

## Chapter 2

Harry grabbed a glass of champagne from the silver tray Tippy was carrying around the room as she passed, taking a large swig as he looked around the room. He was back at Malfoy Manor for the engagement party of Daphne and Draco, standing at the back of the room hoping not to be noticed. The only reason he was here was because Narcissa had insisted that he come. He didn't know most of the people in the room, but he was familiar with most of their family names. Most of them were related to people he had arrested for being Death Eaters. There were a few people in the room that he recognized from the Ministry and people who he had fought with in the war, but none that he knew well enough to brave a room full of sharks.

Speaking of sharks, his eyes caught sight of Narcissa as she glided gracefully around the room in her tight black dress, looking every bit the predator that she was as she mingled among the attendees. Harry caught himself staring at the wonderful curves of her body and forced his eyes away. His eyes fell on another woman with impressive curves, Daphne Greengrass, soon to be Malfoy. Harry smirked to himself, remembering the last time he had seen her a couple of weeks ago. Harry downed the rest of his champagne as the memory caused him to flush and his excitement to rise.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Harry?" Came a sultry female voice from behind him.

Harry jerked in surprise and snapped his head to the side to find Narcissa standing next to him with a smirk on her full red lips.

"Oh, er, yes, of course." He said, setting his empty glass down and wishing he had something stronger to drink.

"Then why are you hiding at the back of the room?" she asked, standing very close to him, her breath ghosting across his ear and her large breasts rubbing against his arm.

Harry cleared his throat and had to make a conscious effort not to adjust himself as his partially hard cock hung at an uncomfortable angle.

“You realize most of the people in this room probably want me dead, right?” He asked, quietly.

Narcissa’s smile sent shivers down his spine and he wasn’t sure if it was in a good way or not.

“Actually, I think you’ll find that most of the families here were in the same position I was in. They’re just as glad to be rid of that monster as I am.” She told him. “Besides, even if they did want you dead, they wouldn’t dare try something here.”

“That’s reassuring.” He said, sighing.

Grabbing his arm, she looped it through hers.

“Come, let me introduce you to a few people.”

Reluctantly, Harry allowed her to drag him around the room. For the next hour, he was led from group to group where she introduced him some of the most influential people in Wizarding Britain. It felt like being back at Slughorn’s Christmas party as he met business owners, high ranking Ministry officials and numerous people in positions of power. Harry said very little, allowing Narcissa to do most of the talking as she showed him off like a trophy. While he wasn’t happy about being used this way, he knew it would help her to be seen with him. As she paraded him around the room, she would lean close to whisper bits of information about each person into his ear.

Mercifully, the party started to wind down and several people began to leave. Narcissa eventually left him by the bar to go talk to Draco and Daphne. Harry poured himself a shot of fire whiskey and downed it quickly, a breath a flame leaving his mouth as he exhaled. Glancing around the room, his eyes scanned over the remaining guests until his eyes were drawn to the corner of the room. Narcissa had pulled Daphne aside and was talking to her quietly away from everyone else. Again, he caught himself admiring the way Daphne’s dark green dress hugged her curves.

Several times during the night he had seen wizards captivated by the swell of her ass, or by the long line of cleavage that was on display. Far from shying away, Daphne had seemed to revel in the attention, something that seemed to fit with what he knew of her. Harry was pulled out of his gazing when Barnabus Cuffe, the owner of the Daily Prophet, came up to him. The man had been trying all night to get him to agree to doing an exclusive interview with the paper, something he didn't want any part of. Harry declined as politely as he could, telling the man he would send him an owl if he ever changed his mind.

When he turned to look back at Daphne and Narcissa, he found that they were gone. He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, wondering if it was too soon to leave without seeming impolite.

"Hello, Harry."

For the second time that night, Harry gave a start as someone snuck up behind him. Turning around, he saw Daphne standing there, wearing an identical smirk to the one Narcissa had worn earlier.

"Hello, Daphne. Erm, how are you?" Harry asked, mentally cringing at how awkward he sounded.

It was quite hard for him to look at her without images of him double teaming her with her fiancé running through his mind.

"I'm well, thank you. Are you enjoying the party?" She asked.

"Yeah, it's great." He said.

"Really?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at him with a smile. "Because you looked pretty miserable while Narcissa was dragging you around."

Harry smiled back at her and tilted his head to the side, acknowledging her point.

“Listen I just wanted to thank you for coming, and, again, thank you for agreeing to bring me into the Black family.” She told him.

“Oh, you’re welcome. It was my pleasure.” He said, feeling a bit more comfortable talking to her.

“I’m sure it was.” Daphne said, giving him a sultry smirk. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, Narcissa said there’s a Boggart upstairs and Draco is too busy talking with his friends to deal with it.”

“Would you like some help?” Harry asked as she turned to leave.

