mouth and watched it float through the room until Alfie popped it.

“Huh,” Harry said, tilting his head. “That’s new.”

Amanda hiccupped again, and Harry lost the battle with his laughter when another bubble appeared. The little girl giggled and hiccupped again, exasperating the problem.

“Alright,” he said, getting his laughter under control. “Let’s get this fixed before mummy finds out.”

“Before mummy finds out what?” Sylvia asked, leaning against the doorframe with her arms crossed.

Amanda looked at Harry nervously and hiccupped again. Alfie barked, leapt at the bubble that appeared, and popped it with his jaws.

“Er, I found your wand,” Harry said, holding it up.

Sylvia sighed, "Amanda, how many times have I told you not to play with wands?"

"Sorry, Mummy," Amanda said, then hiccupped and giggled.

Shaking her head, Sylvia cracked a smile as she walked over and took her wand from Harry.

"I'll go finish breakfast," she said, then pointed to Harry. "And you can fix this."

"Well, I always heard that standing on your head gets rid of hiccups," Harry said.

Grabbing Amanda by the ankles, he dragged her over to him and stood, dangling her upside down. She giggled loudly and hiccupped, another bubble spewing from her mouth.

"Huh," Harry said. "Maybe we need to spin you around?"

Amanda screamed and laughed, the occasional hiccup causing another bubble to appear as he spun her around in circles. Alfie ran in circles around them, jumping and snapping at the bubbles as they appeared.