

“Treating me to dinner really isn’t necessary, Lord Greengrass,” Harry said uncomfortably. This was not the first time he’d tried to refuse the invitation, nor was it the second time. By this point, he had little hope that the patriarch of the Greengrass family was going to listen, but he still had to try. Harry didn’t know what Edmund Greengrass wanted out of him, but he knew that there was a purpose behind this invitation that was really more of an instruction. A man like this never did anything without a reason

“I insist, Lord Potter-Black,” Edmund said, shaking his head. “After all you have done for our society, hosting you for dinner is the very least I can do for you.” Before Harry could even try to find some excuse that could believably get him out of this without causing offense to one of the more influential men in their corner of the wizarding world, Lady Greengrass added her voice to her husband’s.

“Please, Lord Potter-Black. It would be a great honor to have you join us.” Aella Greengrass was a stunningly beautiful woman with a dazzling smile, and she flashed it at Harry now from inside the dining room that her husband was leading him to. “I’m sure you’ve worked up an appetite spending so many hours speaking with my husband.”

She had a point. This was only Harry’s second case as an auror, and the first had been obvious and easy to resolve. This one was much trickier. He’d needed to do plenty of investigation before discovering that Lord Greengrass might have the information he needed. He’d followed that lead here, speaking with Edmund Greengrass for hours about his business contacts. The man’s information had been very useful, and Harry could already see the path forward in his investigation. First, though, he was going to have to get through this.

Harry wasn’t sure what Lord Greengrass was after, but he saw no way to refuse the invitation. Lord Greengrass’ continued assistance could be vital to carrying out this investigation. He might need the man to arrange a meeting with some of the more evasive suspects whose trail Harry was following, and it was also possible that he would have to come back to Edmund for more information, depending on where his leads took him. This was an important case, and not just because he was so newly graduated from the training program.

“Very well,” Harry said, nodding his head. “I’ll be happy to join you.”

“Thank you for honoring us with your presence,” Edmund Greengrass said. “Would you show him to his seat, Aella?”

“I shall be delighted to!” Aella Greengrass smiled widely as she hurried toward him, and Harry allowed her to hook her arm through his. She led him into the dining room, and as they approached the table, Harry started getting a sense of what the Greengrasses were after.

He barely spoke to or had any interaction with Daphne Greengrass when they were in school together, and he knew her younger sister Astoria even less. But he was well aware of who they were. Women like Daphne and Astoria drew plenty of attention wherever they went. Even Harry, busy as he’d been solving yearly life-threatening situations at Hogwarts, hadn’t failed to take notice of the stunning blonde Slytherin in his year. And Astoria was just as stunning. Lord Greengrass had married incredibly well, and Aella passed her beauty down to her daughters.

Daphne and Astoria were two of the prettiest women Harry had ever seen. To be honest, they might be *the* prettiest witches he'd ever met. And Aella was leading him right to them. Daphne and Astoria were already seated at the table, and there was an empty chair in between them.

"Hello, Harry," Daphne said, looking up at him with the same dazzling smile that her mother flashed at him.

"We're so happy to have you!" There was more playfulness in Astoria's smile. For a moment, he was reminded of Tonks as he made eye contact with the younger of the two sisters. Her nose didn't suddenly turn into a beak or something, though. She just kept smiling at him, like she was remembering a funny joke that he wasn't in on.

"Err, hi," he said, nodding at them both. "Nice to see you. Thanks for letting me join you." Aella pulled his chair out for him, and he sat down with a nod of thanks.

"Are you kidding?" Astoria said. As soon as he sat down, she leaned toward him. "I've wanted to get to know you better for *years!*" Her hand squeezed his arm, and Harry licked his suddenly dry lips.

"Yes, so have I," Daphne agreed. "We went to Hogwarts together for six years, but I don't feel like we've ever had a genuine conversation." She didn't initiate physical contact with him, as her younger sister had, but there was a low, rich quality to her voice that caught his interest all the same. A woman had never spoken to him like this before, and Harry couldn't decide whether he wanted her to stop talking to him like that or *never* stop talking to him like that. "Let's change that, hmm?"

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"I hope you enjoyed your dinner, Lord Potter-Black," Edmund said as the Greengrass house elf collected the empty plates from the table.

