Summary

I've been sick for a few days and my muse has left me for all my decent stories, so I wrote some filthy, fucked up porn. Read the warnings. If you don't like it, don't read it. Also, I make no excuses for this.

This story was heavily inspired by SSDSnape's An Alpha's Perogative.

The story is marked as WIP because it doesn't go anywhere or finish, but is unlikely to be completed or worked on further.
Chapter 1

Ron had known growing up that his father and his brothers had a certain sort of relationship. He knew it came from his creature inheritance, and it had been explained to him, in increasing detail as he'd gotten older, what he'd have to expect. But it had sounded violent, and frightening, and wrong, and he hadn't been looking forward to it in the least. But now at fourteen he found himself writhing in bed, whimpering, as his bollocks felt so heavy and full and painful, like he wanted to burst. His cock, a mere six inches, nothing compared to his brothers or Merlin, his father's, was chafed and raw from him trying desperately to rub one out. But it wouldn't come. He couldn't come. As he'd been warned. He let out a choked sob.

Fred turned over from the top bunk across the room. "Ron, what?" he asked groggily. It was the small hours of the morning, and everyone had been fast asleep. "Oh, Merlin." his gritty, sleep laden eyes gained focus. "Ron stop!" he commanded.

"I can't, I can't!" Ron wailed, thrashing on the bed and sobbing. He lay naked under his dishevelled sheets, exposed and uncaring now as his desperation reached its peak.

"What's going on?" George questioned groggily.

"I've got to go get Dad." Fred said, stumbling to the floor. "Ron's transforming and he hasn't listened to a word we've said."

George's eyes widened as he looked across the room at his younger brother. "Dad's going to be livid." he murmured and made himself scarce. He wasn't about to be here for it. Instead, he went up to Charlie and Bill's room.

When Arthur Weasley finally burst into Ron's room he bellowed with anger. "Ronald Weasley! What have I told you to do when you came of age?"

"No, don't!" Ron pleaded. "I just want it to stop!"

But Arthur was having none of it. He yanked Ron's hand off his chafed cock. "Don't you dare touch yourself without permission, young man." He wrenched Ron's wrists above his head and held them easily with one hand. His other cupped Ron's swollen sack roughly, kneading it slightly as Ron whimpered. "Beautiful. Just look at you, coming into your own, like all my boys. Don't worry, Ronnie, Daddy will take care of you." he soothed. "But first I need to teach you a lesson."
He flipped Ron over onto his front, across his lap, and began to land heavy blows across Ron's bare arse with his open hand. Ron shrieked and tried to wriggle away, but Arthur held him fast. “This is for your own good, Ronald.” he slammed his hand down with bruising force as Ron let out a pained sob. The falling hand was relentless. “You must remember the rules of this household.”

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry!” Ron pleaded, but Arthur continued his punishment. Ron sobbed wet tears and gasped, his arse full of pain, as well as his full bollocks now. “Please, stop. Stop!” he complained.

“I will stop when I think the lesson is likely to stick.” Arthur informed him in a cold voice. He rubbed his hand over the reddened flesh possessively, then pressed his dry thumb roughly into Ron's virgin hole. Ron wailed at the pain of the intrusion and Arthur smirked.

Arthur pressed Ron down to the bed so that he was on his knees and elbows and magically tied his wrists to the headboard, then conjured a small tube of lube. “Since it's your first time, Ronnie, even though you've disobeyed me, we'll go easy.” With that, he allowed a small dollop of lube onto the head of his erect cock, a full, thick eleven inches. With only that tiny, minimal amount of lubrication, he lined the head of his cock up with Ron's quivering, tiny hole, then all at once plunged forward into his son virtually dry.

Ron screamed loudly enough to wake the house and his body went rigid with pain, but Arthur didn't stop, didn't pause for him to adjust or add any additional lubrication. He ploughed into him, and back out, fucking him brutally into the bed as Ron thrashed to escape the assault, but to no effect. His poor cock was suspended above the bed with no friction, his heavy balls swinging with every forceful thrust of his father against his now bruised arse and thighs.

He sobbed out brokenly, but inside he felt a fire come to life, and finally, finally he began coming spontaneously as his father pounded relentlessly into his prostate. “That's it, Ronnie,” Arthur encouraged, “let it all out. Come for me, sweetheart.” he soothed, even as his brutal fuck continued. Ron's body was wracked with convulsions as his arse tightened further around his father's shaft, milking him as he spilled copious amounts of seed onto the bed, cock untouched.

Arthur finally reached around to grab Ron's over-sensitized cock, and began pumping it into another racking orgasm, even as Ron wailed and tried to pull away. It was too much! But Arthur knew it had to be done if he were to help his son. It seemed ages before the brutal pounding finally stopped with Arthur shooting his load deep within his youngest son, Ron's cock now chafed and finally going limp in his father's fist as he sobbed in his bonds.

“There, there, sweetheart.” Arthur soothed, pulling out of his son unceremoniously. He shoved three fingers in roughly to feel for any damage, and palpated Ron's spent prostate to be sure he'd expelled
every drop. Satisfied, he finally vanished the bonds that held Ron's wrists and settled Ron against his lap as before. “Only one thing left and we're all done here.”

“W-what?” Ron asked confusedly. There was still more? After all that?

“You know what, Ronald. You're still owed fifty swats with my cane. I stopped your punishment early to help you deal with your little difficulty here.” he said sternly. “Now don't make me regret going so easy on you.”

Ron's breath hitched. He'd forgotten about the cane. “Yes, D-Daddy.” he murmured into the mattress below him, as Arthur conjured his cane. Arthur certainly used his strength as he laid into Ron, leaving welts across the already bruised skin. He didn't go easy on his son even as he continued to cry out, screaming and sobbing his pain. He kept a firm grip as Ron instinctively sought to avoid the harsh punishment. But Arthur knew it was for Ron's own good. He needed to learn his lesson, not to hide from his father when he needed some help and relief.

When the punishment was finally over, Arthur hushed his crying boy and ran his hand over the welts, surveying his work. Ron wouldn't be able to sit comfortably for at least a week with all of this, but he'd brought it on himself. And of course Arthur wouldn't heal any of it magically -- that would defeat the purpose of the lesson. Ron shuddered as his father's hand pressed against the damaged flesh, but laid limp, the fight having gone out of him. Arthur smiled fondly. “There now, that wasn't so bad was it baby boy?” he soothed. Ron just sniffled and slowly gained control over his crying, pain radiating from his arse and thighs, from internally deep into his gut, from his sore bollocks and chafed cock. And yet he felt so loved, so cared for. Arthur hooked a thumb casually into Ron's arse again during his perusal of the cane marks and rubbed against the inflamed, swollen entrance.

“Would you like me to stay here the rest of the night, Ronnie?” he asked.

“Yes, Daddy.” Ron mumbled into his pillow, and Arthur moved them around the bed, vanishing the wet spot, and settled in to spoon against his boy, pulling the covers over them, as they got their last hours of sleep before dawn.
Chapter 2

It was later that summer holiday when it happened the second time to Ron, but this time he had his friend Harry over for a sleepover. They'd been close, and they'd been fooling around for some time now, so when Ron found himself hard as a rock, his bollocks swollen, and that strange itch inside, he begged his friend to take him. Harry was gentle, and like him only had a reasonable six inches of cock. Ron recalled how brutal he'd found his time with his father, and in spite of how wonderful it had made him feel, he'd always been a willful child and was still a bit frightened of the experience. He was sure if he could just get Harry to bugger him instead, he'd feel relief.

“Alright,” Harry breathed, stroking his cock as Ron knelt, hands and knees before him. “What do I do?”

“There's a tube of lubricant on the dresser there.” Ron recalled, knowing that Arthur had used hardly any, but knowing that theoretically it would ease the way.

“Right.” Harry said with determination, all too eager to have his first fuck. He took the tube and carefully lathered on plenty of lubricant to his fingers, easing one gently into Ron's puckered hole and working it in and out a few times, before just as gently, pressing in a second. Ron sighed but pressed back seeking more. This didn't hurt at all, but didn't seem to reach whatever spot held the key to his release.

Harry added a third slender finger and more lubricant briefly, before finally slicking his cock and slowly, slowly easing his way inside. “Alright?” he whispered to Ron, checking to make sure he was okay, pausing for him to adjust.

“Yeah.” Ron said a bit impatiently, rocking back.

Slowly Harry got the hint, pistoning in and out of the tight heat and building up speed. This was wonderful as far as he was concerned. But one or the other of them must have made too much noise, or perhaps it was the smell of their activities that had alerted him, but the door slammed open and Arthur Weasley stood looming over the two boys, scowling darkly.

“Ronald Weasley!” he bellowed, and the two boys froze in terror, not knowing what to do. “What had I told you about taking care of that little problem?” he demanded. He looked down at where the boys were joined with Harry's cock, small like Ron's, and the lubricant positively dripping out of Ron's sweet hole. There was no way his boy would gain any real satisfaction from the event, he knew. But most importantly, he obviously hadn't been harsh enough with his lesson last time, for Ron to do this.
Harry gulped, and began to pull out. “No, no, no need for you to torture yourself as well, Harry my boy. You may as well finish up in him. Go on then.” he urged, pressing Harry back into Ron from behind. He smoothed his large palm over Harry's arse and Harry gasped. Arthur let his thumb graze Harry's own virgin hole, but restrained himself. Harry was not the same breed as Ron, he knew. “Go on then, Harry, he won’t break.” he encouraged, and Harry picked up his pace once again, desperate to come into his friend. “But in the future,” Arthur cautioned, “Someone as small as you are can afford to enter little Ronnie dry, none of this lube and fingers nonsense. He can take it. You'll want to use him whenever you feel the urge come on you, now that you two are close friends. You'll let him, won't you Ron? That's a good boy.”

Harry was grunting and finally shooting his load deep within his friend, love for Ron overwhelming him as he held on tight. Ron hadn't come at all, of course, or given any indication he was close, but Harry had been suspicious of this plan from the start, because Ron had explained his creature to him previously. Harry pulled out and began to clean himself up, but Arthur made no move to take his son's arse yet.

“You'll have to wait on that, Ronnie. You've brought this on yourself.” he warned, and took Ron over his lap to begin laying into him with his bare palm, brutally hard. Ron didn't even try to fight him this time. He knew what the consequences were for his disobedience, and he wondered now why he'd thought it was a good idea to do anything than to straight to his father for help.

“I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Daddy!” he wailed as tears began to form.

“I know, my boy, but being sorry won't end your lesson. You know that.” Arthur soothed. After fifty swats, he conjured his cane once more, and began to administer the next fifty. Ronald wouldn't be sitting any time soon. And the worst part for Ron was that his bollocks ached something fierce from his lack of orgasm, his cock hard as a rock against his father's thighs as the punishment continued.

“Now, since you're so interested in taking loads up your arse,” Arthur said when he'd finished, “I want you to go and offer yourself to your brothers.” he stood a shaky Ron up. “Go on then. Perhaps if you have to wait a while for your release you'll learn something this time. Perhaps you'll go the way of Percy. You know he prefers to hold his load in for months at a time, hard and aching, his bollocks heavy.” Arthur reached out to weigh his son's sore balls as Ron sniffled in his pain.

“N-no, Daddy, please don't make me wait like Percy.”

“Well, we'll just see. Now go on, go see your brothers.”
Ron, recalcitrant, made his way naked through the house, going up to the top room where Charlie shared with Bill. He knocked on their door and let himself in, finding his brothers spooned up in Bill's bed, naked and dozing. Charlie perked his head up. “What is it, Ron?” he asked his brother, and then saw the evidence.

“Dad sent me up for you guys to u-use me.” he stuttered, a bit afraid. He'd not yet been with any of his brothers, though he knew that they'd all regularly been with each other since their transformations.

Charlie simply smiled lovingly and held out his arms. “Well come on then.” he invited, and he and Bill made room for Ron between them.

Charlie spooned up behind Ron and had him first, simply shoving his full ten inches in in one go. He lifted a brow at how wet Ron already was, and had his suspicions why their father might be angry. He very much doubted that all of this slick was cum. Without much care to Ron's comfort, Charlie let himself go and pistonned in and out of his brother with abandon. Since he wasn't in his heat, he could come whenever he wanted, though he never would without permission from his father first, of course. This was a rare treat for Arthur to send one of his brothers to him so he indulged and let himself come deep within Ron with a grunt. He pressed a gentle kiss behind Ron's ear and then pulled out at him as Ron whimpered at the sudden loss.

“My turn, little brother.” Bill said lovingly, and pressed Ron flat to his stomach in order to mount him. Bill's cock was much thicker than Charlie's, though about the same length, and Ron sighed as it stretched him out just that small bit more. Charlie was quick and efficient in his fuck, but Bill was absolutely brutal, hammering into him seemingly with intent to bruise. Ron felt tears pricking his eyes again at the assault.

“Ah! Ah! Bill!” he called out desperately, fists wrapping into the sheets.

“Shh. You can take it, little bro.” Charlie soothed, brushing hair from Ron's face as his older brother fucked down brutally. Poor Ron's hard little cock ground into the sheets with no relief.

Bill also took pleasure from admiring the purple and red stripes across Ron's arse from his punishment, and ran his hands over them as Ron shuddered beneath him. It took him back to his own days at Ron's age, he remembered fondly. Bill had also been a wilful child, being the first of the brood and not having had a good example set. He wasn't sure why this youngest was having such a hard time with his creature inheritance, but he'd get used to it soon enough. With a grunt, Bill shoved in as far as he could and unloaded. Satisfied, he pulled out all at once as Ron's tender arse spasmed around him.
“There you are, Ronnie. Have you seen the others yet?” Bill asked.