“That would be lovely.” Daphne said, hooking her arm through his and leading him out of the room.

As they left the Ballroom and walked up the stairs, Harry couldn’t help but stare at her wonderful, swaying ass as she walked up the stairs ahead of him. When they reached the second floor, he followed her down the hall a short way before she turned into one of the many bedrooms. Daphne closed the door behind him as he entered.

“So, where’s the Boggart?” He asked, stepping further into the room.

When he didn’t get an answer, he turned around to look at Daphne. She smirked at him and slowly moved closer, her hips swaying exaggeratedly as she approached him. When she reached him, she dropped to her knees and ran her hands along the front of his pants, over his crotch, and up to his belt. He quickly realized there probably wasn’t a boggart when she started undoing his belt and pants.

Daphne pulled down his pants and his half hard cock flopped out to dangle impressively in front of her face. She leaned forward to kiss the tip of his cock, causing it to jerk upwards as it began to grow. Tilting her face up to look at him, she laid his partially erect cock over her face as she kissed the base of his shaft, sucking lightly at the skin. Harry’s cock rapidly grew hard, sliding

across her face as it grew until it was bobbing completely rigid over her face. Daphne stuck out her tongue and ran the smooth, wet appendage along the underside of his shaft from base to tip.

Harry sucked in a breath as her tongue flicked over the sensitive tip of his cock. Grabbing him by the base, she ran her tongue in a circle around the head of his cock a few times, making it shine with her saliva before she opened her mouth and wrapped her plump lips around the tip of his cock. Harry groaned and ran his hand through her hair while she started bobbing up and down on the top half of his length, sucking hard and swirling her tongue around his girth.

While she slid her hot, wet mouth over his length, she let go with her hand and reached for the straps of her dark green dress, pushing them over her shoulders and letting the top of her dress fall down to her waist, revealing that she wasn't wearing a bra. Harry stared at her large, full breasts as they swayed with the movements of her body. A few moments later, he started when he heard the door open. He tried to pull away from Daphne, but she grabbed his hips holding him in place. There wasn't time to do anything else as the door opened and Malfoy walked in.

"For fuck's sake, Daphne, there are still people downstairs." He said, not sounding nearly as angry as Harry would have expected. "Do you always have to act like such a whore?"

Daphne finally pulled her mouth off of his cock with a *pop*.

"Maybe you should punish me for being such a *bad girl*?" She asked in a sultry tone, making a show of running her tongue along the underside of his cock as she looked at Malfoy.

"Fine." Malfoy grunted, taking off his robes and tossing them aside.

Daphne's eyes sparkled with excitement as she stood up and pushed her dress the rest of the way down, showing that she wasn't wearing any panties either and revealing her naked body to the two men. Turning her back to them, she crawled onto the bed on all fours, wiggling her ass and putting the moist lips of her pussy on display.

“You can have her pussy. I want the bitch’s mouth for now.” Malfoy told him.

Harry blinked at him, surprised he wasn’t being told to leave, before shrugging.

“Fair enough.” He said, quickly stripping out of his clothes.

Naked, Harry walked over to the bed and climbed up behind her on his knees. Reaching between her legs, he ran a finger through her wet slit, making her shiver and moan.

“So, you walked around the party the whole night without wearing panties?” He asked teasingly.

“Mmh hmm.” She hummed.

“Naughty.” He said, spanking her lightly.

Grabbing his cock, Harry dragged the head through her wet lips a few times before pushing into her, the hot, smooth walls of her pussy enveloping his rigid cock. Daphne moaned as his girth stretched her tight walls, pushing her hips back against him. Malfoy had walked around to the other side of the bed and climbed on, kneeling in front of her face. He reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair, roughly pulling her head down to his cock. Daphne opened her mouth and took him between her lips, moaning around his length while Harry fucked her from behind.

Daphne bobbed her head up and down rapidly on Malfoy’s cock, guided by his hand in her hair as Harry slowly thrust his cock in and out of her tight walls. Running his hand over her smooth, round ass, he ran one hand between her cheeks and rubbed his thumb against her small wrinkled hole. Daphne gave a wanton moan around the dick in her mouth, thrusting her hips back at him desperately.

“Fucking whore.” Malfoy growled, harshly shoving his cock deeper into her mouth, making her gag around his shaft.

Harry moved his hand down to her pussy, placing his thumb on top of his cock and pushing it into her, coating it in her arousal. Moving back to her ass, he placed his thumb back on her tight little asshole and pushed hard until it gave way and swallowed his thumb up to the first knuckle. As Daphne continued to gag around Malfoy's cock, now holding her head still and thrusting roughly in and out of her lips, Harry started fucking her faster while wiggling his thumb around inside of her ass.

"Swallow it you stupid bitch!" Malfoy suddenly yelled.

