

The Cuckening

Chapter 2

Arthur left his wife's side in bed and made his way to the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator, he grabbed a cold bottle of butterbeer and popped the cap. Tilting his head back, he guzzled it down in one go. A soft burp left his lips as he placed the empty bottle on the counter. He closed the refrigerator door with his hip and went into the back garden for a bit of fresh air. It had been a few stressful weeks since the incident had ruined their plans for a fun family vacation. Harry had already promised to foot the bill for their next vacation, which they were planning on taking during the upcoming summer. Summer wasn't too far away. Spring was in full bloom, and while the days were sunny and bright, the nights could still get a little nippy. Arthur shivered and cinched his bathrobe tighter. The night air was full of various delightful fragrances, many of which were from the family orchard and Molly's flower garden. All in all, it was a very pleasant situation to be in. Arthur only wished that his mood was as pleasant as the Spring night.

The ramifications of the curse were finally making themselves known. About a week or so after leaving St. Mungos, Arthur began to feel some aches and pains between his legs. At first, he paid no attention to them, thinking he had pulled a muscle, but when the pain never subsided, he began to grow worried. After paying closer attention to his body, he noticed something alarming. His genitals had begun to shrink! It wasn't noticeable at first but became obvious after another week of pain. While he had never considered himself "hung", he was a respectable six inches when hard. Now, he was a measly three inches, and even that was being generous. Even his girth had decreased. When erect, his penis was no longer or thicker than his middle finger. His testicles hadn't been spared the wrath of the curse either. They were now shrunken and shriveled, like two ripe plums that had been dried into prunes. It was completely humiliating.

Arthur was too ashamed to speak about it but knew it wouldn't remain a secret forever. Getting together with his sons, he asked them if they had noticed anything different with their genitals. Their embarrassed and ashamed looks told him everything he needed to know. After confessing to their wives and girlfriends, they went back to the hospital for some tests. The test results weren't promising.

"I'm sorry to have to say this, but every male exposed to the curse has been rendered infertile. We've already run tests on some of the other men who were likewise exposed to the curse, and their tests came back the same," the Healer told them as a group.

He was completely shocked, but the blow to him was nothing compared to the effect it had on his boys. They were all young men without children, and now their chances of having any were slim to none. "But what if we find the counter-curse?" Percy had asked, hoping for any piece of good news. The Healer shook his head sadly.

“The physical damage is already done. There’s nothing we can do to fix that. It’s the same with the reduction in size. The damage cannot be countered ... I’m sorry. We’ll, of course, continue looking into it, but I don’t want to give any of you any false hope.”

That hit them like a ton of bricks. They were all devastated, but none more so than Bill, who hoped to have a child with Fleur in the near future. Their womenfolk were supportive and compassionate, but they knew it was also a big blow to them. At least their penises still worked ... That was a bit of a silver lining. Only it wasn’t.

Not long after, Arthur noticed that he hadn’t been thinking about sex nearly as much as he used to. His libido had drastically decreased since the incident, but with everything else going on, he just hadn’t noticed. He knew this was a big problem, especially with the women’s changes.

The curse seemed to have affected the females in a different way. Arthur noticed that all of the affected females had become more attractive. Their curves became a bit more pronounced while their waists slimmed. It wasn’t very noticeable on the younger girls since they were already thin and attractive, but the change was almost unsettling when it came to Molly. As a middle-aged woman, she had a bit of extra weight to her. Her skin wasn’t as firm and soft as it used to be, and she had a few more wrinkles than she did ten years ago. All of that was to be expected from a woman of her age. However, thanks to the curse, her body had experienced a complete overhaul. Probably forty pounds of extra weight had melted from her body. Her waist had slimmed dramatically, making her wide hips and big breasts even more evident than they normally were. The hourglass figure she was now sporting reminded him of the Molly Prewett he had first met as a teenager. Arthur remembered vaguely how all the boys would drool over her big, bouncing tits. They would watch, mesmerized as her wide hips swayed from side to side when she walked by. And her ass ... It was something to be worshipped.

Her breasts no longer sagged but hung high and perky on her chest. Her skin was softer and smoother than it had been in a very long time. But her face ... her face was where the real changes had happened. Most of the wrinkles were now gone, making her seem twenty years younger than she was. Her hair had somehow regained the luster it had lost over the decades. It flowed down her back in long, luscious waves, giving him the overwhelming urge to run his fingers through it. She pretended like it wasn’t a big deal, but he spotted her checking out her body in the mirror more than once. Her hands full with her breasts, she would lift them up and let them drop, marveling at how they bounced back into such a perky position. She would turn to the side and run her hand down her belly, giddy with how flat it was. She would then turn a bit more and check the fabulous bulge of her ass sitting proudly on the backs of her thick, smooth thighs. She had even begun wearing makeup again. Seeing her incredibly sexy, nude body had done nothing for him, unfortunately. That was when he was sure there was a problem. Under normal circumstances, he would have been on her in a flash, but now, his sad, pathetic cock didn’t even flinch. It remained flaccid and uncaring.