Ron hiccuped and shook his head. “N-no. I came to you two first.”

“There's a good lad.” Bill said. “May as well see the rest and get it over with.”

Ron nodded, and made his way shakily out of his room, moving down next to the twins. He normally shared a room with them but not while Harry was sleeping over. He shakily knocked on the door to the spare room.

“Come in!” Fred shouted. When Ron entered he saw that the twins hadn't gone to bed yet, but were in the middle of a game of exploding snap.

George's eyes widened as he saw the state Ron was in.

“Dad sent me.” Ron said simply, looking worriedly at the brothers he'd grown closest to.

The twins, on account of their special twin bond, were allowed to relieve themselves more frequently than any of the other sons. Arthur knew it was imperative for the health of their relationship that they share intimacies regularly. They still came to him during their heats, of course, but often fell asleep sucking each other off. It was many a time Arthur had found them in one of their beds, fallen asleep tangled in one another head to foot, suckling gently on each others cocks. Or spooned up with one another, one's cock lodged deep in the arse of the other, snuggled up and just holding as they slept.

Now, with twin intuition, Fred pulled Ron to him into a gentle embrace as George cleared off the bed. Fred led Ron to the bed and positioned him on all fours, guiding Ron's mouth to George's cock.

“Have you ever sucked cock before, Ron?” Fred asked.

“I sucked Harry off, once.” he said uncertainly.

Fred shook his head. “He's only six inches, Ronnie, I've seen him. Well, today you'll learn then to take all eight of George down your throat. Just try to relax. You might feel like you're choking, but you're not. We're your brothers, Ron, and you'll need to trust us. We'd never hurt you. You might
think you can't breathe, but you'll be able to breathe often enough, alright?"

Ron nodded uncertainly, and George pressed the fat head of his cock into his little brother's mouth, sighing at the welcome heat. He'd really wanted to share intimacy with Ron for a long time now, especially since they usually shared a room. From behind, Fred shoved into his brother's loosened hole in one go. The motion shoved Ron forward onto George's cock and before he knew it, he was gagging as his brother's cock touched the back of his throat.

“Swallow, Ronnie.” George instructed, pressing forward relentlessly as Ron began to instinctively thrash to get away, but he was pinned from behind by Fred who was balls deep in his arse. Soon enough, George had pressed all eight of his inches into Ron's spasming tight throat as his brother scrabbled desperately for air, for escape. He simply sighed in contentment. Ron would get the hang of it eventually. After all, Fred and George had gone through their transformation at twelve, not fourteen like Ron, and they'd been swallowing their father's eleven inches since then. They really weren't concerned at all by Ron's apparent distress, because they knew it was just a bit frightening but that Ron was born to this as they were.

All at once they began to move in tandem, back and forth, passing Ron's helpless body between them, as Ron could only sputter and take it, trying to gain a rhythm for when to breathe, trying to remember through a cloud of sensation and panic to trust his brothers, that they had him. His throat was raw and bruised by George's punishing thrusts. George didn't mind if he choked or gagged at all -- it simply all felt delicious to his cock.

It wasn't long before both twins lost themselves in it, and were unloading into Ron simultaneously from both ends.

By the time they were finished, Ron's lips were as bruised as his anus, both ends swollen and lovely. His bruised arse and thighs were covered in cum as it oozed from him, and his balls and cock had a deep ache from need of release.

“Are we last then?” Fred asked, helping Ron to sit up.

“Percy's left.” he said. Although Percy was older than Fred and George, and he might have visited him first, Ron had always found it hardest to relate to that brother.

“Best get to it then.” George encouraged, giving a slap to Ron's bruised backside to get him moving, and Ron made his way out of the twins' temporary room.
As much physical distress as Ron was in, he was loving this chance to get closer to all of his brothers. He felt a deeper bond with them now, somehow.

He knocked hesitantly on Percy's door. Percy came to answer it, and his eyes grazed over Ron as he took in the damage, surmising what had happened. He'd lived in this household long enough to know. Percy crossed his arms. “And what if I don't fancy a shag tonight?” he asked pointedly.

“Please, Perce.” Ron pleaded, looking up with big sad eyes. “Dad said I had to let everyone use me. And it hurts so much.” His lip trembled. “Don't you want me?” he questioned. For his other brothers had leapt at the opportunity to finally be with him in this way. But this brother had always felt so distant, so aloof.

Percy softened. “It's not that, little brother. But I'm really more of a bottom, you know that. And I like the ache I get from denying myself.”

“So you w-won't have me?” Ron asked in a wavering voice, feeling very fragile.

“I didn't say that. It's not every day I get to bond this way with my littlest brother.” Percy smiled fondly, an expression Ron wasn't sure he'd ever seen on his face. “Come on in then.” Percy moved aside, and Ron moved into the little room.

“On your knees then.” Percy commanded. “I don't like a loosened hole. If we ever do fuck that way, you'll be dry.” Unceremoniously, Percy shoved his full nine inches down Ron's little throat, and Ron was suddenly very glad that George had been so rough with him, because Percy was absolutely brutal. Percy's hands fist in Ron's hair and he jack-hammered into the spasming throat, as Ron's hands scrabbled for purchase on Percy's hips and thighs. But Percy was having no interference, and Ron felt bonds magically appear, wrapping his arms firmly behind his back and out of the way so that Percy could fuck into him unhindered. Drool pooled out of Ron's stretched mouth and his throat burned, tears leaking out of his eyes. Percy's head was thrown back in passion as he fucked into his obedient little brother's tight throat. It was fast and it was hard and unrestrained, but it was also thankfully quick. It wasn't long before Percy was unloading a good month's worth of cum into his brother's spasming throat, as Ron struggled for lack of air to swallow fast enough as it shot down into his tummy.

Percy sighed in contentment, and only when he felt ready did he finally pull out as Ron coughed and gasped for air. Percy fondly wiped away some of Ron's tears, releasing his bonds. “There now, that wasn't so terrible.” Percy soothed him, and it was the most love he'd ever felt from Percy. His eyes shown with returned emotion as he knelt before his older brother. “Go on then, and let Dad know you did a good job.”
Ron nodded and stumbled his way out of Percy's room, and made his way to his father's bedroom, where Arthur waited. Arthur looked up from a book he'd been reading on his bed while he'd waited for Ron to finish his rounds with the rest of the family.

“All finished then?” Arthur questioned, and Ron nodded submissively.

“Well come here then.” Arthur spread his arms wide, and Ron curled up to him in the bed, warm in his father's sheltering arms.

“Please, Daddy, will you let me cum now?” Ron asked in a small voice as his father's hand carded through his hair.

“Now, now, Ronnie, I'm not about to fuck such a slutty wet hole. Not tonight, after you've so deliberately disobeyed me. But tell me, do you feel any better having shared some time with your brothers?” Ron nodded timidly against his chest. “There's a good boy.”

“But it hurts, Daddy.” his voice wavered, and he really wasn't sure how long he could deal with this deep ache in his balls.

“I know sweetheart, but your brother Percy leaves it like t his for months sometimes. You can certainly put up with a day or so. Now I don't want to catch you with your hand on your little cock or your fingers up your arse, am I understood?” he said sternly, and Ron nodded meekly. “Good.” Arthur tilted his head up to look at him and rubbed a thumb over one of his swollen lips. “Now I can see you've been taking some cock in your throat tonight. If you'd like, you can practice sucking on Daddy's big cock. Would you like that sweetheart?” Ron nodded, and his father got up off the bed.

“Now mine is much longer than your brothers’.” Arthur warned. “So this will be the easiest way to get it straight in there.” He arranged Ron to be lying on his back with his head tilted to dangle a bit off the foot of the bed. This way when Arthur pressed into his mouth as he stood behind, his cock would have a straight shot down that lovely throat. And most importantly, there would be no wrong angles, and no way for Ron to move to escape the monster and hurt himself. He used magic to conjure some ropes to hold Ron in place so that he couldn't wriggle away, and then pressed all at once into Ron's mouth.

Ron was relaxed now from his time with Percy, and was able to take the monster though it was a good three inches longer. His body did seize up a bit instinctively at the shock of it, but Arthur was a stern and disciplined teacher, having already raised five boys to his cock. He knew Ron wouldn't break. Relentlessly he pounded into his little boy, and while Percy had had the brutality, Arthur had also the stamina to keep at it for a good long fuck. Ron was a sore, blubbing mess by the time
Arthur was finished with him, his jaw aching, his throat raw, tears and snot and drool all leaking across his face. It was ages later when Arthur finally groaned and shot his thick load into his boy's stomach.

Finally, he released Ron's bonds, but didn't bother to clean him up. He looked lovely all wrecked like that. Beautiful.

“There now, run along, Ron, there's still plenty of night left to get some sleep, and Harry will be missing you.”

Ron nodded and sniffled, wiping his face but only smearing the mess around. His lips were so puffy and red. He made his way back to his room and Harry's eyes widened a bit when he saw the state of his friend, but Ron didn't seem exactly distressed, just perhaps a bit overwrought. He snuggled up behind Ron as Ron tiredly climbed back into bed with him, and Harry nudged his newly erected cock into Ron's battered and sloppy hole, sighing with contentment at the intimacy of the act as they both fell asleep.
“Why don't you use some healing salve?” Harry questioned on the third night of Ron's punishment, as they pulled their clothes off to go to bed.

“Dad won't heal anything that comes from a punishment.” Ron sulked. The bruises on his arse and thighs had only become more livid in the time following the initial damage. He hadn't wanted to wear clothes or sit on the hard wooden chairs in the kitchen, but he'd had no choice in either. It was all part of the process.

Harry shrugged. “Alright then but if you're still just gagging to cum why don't you ask your dad for it again? Surely he'll give in.”

Ron sighed. He'd never been in so much physical discomfort before. His cock had been hard for the past three days, his balls heavy with cum, but his father had been firm. Arthur had his own metric for when he thought a message had hit home with one of his sons. Ron had been softening his attitude in the days following the incident, but he still had a ways to go. Arthur had fucked Ron's throat raw at breakfast that morning again when Ron had grumbled about his discomfort, and now Ron was trying very hard to keep his frustration to himself.

“Alright well I don't think that I should suffer, at least.” Harry declared, and Ron readily agreed.

“Of course not.” he said quickly. “You're my boyfriend. You know I won't deny you.” he leaned in to kiss Harry tenderly, and Harry returned it. As they had the previous night as well, they climbed into the same bed to sleep, and Harry spooned up behind Ron, holding him in his arms.

Lining up his hard six inches, Harry pressed forward in one thrust into Ron's tight, dry little hole, as Ron stiffened at the harsh intrusion. He hissed in discomfort, but Harry was learning to ignore it. He was horny and wanted to get off, and Ron had insisted that he do so as regularly as he wanted now. Harry did feel a twinge of remorse still that Ron couldn't get off with him, but it was something he'd have to learn to live with when Ron got into these unfulfilled heats. So Harry simply pounded away and lost himself in his own pleasure, groaning at the tight dry heat around him, Ron's cock gripping him and seeming to suck him in. Harry finally thrust in one last time and soaked Ron in his cum, leaving his semi-erect cock lodged in place as they settled in to sleep. As Harry was a horny teenager, he was likely to have Ron at least twice more that night, and they had a standing agreement that Ron needn't be awake for the initial intrusion.

It was a full week after the incident, around noon, when Ron sought his father out in the living room where Arthur was reading. He was sobbing with the pain of it. “Please, Daddy, please?” he asked
"Alright, my precious boy." Arthur relented. He was probably being too soft, but Ron was his youngest after all. His heart melted a bit. "Undress, bend over the arm of the couch."

Arthur didn't bother to undress himself, but simply took his eleven inch cock out of his trousers, and was fully erect in moments seeing his son laid out submissively before him. The marks were healing nicely. His mind went to Bill immediately, and he wondered whether like with Bill, he'd have to paddle Ron regularly to keep him in line. His hand rubbed the tender skin of Ron's arse and his thumb grazed the puffy entrance of his little rosebud. It looked as if Harry was using it regularly. Good. He wanted his son to be a generous partner. It would only help the boys become close.

Lining himself up, Arthur decided to forgo any lubricant this time, and shoved his thick long cock into his tiny boy. Ron screamed, loudly enough that surely the whole household heard it. His body went rigid, but his mind whited out in the pleasure pain of it, his fathers cock touching something deep and wonderful inside him as his body recognized the special signature of pheromones, at last. Arthur was pleased he didn't have to bind Ron this time, as Ron simply tried to stay limp for his father, and Arthur grabbed his boy's hips with bruising force as he ploughed into him. Ron needed a good buggering, so Arthur kept at it for a good hour. Ron was certain to have a pleasant ache deep within his guts after this fucking. The screaming and sobs didn't phase Arthur as he lost himself in the haze of pleasure and love that came from taking care of his son. Ron's little cock chafed on the rough fabric of the couch, and soon he was shuddering around his father's cock, cumming uncontrollably as his arse sucked the cock for more stimulation. Finally, Arthur shot deep within his son, when he was sure that Ron was raw and spent.

When he pulled out, Ron stayed lying limply across the arm of the couch, unable to move or support himself, his legs like jelly. Arthur helped him up and cuddled him on the couch for a few moments as Ron settled down again, wincing as Arthur continued to fondle Ron's spent, sensitive cock and balls. Arthur pulled and squeezed idly, rubbing his thumb around the sensitive head as Ron shivered in his arms. "Now Ronnie," Arthur warned, "now that I've taken care of your heat for you, you'll be able to cum from stimulation again, but you know it's against the rules. I won't have you touching yourself in this household or cumming without permission. If you'd like to have an orgasm with one of your brothers, you ask me first, do you understand?"