Harry looked up and watched as Malfoy grabbed two handfuls of her hair, pulling her forward hard as he drove his hips forward, shoving the entire length of his cock down her throat. Grunting, Malfoy came, emptying his balls down her throat as she coughed and gagged around him, a mixture of spit and cum dripping down her chin as she struggled to swallow it all. After several long seconds, Malfoy pulled back, his cock dripping in her spit and red lipstick smudged around the base of his shaft. Daphne sucked in a desperate breath and gasped for air, panting heavily even as she drove her hips back him.

"Fuck me." She begged in a deep, hoarse voice.

Harry took his thumb out of her ass and grabbed her hips. Pulling back until on the head of his cock remained between her clutching lips, he slammed his hips forward, driving the entire length of his cock into her with brutal strength. Daphne gasped and arched her back as he continued to fuck her hard and fast, pulling her hips back against him. His thighs and pelvis bounced off of her round ass, making the skin ripple from the force of the impact.

"Yes!" She hissed pleasurable.

"You like it rough, bitch?" Harry huffed, panting from the exertion.

"Oh Merlin, yes!" She moaned out.

Reaching forward with one hand, Harry grabbed her hair, pulling it roughly in his tight grip, and pushed her down, forcing her face into the mattress. Harry drove his hips forward and down, piledriving his throbbing cock into her dripping slit. Daphne clawed at the bedding, her pussy beginning to flutter around his thrusting cock while her voice grew louder as she moaned and gasped. Raising his free hand, he smacked her hard on the ass, leaving a red hand print behind on her smooth, pale skin.

Daphne only mewled under him in pleasure at the rough treatment. As he continued to smack her ass a few more times, each a little harder than the last, he saw her puckered asshole winking at him with each strike. Suddenly, Harry pulled his slick cock out of her wet cunt and placed the tip of his cock at her puckered hole, pushing forward hard as he slowly drove the entire length of his cock into her hot, gripping ass in a single push.

Daphne screamed in a mixture of pain and pleasure, her pussy leaking copiously and the walls of her ass flexing around his shaft as she came hard. Once his cock was fully buried in her ass, Harry paused, giving her a moment to adjust so he didn't hurt her. As he waited and Daphne groaned from her intense climax, an idea came to him. Wrapping his arms around her, Harry rolled both of them over so that he was on his back with her back pressed against his chest.

Grabbing her knees, he spread her legs wide, displaying her dripping pussy to Malfoy who was sitting at the end of the bed, watching them, his cock back to full hardness.

"Well, come on." Harry said to him.

Malfoy smirked and crawled over to them, sitting up on his knees as he lined his cock up with her entrance and slid into her. Daphne moaned as she was filled from both ends, and Harry could feel her ass getting even tighter around him. Pushing herself up on her arms, she stared down at herself in fascinated arousal. Harry reached up and grabbed her breasts in his hands, tweaking her hard pink nipples as he started to rock his hips back and forth. While he did that, Malfoy started fucking her from the front, driving his cock in and out of her dripping slit.

It took a few moments for them to get into a rhythm, but they eventually found a pace that worked. Harry thrust up into her with short, sharp thrusts, his position not giving him much leverage or space to move. Malfoy was able to fuck her much harder and faster, pulling his cock



out just as Harry thrust in. Daphne collapsed back against his chest, moaning and gasping as they took turns filling her, never leaving her without a cock in at least one hole.

Apparently, the seesawing motion worked, because it wasn't long before Daphne hit another climax, the smooth, hot walls of her ass flexing around his cock, hugging his length tightly as he thrust into her. The two men kept on fucking her through her orgasm and only stopped a little while later when Malfoy pulled out of her.

"Let's switch, I want her ass for a while." Malfoy said.

Harry moved out from under her, but stopped Malfoy when he moved to take his place.

"Wait, I have an idea. Bring her over here." Harry told him.

Malfoy grunted in annoyance, but did as he was told. Grabbing Daphne, he climbed off of the bed and led her over to the wall, where Harry was standing.

"Put your back against the wall." Harry instructed.

Malfoy looked at him with a furrowed brow as he moved against the wall. Grabbing Daphne, he moved her so that she was standing in front of Malfoy, with her back to him. Harry wrapped his arms around Daphne's waist and lifted her into the air. This startled her and she wrapped her arms and legs around him, which was exactly what he wanted. Backing her up, he held her in his arms, right in front of Malfoy.

"Well, stick it in." Harry told him impatiently.

Malfoy finally seemed to catch on and lined his cock up with her stretched back door. Once he was lined up, Harry walked her back, impaling her asshole on Malfoy's cock. Once he was all the way in, Harry pinned her against Malfoy's chest, making him grunt in discomfort for a moment. Harry slid his arms under her legs, one after the other, and then moved them up until her knees

rested over his shoulders. Harry took half a step back and Malfoy wrapped his arms around her waist to help hold her up. This left Daphne nearly folded in half and suspended in the air by the two of them, impaled on one cock and about to be impaled by another.