Arthur looked to the sky. The clouds suddenly moved, revealing an almost full moon. ‘What am I going to do?’ he asked himself. He was certain that Molly wouldn’t leave him. She loved him

greatly and had never given him doubts about her loyalty. The thing was, he didn't want the woman he loved so much to spend the rest of her life being miserable. Arthur hung his head and sighed. Deciding to stretch his legs a bit more, he continued walking around the house. When he turned the corner, he heard a strange noise coming from his daughter Ginny's room. He stopped in his tracks and listened closer, angling his head up and to the side to hear better. It was moaning ... followed by a high-pitched squeal. Arthur froze. It was one thing to suspect that Harry and his daughter were being intimate, but it was another to stand there and listen to it. Still, something inside of him stirred, and he couldn't stop himself from pulling his wand from his robe pocket. Tapping himself on the top of his head, it felt like someone had cracked an egg over his head, which was the telltale sign of a successful Disillusionment Charm. Invisible, he waved his wand again and levitated himself up to his daughter's window. When the couple came into view, Arthur's eyes bulged from his skull. Harry Potter was standing in the middle of the room and holding Ginny up by her naked ass. Unable to stop himself, his eyes lowered to her bottom. The smooth, flawless skin of her cheeks was spread open by his fingers, and Arthur could clearly see the slightly darker skin of her puckered hole. Her hole was pulsating ... almost like it saw him spying and decided to wink at him.

Ginny's arms were securely wrapped around the back of his neck while Harry easily bounced her body up and down. Arthur had to admit that his physical strength was impressive. There was no way in hell that he would have been able to do that to Molly at the peak of his prime, but Harry was doing it as easily as it could be. However, none of this was what had his eyes bugging out. It was the size of Harry's massive cock that was spearing into his daughter's stretched and soaking wet cunt. Harry's hands moved to the backs of her thighs, causing her thick cheeks to snap shut while giving Arthur a better view of his junk. His muscled forearms flexed intimidatingly as he dragged his daughter's poor, abused body up his veiny rod. Her body kept going, and inch after inch of his thick, veiny shaft descended from within her smooth lips. It only stopped when at least ten inches of his arousal-slickened cock was exposed. Arthur could only wonder how many inches were still inside of his daughter. When he dropped her body back down, Arthur heard a loud, wet squelch as her pussy consumed the entire length. He quickly realized that the rutting pair had placed a Silencing Charm on the door and inner walls of the room but not the outer-facing wall. Ginny's back arched, and she threw her head back. Ginny's eyes were glazed over and unseeing, while her mouth was open in a smiling scream that he could easily hear. Arthur trembled when he saw his daughter's beautiful, blissful face. She looked exactly like Molly when they were young. Another inappropriate image flashed through his clouded mind. Arthur imagined that it was Molly in there being fucked by Harry.

"Uhhhg," Arthur grunted and hunched over as his cock woke up. It didn't slowly inflate like it usually did. No, this time, it sprang up so fast that it took him by surprise. Unable to control himself, he ripped open his bathrobe and let his small pecker bounce free. "M-Molly," he gasped in a hushed voice as he stared at the duo who was fucking right in front of him. Instead of Ginny, all he could see was his wife being used by this glorious specimen of manhood. Ginny's body arched so much that she was hanging upside down with her palms resting on the floor of her room while Harry gripped her thighs tightly and fucked her furiously. Arthur felt out of control as he grabbed his throbbing cock between his thumb and two fingers. He whimpered pathetically

as his hand moved in a blur, furiously stroking himself while his eyes were glued to Ginny's smooth mound. Instead of the pale, smooth skin of Ginny's mound, he was imagining that it was Molly's untamed bush being penetrated by Harry's humongous cock. "Oh!" he grunted quietly. "Yes! My goodness, yes!" he hissed as Ginny's lovely tits jiggled and shook, and drool ran down her cheek, wishing it was Molly's fat honkers that were flopping around while her pussy was getting stuffed by another man's cock. Just then, Ginny screamed, and her body shook violently.