"It was delicious, thank you," Harry said. The food had been very good, but Harry couldn't pretend that he'd taken much time to savor it. He'd spent most of the dinner trying not to show how much Lord Greengrass' daughters were affecting him. Both Daphne and Astoria had been very flirtatious throughout dinner. The arm squeezing and low voice was only the beginning. The girls had gotten progressively bolder as the dinner went on. By the end of it, Astoria's hand was on his leg, dangerously close to his dick, while Daphne leaned in so often that he'd lost count of how many times he'd felt her large breast brush against his arm. Their parents had studiously avoided mentioning any of it and behaved as if it was a perfectly normal dinner. They couldn't have failed to notice what was happening, so there was only one possibility that Harry could see. Lord and Lady Greengrass approved of what their daughters were doing.

"Now that dinner is finished, allow me to reveal why I asked you to stay, beyond the simple courtesy of being a host," Lord Greengrass said. Harry just nodded. He had a pretty good idea of where this was headed. The man was likely going to suggest that Harry court whichever of his daughters he was more attracted to. It was the only reason he could think of as to why Daphne and Astoria's parents sat him between both of them and proceeded to ignore what was happening throughout dinner.

"Are you familiar with the Selwyn Act, Lord Potter-Black?" Harry blinked. He'd expected an overture but got a question instead.

“Uh, no.” Harry shook his head. “Never heard of it.”

“That does not surprise me,” Edmund said, nodding. “It is not common knowledge, and is so rarely applicable that even some wizards who diligently study our laws might not be aware of it. The act does apply to you, though, Lord Potter-Black.”

“Oh?” Perfect. Another crazy set of circumstances that only applied to Harry. That was *just* what he needed.

“The Selwyn Act states that, in the name of preserving our family lineages, if a wizard happens to become the Lord of two houses, he is permitted to take two wives, one for each house,” Lord Greengrass explained. He leaned his elbows on the table. “You likely assumed that I asked you to stay for dinner and sat you between my daughters in the hope that one of them would catch your interest. But that is incorrect.”

“We don’t want you to choose, Harry,” Astoria said. Her hand came back to his leg, and it felt even more dangerous now.

“We want you to have both of us.” Daphne’s whisper into his ear was the sexiest sound Harry had ever heard. He didn’t know how he didn’t moan out loud when he heard it, but it left its mark on him regardless.

“To be precise, we want you to marry both of them,” Aella said.

“Marry?” He thought he’d understood what the Greengrasses were after, but they were being far more forward in it than he could have anticipated. A girl flirting was one thing, but to just ask for marriage outright? And to *two* women, at that?

“We’ll make you very happy, I’m sure of it,” Daphne purred. Harry closed his eyes and bit back a groan. She’d mostly kept to herself back in Hogwarts, but this woman could have had a legion of boys willing to throw themselves at her feet if she’d been so inclined. With that voice and that beauty focused on him, Harry could feel how easy it would be to fall under this woman’s spell.

“Daphne’s right,” Astoria said. “We’re going to have such an amazing life together, Harry.” She licked her lips and moved her hand even closer to his groin. Despite the absurdity of the situation he was in, Harry was sorely tempted to say yes. He was a single bloke with almost no romantic experience to think of. There had been the one disaster of a date with Cho Chang in his 5<sup>th</sup> year, a couple of weeks with Ginny the following year, and an attempt at an adult relationship with her after the war that fizzled before it could go anywhere because they’d changed so much. From there, he’d been so focused on the auror training program that he hadn’t thought about girls or relationships. Having one girl like Daphne or Astoria flirting with him would have been difficult enough for him to know how to handle, but both of them at the same time?

“I, I can’t do that,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I can’t just up and agree to marry two women I barely know.”

“I doubt you will receive a better offer than this, Lord Potter-Black,” Edmund said. He did not look disappointed. He looked like he had expected a need to negotiate, and he was just getting started. “You should know that I am prepared to pay a sizable dowry—even more than what both Daphne and Astoria

would have received individually. I'm aware of your interest in starting up a foundation to push for equal rights and protections for muggleborn and magical creatures." Harry nodded slowly. "The amount of gold you will receive if you agree to my proposal will be more than enough to fund the creation of that foundation, fully staff it, and put forth the necessary legal arguments to receive support for it in the Wizengamot."

"I still can't," Harry said. "It's too soon." He looked at Daphne and Astoria, sitting on either side of him. "I barely know either of you." Continuing to refuse was difficult. Their father made a tempting offer; if he really was going to pay that large a dowry, Harry could do serious good with that money. And Daphne and Astoria were incredibly beautiful, and their flirtations throughout dinner had put thoughts and desires in his head that would be impossible to ignore. But common sense said that he couldn't just agree to marry two women he barely knew, no matter how beautiful they were or what causes their father was prepared to fund.