"Yes, Daddy." Ron answered submissively, snuggling into his father's arms as Arthur continued to stroke and pull his flaccid, reddened flesh. He hissed but didn't pull away.

"That's a good boy. But the hardest, I think, will be your little boyfriend Harry. Harry isn't like us, Ronald, you know this. His instinct will be to bring you off with him, but he must learn that he can simply bugger you without you coming along. If you think you're going to cum, I want either you or Harry to wrap your fingers around your prick like this," Arthur demonstrated, "to stave it off. Alright?"
“Alright.” Ron answered, a bit sad. He was a horny teen after all, and hadn't learned discipline yet.
“But the twins get to cum with each other all the time.” he whined a bit.

“That's because they're twins, Ron, you know that. Bill and Charlie are able to take each others
cocks dry while spooning, or to suck each other for comfort, without coming. You are allowed
intimacy, you know.”

That did reassure him a bit.

“That's a good boy, then.” Arthur said. “Run along.”

That night, just to be safe, Ron asked Harry if he could suck Harry off instead of being penetrated, so
he’d have no temptation to cum as well, and Harry agreed. They were both content to find that Ron
could suckle on Harry throughout the entirety of the night. It was intimate and sweet, and made them
feel very close. And when Harry awoke in the night sometimes fully erect, he simply fucked into
Ron's tight throat and came, while Ron was still hazy with sleep.
“Daddy.” Ron whispered, crawling into bed with Arthur in the dark of the night. He'd woken up with that familiar ache, distinctly different and more intense than the usual lack of orgasm. It had been two weeks since his last heat had ended. This early on his cycles could be unpredictable.

“What is it, Ron?” Arthur asked, his voice rough from sleep.

“Hurts.” murmured Ron, as Arthur turned up the lights of the room from darkness to a dim glow. “Please help me, Daddy.” Ron whined plaintively.

“Did you try to do anything to alleviate it?” Arthur asked sternly, but Ron shook his head mutely. “All right then.” Arthur nodded, satisfied that Ron was finally coming to him with this problem. He reached a hand back and pressed his thumb into a dry hole. He raised a brow. “No Harry?”

“I tend to suck him off instead most of the time.” Ron answered quietly, and Arthur could see from Ron's slightly puffy lips it was true. It gave him a beautiful, cherubic look to his face, even with as small and gentle as Harry was. A steady habit of cock sucking would do that regardless.

“Good boy.” Arthur said, pulling Ron up to straddle him. Arthur grabbed the tube of lube, Ron was relieved to see, and put a small, tiny amount on the head of his erect cock. “This time you'll fuck yourself on me, Ronnie. You need to learn to take it yourself and you're well old enough to start.” He guided Ron's hips over his massive cock, and lined up the lubed tip with Ron's dry pucker. Grabbing his son's hips, he pulled him down in one forceful rush as Ron cried out at the intrusion.

Ron grit his teeth and put his hands on his dad's shoulders and tried to pull himself up the massive cock as Arthur helped to guide him by the hips. “I'll help you this time, but you really ought to learn to fuck yourself on it, Ronald.” Arthur warned sternly, and Ron could only whimper in pain and desperation at the task set before him. Still, he worked himself steadily on the massive cock, relishing the burn and stretch inside him, and the fact that the angle and gravity lodged it so deeply within his body. It wasn't long before he was cumming all over their chests, one of his father's hands coming to stroke him relentlessly as he fucked himself up and down. Ron was well finished while Arthur still fucked into his poor spent prostate, Ron sobbing to be let go by the time Arthur finally filled him up.

When Arthur had sated himself, he kept his crying boy in his arms and his cock lodged up that tight arse and pulled them down to sleep that way. As long as he had the boy with him, he'd take him several times that night, he'd decided.
It was the crack of dawn when Arthur pushed a sloppy and sore Ron out of his bed. “Go take care of Harry now, Ronald. We don’t want to be selfish do we?”

“No, Daddy.” Ron answered dutifully and went back to his partner in his room. Harry was asleep but had a customary erection from being left alone all night. Ron sleepily crawled up to take it in his mouth and swallowed Harry until he came in his sleep, settling in to a more peaceful rest for another few hours.
Chapter 5

Harry had an unrelenting erection one afternoon, that would simply not go away. It was like that sometimes, being a teenaged boy. In the past, he might have ignored it until a more opportune time, or quietly taken care of it in a bathroom, but now he had such a close relationship with Ron, and he knew it would be good for both of them and their growing bond if he used Ron when he needed to. And so when he could get Ron alone for a moment, the living room was quiet and empty, Harry pushed Ron roughly over the arm of the couch and pulled his trousers and pants down to his thighs.

"Wha--" Ron started to ask in surprise, but Harry had already pulled his hard cock out and was shoving it into Ron dry, as he'd learned to do from Arthur's instruction. Ron made a choked off sound as his mind and body froze at the unexpected intrusion. Although Harry did use him this way sometimes, it was always at night in bed when Ron was expecting it, and more often than not these days Harry had used Ron's mouth instead so that Ron wouldn't be tempted to cum without his father's permission. His well used mouth always looked a bit pouty now and only added allure to him, and his voice was always ever so slightly roughened with use. But Harry had grown tired of waiting for the availability of Ron's arse and he needed to fuck now, so he shoved in and set to work, groaning with relief at the tight heat.

Harry pounded into Ron and Ron found himself growing dizzy from the dominance exerted over him. He craved it deeply and instinctively, and went slack as Harry used him for a quick and dirty shag. What he wasn't expecting was just how quickly his own cock would fill, and how when Harry hammered into his prostate, finally coming deep inside him, Ron would also find himself cumming wetly all over the couch beneath him. He'd not had time to even process it, and to try and grab his dick or warn Harry to do so as his father had instructed. His face heated in mortification as Harry pulled out, and the evidence lay before them.

"That was hot." said a voice from across the room, and Ron looked up with horror to see his brother Bill had been watching, a massive tent in his trousers from viewing the action.

"B-bill." Ron stuttered, pulling his clothes back into place shakily. "You can't let Dad...."

Bill set his mouth in a firm line, however. "Ron, I know you're not supposed to cum without permission, the same rules apply to all of us, and you'll just have to learn some discipline. I know you didn't mean to, and Dad'll understand, but he'll have to punish you for it. It's for your own good you know."

Ron's lip quivered with held back tears. "But --"

"Sorry, Ron." Harry offered sheepishly, feeling bad that his partner was going to get into trouble partly because of something he'd participated in, even if he hadn't been trying to get Ron off.
“Now none of that.” Bill said sternly. “It's not your fault, Harry. Ron hasn't got control over his creature inheritance yet.” he moved in to hug Ron. “Come on, Ronnie, buck up. You know you can learn to control yourself. After all, you didn't see me touching myself as I watched. I know how to restrain myself. I'll probably ask Dad if I can bugger Charlie, or maybe Percy later tonight. But let's go find Dad now and get this over with.”

They wandered the grounds for a while until they found Arthur working in the orchards. He only worked very part-time for the Ministry in the summers, preferring to cultivate his land and spend time with his family.

“Dad,” Bill spoke, getting his attention, “Ron had a little accident earlier when Harry was making use of him.”

“I'm sorry!” Ron apologized. “I really didn't try to get off, I promise. It just snuck up on me.” He was hoping that since he was being totally sincere and remorseful his dad might go easy on him. After all, it wasn't like his early struggles where he'd been wilful.

“I believe you, Ron.” Arthur reassured him. “And at your age these things will happen. But why weren't you able to stop yourself as I'd shown you?”

Harry spoke up. “Well I haven't really been fucking Ron's arse that often at night, lately. I usually use his mouth so he won't be tempted. And I almost never take him by surprise like I had earlier.”

“That's very considerate of you, Harry, but I don't want you to hold yourself back like that.” Arthur admonished. “After all, you'll only grow resentful if you feel as if Ron's arse isn't available. I am a bit disappointed in you, Ron. It seems like you need more practice at it, not less. After we're done here, I want you to go and find one of your brothers who's willing to bugger you for a good hour or so without you coming.”

“Actually, Dad,” Bill spoke up, “I was meaning to ask you if I could have Percy or Charlie tonight anyway. I wouldn't mind doing Ron instead.”

“That's perfect then. He might need use of the enchanted cock ring this time since he can't restrain himself. You may use that. It's how we trained Percival, after all.” Arthur said.

Bill nodded. “I'm really not in the mood for a lot of work, though.” Bill warned Ron. “So you'll have
to ride me.” he said firmly.

Ron flushed, but nodded. “It's alright, Bill, I've ridden Dad now.”

“Have you? Good.” Bill smiled.

“Well, now that that's done with.” Arthur said. “Lean up against the tree, Ron. Trousers and pants down, arse out. I think since we're outside, it's fitting I use a switch.” he picked a flexible branch from the tree and snapped it off, swishing it in the air. Ron paled. This would hurt as much as the cane if not more -- it was thinner, and stingier, and would leave angry welts. But he knew better than to talk back or resist, so he got into position. “Fifty with this and then go practice with your brother.” and he laid into Ron brutally. Ron wailed as his father left bright marks. His arse and thighs were a total mess by the end of it, and Harry was a little uncomfortable watching, but he realized more as he watched how much Ron needed this discipline. He wished that the Dursleys had cared that much for him, to correct him when he was wrong and set out clear boundaries, not just neglect him and send him to his cupboard.

When Ron was finished and sobbing, Arthur carelessly tossed the branch aside and went back to what he'd been doing, leaving Ron to Bill's care. It wouldn't do to coddle the boy every time he'd earned a punishment. He wanted to, but at some point he knew he had to be firm, or Ron would just keep seeking attention.

“Come on, Ron, let's get into my room. I want to be comfortable.” Bill said, and Ron limped along wincingly as he righted his clothes. Like most Wizarding families, his clothes were a bit old fashioned, and both trousers and pants were a woollen affair, itching and chafing his reddened skin.

Back in Bill's room, Bill vanished both of their clothes and laid himself out comfortably on his bed. Ron climbed atop him. “No lube now, Ronnie.” Bill said firmly. “You've already got Harry's cum up there and I know he's loosened you up a bit, though six inches is not ten.”

Ron nodded his understanding as Bill conjured an enchanted cock ring and placed it around Ron's erect six inch cock so that he'd not disgrace himself once again, and without further ado Ron lined up Bill's dry cock with his little hole, and began to slide down, struggling a bit as it lodged deeper in than Harry had been. But Bill wasn't going to coddle him -- he grabbed Ron's hips and pulled him firmly down, guiding him to set the rhythm.

In a few minutes, Ron lost himself to it, fucking himself wildly on Bill, loving the way every time he slammed down his arse and thighs would chafe against his new welts, and the thick cock inside him would bruise a bit within him. He grew tired and sweaty and breathless, but loved the feel of it
sliding in and out of him, and having this connection to his brother as Bill relaxed further, letting Ron take over. Bill loved it, and whispered endearments to his brother, at how good he was doing, as he laid back against his headboard and pillows and closed his eyes in bliss. Bill managed to hold off his own orgasm for the required hour, and a bit after he pounded even more brutally into Ron’s sensitized hole until finally cumming deep within. As he held Ron tight against him, buried balls deep, he played with Ron’s swollen red little cock as Ron whimpered at the sensation. He desperately wanted release after such a pounding, but knew that was the point. At least it wasn’t as bad as his heats, though. He knew that if left alone for a bit, the feeling would begin to fade.

“Thanks, Ron, I needed that.” Bill said affectionately.

“Of course. I love you, Bill.” Ron snuggled in to his brother’s arms.

“I love you, too. Now go on, get up. No need for us to laze about the rest of the day. You may as well leave the ring on, though, until Dad says otherwise.”

Ron nodded, leaving it in place. If he went soft, it would shrink with him, and grow again if he grew hard. It was nice to know the aid was there, to keep him from breaking the rules.

That night, Harry took Ron’s arse as much as he pleased, and Ron was happy to let him do it.
Chapter 6

Arthur sat down with Minerva McGonagall to discuss Ron's upcoming return to Hogwarts. She already knew of all his previous boys' creature inheritance, and so she totally understood when she was informed that Ron had finally come into his. Arthur was here in her office to discuss what special accommodations might be made for Ron. Every boy had been different.

Bill had been strong willed and had needed special discipline meted out to him weekly, a thorough caning by one of the staff to keep him in line. Charlie had been a good boy and hadn't needed anything so drastic as that, and both boys had been able to floo home when they'd really needed their dad to fuck them. They'd simply learned to wait until a convenient time, at night or on a weekend, to get buggered, and then had been sent right back to school, without much disruption to anyone's lives.

Percy had learned to take great pleasure in self control. With the aid of an enchanted cock ring for the first year, and later no aid at all, he'd simply pushed through his heats with no relief, waiting until Christmas or Summer holidays to get things taken care of, most of the time. The discipline had really helped make him into a fine young man.

With the twins, they'd needed to floo home like Bill and Charlie for heats, but otherwise had had each other to rely upon, and had been encouraged to have one another as often as possible to solidify their twin bond.

“So what is it I should be expecting to provide for Ronald?” Minerva questioned.

“Well he'll certainly need a sound thrashing weekly as Bill did.” Arthur said with confidence. “I hope that Severus will be amenable to providing this service as he did for my Bill. I wouldn't trust anyone else to be responsible for it.”

“Of course. I'm sure that can be arranged. Severus has always been a reasonable and fair hand when it comes to meting out physical discipline. Anything else?”

“Like Percy, I think he needs a bit of help with his self control. I'll be sending him back with an enchanted cock ring that he's to wear at all times. And as you know, he's in a relationship with Harry Potter, and Harry's been staying with us this past summer. I've encouraged Harry to be with Ron as often as he needs to ensure intimacy between them, and the ring will help Ronald restrain himself. I'm sure since they share a dorm room it will be easy for Ron to be available to Harry.”
“Of course. We had no problem with the twins, after all. If they should like to share a bed it's of no matter to me.” Minerva said reasonably. “What about his heats?”