Arthur shuddered as pussy juice sprayed out of his daughter. The juices splashed off of Harry's incredibly toned stomach and sprayed in every direction. Ginny was twisting and turning as Harry continued to fuck her without remorse. "Yesssss!" Arthur hissed through his teeth as he felt his balls churn. "Uh-Uh-Uhhhh!" she grunted and shuddered as small spurts of watery cum erupted from the tip of his cock and splattered against the wall of his home. To his utter amazement, his cock was still hard and ready for another go. Shaking his head, he came to at least some of his senses and closed his robe. Floating back down to the ground, he removed his Disillusionment Charm and ran to his bedroom, hoping Molly was in the mood.

He made it back to his room at a record pace. Practically kicking the door open, Arthur rushed in only to see Molly on the bed reading a book in her nightgown. Because of the sudden weight loss, the gown no longer fit properly and was loose around the chest. The neckline was hanging low, and the tops of her glorious tits were spilling out. She looked up from her book and became startled at the manic look in his eyes.

"Arthur? What in the world are you ... EEP!" she squealed as he jumped on top of her, mashing his face between her magnificent funbags. Shaking his head from side to side, he motorboated her for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, Artie!" she happily squealed as he ripped her gown down the middle and settled between her spread thighs. His tiny, pathetic cock couldn't last long between her wet, silky flaps, but it was the greatest orgasm he had ever had by far.

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"No more ... Please ... No more," Ginny begged through her rough and aching throat. Her throat was sore and hoarse from several hours of screaming through the intense orgasms that her boyfriend was giving her. Her pussy was raw, but it continued to clutch his ungodly cock in a desperate attempt to have him seed her again. Not that she was opposed to that, of course, but she had already been filled with his thick cum several times that night, and her body couldn't take anymore. Ginny's tits, belly, and face were pressed flat against the bed while Harry had her lower half pulled away from the mattress in a wheelbarrow position. Her legs were open in a V and were held aloft by Harry's strong hands. Harry's huge cock was battering her g-spot, making her cum harder with every mighty thrust of his hips. The bed beneath her mouth was wet with her saliva, and the noises being produced by her body were completely humiliating. She had never been wetter, and it was all because of that damn curse, Ginny thought as the walls of her pussy pulsated around his thrusting manhood.

All things considered, Ginny felt that she had very little to complain about. After hearing what had happened to her father and brothers, she and the other women in the family had gotten off light. In fact, the other women probably felt like they benefitted from the curse. Ginny's body had slimmed somewhat, though she was already fit to begin with, and her breasts had grown half a cup size. It was the same with the other women in her family, though her mother's transformation was quite a bit more drastic than the rest. The real problem was that her body's sensitivity had excessively increased. Her nipples had always been sensitive, but now she found it difficult to wear a shirt without a bra because her nipples would occasionally brush against the fabric and make her pussy wet. As good as Harry was at going down on her, before, she could at least last ten minutes before cumming on his tongue. Now, the moment his tongue started flicking her clit, she found herself moaning like a back-alley whore. At first, she thought it might have just been her who suffered this change, but after talking to the other girls, she discovered they were also afflicted. A secret visit to St. Mungus had affirmed their suspicion. Their nipples and genitals had gained twice as many nerve endings as they had before. Fleur and Hermione thought that this was a blessing since they had had trouble orgasming in the past, but they weren't the ones who had to deal with a boyfriend with a cock the size of a Beater's bat and an unquenchable libido.

"I'm almost done, babe," Harry grunted as his thrusts became more determined. Ginny whimpered and bit down on the bedsheet while her hands clenched the sheets tightly, nearly ripping them off of the mattress. Her mouth was dry and uncomfortable from losing so much hydration due to the constant squirting. Just then, Harry lifted her up by the backs of her thighs so that her back was pressed against his rock-hard chest. He spread her legs wide open while his horsecock rapidly drilled into her gaping twat. She felt the muscled brute carrying her across her childhood bedroom until they were standing in front of her full-length mirror. Harry wanted her to see herself getting fucked, Ginny knew. Somehow, he had figured out how much that turned her on. Her pussy lips were pink and swollen from overuse, and they had been stretched to their limits. The hood that covered her clit was fat with arousal and protruding from below her smooth mound. Her mound was shiny and wet, as was her clit, lips, and inner thighs. She could see her slim belly bulging with every titanic thrust of his monstrously-sized cock. Ginny was willing to admit that her breasts looked even better since the cursing. Though they had only grown a modest amount, they did become much perkier, which was something she enjoyed. It made the clothes that she wore seem even sexier, and that was something Harry greatly enjoyed. As Harry fucked her silly, her large C-cups flopped up and down, slapping against her upper belly. The light pink color that her nipples normally were was now darker in color because of her overinflated levels of horniness. The tips were crinkled, hard, and sticking out a centimeter from her puffy areolas. When Harry hit her g-spot particularly hard, her eyes rolled into her skull, and she pressed the back of her head against his broad shoulder. Her back arched, and she thrust her shaking breasts forward.