"It would appear that it's time for us to stop playing fair, Tori," Daphne said. She stood up from her chair and faced Harry.

"Right you are, Daph," Astoria agreed. She, too, pushed her chair back and stood up. "Let's stop holding back." Harry swallowed. If everything they'd done so far had been them holding back, what were they going to do now? And once they did it, was he going to be able to remember all the reasons why this wasn't something he should agree to?

Daphne untied the formal dress robes she'd worn to dinner and let them fall from her body. Harry watched the robes hit the floor at her feet, transfixed. She wasn't wearing anything beneath those robes. Daphne Greengrass was naked right before his eyes. There was no doubt she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen now. He actually did groan as he stared in awe at Daphne's large breasts, down her flawless form, and at her smooth sex between her legs. No matter where he looked, he saw perfection. This could all be his, forever—and he was saying no? What kind of idiot *was* he, anyway?

Before he could even try to remind himself of the reasons why he'd refused, Daphne pulled his chair out and sat in his lap. There was a knowing smirk on her face as she put her arms around his neck and leaned in toward him. She knew that he was in awe of her beauty, and she was prepared to capitalize on it.

Daphne's lips touched his, and Harry groaned into her mouth. Unbidden, his arms rose to wrap around her waist, hugging her body to his. Her hands rubbed the back of his neck, and her head turned as she deepened their kiss. Harry's tongue met hers, and his hands started to stroke the bare skin of her back. Just as Harry's hands were about to get more daring, Daphne broke their kiss and hopped off of his lap.

"My turn," Astoria said, coming to take Daphne's place in front of him. She'd taken off her dress robes, too, and her naked body looked every bit as appealing. There were differences between them; Daphne had larger breasts and wider hips, while Astoria was taller and slimmer. What they had in common was that they took Harry's breath away and made his cock stiffen in his trousers as he stared at them.

Astoria took her turn in Harry's lap, and he didn't even hesitate to kiss her back as soon as she leaned her head in. He kissed her hungrily, feeling years of repressed lust flooding out of him now that he had one gorgeous naked blonde sitting in his lap and kissing him seconds after another had gotten up. She guided his hands down to her arse, and Harry squeezed her perky cheeks instantly. Kissing her and groping her with all of his pent-up arousal and hunger, Harry couldn't imagine ever wanting to pull his

mouth off of hers or let go of her arse. When they did break apart moments later, it was only because she broke their kiss and got off of his lap.

“Well, Harry?” Daphne prompted. “How do you feel now? Are you ready to commit to us?”

“Yes,” Harry said at once. All of his old objections seemed so silly now. So what if he hardly knew Daphne at all, and knew Astoria even less? He knew how sexy they were and what it felt like to kiss them and grope them. What else did he need?

“Splendid,” Lord Greengrass said. “We’ll work out the specifics of the marriage contracts and dowries later. For now, I believe you three have something more pressing to take care of.”

Thanks to the charms of the Greengrass women, Harry was horny enough to throw common sense aside. He’d just agreed to marry two women he barely knew at all, and when Daphne slid down to her knees on the floor in front of him and reached for the zip of his trousers, he didn’t think twice about it. That they were still in the dining room, and her parents made no attempt to get up from the table, didn’t register as the problem it probably should have. This beautiful girl was pulling his trousers down his legs and then reaching for his underwear, and the ill-fitting location or the fact that they had an audience didn’t matter at all.

Maybe Harry's lack of experience had something to do with his lack of reaction. He and Ginny had only ever kissed and done some over-the-clothes groping before their relationship died, so when Daphne wrapped her hand around his cock, she became the first to touch him like this other than himself. It was hard for him to use any common sense with her soft hand giving his dick a light squeeze.

If it was difficult while she was stroking him, it was downright impossible once she started to lick the tip of his cock. Harry groaned, not caring that he had his trousers down around his ankles or that Lord and Lady Greengrass were watching their eldest lick and kiss his cockhead. It felt too good, and he'd waited too long for anything as insignificant as that to matter.