“I'm afraid we'll have to floo him home for them. Unlike Percy, I just can't count on Ron being able to handle restraint properly, even with the cock ring. He becomes unruly. But we'll sort him, just like the others.”
Ron couldn't believe his father was sending him to Snape for a weekly caning. He shook like a leaf when he first came to the man's office in the evening at the end of his first week of school.

“Trousers and pants down, Mister Weasley, bend over the desk.” Snape was all business. “I don’t have all night to deal with you, after all.”

Snape cast a silencing charm on his office as Ron complied, and without hesitation Snape laid into the boy with his cane. Ron howled. He hated that greasy git and he hated that he’d had to do this for no reason at all, even if Bill had had the same treatment. But even as he had the thought, he knew he was being wilful again. The blinding hot pain across his arse was a reminder of why he was here in the first place. By the end of his required fifty strokes he was crying quietly against the desk, trying to catch his breath. His little cock was rock hard in its ring from the rough treatment, and he shuddered as Snape ran his hand across the red stripes.

“There you are, child, that wasn't so bad.” he said shortly, as if it were a bland routine. Snape rubbed his thumb across Ron's dry pucker, causing Ron to moan and press back, but he simply removed his hand and righted Ron's clothes for him. “Go on, then, back to your room. It's nearly curfew, and you wouldn't want your father finding out you're a rule breaker.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.” Ron mumbled submissively, and made his way back to his dorm, where he knew Harry would be waiting to use him. He was looking forward to it, he needed some comforting and intimacy to deal with the struggle of this new year.
Ron really missed all of his brothers and his father. Fred and George were in their seventh year while Ron was in his fifth, so he did get to see them, but since Arthur hadn't said so, they weren't really allowed to use Ron to the point of orgasm and so usually relied upon each other for their release. Ron had Harry, of course, but he was used to being passed around his family with a bit more frequency than that. And it wasn't that Harry's cock wasn't lovely, especially since he took him so dry and harshly, but he rather missed having something a little larger.

His cock was hard so often these days and it made a lovely tell-tale bulge in his trousers, but his lips no longer had the cherubic pout to them because Harry typically only took him at night when they had time, and from behind. There were limits even to a teenager's sex drive, after all. Ron's voice had lost its hoarseness through disuse, and he was sulking a bit about it. He just didn't feel entirely fulfilled. The only consolation he got was that his arse was a nice ruddy colour and smarted slightly nearly every day. Snape's punishments weren't nearly as brutal as those of his father, and he'd gotten quickly used to the steady treatment. He found it did help him as it'd helped Bill when Bill was in school. Even now as a curse breaker, Ron knew that Bill had looked long and hard to find a boss that still practised corporal punishment on workers when they made mistakes. It was how Bill found stability and balance in his life.

It was nearing Halloween when Ron was hit suddenly with another one of his heats. By the end of the day he was going mad with a need to relieve it, and sought out Fred and George immediately. “What do I do?” he asked desperately. “I think I need Dad.”

“You know what to do.” Fred reassured him, carding his fingers through Ron's hair. “Go tell Professor McGonagall and she'll floo Dad. If he has time, he'll send for you, but it's only Tuesday and you know how busy he gets at the Ministry during the school year. You might just have to wait a bit, Ronnie.”

Ron did contact McGonagall, much to his utter mortification, and she regretfully reported to him later that his father wouldn't be able to see him until at least Wednesday night, if not the weekend. Ron would just have to learn to tough it out. He was inconsolable that night in bed with Harry, and Harry was growing rather irritated with how much Ron was carrying on, crying softly and writhing in the sheets to try and relieve himself.

“Ron,” Harry said sternly, “You're just going to have to control yourself. You know very well your father wouldn't like you acting like this.” And just to shut him up, Harry fucked into his mouth that night instead of his arse.

The next morning, Harry caught Ron gripping his cock and balls and whimpering at the ache to cum. “Ron!” Harry exclaimed. “You know you're not supposed to do that.”
“Hurts.” Ron moaned.

But Harry had had enough of it. He might not be able to do anything about Ron’s poor behaviour, but he knew that Professor McGonagall knew of Ron's rule set. He went directly to his head of house and told her about Ron's attitude. She was not pleased with what she'd heard. “Well then, he'll simply have to be restrained.” she said shortly. “He'll be missing class, and I can't imagine his father will be pleased to hear it. Of course you may still make use of him, Mister Potter, as is your right, but if he can't maintain some basic self restraint we'll need to do it for him until his father has time to correct him.”

And so it was that Ron was bound to their bed throughout the day, only let up to go to the bathroom or to eat or drink, while supervised. The twins took turns looking after him, and were very disappointed with his lack of self control. Harry was too irritated with his mate to put up with him.

By the time Friday evening rolled around, Arthur sent for both Ron and Harry to come to the Burrow. Ron, so he could be dealt with, and Harry so that he could have access to Ron whenever he was done. Arthur took Ron immediately to his bedroom while Harry settled himself in.

“Ronald Weasley!” he bellowed, in a rage. “The things I've heard about you this week are simply unacceptable. You've been an absolute arse to your mate and have the self restraint of a small child. It is unacceptable.” he loomed over his son and vanished Ron's clothing with the wave of a wand. He threw Ron across the bed in a sprawl and conjured his cane, to begin laying into him, magical bonds springing forth to hold Ron in place. The rosy cheeks of Snape's weekly work were nothing compared with the litany of black and blue Ron was left with by the time Arthur was finished, using the full strength of his arm as he swung.

He took some pity on Ron's constant moaning and writhing, even through his screams, and Ron's purpling little cock and heavy bollocks. With just a tiny dollop of lubricant on the head of his massive cock, Arthur knelt behind his son and shoved home. He used Ron brutally for an hour, not letting him cum, as Ron screamed in both pain and pleasure as his dad slammed against his new injuries and slammed into his mostly dry hole, unused to such a large intrusion. His bollocks felt as if they were going to explode. Finally, at long last, Arthur released the cock ring. “Come for me, my boy.” he urged, and Ron lost himself to waves of it racking his body, sobbing in relief.

When Ron had emptied himself fully, Arthur was already hard again, and he flipped Ron around to his back pulling him to the foot of the bed as he shoved his cock deep within Ron's throat. Ron spasmed and choked around it, out of practice from such a deep throat fucking, but Arthur didn't care. As far as he was concerned, Ronald had already had time to master this technique. Now Arthur was free to fuck brutally into the willing throat before him, unminding of Ron's struggles. Deep inside, Ron needed this, and felt more loved than he had since returning to Hogwarts. His mouth and
jaw was stretched wide, his lips swollen and bruised by the pounding. After an initial struggle, he lay passively and allowed it to simply happen, content to be with his Daddy again. His eyes shone up in adoration and love as his dad finally came into his belly, then pulled away.

As he lay satiated and sore, catching his breath, Arthur pulled him in to cuddle on the bed, and began to roughly jerk him off in spite of his sensitivity. He continued with abandon until Ron was shuddering in dry orgasm in his arms, unable to ejaculate any more but convulsing painfully with it nonetheless as he writhed to get out of the painful grasp. “Daddy, Daddy stop!” he cried, sobbing against Arthur's chest.

“That's it, baby, keep coming for me. That's a good boy.” Arthur encouraged. “It might be some time until your next orgasm.” His free hand came down to Ron’s loose arse and he shoved three fingers roughly in the tender hole, massaging them against the spent prostate as Ron continued to tremble. He wrung three more orgasms out of Ron that night before finally deciding Ron had had enough, when Ron finally came that last time out of the pain alone. Arthur smiled at him, truly pleased. “Well done, my boy. It's over. You can go back to your room now and take care of Harry.”

Ron barely stumbled down the stairs and dazedly into his room, cock ring firmly back in place, and Harry was still awake, waiting for him. Harry was still angry at Ron’s previous bad behaviour, and used his mouth brutally until he came. Ron simply curled up under the blankets and continued to suckle Harry through the night by way of apology, and was well mannered all the next day.

“I'm sorry I was a prat.” he told Harry at lunch on Saturday at the Burrow, still smarting from his thrashing.

“I forgive you, Ron, but I won't put up with that sort of behaviour. I've talked with your father about it and at least while the twins are still in school this year, I'm going to use them for my sexual needs if you get in such a mood again. I don't deserve to put up with that kind of attitude.”

“I understand, Harry. I'll do better. I promise.” Ron answered sincerely.
It was late November by the time Arthur heard about Harry's continuing wilful disobedience and attitude toward Severus Snape, especially during Occlumency lessons. Snape had been irate about it, and during a check-in Arthur had had with Snape about Ron, Snape had confessed to some of his problems with Harry as well.

“I simply don't know what to do with the boy.” he said. “His relatives are utterly useless. I can't rely upon them to enforce any sort of discipline, nor can I obtain their express consent to mete out my own.”

“Actually, Severus,” Arthur confessed, “I've had a sort of partial-wardship of Harry since this summer when he stayed with us. Those relatives of his are unfit, and from what I've seen of Harry I think that he actually would appreciate some rules and discipline. I'll talk to him about this, and we'll work out something reasonable.”

“Thank you, Arthur.” Severus said with relief. He really did want to see the boy succeed, but there was little he could do at present.

That weekend, Harry was sent for to the Burrow, and he and Arthur had a little talk. “I have temporary custody of you, Harry, and like with all my boys I'd like to be able to discipline you properly. I don't think you've ever really had that before, have you?”

“No, Sir.” Harry admitted. “And actually, I'd love that if you'd help me the way I see you helping Ron. He's so much better now, more understanding than he was during the Tri-Wizard Tournament for example.”

“Regarding that, Harry, I've heard about your little problems with Professor Snape.” Arthur informed him, and Harry paled a bit and shrunk back. “I don't think it's appropriate at all how you interact with your teacher, do you?”

Harry wanted to argue, to tell Arthur how horrid he thought Snape was, but he knew it was an excuse. He'd been utterly disrespectful of the man's authority. Mutely, he shook his head.

“And what is the standard punishment at this house for a blatant offence?”
“Fifty with your hand, fifty with the cane.” Harry answered in hushed tones. He wasn't altogether certain he could take such a beating when he'd never had one before, and when he didn't have the sort of creature inheritance Ron and the others did.

“That's right, Harry. I know you're unaccustomed to it and aren't the same type of being as my other boys, but a fair punishment is a fair punishment. I'm not expecting you to take my cock or anything of the sort, but discipline is one thing I won't shy away from. Now, trousers and pants down, Harry, and over my lap.” he said evenly, beckoning the boy forward.

It was awkward for Harry, but he laid himself out over Arthur, and Arthur began to really lay into him with his hand, hard. Harry yelled and squirmed when it got too much, and began to cry by merely thirty swats. Arthur took pity on him, he really did, but it was Harry's fault he'd had to mete out this correction. Harry was a sobbing mess with a bright red arse by fifty strokes, and he'd yet to feel the cane. Arthur conjured it without any further ado and began to wail onto him, leaving bright red and purple weals on the skin.

But Harry never cried out for him to stop, not like Ron would, because Harry was so immensely grateful for someone to lay out clear boundaries for him. He simply sobbed remorsefully and allowed it to happen. What did shock him, however, was how he grew hard under his surrogate-father's firm hand and cane, and how by forty strokes of the cane he came spontaneously all over Arthur's lap. Harry was mortified, but Arthur paid it no mind and continued doling out the final strokes. Afterwards, he rubbed his hand over Harry's arse in a way that was equal parts soothing and painful. “There, there, now. It's over. That wasn't so terrible now was it?”

Harry hiccuped and tried to answer. “N-no, Sir.” he agreed. Because he had done it, after all.

Arthur grazed his thumb between Harry's spread cheeks, and rubbed it soothingly over the boy's rosy pucker. Harry sighed and relaxed at the soothing touch. Arthur pressed in slightly with his dry thumb, just the tip, and Harry tensed up slightly at the intrusion, his breath hitching, but then it was over. Arthur pulled him up and wanded away the cum on his lap, righted Harry's clothes.

“There now. It's about time I send you back to school. You'll no doubt want use of Ron after a night like this. All that's left to discuss is your ongoing discipline with Professor Snape. I think it's fair that he cane you as well if he thinks you're being unruly, don't you think so, Harry?” Arthur questioned in a reasonable tone.

“Yes, Sir.” Harry answered a bit sulkily. He didn't want it, but he did think it was fair. He knew how he was being an unruly child, and that he needed discipline and correction to be put back in his place. Arthur was there to love and guide him, and if he thought it was something Harry needed he trusted him.
“There's a good lad.” Arthur said, and took Harry back to Hogwarts, stopping by to let Severus know the change in plans. After only a few of such corrections, Severus saw a marked improvement in Harry's general attitude toward him, as well as in his attention to his lessons.
Chapter 10

After Ron's Halloween thrashing, it had taken him a few weeks to heal from the damage, but he hadn't missed any of his visits with Snape in the meantime. It was important that he maintain consistency, even if it did hurt, and Snape wasn't going to mollycoddle the boy. He kept to his usual number of strokes and intensity, and the boy continued to heal in spite of the fresh spankings, because they never really were that brutal.

It was some time after Harry's own spanking that Ron began to grow despondent again, and go into a sulk. He really tried hard not to. But he was just so needy for attention and affection, and he knew his father didn't have time for him. He made his way up one night to the seventh year dorms and to his brothers' bed, seeing that they were busy gently sucking each other off. It was slow and sweet, and heart-warming to watch. Ron waited patiently to speak to them until they were well finished. Fred looked up first, pulling off of George's cock finally with a wet slurp as George continued to gently suckle.