"MY PUSSY'S EXPLODING!" she nonsensically screamed out as her sopping wet cunt tried to suck the cum straight from his thick, bloated balls. Harry threw his head back and laughed at her ridiculous reaction. He forced her legs open even wider until she was almost doing the

splits. She was grateful that Quidditch practice had made her so flexible. Unfortunately, being opened wider meant that Harry was able to fuck her harder and faster than before. "CAN'T ... CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS!" she blurted out as her lower half went numb from overstimulation.

With her eyes glazed over with lust and her tongue lolling out of her mouth like a bitch in heat, she was unable to see her pussy flutter while a stream of girl cum sprayed from around his jackhammering cock. When her head fell forward limply, and she was finally able to lift it, she saw that she had squirted all over her reflection in the mirror. Harry moaned deeply and began sucking on her earlobe. His strong hands snapped her legs together, making her pussy even tighter. All Ginny could do was gurgle on her own spit as he pumped her cumming pussy full of his masculine seed. Huge globs of their mixture of fluids dripped from her spasming cunt, leaving a large puddle of it in the middle of her floor. Thankfully, her boyfriend took pity on her. He carried her to the bed, where she curled into a fetal position and continued to cum for the next twenty minutes before finally passing out. That night, she found herself unable to dream. Her body and mind were simply too worn out from the marathon fucking sessions that seemed to become a normal part of her life now. That was just something she had to deal with if she wanted to remain with the man she loved.

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Harry had just finished his workout and was about to shower when someone came knocking at his door. As he opened it, Hermione pushed past him and walked right in. Snorting, he closed the door behind her.

"Who's put a bee in your bonnet?" Harry asked, amused by her behavior.

"Can it, Harry. I'm not in the mood," she replied, rummaging through his pantry and pulling out a bottle of firewhiskey. She took a glass out of the cabinet and filled it halfway before taking a sip. She winced and exhaled loudly from the harsh taste.

"Ron again?" he asked, already knowing the answer. Hermione nodded and took another drink. Harry sighed.

Truthfully, he had been spending less time at the Burrow, mostly because of Ron. He hadn't been taking to the new changes very well. Harry couldn't exactly blame him, either. It would have been devastating if he had been cursed along with them. He hadn't seen much of Bill, George, or Percy over the last week, but from what he had heard, they weren't handling the effects of the curse too well either. Only Ron, Ginny, and Hermione still stayed at the Burrow with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley.

"What did he do this time?" Harry wondered as he walked up to Hermione.

"The usual ... Being grumpy and annoying," she answered. "I've told him countless times that size doesn't matter and that we can figure out the other stuff later, but he just won't listen to

reason.” she continued while looking down at her glass and caressing the side of it with her finger.

“I’m sure it must be hard for him,” Harry told her, sticking up for his mate. Hermione nodded in agreement.

“I know, but sometimes I just need a break. It doesn’t help that I’ve changed a bit as well,” she admitted with a slight blush. Harry couldn’t help but check out her figure. Her jeans had tightened a bit around her thighs and ass. It was impossible not to notice that her body had filled out in those areas after the curse. What little extra meat she had on her belly had virtually disappeared as well. Her breasts had grown, but not enough to be very noticeable. The biggest change, in Harry’s opinion, was her face. She looked the same as she always had, but her skin had a healthier glow to it. It probably wasn’t as noticeable to anyone but those who spent a lot of time around her. To him, though, she looked absolutely radiant. Harry decided to try to lighten the mood.

“You’ve certainly changed for the better. In fact, you look so good that I might decide to keep you for myself,” he joked with a smile as he grabbed her waist and pulled her closer.

“Harry ... quite being a git!” she reprimanded him, blushing harder. She playfully shoved him in the chest, but due to his height and muscle mass, instead of pushing him away, she only forced herself back. Firewhiskey sloshed out of her glass and spilled on her hand. “Oh, great ... You’ve made me spill,” she huffed before stopping short. Hermione sniffed.

“Eww ... Harry! You’re all sweaty and smelly,” she complained, wiping his sweat from her hand onto his forearm. Harry just laughed.

“I was about to go shower when you so rudely interrupted,” he explained, sniffing his sweaty armpits.

“Gross! Go shower, you miscreant!” she told him while going to the kitchen to wash her hands.

“Sure,” he responded, entertained by her aversion to his gross sweatiness. “You can hang out as long as you want. You’re always welcome here, you know,” he reminded her. Hermione looked over her shoulder at him and smiled beautifully.

“Thanks, Harry,” she said sweetly, her cheeks still tinted pink.