Daphne took the head between her lips and suckled at it for a few seconds before sliding down lower, sucking and stroking his cock at the same time. Harry sat tensely in his seat, staring down at her pretty face while she bobbed her head and slurped noisily at his cock. His tension wasn’t about trying not to show how she was affecting him, nor did the presence of Lord and Lady Greengrass have anything to do with it. This was solely about trying not to cum in Daphne’s mouth right away. Jumping from only masturbation to the pleasure of Daphne’s lips on his cock was a change Harry was not ready to deal with. Try as he might, he knew that he was only going to be able to take so much of this before he shot off inside of Daphne’s mouth.

She must have sensed it, too, because she pulled her lips off of his cock before it could reach that point and smiled up at him like she knew exactly what he’d been struggling with and was proud of herself for accomplishing it. Daphne continued to wear that satisfied smile as she got up to her feet and brought her hand to Harry’s face.

“I’ve never done that before,” she told him. “I’ve never done *anything* before. I saved myself for you.” Harry groaned. Having his first time with this girl would have been exciting no matter what, but the thought of taking her first time as well set his heart pounding even more. Daphne laughed lightly at the

sound, and her fingers stroked his jaw lightly. "Will you take me, Harry? Will you make me yours, right here, right now?"

"Yes," Harry said without hesitation. Of course he was going to say yes. He was so aroused that he would have happily fucked this girl in McGonagall's seat at the High Table in Hogwarts' Great Hall while every student and member of the faculty watched. Losing his virginity with Daphne in her family's dining room while her parents sat at the table didn't feel like any sort of obstacle to him in this state.

"Then take me." Daphne climbed onto the table and got down on her back, hanging her legs over the edge of the table. Harry followed quickly, moving their chairs out of the way so he could stand near the table's edge and shag the sexy blonde virgin he'd agreed to marry. She spread her legs wide for him and bent her legs at the knees as if displaying what was on offer and inviting him to come and take it. Harry grabbed her foot with his left hand while his right held his cock and aimed it at her pussy. Their eyes met as he rubbed the tip against her entrance. He paused there, waiting for her to let him know that she was ready for what came next. Since she'd announced that this was her first time, too, this was as monumental for her as it was for him. He didn't want to penetrate her before she was ready.

"Do it, Harry," Daphne said quickly, holding eye contact with him and licking her lips. "Take me, my future husband, my one and only! I've waited for you; now take me!" Harry took a deep breath in order to steady himself after hearing those impassioned words, and then moved his hips forward to ease his cock inside of her.

"Ohh!" Daphne sighed as he entered her. Harry watched her closely, looking for any sign that she needed him to stop even for a moment, but her eyes remained open and locked directly on his the entire time, and he saw nothing but anticipation in those beautiful blue eyes. He kept going even as he bumped up against her hymen, pushing forward until he pierced it. Daphne's eyes closed, and Harry did pause now, giving Daphne as much time as she needed. It only took a few moments for her eyes to open back up, and he didn't see any uncertainty on her face. Though he'd heard that the first time was usually painful for a girl, Daphne seemed to be handling it well so far. She held eye contact and nodded up at him, encouraging him to continue. Harry nodded back and resumed his thrusting, slowly but surely pushing deeper into Daphne's previously virgin pussy.

There were baser urges trying to rule Harry, calling out for him to pin this beautiful woman to the table and fuck her fiercely. A dark, dominant side wanted him to show this woman his strength, claim her, and breed her as fast as his body would allow. But Harry refused to heed that call. Despite how good this felt and how badly he wanted more, he wouldn't give in. He didn't want to be alone in enjoying this first time. If Daphne was going to be his wife, if he was to be her one and only, he wanted to do whatever he could to make sex as enjoyable for her as it was for him.

That may be an impossible standard to meet when even the slowest thrusts and slightest twitches felt so fucking good to him, but he resolved to do his best to withstand the pleasure of moving back and forth in Daphne's pussy and bring her as much pleasure as he could. Rather than slamming his cock into her with mindless deep thrusts, he concentrated on finding a nice steady rhythm that would allow him to last long enough to hopefully get her off.

It went without saying that he was going to cum, and cum quickly at that. Fucking Daphne felt incredible, and he would have been having the time of his life even if his eyes had been closed the whole time. But there was more than just the physical pleasure of Daphne's tight pussy for him to

savor. He also got to watch her big breasts jiggle as he gradually got comfortable enough to thrust a bit harder into her, and he heard her sigh and moan lightly as he found an angle and a speed that apparently worked well for her. The pleasure of fucking her could make him cum at any time, but he fought back against that need and concentrated on keeping those beautiful sounds coming.

“I see you staring at my breasts, Harry,” Daphne said. “They’re yours, you know. Every part of me is yours. Touch them as much as you like.”