“What is it, Ronnie?” he asked.

“I was just wondering....” Ron said, fiddling with his shirt, “if, er, you might owl Dad some time, and see if you can get permission to use me. It's not that Harry isn't wonderful --” he hastened to add. “It's just....”

“It's not the same.” Fred nodded understandingly. “No creature inheritance. And not blood family. It's okay Ronnie. It just turns out you've got more of our traits than we'd already thought. The need for discipline like Bill had, Percy's need for restraint on your libido. And actually it was always Charlie who needed extra attention, although George and I might have counted for that if we hadn't already had each other. I'll owl him about it and see what he has to say.”

“Thanks, Fred.” Ron said with relief, and made his way back down to his room with Harry, where Harry sunk into him with welcome relief for the night.

It was two days later when Ron heard back from his father, and found that his brothers had standing permission to use him as often as they liked for now. Fred and George made frequent use of him, always with one cock in his throat and one in his arse. The steady throat fuckings and buggerings put him in a much pleasanter mood, and brought back his pretty cherubic pout to his swollen lips. Even Harry started using his mouth more than his arse these days, because he didn't like Ron always being so wet with one of the twins' cum, and fucked more open by their larger cocks. Ron's face was gorgeous when he was in constant use that way, and Harry still took pleasure in fingering his swollen hole when they cuddled, often massaging into Ron's swollen prostate just to see him squirm and writhe. His cock was nearly always full these days, and he got plenty of lustful looks as it bulged out his trousers prettily.
Chapter 11

Harry and Ron, as well as the twins were ecstatic to be going home to the Burrow for Christmas holidays. It had been so long since they'd all had the family together, and everyone was feeling a bit affection-starved. There was ample cuddling and touching in the living room as they all piled around that first evening. Charlie was soaking in affection from his twin brothers Fred and George, all three of whom were very handsy with one another. Clothes had all generally been done away with by this point, as Harry was totally used to the ways of the household and was being officially adopted by Arthur.

Bill, big strong Bill, was bent over a chair to be buggered by his father, as he was in full heat. Arthur had already beat him black and blue and was now violently fucking into him as the rest of his sons lounged and talked around them. Harry watched it all avidly, feeling very much at home.

It was Percy that surprised Ron. He was usually so sexually reserved, but he'd promised that if he'd ever take Ron it would be dry, and Ron was dry now. “Father has given permission for me to have you Ron. I think I'd like your arse this time.” There was no question really as to whether Ron wanted it -- firstly, he did very much want to share that with his brother, and secondly, if he tried to refuse he would get a firm talking to about putting such emotional distance between family like that. Ron remembered fondly how brutally Percy had fucked his mouth all those months ago, and he ached to feel that long cock up his arse. He eagerly got onto his hands and knees on the floor as Percy wanted him, as Percy knelt up behind.

Much like with his father, when Percy decided he fancied a fuck he was brutal with his partner, shoving in all at once without a hint of lubricant, and pounding into Ron furiously. It really hurt, and Ron couldn't help sobbing out from it even as he enjoyed the closeness of the act. It was just too much for him to process, too much pain to handle. Harry, and even Fred and George, who he was used to, were never anything near this rough. Percy, however, simply indulged. Ron felt so tight and hot under him, his little arse rosy, the pucker tender and swollen from previous attentions. He drove into Ron with abandon until finally cumming hotly inside of him with a relieved sigh. It had been a good two months since his last heat, which was the last he'd gotten off.

Harry, watching everyone, felt a bit left out. “Dad?” he asked Arthur, who was now wringing a dry orgasm out of Bill with his fist on Bill's cock. Arthur had finished fucking him and Bill was a bit of a mess as he continued to shudder in pleasure.

“Yes, Harry?” Arthur questioned, quite willing to multi-task.

“Are you ever going to use me like that? Like you do the others?” he asked a bit timidly.
Arthur sighed. “Harry, it's not that I don't want to be intimate with you. You're my son now, just like
the rest of my boys, but you aren't physically the same as them. I couldn't expect you to take the
same kind of treatment.”

“I understand.” Harry said meekly, and contented himself with fucking Ron's mouth for now as he
watched avidly as Arthur milked Bill with one hand while squeezing and pulling his balls roughly
with the other. Bill craved more pain than anyone in the family, and didn't fight in the least as he
moaned into the sensations. He shivered in pleasure.

When at long last Arthur had finished with Bill, he pulled Harry up to cuddle him as Bill spent some
time with Ron. Arthur had never really touched Harry intimately before, but now that he knew Harry
was feeling left out, he didn't feel weird at all about wrapping his large warm hand around Harry's
cock and stroking him ever so gently. Harry sighed and relaxed into his father's arms, feeling content
and safe and loved.

Arthur's other hand gently hefted Harry's bollocks, rolling them around and giving them the slightest
squeeze or tug. He released them to rub further back along Harry's perineum, then rubbed his thumb
against Harry's tight virgin pucker, just as he had a month ago during Harry's punishment. Harry
wriggled a bit and pressed back against the pressure, even though it was dry and chafed. As Arthur
continued to lovingly stroke Harry's cock, he slowly pressed his dry thumb into Harry's little hole,
just the tip as before, and Harry moaned. Arthur pressed harder until he'd forced the whole thumb
inside, Harry's face scrunched in both pleasure and pain as his breath came faster.

Arthur pulled his thumb free as Harry hissed at the rough frictiony pain, and all at once he shoved his
first two fingers in the tight dry little hole that spasmed around him. He jabbed his fingers into Harry's
prostate with the thrust and Harry came instantly, calling out as he shuddered to completion. Very
carefully Arthur eased his fingers out, intrigued.

“Did you enjoy that, my Harry?” he inquired.

“Yes, Daddy.” Harry said breathlessly, leaning against his strong chest.

“Turn around then, let me make sure there's no damage.” he insisted, for Harry wasn't like his other
sons. He checked at the swollen, red pucker, and saw no noticeable signs of harm. He prodded
gently at the irritated flesh of the entrance and Harry flinched but didn't pull away.

“Will you fuck me, Daddy?” Harry asked breathlessly.
“Harry,” Arthur began to admonish, because he'd explained to Harry before about physical differences.

“Will you try at least? It's just that you've shared such a special thing with all of my brothers.” Harry said sadly.

“Very well then, we'll try it.” Arthur gave in, because Harry was such a sweet boy, and so neglected. He conjured the tube of lubricant, and like with his other sons, he used only the smallest dollop, and only on the very head of his cock. He wasn't going to prepare Harry any further. He'd go slowly, but he wanted Harry to see that what he was asking was perhaps too ambitious and foolhardy. Still, even seeing the daunting task, Harry climbed astride Arthur's lap and centred the ginormous cock against his pucker, and let gravity help him as he pressed.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Harry twisted and grunted and worked the thick mushroom head of Arthur's cock into his tiny, dry, unprepared hole. The pain was enormous, but so too was the sense of love Harry felt. When the head finally popped in, he sank downward taking in three of the eleven inches all at once before he hissed in pain and had to pause.

Honestly, it was more than Arthur had expected the boy to be able to do, so he gave Harry time as Harry took steady breaths. Harry had just come, but his cock was already starting to erect again as he felt the burn and stretch of the intruder. Harry spread his legs wider, purposely losing leverage as he let gravity slowly sink him further, but he realized the friction and resistance was too great. He was going to have to push. Wrapping his hands on Arthur's shoulders, Harry set his jaw and pushed himself down as hard as he could, panting with the effort, sweat breaking out all over his body. He seemed to bottom out around eight inches, just not able to get the last three inside. He was so saddened to see it, and looked to Arthur with such despondency in his eyes at his failure.

“That's perfectly alright, my boy.” Arthur soothed. “Does it feel good inside of you?” he asked, and Harry nodded, nuzzling his face in against Arthur's neck as he wrapped his arms around him, legs falling out in a wide splay over the sides of the chair. Arthur could feel the stretch and the dry friction still in spite of the bit of slick, and began to simply gently rock his cock inside of Harry, not moving it much, but nudging it this way and that as Harry sighed contentedly as it pressed him in all the right places, relaxing him.

Harry was so relaxed, that he didn't notice until twenty minutes later that Arthur's steady minute movements had rocked him down until his balls were pressed against Harry's arse at long last, as Harry took all eleven inches. Arthur flexed his cock and Harry could feel it deep in his guts. He groaned. Arthur very slowly, very gently eased Harry back up as Harry hissed at the pain of it, then with a tight grip on the boy's hips, forced him very slowly back down. He had to be careful not to tear anything in his boy. But Harry was as limp as a rag doll, and didn't resist anything Arthur tried to do with him in the least. After a full hour of the slowest and gentlest love-making, Arthur finally groaned and shot his load deep inside of Harry as Harry cuddled in close, tears in his eyes from love.
Finally, still buried balls deep inside of him, Arthur turned his attention to Harry's neglected cock, which by now was reddish purple and painful in Harry's need for release. Arthur jerked him very roughly this time, feeling a bit less worried about Harry's fragility, and it was only moments until Harry came. He continued jerking him even after Harry was sensitive and in pain, but Harry just cried very quietly, still passively impaled on his father. He'd never been touched enough as a child, and now he relished this attention. When Arthur was finally finished with him, he helped lift Harry off of his softening member, and Harry winced at the ache that was so deep inside him. While Arthur had been gentle, his arse wasn't designed to be taken so dry, or by such a large intruder, especially since he'd not been penetrated at all before.

Meanwhile, every single brother had wound up taking a turn at Ron's mouth, just to see his lips further bruise and swell, to see his throat bulge with their cock deep inside of it. By the time Harry was finished with his father, the rest of the family had finished with Ron, and it was about time for bed. Harry didn't need to come any more that night, but was perfectly happy for Ron to suckle him gently as they both fell to sleep.
Some time in the night, Harry pulled out of Ron's welcome mouth, rousing Ron in the process. “What is it, Harry?” Ron asked sleepily, because it wasn't like Harry to pull away. “Do you need my arse?”

“No, no.” Harry whispered. “I was just thinking... now that I've been fucked, I was wondering what it's like to suck cock.”

Ron blinked up tiredly at him. “You can suck mine if you'd like, but Dad's still training me to restrain myself even though it's the holidays.” he gestured down to his tight cock ring and hard prick. “All the others are allowed to cum though if you're really interested.”

“Do you think Dad would mind if I did?” Harry asked worriedly. He knew how protective Arthur was of him since he didn't have the same creature inheritance as the rest of the family.

Ron considered for a moment. “I don't see why he would. As long as whoever you try with is careful with you.”

“Who do you think would be gentlest?” Harry asked curiously, now sitting up in bed. He simply couldn't sleep any more. He'd woken himself up by dreaming of what it would be like to suck cock so expertly like Ron could.

“George had me first, but I'd stay away from Percy.” Ron warned. “Maybe avoid Bill as well. They're both a bit... insistent.” he said delicately. He couldn't imagine what Percy's vigour would do to poor Harry. He wasn't sure that brother could restrain himself even if he wanted to. Not once he'd already started.

“What about Dad?” Harry asked curiously. “He was so gentle with me earlier today.” Perhaps gentle was too strong of a word, Harry thought, as he remembered the two fingers initially shoved into him dry, and recalled just how little lubricant he'd been allowed, even with Arthur insisting he was different. Their father was a very stern man.

Ron tried to consider it but in the end he just shrugged. “It's hard to say, Harry. He's never been so gentle with me as he is with you of course, but he knows I need him not to coddle me for me to grow into my creature properly.”
In the end, Harry did end up going to his Dad's room in the dark of the night, climbing into the bed very cautiously and looking down at his dad's flaccid cock, a rare sight. Even flaccid, it was massive. Harry licked his lips and moved down to press a kiss onto it. He'd not done this. With Ron, it had always felt natural for both of them that Harry use Ron's mouth and arse. And he had touched Ron, of course, but they hadn't really been together for very long when Ron had gained his creature inheritance and Harry had learned to change his behaviours for Ron's sake. Now, Harry's main interest in doing these things for his dad were to feel loved, and feel more a part of the family. After all, he got to see all of his brothers doing these things, and he wanted at least some part of it, especially from his dad.

Cautiously, he took a good portion of the soft cock into his mouth, and it began to firm immediately. He moaned around it, moving back, and within moments it was erect and massive as usual. He suckled sweetly on the head of it as Arthur fully awoke. He gazed down his body to see which one of his lovely boys was needing him.

“Harry?” he questioned. “What brings you here in the middle of the night.”

“I really just wanted to taste your cock, Dad.” Harry said sincerely, blinking up at him with a sort of innocence. He was so different than Ron had been. Arthur had had to fight Ron tooth and nail at first for his own good. Harry didn't even have the same needs as Ron, and still he was so docile, so eager to please.

“Harry,” Arthur warned, “you know you don't need to suck my cock for me. We can have a very close relationship without it. But if you decide you're determined to do this, I need to be firm with you. I won't accept any half-hearted efforts from my boys. Even a plain old Muggle can learn to deep throat given sufficient discipline, so if you decide to go through with these lessons I shan't coddle you.”

Harry flushed all across his body, more aroused now than when he'd come in. “I really want you to,” he begged sweetly. “I see you doing it with all the others, and I feel so left out. I can tell you love the others when you take them so fully.”

“Indeed I do, Harry. Alright then, if you're sure. Lie on your back.” he instructed, just as he'd positioned Ron his first time. “Head off the foot of the bed a bit, that's it. You'll want a straight shot down your throat.” Arthur gently stroked Harry's exposed neck to demonstrate the proper angles. Harry submissively dropped his head back, mouth falling open invitingly as he gazed up at his dad's erection.