Harry lined his rigid shaft up with her pussy as Daphne stared at him, her eyes clouded with lust and excitement. Harry slowly sank his length into her tight slit, staring into her eyes as he did. Daphne surprised him by grabbing his head and pressing her lips against his. Despite everything they had done, it felt oddly intimate to be kissing her for the first time. Breaking the kiss, Harry started fucking her at a slow pace. Behind her, Malfoy began thrusting in and out of her ass, using the wall for leverage to thrust into her hard and fast.

Harry was forced to pick up his pace to keep up with Malfoy. Their rhythms didn't match this time, but that didn't seem to matter to Daphne, who moaned constantly in pleasure as they fucked her. With the way they were holding her in the air, Daphne wasn't thrown around by their movement, allowing them to thrust into her any way they wanted to. Harry reached forward and grabbed her bouncing breasts, squeezing them firmly and running his thumbs over her erect nipples.

"You love this, don't you?" Harry asked in a low husky voice. "You love having two cocks in you."

"Oh fuck, yes." She hissed in pleasure as he thrust in and out of her harder as Malfoy railed her backdoor at a brutally fast pace.

"If I knew you were such a whore, I'd have fucked you back at school." He told her.

"Hmm, I'd have let you." She admitted, smirking at him. "I love cock. The more the better. I love seeing men all hard and horny, desperate to fuck me."

Daphne broke off with a moan as both men fucked her even harder, turned on by what she was saying.

“I’m still trying to convince Draco to let me have a gangbang.” She managed to get out between gasps and moans. “I want to be surrounded by cocks. I want to be fucked again and again until I can’t fucking walk!”

The last word came out as a scream as she came again, her hot, smooth walls hugging his shaft in an incredibly tight grip as she spasmed around him. Harry grunted in pleasure, feeling his climax building quickly, his balls tightening against his body as he got ready to fill her full of hot salty cum.

“I’m close.” He told her. “I’m gonna fill your tight cunt full of my cum.”

“Wait!” Malfoy called out, slowing down his frantic thrusts, covered in sweat from the exertion. “Set her down, I want to cover the bitch in it.”

Harry looked at Daphne, who’s eyes lit up in excitement, and shrugged. Setting her down, his arms ached dully from hold her up for so long. Both men pulled out of her and Malfoy walked around to her front. Daphne dropped to her knees immediately, staring up at them with a lustful stare. Harry and Malfoy started rapidly stroking themselves as they looked at her as Daphne ran her hands up her body, playing with her large breasts.

“Please, cum all over me. Mark me as your whore.” She begged, putting on a show for them as she bent her head down to suck on her own nipple.

“Shit.” Harry grunted, walking closer to her and jerking his cock rapidly as he felt his climax boil up inside.

Daphne tilted her head back, opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue. Harry came with a grunt, long, thick streams of hot cum shooting out of the swollen head of his cock, striking her in the cheek with an audible *splat*. Stream after stream of thick, white cum rocketed from the tip of his cock to land on her face and in her open mouth. Two long stripes of white landed on her pink tongue to pool in her mouth while two more shots streaked across her nose and eye. As the strength of his spurts waned, he stepped closer, depositing the rest directly onto her partially coated tongue.

Opening the one eyes that wasn't plastered in cum, she looked at him and swirled the cum on her tongue around in her mouth, moaning sensually. Seeing a drop of cum dangling from the tip of his dick, she leaned forward and collected it with her tongue. Once he was finished, she turned to Malfoy who was jerking his cock at a furious pace, visibly excited by the sight of his cum covered fiancé. It was only a moment later that he too came. The first shot sent a streak of straight up the middle of her face and into her hair. The second and third were better aimed, landing on her lips and chin, glazing her mouth in semen.

Like Harry, as his climax waned, he moved closer, sending the last few, weaker shot into her mouth. Daphne's tongue was flooding in a large puddle of cum that she swirled around while stare lustfully up at him. When he was done, Malfoy reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair, using it to wipe of his cock with a familiar, superior smirk on his face.

Daphne looked at both of them and closed her mouth. With an audible gulping noise and a visible bob of her throat, she swallowed all of the cum in her mouth and then opened it again to show them it was empty. Taking her finger, she scooped up most of the cum that had dripped down her chin and sucked it into her mouth with a sensuous moan. Harry's spent cock jerked at the lewd display. As Daphne started scooping up the rest of the cum on her face with her fingers, starting with the glob covering her eye, Harry grabbed his clothes and started getting dressed.

"If you ever have that gangbang, let me know. I'd love to be there for it." He told her as he slipped out of the room.