Harry seized that invitation with outstretched arms and groping hands. His left hand was still holding her foot, but he moved his right up from her thigh, slid up her belly, and raced toward his destination. He groped one of Daphne's large breasts, and his hips started rocking a bit faster as he squeezed that perfect tit. Daphne groaned, and she let out a pleased gasp when his fingers danced across her nipple.

“That’s it, Harry!” she said loudly. “I’m yours! I’m yours! I’m yours!” She was chanting loudly enough that he didn’t see how her parents could even hear each other talk, but they carried on with their casual conversation about some topic that Harry couldn’t be bothered to follow. It didn’t seem like they found the sight of their daughter getting fucked on the table in front of them arousing or even interesting. To them, this was just the completion of an agreement that solidified the new bonds between their house and the houses of Potter and Black. Harry wasn’t ignorant as to why Lord Greengrass wanted this union, and personally, he was relieved that the man and his wife didn’t seem to care about watching the act itself. It made it that much easier for Harry to ignore the unusual circumstances of his first time and focus on the pleasure that he felt with each thrust and grope, and savor every moan he got out of Daphne in response.

Having noticed Daphne rubbing between her legs, Harry brought his left hand in to take over for her. Daphne eagerly held his hand and taught him how to stroke her clit, and Harry repeated the motions, stroking from side to side and listening to her moans get louder in response. With the clit stroking now joining the steady thrusts, it sounded and felt like Daphne was getting close to a climax. It couldn’t come soon enough for Harry, who was fighting with everything he had to last as long as he could. The need to cum had been there from the beginning, and it grew bigger and harder to ignore by the second. His body so badly wanted to cum, but Harry was bound and determined not to give in. If he was going over the edge, Daphne Greengrass was coming with him.

Harry fought through every thrust, delaying his release and ordering his body to keep moving, keep thrusting until Daphne caught up. Those moans of pleasure drove him on, giving him the encouragement he needed. There was light at the end of the tunnel, and he just had to keep thrusting until he got there. Eventually, those desperate thrusts of determination got him through. Daphne’s head rose from the table, and she let out a loud scream that cut through the conversation of Lord and Lady Greengrass while she came hard. Harry was already confident that her pleasure was genuine, but there was no doubting it now. Her pussy squeezed him tight, and her body shook on the table as she came hard. Harry let go, unleashing the lust that had been begging to get out. He squeezed her breast hard and kept his cock buried in Daphne’s pussy as his cum rushed into her. Maybe he should have checked to make sure that it was okay to cum inside of her, but what did it matter? They’d agreed to marry, and she’d insisted that her body was his. The way he saw it, cumming inside of her was the only fitting way to end.

“Catch your breath, Harry.” Astoria’s arms hugged him from behind as he finished filling Daphne with his cum. “You still have one wife to deflower, and you’re not leaving our dining room until the job’s

done.” She licked the side of his neck, making him jump and groan. “But don’t worry. I’m not like Daph; I won’t make you do everything. I’m happy to help.”

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Astoria wasn't kidding about helping. She'd given him some time to recover, but she didn't wait around for him to get hard again. The playful blonde took matters into her own hands, or rather into her own mouth. Her mouth worked to get him hard again, but she didn't suck his cock like Daphne had. Instead, Astoria's mouth worked on his balls. First, she kissed, licked, and sucked his left nut, and then the right got the same treatment. By the time she took both balls into her mouth at the same time for a sloppy sucking, Harry's lust was rejuvenated, and he felt ready to deflower his other future Greengrass wife.

Her ‘help’ went beyond just slurping on his nuts until he was hard again, though. Rather than hopping up onto the table for him, she pushed him down to sit in his chair once again. It was pulled out from the table now, but she didn’t care about that. They weren’t sitting down to eat. They’d had their dinner. Now they were sitting down to fuck. To be more precise, he was sitting in the chair, and Astoria was sitting on him.

She wiggled around for a bit, teasing him by rubbing her pussy against his cock without actually taking it inside of her. Astoria grinned at him as he moaned, flashing that same playfulness he’d seen from her earlier.

"Sorry," she said. "I couldn't help myself, Harry." Astoria reached between their legs, grabbed his cock, and held it up straight. He felt her wiggle again, but this time, it didn't feel like a tease. It felt like she was moving his cock into position. "I promise I won't be mean anymore. I'm going to make you feel wonderful, husband."