Carefully, Arthur pushed into young Harry's mouth, as Harry stretched his jaws wide to encompass the girth of it, feeling the weight of it on his tongue as it pressed in. Just a few inches in and already he felt it nudging the back of his throat. Mentally, Harry was a bit worried at that point, realizing just
how many long inches were left to plough into him. Would it all fit? How would he keep from choking?

“Deep breath.” Arthur warned, and when Harry had complied, Arthur began to press forward relentlessly against Harry’s spasming gag reflex. Harry choked and choked as Arthur continued his steady press down that lovely tight throat, watching with love as tears sprung to his youngest’s eyes. He could tell Harry was fighting for breath he couldn’t draw and fighting a bit of panic and pain at the monster stretching his virgin throat. But even so, he hadn’t had to use the restraints on Harry. The boy simply fisted his hands in the sheets and tried to relax, his whole body trembling with exertion as sweat started to break out. His constant fluttering chokes felt marvellous on Arthur’s hard cock.

Arthur began to pull back and once he was finally free of the throat itself, still lodged in Harry’s mouth and stretching his jaw wide, Harry began to suck in air heavily through his nose. Arthur was so proud of his most fragile boy, managing to take him all the way down. Not that he’d had much of a choice, of course. That was why Arthur was such a good teacher -- he wouldn't let up and coddle his boys unnecessarily. He knew that Harry could take it if forced to endure, and Harry had risen to the occasion.

Harry had barely had time to struggle for air when Arthur was pressing in once again, and beginning to form a more steady pace. Within a few seconds Arthur's restraint broke and he fucked determinedly into Harry's gagging little mouth as Harry coughed and sobbed around him, but his eyes were shining with love and submission all the time. Harry really did struggle, though. He struggled more than any of the others in the household had. Because he was only human, only Harry. He didn't have the benefit of special genes and instincts to guide him. He only had his heart, and his deep seated need to do this.

Arthur didn't go for endurance this time, he simply let his orgasm come to its natural conclusion when he felt ready, and pumped his seed into his precious boy as Harry's throat flexed around him swallowing dutifully even as he became fuzzy from lack of air. Arthur waited until he'd finished unloading to pull free, though. It was important that Harry learn to take cock properly, or not at all. When he finally pulled out, Harry lay gasping to catch his breath, it coming ragged in his tender throat. His eyes were glassy and his prick hard, though he'd already come so often that day.

Arthur looked down at him fondly, his adorable Harry. He conjured one of the enchanted cock rings, a twin of Ron's own design. “I think perhaps you should practice some special Weasley discipline over the next few days along with Ronnie.” Arthur said as he snapped the ring in place. “The two of you will no doubt grow closer from this experience.” he ruffled Harry's hair fondly. “Go on then, go back to your mate, Harry. You did well.”

Harry beamed at the praise. “Thanks, Dad.” he said hoarsely, his lips swollen and bruised as Ron's often were. He felt as if he were glowing, floating on a cloud, as he made his way back to his and Ron's room. When he got back and Ron saw the ring, he understood. That night, much like the
twins, Ron and Harry slept sucking one another gently in tandem, curled up in a tangle of limbs.
Chapter 13

The others smirked when they saw Ron and Harry sitting at the breakfast table both looking utterly wrecked, and both with rings on their cocks while the rest of the family were allowed to cum at will over the holidays. Charlie even felt a bit bad for them, especially for Ron, as Ron was really tightly wound these days from his training. It had been months for him and he was fit to burst with pent up sexual energy.

“As you may have noticed already,” Arthur announced to the family, “the ground rules regarding young Harry have changed somewhat. Harry has been feeling left out of our family intimacies, and you've all seen me take him very carefully last evening, in spite of his different genes. Now, I won't have anyone being inappropriately rough with his backside.” he warned. “He is fully human, and can tear, become harmed, get infections. That doesn't mean you cannot bugger him, but if you do you must be infinitely careful. If he should come to harm, you will have me to answer to.” he scowled around warningly. “But as for his mouth,” he smiled, “you'll be happy to know that Harry was able to take my cock fully last evening. So if anyone would like to become closer to their newly adopted brother, these holidays would be a good time to do it. Harry's also practising a little discipline regarding his own orgasms for the time being just like Ronnie. I believe it will help him build character and feel more fully incorporated in the family.”

Bill's eyes shone with lust as he looked over Harry. He'd long wanted to sample the youngest, smallest, and most fragile of their clan, but had known Harry to be out of bounds. After their breakfast, he pulled Harry aside and asked if he'd like to spend a bit of private time together up in his room. Harry grinned and agreed. He'd do anything for his new brothers, and he wasn't afraid that they'd hurt him.

“Would it be alright if I fucked you, Harry?” Bill asked with glassy eyes. Harry simply smiled.

“Of course, Bill. Dad already said so. You just have to be careful with me.”

“All right then. I saw how Dad had you straddle him, but I want you a different away, on your knees, arse in the air.” Harry leaned down on the bed and grabbed hold of the rungs of the headboard for stability, head lowered and bum turned up. For a moment, Bill just smoothed his hands over the round buttocks in front of him. He pressed a single dry fingertip into Harry's little hole and felt it twitch as he pressed forward, testing. Harry let out a hiss of pain already, but endured the intrusion as Bill sought out his prostate and rubbed a bit against it. Harry gave a small moan and thrust his hips futilely in the air. Bill grinned. Harry wouldn't be the one getting any relief from this event. That wasn't really the point.

Like his father, Bill squirted one dollop of lubricant on the head of his cock, then lined himself up. He pressed firmly, and was surprised at the resistance he felt, even after his father had used Harry the
day before. “Merlin, you're tight.” he groaned, pressing forward until he was fully sheathed. He wasn't quite as long or thick as his father, but Harry panted in pain regardless as he tried to adjust to the intrusion.

“Squeeze against me. I want to feel you milk me with your arse.” Bill encouraged, and groaned as he felt the muscles flex around him, impossibly tighter as Harry worked to comply. Slowly, Bill shifted back, and then forward. It wasn't his style to use such restraint, but he knew it was a mark of maturity that he could. This was training for him as much as it was for Harry. He made slow love to Harry, though Harry became quite sore long before they'd finished, and the lube had begun to dry out. Still, Bill sawed gently in and out of the loosened hole while quiet tears came to Harry's eyes, even as his body remained utterly relaxed, his breathing slow and even. It was the sight of the angelic tears and the rigid red cock that sent Bill over the edge finally, as he pumped into his brother, slicking the way for whoever came next.

“That was lovely, Harry.” he said, pulling out and helping Harry stretch from his cramped posture. Harry winced as his arse felt even more sore than it had already. “Welcome to the family.” Bill offered, pulling him in for a hug.

Harry hugged back, and even shared a passionate kiss before pulling away. “Thank you for that, Bill. Maybe some time when I'm not wearing this ring, you'll return the favour?” Harry asked with a smile.

“I'd love to suck you off, Harry.” Bill admitted. “With my fingers buried up your arse. But it'll have to wait for whenever Dad thinks your training is over, I suppose.”

Harry agreed, and together they hurried off to find out what the rest of the family was up to and spend time together.
Chapter 14

When Harry and Bill got downstairs, they found Ron, Fred, and George engaged in an animated game of exploding snap while Charlie watched and laughed. Percy was curled up in a chair by the fire reading a book, and Arthur was in the kitchen baking. It was the home Harry had always wanted. So full of life and camaraderie.

Charlie looked up with a grin as he saw Harry limping a bit down the stairs. “Any chance of sloppy seconds?” he asked, and Harry smiled and blushed. He'd deny nothing of his brothers, and felt really encouraged that they all seemed to want a go at him now that the ban on touching him sexually had been modified.

Percy looked up with interest. “I claim dibs on his mouth.”

“You can have his mouth.” Charlie conceded. “I want his cum-soaked arse.” Charlie pulled Harry down to his knees on the couch, as Percy stood at the end and wasted no time gagging Harry with his cock. Whatever mastery Harry had thought he'd gained with his dad the night before, he felt a novice again as Percy shoved into him relentlessly. Now he knew why Ron had warned him about Percy. Percy was a hard man to get close to, but Harry knew that this was just his way. He loved him all the same, and as tears leaked down his face he did his best to keep his jaw slack as Percy gripped his head and pounded into him while Harry choked.

From behind, Charlie lined up with his loosened, slicked hole and shoved in, causing Harry to gag further. It was an uneven pace they set, nothing like the cooperation the twins typically shared, and Charlie began to really ream Harry with abandon as he felt the way before him well and truly slick with his brother's cum. This was the hardest Harry had ever been taken, and he screamed around Percy's cock as his brothers had him there on the couch. Minutes later, they were both cumming in him, filling him to the brim, and Harry felt like he'd explode from the pressure.

When Harry was finally released however, gasping for air, Charlie let out a small gasp of his own as he saw the slightest tinge of pink in the cum the sluiced out of Harry. Charlie felt like his heart, his whole world, had stopped. This had never happened before, and Harry had felt so accommodating he hadn't considered he'd gotten too rough. It was Percy who spoke in hushed, serious tones.

“Charlie....” Charlie looked up at his brother in pure fear. They'd just been warned not to be too rough with Harry.

“What, what is it?” Harry asked.
“You're bleeding.” Charlie said with a quaver to his voice. “Just... just a little though.”

“Dad!” Percy shouted frantically and Arthur was soon running into the living room, assessing the situation immediately.

Charlie was holding Harry in place as Arthur was beckoned over to inspect the slight pink tinge. Arthur gave a dark look to Charlie but focused on the possibly injured party first. He pressed a finger in and searched around, asking Harry if this or that hurt. Satisfied with the responses he got, and inspecting the discharge, he then waved his wand for a few basic diagnostic spells. With a sigh of relief, he realized that Harry wasn't seriously injured. The tear was very minor, and would probably be healed by that evening, especially since Harry, as a wizard, had accelerated healing abilities.

Charlie, on the other hand, had to be dealt with. He quaked in fear from his father. Charlie had never been good at taking his punishments. He was the opposite of Bill in that way, quite adverse to pain, and he'd gone out of his way to be an extra well behaved child so as to avoid it. Arthur had been worried for a time about Charlie's pain tolerance, but Charlie had shown he could take it. He just very, very much didn't like it.

Now he was carted into the kitchen, away from the rest of the room so as to not spoil the atmosphere, as everyone else went back to their games and conversations, Percy cuddling Harry close as Harry recovered from his brutal fucking and bonded with one of his brothers.

In the kitchen, Arthur gave Charlie the customary fifty swats of his hand on Charlie's bare arse, then fifty with the cane as Charlie sobbed. But they both knew that black and blue as he was by the end of it, that wouldn't be enough. “Bend over the table, Charlie, and hold open your cheeks.” Arthur instructed, and Charlie sobbed out knowing what was coming. He'd seen it done to Bill.

Arthur conjured a riding crop, and as Charlie pulled his own cheeks apart to expose his hole, Arthur slapped down hard with the crop, directly on the puckered entrance, inflaming it to a rosy hue and swollen lips. Thirty with the crop directly on Charlie's exposed entranced was enough as Charlie sobbed out helplessly on the table. When Arthur had set his crop aside, he shoved in brutally to Charlie's now inflamed and dry entrance. He was purposefully brutal in this fuck. It wasn't even about Arthur being selfish with his pleasure this time, but it was designed to put Charlie in his place, remind him of who ran this household. When Charlie had been thoroughly buggered and Arthur had finally released his load with a groan, he pulled out, ignoring Charlie's own hard cock just as he ignored his tears. Arthur conjured a massive butt plug, thicker even than his own cock, and pressed it relentlessly into his son. That would keep the swollen hole stretched and sore for the next few hours at least.
“Go apologize to your brother, Charlie.”

“I'm s-sorry, Dad.” he sniffled before leaving the kitchen.

“I know you are, Charlie. You'll just be more careful in the future, won't you?”

Charlie nodded as he struggled to get his crying under control, and went back out to the living room where he apologized properly to Harry. Harry as always was entirely forgiving and understanding. Charlie looked absolutely miserable, and Harry hated it. He pulled his brother in to his side that wasn't against Percy, and cuddled him. Before long the whole family was in good spirits again, as the games continued and the holiday cheer continued to spread.
Chapter 15

It was partway through Christmas hols when Ron went through one of his heats, the first since the Halloween disaster. He quietly approached his father after breakfast, asking politely if he'd fuck him and letting him know he was in heat. Arthur smiled fondly and ran his fingers through Ron's hair affectionately. “I'm very proud of you, Ron, for trying to handle this maturely. I do think you need a bit of practice in patience, yet though. What if this had happened while you were at school, and I was busy at the Ministry? No, you'll simply have to wait.”

Ron felt a bit of panic flaring up in his chest. He was already so desperate. He wanted to touch himself in spite of the cock ring. He wasn't going to make it. “Please.” he said frantically, his eyes pleading. “Dad, I can't.”

Arthur's lips thinned, and then he realized. It had been over a week since his last maintenance spanking. No one had done it since holiday had started. He softened. “You're just needing a bit of discipline, Ronnie.” Arthur soothed, and sat down to lay Ron out over his knees. He was aware that Ron typically got fifty with a cane, but that was by Severus Snape, and only served to leave Ron's arse rosy red. Since Ron was here with his dad for the holidays, Arthur would give him something more special. He conjured the trusty cane and began to really lay into him, Ron howling in pain immediately and writhing around. Arthur held his son firmly in place. Arthur beat him soundly, giving fifty of his best strokes on Ron's arse and thighs as Ron sobbed raggedly. When he'd finished, he roughly pressed two of his fingers into Ron's dry little hole and sawed them in and out at a frantic pace, jabbing at Ron's swollen prostate as Ron continued to writhe and sob, unable to achieve completion with the enchanted ring in place, not to mention he physically couldn't cum during a heat until his arse was full of his dad's cock. His body convulsed once in a sort of dry, agonizing orgasm, and Arthur finally stopped, satisfied. Just as he'd expected, Ron was more like Bill than he realized.

Later that day, Ron was staring glassy eyed at nothing as the pain radiated in his genitals. It was so hard for him to concentrate on anything other than his pain and his need. And he was trying so desperately to maintain the right sort of attitude expected of him. Not to go into a sulk or get snappy. Not to touch himself under any circumstances. Fred and George continued their game of wizards chess as the main event in the living room, and Ron was curled up against Percy. “How can you stand it?” Ron asked him quietly, and Percy knew Ron meant the pain, the ache, the denial.

“I just... accept it.” Percy said simply. “You'll feel so much better once you do, Ronnie. You really are spoiled you know. Dad once made me hold heat for a full month and a half.”

“Merlin.” Ron groaned, curling further in on himself. He couldn't imagine going for such a length of time. “What was it like when you finally came?”

“Dad fucked me for about half an hour and had me cumming for most of that time, then simply threw
me out when I'd finished. The thing is, Ron, it's not about you. Learn not to be so selfish about it. You know Dad loves us, and he'll give us what we need. No more, no less.”

“Charlie never has to wait that long.” Ron grumped.

“Charlie's sensitive.” Percy dismissed easily. “He's got different needs.”

“Dad thinks I've got affection issues like Charlie.” Ron said quietly, and Percy looked at him speculatively.

“Then why don't you go ask Dad if you can suck him off? He certainly didn't turn away Harry when he showed up in the night needing to gag on it.”

“You're right.” Ron conceded. “I'm being a selfish prat. Dad'll let me cum when it's time. I think I'll go find him now. I think he's out in the orchards again.”

“Dad!” Ron called out as he made his way across the grass as dusk fell.

“What is it, Ronald?” Arthur asked, prepared to be cross with his son if he were coming to ask for release yet again. Arthur had been firm in his stance on waiting.

“I was just wondering....” Ron began timidly, “if you'll let me suck you off.” he finished insecurely, shifting his weight from one foot to another.

Arthur softened immediately, and reached down to pull out and begin stroking his soft member until he had it fully erect. “Come kneel then.” he said, pointing to the lightly snowy ground in front of him. Ron knelt and felt the snow begin to soak through his trousers, and opened his mouth welcomingly to his father, focusing on the hard prick in his mouth and throat rather than the need radiating from his nether regions. Arthur used him slowly at first, pressing in and waiting as long as he could until Ron was panicked for air before pulling out enough for him to breathe, until Ron was a trembling mess with watery eyes. Then he finally picked up the pace and fucked brutally into Ron's swollen mouth, unloading a massive amount of cum. He hadn't managed to have any of his sons the past two days what with his busy schedule.

When he finally pulled out of the warm heat and tucked himself away, Ron thanked him with a hoarse voice.
“I'm very proud of you, my boy.” Arthur said affectionately, and ruffled Ron's hair once before he turned back to what he'd been working on. Ron set back toward the house, determined to be an obedient son and wait patiently until his father relieved him.

Meanwhile, back at the Burrow, the twins had moved Harry up to their room to have their wicked way with him. Unlike their brothers, Fred and George had elected to empty an entire bottle of lubricant into Harry's hole, stretching him one finger at a time, very thoroughly, much to Harry's giggled delight. It was no problem at all when Fred eased in his eight inches, spooned up behind Harry, and George continued kissing him breathless from the front. Harry moaned. Fred and George were both sliding more fingers into Harry's squishy, wet and dripping hole, up along Fred's cock as he rocked in and out.

“Ready, Harry?” Fred asked, but Harry didn't answer with George's tongue invading his mouth. He just sighed and relaxed into his brothers' arms. Ever so carefully, George nudged his own cock up alongside Fred's, and all three moaned at the tight stretch.

“Slow down.” Fred warned George, and they all paused to breathe for a moment. “We don't want to damage him like Charlie did.”

“We used enough lube.” George argued. “You're stretched, aren't you, Harry?” he asked, sincerely caring about the answer.

“I think so. It twinged for a second but it feels good now. Achy, but good.” he breathed through it. This was much wider than Arthur's monster cock, but there was so much lubricant that his arse couldn't even make a token attempt to keep them out. George continued to press in until he was snuggled up against his brother's cock, both of them balls deep inside of Harry. Slowly, they built up a rhythm, sliding in and out against one another. It was an emotionally moving moment for all three of them, as they tangled their limbs in close and pressed into a writhing mass of sensation.

Harry kissed one, then the other, turning his head to be able to reach Fred. He let them use his body for a long hour, blissed out from the sensations coming from his arse. When his brothers finally came, he didn't even mind that he'd been kept hard and waiting throughout. He was simply filled with a deep sense of contentment. Now he'd been with all of his brothers. He felt like he'd come home.

When they headed back downstairs for supper, Harry was proud to display his gaping, sloppy hole to the family who poked and prodded at his swollen hole with eager fascination. He grinned proudly at his father who looked very pleased with him and how he'd started to really fit in. He conjured Harry a towel to sit on so he wouldn't make a mess on his seat at the table.
Ron and Harry were asleep in each other's arms as usual when Arthur snuck into their room that night. He quietly woke Harry without disturbing Ron, and put a finger to his lips to indicate he should be quiet. Understanding, Harry quietly slid out of bed, and out of the room as Arthur ushered him out. He stood for a moment, looking at the angelic sleeping Ron, his cock still hard even in his sleep, his bollocks achingly full. Arthur planned a special surprise for him. Gently, slowly, he spooned up behind Ron, and Ron went along with it in his sleep, used to Harry doing similar.

Arthur touched his wand to the cock ring, releasing it, and then conjured the lube to smear a small amount just on his cock head, before lining up carefully, gently, at Ron's entrance. Then with all his force, he ploughed into his sleeping son, awakening him with a great scream of pain and shock at the violent intrusion. Ron's vision whited out in his confusion of pain as his father pounded into him, and he began to sob with relief as he finally felt himself spurring forth the cum that had been stuck for days. His dad worked his hand over his aching cock and balls as frantically as he thrust into him, and Ron went limp in his arms as he murmured his thanks over and over.

Arthur grabbed Ron's swollen bollocks and worked them roughly, pulling them this way and that, giving them a firm squeeze as he pounded into Ron from behind. Ron's hole spasmed around him and he knew how much Ron's body was loving this abuse. Just like his older brother, Arthur thought. Ron didn't know what his body needed, but his daddy always did. Once Ron had cum repeatedly and Arthur had finally unloaded, he pulled out of his boy and continued to lay smacks of his palm against Ron's bollocks. Ron wailed and tried to curl up instinctively, but Arthur pinned him down and held one of his legs out wide, pinned at the knee, for access. Ron choked back a sob and convulsed again, a final dribble of cum spurting from his limp cock. “Daddy it hurts.” he cried.

“I know, darling.” Arthur soothed, shoving three fingers roughly back up Ron's abused arse to saw quickly in and out, jabbing forcefully at Ron's spent prostate as Ron continued to shudder in pain or dry orgasm, it was hard to tell which -- perhaps both. Finally, Arthur removed his fingers from his trembling boy, and stopped. “Feel free to cum as you like for the rest of the holidays like your brothers.” Arthur told him. “You've earned it, sweet one.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” Ron answered sweetly, his voice soft from screaming and his body lax in submission. He was beautiful like that, Arthur thought. Angelic.

Arthur gave him one last look, but decided to spend the night in his own bed and let Ron recover on his own.

After Harry had been ejected sleepily from his room in the middle of the night, he had his pick of
where to go, and he chose Bill and Charlie's room. There he found them fast asleep, Bill's fully erect cock snuggled into Charlie's arse as Bill spooned from behind. Harry roused them enough for them to make room for Harry in front of Charlie, and Harry grabbed the tube of lubricant off the bedside table, smoothing on just the smallest dollop to Charlie's large, erect cock.

“Are you sure, Harry?” Charlie questioned worriedly, still mortified for having been too rough with Harry days earlier.

“Of course, Charlie. You won't hurt me.” Harry reassured him, and Charlie felt a huge wave of relief that he hadn't spoiled things with Harry, that Harry still trusted him. Ever so gently, Charlie began to work his prick up into Harry's tight heat. He was slow but insistent, and there was little risk of damage once he was fully secured in Harry's arse, and they all laid still for the night, warm in each others arms.

The next morning found them in the same configuration, but with Bill humping frantically into Charlie's now dry hole, while Charlie did his best to hold still within Harry. Harry's treat was when Bill finally fucked an orgasm out of Charlie and Charlie came wetly into Harry's hole as Bill came into Charlie. They were all three feeling rather refreshed by the time they made their way down to breakfast.

That night, for the first time ever, Ron fucked Harry. They used plenty of lubricant, and gentle stretching (in spite of Harry's time with the twins), and Ron's cock wasn't nearly as long or thick as those of his dad or his brothers. But Harry loved it nonetheless, as it solidified their bond to each other. Harry now was the only one in the family left on orgasm denial, but he didn't mind so much, even though he'd had a voracious sexual appetite beforehand. It was because he got such a satisfaction out of every intimacy shared that he could deal with any other discomfort. So when Ron wanted to stay firmly embedded in his arse after he'd come that night, Harry was all too happy to snuggle up with his mate and allow it.
Chapter 17

It was time for Ron's maintenance spanking once again, although he still had bruises from the last brutal event. He was feeling very calm about it, as he was used to them by now, even if his dad's were a lot harsher than his professor's. Arthur was waiting for him in his bedroom, and let Ron drape himself over his lap as he sat on the edge of the bed. Instead of conjuring the cane, he began to spank Ron open handed, and while Ron was a bit surprised his dad was going so easy on him, he relaxed and was a bit grateful for the change. He sighed into it, his arse still sore, and was glad he wouldn't have new stripes atop his old ones.

Arthur, however, had his own motives. He knew that Ron was still feeling very insecure about his masochism and his deep seated need for pain. So after he'd administered his fifty strokes by hand, he widened Ron's stance, giving him easy access to his tender bollocks, and began slapping them hard, as he had when he'd helped Ron through his heat. Ron shrieked and tried to close his legs but his father was having none of it. “Now, now, Ronald, don't carry on.” he warned in a stern tone, and Ron struggled to keep himself spread for his father's cruel hand. He hiccuped a sob at the constant rain of blows, pain radiating into his body, and he hadn't even realized he'd gotten hard when he was cumming wetly across his father's lap. What? His mind blanked. What the hell had happened? But even as he tried to process it, his father continued to rain down brutal blows, and Ron's body continued to convulse.

When fifty more strokes had been administered, Arthur soothed a hand over Ron's sore and bruised bollocks, and kneaded them a bit as Ron whimpered. “There now, I think you'll feel much calmer with those nice and tender, Ronnie.” he said with satisfaction, then pressed three fingers into Ron's little dry hole as he sought out Ron's prostate. His boy deserved an extra reward for lying still so nicely for him. “You really need to come to terms with your body more, my sweet boy. There's nothing to be ashamed of.” he found Ron's prostate and ground his fingers against it furiously. Ron whined at the rough treatment, but Arthur continued to help him along until he'd wrung another shuddering orgasm from his son.

Setting Ron to rights and waving his wand, he banished the mess. “Go on then, Ron, and do please try to think about what it is your body craves.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Ron said meekly, his face red with embarrassment for how he'd reacted to the cruel treatment. It seemed he did have some hard thinking to do.

That night in bed, Harry gasped at the bloom of bruises on Ron's tender parts. He begged Ron to fuck his mouth, which Ron did happily, and Ron was shocked as Harry took initiative to grasp his tender bits forcefully even as his face was fucked, sending Ron over the edge as the pain hit him.
Harry moaned around the cock in his mouth as he swallowed Ron's cum, getting a rare taste of it as it wasn't a cock so long that it bypassed his mouth entirely.

“That hurt, Harry.” Ron sulked as Harry pulled off.

“But you like it.” Harry said simply, innocently. He really didn't understand the problem, and was completely baffled by Ron's attitude. Anyone in the house could see that Ron liked a bit of rough treatment. Harry stuck out his tongue and licked away a stray drop of cum, one of his little fingers wriggling into Ron's dry hole as Ron's breath hitched.

“I don't.” Ron tried to deny.

“You really ought to talk to Bill about this,” Harry said a bit sadly. “You shouldn't have to feel so upset about your natural urges, Ron.” he finally pulled away and cuddled in close.

But there wasn't really time, was there? Tomorrow, they'd go back to Hogwarts.
Chapter 18

It was only a week after Ron returned to school that he was hit suddenly with a heat, so soon after he'd already had one after break. They were simply so random and unpredictable. He dutifully informed his head of house, and Professor McGonagall got in touch with his father for him. But of course Arthur was busy with the Ministry, and Ron would simply have to be a good boy and wait.

In spite of his maintenance spanking from Snape, he became more and more irritable and sulky as time went on, and at the first signs of it Harry scolded him. “Ron, I've told you before that if you're going to act like a complete prat every time you get horny I won't put up with it. You don't see me making a fuss.” he indicated the cock ring that he still wore, while Ron's had been taken away over holiday. After that, Harry left Ron's bed and went up to be with the twins, who were more than happy to use him for their pleasure and were very affectionate. Harry's hard cock was a constant bulge in his trousers those days, and his lips always swollen and lightly bruised from use. Even Hermione commented on how healthy and vibrant he seemed to look those days.

Ron however, wasn't doing nearly so well. He was snappish with everyone, and barely concentrating in class. Snape pulled him aside at the end of another irritating Potions lesson and took him to his office where he was told to remove his trousers and pants entirely.