Harry could have pointed out that he wasn’t technically her husband yet, but who gave a damn about such a useless technicality when he had Astoria sliding down onto his cock? She was in complete control the whole way down, and she looked quite comfortable that way. Harry watched her closely, but even with this being her first time, Astoria never faltered.

“Just sit back and relax, Harry.” She put her hands on his shoulders and smiled at him. “Tori’s going to take care of everything.”

Astoria certainly didn't lack confidence, but she was not confident without reason. Sex with her felt every bit as amazing as it had with Daphne, and with Astoria controlling the pace, Harry was free to sit and enjoy it all without worrying about her pleasure. Astoria rocked back and forth on him at first and then switched to moving her hips from side to side. Then she started using his shoulders for support as she bounced straight up and down in his lap, riding him hard enough that the chair might well have cracked under the strain if it wasn’t sturdy enough. The Greengrasses didn’t buy anything but the best, though, so the chair held up as Astoria bounced on Harry’s cock in the family dining room.

The Lord and Lady of the house said nothing about the stress test their chair was receiving or the fact that some of Harry's cum had dripped out of Daphne's pussy after he pulled out of her and was currently sticking to the table. They just sat and talked about—well, about whatever the fuck they were talking about. It just sounded like noise to Harry, but then again, he had more important things to pay attention to than a conversation between his future in-laws.



Astoria bouncing on his cock felt so damn good that he felt like it should be him who'd pushed for this engagement rather than the other way around. He was the luckiest bastard in the country. This would have been true if it was just one Greengrass whose virginity he'd taken today, but he got both of them. He would be the one and only man to ever fuck Daphne Greengrass, and no one but him would ever know what it was like to have Astoria bouncing in his lap and riding his cock with such natural skill, like she'd been born to do it. Having either one of them would have made him lucky enough. But being able to take *both* of them as his lovers and wives was more luck than any one man could deserve. Harry had never had a very high opinion of a lot of the traditional pureblood beliefs and values, but this Selywn Act seemed like a great idea to him now.

He wasn't thinking much about preserving the houses of Potter and Black as Astoria rode him, of course. Harry might be a Lord of two houses, but all he cared about right now was the pleasure of Astoria bouncing in his lap and showing him how well she could take his cock. She looked and felt like a goddess taking his cock, and he admired it all. From the sound of flesh hitting flesh to the sight of her boobs, smaller than Daphne's but still round, perky, and perfect, bouncing as she rode him.

"Like my boobs, Harry?" Astoria asked, grinning. "I know they're not as big as Daph's, but they're still yours."

"I don't like them," he said, making her eyes widen and her mouth hang open in shock. "I love them." He heard Daphne, who had gotten up off of the table and returned to her seat, snort. Astoria blinked, and then giggled as she got over her surprise.

"Now who's the one being mean?" she said, shaking her head. "But since you love them, let's have you say hello to them." Astoria moved her hands to the back of his chair and leaned her body forward, burying his face in her tits. Harry's lips immediately latched onto her left nipple, sucking on it while Astoria bounced faster than ever in his lap.

Feeling his lips around her nipple must have turned Astoria on considerably because she started riding him with short, quick, impatient drops of her hips from that point on. They'd both spent enough time teasing and having fun and now it was time for them to finalize their joining in the most satisfying way possible. Astoria grunted and moaned as she hammered out the final few frantic bounces and screeched as soon as her climax kicked in. Her orgasmic cry was so loud that it had to disturb any and all conversation that might be taking place at the table, but Harry couldn't have cared less about that. He groaned around Astoria's nipple and held her by the arse as she shook and came in his lap, with him following right along with her. Her pussy milked him of everything he had, squeezing tightly around his cock and giving him an even more potent rush of pleasure. Harry saw white and held on tight, content to keep Astoria in his lap and on his cock for as long as he could.

"I'm glad we could come to an agreement, Lord Potter-Black," Edmund said, addressing Harry for the first time since Daphne and Astoria made their move. "We'll talk specifics at a later time, but I promise that I will honor my word, and trust that you will honor yours. Now that our business is at an end, my wife and I will leave you to your privacy. Stay as long as you like." Harry heard chairs pushing back and footsteps walking away from the table, but he had no interest in lifting his head from Astoria's chest to watch them go.

"You have three minutes, Tori," Daphne said. "After that, he's mine again."

It would seem that he, Daphne, and Astoria weren't finished making use of the Greengrass dining room, much to Harry's pleasure.