“But, Sir, I thought our sessions were only on Fridays.” he said, blinking.

“You insolent child, do you think I will refrain from meting out correction when I deem it necessary? Now hurry up before you make your punishment worse.”

Barefoot and bare arsed, Ron leant over the desk in his usual stance as Snape laid into him with a willowy switch this time instead of his usual cane. It really hurt and Ron was sobbing throughout his correction, as angry lines welted into his skin. When Snape had finished fifty strokes with the switch, he made Ron widen his stance, wider, wider, until his legs were obscenely splayed out, Ron still bent over the edge of the desk.

From this angle, with a small round leather topped paddle, Snape was able to access the boy's tender bollocks. It was clear to Snape that an average punishment wasn't going to sink in for Ron. He had too high a tolerance for the pain due to his creature inheritance. Ron absolutely wailed and gripped the desk with white knuckles as Snape bruised him, the ache so deep Ron felt a bit nauseous. When thirty stokes of the paddle had finished, Snape conjured his crop and laid another good thirty swats directly on Ron's hole, and Ron derived no real pleasure from it, as he was awash with pain at that point.
Severus pulled the sobbing boy off the desk and threw him to his knees before him, as Snape quickly pulled out his thick, eight inch cock, and shoved it into the boy's throat. He roughly fucked Ron's mouth just to put Ron back in his place and show him what happened to cheeky brats in his classroom, and it was the first time Ron had been fucked by someone not his family. His eyes widened as it happened, but he realized that his father would allow this, as it was correctional. When Snape had finally finished with him, he sent Ron along to his next class and refused to give him a pass for being late, as it was Ron's own fault he had to be corrected. Ron received detention from his next professor from his tardiness as well.

After Ron's punishment (and detention that evening), Ron went to apologize sincerely to Harry straight away for being so difficult the past few days. He knew there was no excuse for it. Harry forgave him and shared a bed with him again, snuggling his dry cock into Ron's inflamed arsehole as they settled into a restful sleep.

Arthur meanwhile knew that it was time to stop coddling Ronald, and went about his business at the Ministry. It was hard for him, but he had three sons who came home every night from their jobs to remind him that Ron was fine, and that they'd all gone through what Ron was going through now and had turned out better people because of it. Just because Ron was the youngest didn't mean he should have special treatment. Arthur knew they were right, and set about his work.

It was a good three weeks into Ron's heat, on a Friday night, when Arthur was able to make time in his schedule for him. Ron flooed home after dinner in the Great Hall. He was glad to see his father again, and wasn't sure how long it would be until his dad would take him and allow him to finally have release.

After his initial stumble, he'd been very good about his attitude these past weeks, so he wasn't worried that he'd be punished further at home.

But Arthur was still very busy with his work just then. The Ministry was in a fervour over the whole Voldemort thing, and Arthur had to floo back in later in the evening for a few more hours. Percy was still there, in fact.

So as soon as Ron arrived, Arthur bent him over the kitchen table unceremoniously and yanked his trousers and pants around his thighs, ploughing into him dry as Ron screamed but almost immediately began to ejaculate as he felt the stimulation of his father's hard cock, finally. He didn't even fight the waves of pain any longer, so great was his relief at being able to cum at all. Arthur gave him a sound buggering, gripping Ron's bollocks for leverage at times, using them to pull Ron back against his cock. When he was sure Ron had emptied himself as much as was possible, and was twisting slightly to get away from the over-stimulation, he went on for another good twenty minutes for good measure before finally spending himself deep within his son, his vice-like grip on Ron's cock and balls to pull him in close.

Arthur finally released his teary-eyed son as he pulled his cock back into his trousers and did up the fly. He touched his wand to Ron's spent cock and Ron felt the tell-tale metal of the cock ring as it fit back into place. His hiatus was over, apparently. “Come on, then, Ronnie. Let's not be dramatic about things.” he helped Ron stand on shaky legs and do up his trousers once again, as Ron struggled to stop crying and get his breathing back under control. He felt his father's cum as well as his own leaking wetly through his clothes but Arthur didn't seem disturbed by it so he tried not to be
too self conscious. “You'll have to floo back already. I've got work, you know.”

“Alright. Thanks, Dad.” Ron offered, trying very hard to be mature about things.

“That's a good lad.” Arthur ruffled Ron's hair fondly and sent him on his way.

When Ron got back, he very much needed the intimacy of sixty-nine-ing with Harry that night, even though neither of them would be able to cum. He simply craved the closeness of it after his ordeal, and being sent away so suddenly. But cuddling this way with his mate was enough to placate him, and he found the next day, surprisingly, he wasn't sulky at all.
Chapter 19

By the time summer holiday rolled around, Arthur could scarcely believe that Ron had come into his inheritance nearly a full year ago now. He was growing up and turning into a fine young man. Arthur didn't require either Ron or Harry to wear their cock rings any more. They were expected to keep themselves from orgasm by will alone, and shouldn't need any sort of special aid for it. The rest of the boys had had to learn, after all. They were also of an age where they should be beginning some sort of summer apprenticeship. Since Ron hadn't found a passion yet, Arthur sent him off to study under Severus Snape. Ron was passable at Potions, and getting better since Arthur had allowed Snape to discipline him properly, and the Potions Master was more than happy to take on an apprentice that he had free reign to train as he saw appropriate. So every Monday from seven a.m. to seven p.m., Arthur sent Ron to train a bit under Severus Snape.

Bill still worked as a curse breaker, of course, but like his father he worked part time over summer hols in order to spend more time with family. He worked during the summers mostly by consultation, which meant a lot of researching and owling, but not a lot of travel or hands-on. Charlie, from a young age, had been training under Hagrid to deal with magical creatures, and now he worked at a special plantation just for that purpose. He was somewhat of an expert in the field, and so he really was only on-call for special cases year round, which gave him a lot of extra time during the school year, for example, to keep house while Arthur was busy.

Percy of course worked at the ministry with Arthur, and this summer the twins had begun their joke shop in Diagon Alley. It did mean they weren't at home as often this summer, but Arthur knew they'd planned it out meticulously and was proud of them for getting straight to work.

With Ron apprenticing with Snape, that only left little Harry to do something with, and Arthur was at a bit of a loss. The Order had decided it was much too dangerous to allow Harry most places while Voldemort was out for his blood. Arthur would have to meditate on that for a while.

Ron and Harry both had a healthy flush to them when they came down from unpacking, that first day home, naked and hard just like all good boys should be. Arthur smiled. He removed the cock rings from them with a warning. “Now that you're a bit older, boys, you shouldn't need these, but I don't have to tell you you're not allowed to cum without permission still. I trust you'll be mature enough to restrain yourselves?”

“Yes, Dad.” they chorused.

“And if you should have an accident?” he pressed them, to be sure.
“Don't worry, Dad, we'll tell you straight away.” Ron promised, and Harry nodded his agreement. “It's never worth it to avoid a punishment.”

Arthur smiled. His son had matured leaps and bounds over the past year. “Very good, Ron. I'm proud of you for realizing that. Now, then. I know Ron that you've cum last at the end of April during your last heat, correct?” Ron nodded. “But Harry here, what has it been, since some time over Christmas hols?”

Harry nodded eagerly, as he hadn't been able to see his dad at all during all that time. The ache was constant now, and of course he'd not been flaccid in ages. Arthur reached down to cup his heavy sack and Harry groaned, closing his eyes and swaying slightly. It was much harder to restrain himself without the cock ring, but he did his best as Arthur gripped his swollen sack more firmly, rolling it around in his palm. He took Harry's cock in hand and stroked it gently a bit, quite pleased with how firm it was, like rock, and how it was a nearly purply red from need of release. Releasing Harry's sensitive cock, he dipped a finger back into Harry's dry little hole and was able to gain access without too much trouble. After all, Harry was becoming accustomed to Ron's intrusions, though Ron always used a pea-sized bit of lube before snuggling in some nights.

Harry gasped breathlessly as Arthur rubbed the tip of his finger against his swollen prostate.

“I think it's high time I took that precious arse again.” Arthur announced. Because without regular heats, he hadn't been with Harry nearly as much as with all his other children. “Come along then, Harry.” he said, pulling the boy along behind him to his room.

“How often does Ron bugger you, Harry?” Arthur quizzed him as they made their way to the room.

“He'll fall asleep in me I'd say every third night, but since we're not allowed to cum I don't think we engage in all out thrusting very often.” Harry admitted. “Maybe once every week or two?” he hazarded a guess. “Just for the feel of it.”

“We'll still use a bit of lubricant, of course.” Arthur said. “But I'd like to take you with a bit more force than I did over Christmas. After all, then you were still a virgin, and I made sure not to move very quickly or hard at all. I'm not saying I'll be rough with you, my boy, but I think you're a bit more used to cock now, aren't you?”

“Yes, Sir.” Harry answered dutifully. He wasn't really worried about it. He knew his dad would never hurt him. He was actually very protective of Harry.

“Alright then, on your back this time.” Arthur instructed, and when Harry was positioned in the
centre of the bed, he conjured ropes to pull Harry's legs up and out, bent at the knee, so that his arse was completely on display and wide open. This way, Arthur could go for the deepest penetration of his son. He really felt strongly that since Harry hadn't had a hard dicking in months, he had to get used to feeling it deep in his guts again. Arthur squirted a small dollop of lubricant on the head of his massive member and lined it up with Harry's dry little pucker. Even if Ron had gotten him used to the feeling of a dick, Ron was only six inches compared to Arthur's eleven, and Arthur was much thicker as well. With steady pressure, he pressed forward into Harry’s tight hole, as Harry's whole body trembled with the intrusion, his face screwed up in pain, teeth clenched.

“That's it, Harry, breathe through it.” Arthur coaxed, careful that he wasn't tearing anything as he continued to press. The last few inches were always a struggle for Harry, as it felt inside as if Arthur had truly bottomed out, that there wasn't any more space for it. But Arthur was patient, and continued to push slowly but relentlessly past that last resistance. With the ropes splaying Harry so wide, there was simply nothing for his body to do but take the intrusion. When Arthur bottomed out, Harry was trembling from a different problem. He felt his dad's cock pressing so tightly up against his prostate, and without the cock ring he wanted desperately to cum.

“Hold the base of your cock, Harry, so that you don't have an accident.” Arthur warned him, seeing the struggle before him. Harry reached down with his free hand and held his fingers firm at the base, in a vice grip, so that he wouldn't cum. After five months of denial, it was a real challenge. Slowly, Arthur rocked his hips back and began to slowly fuck his son. He never could give Harry a thorough pounding, he knew, especially with so little lube, but he was able to set up a moderate pace, sure to press deeply every time. Harry's whole body was convulsing with the effort to hold off his orgasm with all of the delicious sensations, and Arthur took his time enjoying Harry for the first time in months. Harry's overworked arse clenched around him, spasming with dry tremors, and it was lovely. Finally, Arthur shot his load deep inside of Harry, and released his boy from the restraints. Harry had to hold onto his cock for a few moments even after everything had stopped, he was so worked up. He keened painfully at the ache in his gut, and trembled.

“There, there. No histrionics.” Arthur said gently.

“Will I ever get to cum, Dad?” Harry asked, looking up with large, shining eyes.

“We'll just have to see how denial treats you, Harry.” Arthur said gently, giving him a fond pat on the bum. “I could release you this week, but maybe not for months, or even years. Would you like that Harry? Just imagine what a sweet picture you'd make, your cock and balls all purple and swollen.”

Harry moaned at the image it created, and shuddered.

“Now run along, Harry. I'm sure you'll be wanting to see your brothers after so long. Percy's about
due for a cum -- I gave him permission last night. Maybe he'll fuck your sweet mouth if he hasn't
gotten to Ron already.”

Excited by the prospect, Harry jumped up and ran along, hoping to get to Percy before Ron had all
the fun.
Chapter 20

Harry tried not to cum, he really did. And he'd even succeeded through the weekend, even as his brothers slathered on the physical affection. But what he hadn't accounted for was the possibility of a wet dream. He'd never had one before in his life, and didn't even think he was the sort to suffer from them. But apparently five months of denial was too much for him, and he woke himself up cumming wetly on the bed Monday morning.

Harry was a remorseful mass of tears as he explained haltingly to his father in the kitchen what had happened, before anyone else was even awake and Arthur was preparing breakfast. Arthur's face became stormy as he heard the account. He really did feel for Harry's human genes but he wouldn't accept this sort of behaviour from his other sons, and he knew from experience that Harry needed to be treated as equally as possible, with firm boundaries in place. And now Arthur's five months of work on Harry was ruined, and they'd have to begin again. He'd really been looking forward to seeing Harry go at least a full year without release, swollen and purpled with need.

Harry, like Charlie, almost never got punished. He didn't fight it, but did sob and cry out in pain as he suffered through the requisite fifty strokes by hand, and fifty by cane for regular infractions within the household. While Arthur steadily doled out punishment, a plan was forming in his mind. This clearly wouldn't be enough for Harry, not for something like this. He thought he'd figured out what Harry might do with himself for part of the summer.

After Ron was shipped off to Severus for his apprenticeship, bright and early, Arthur took Harry to a special little building in Knockturn Alley. “Mister Grundy.” Arthur put out his hand to shake, as Mr. Grundy shook back.

“Arthur.” he smiled warmly. “I don’t see you very often. What brings you here today? And with your youngest boy?” He smiled at Harry, knowing that Arthur had adopted him. Harry smiled shyly back, a bit worried that they were in the ill-reputed alley, and wondering what he was here for, for his dad hadn't told him anything.

“I think I’d like to lend young Harry to you to do a bit of summer work on Mondays at least.” he said, “though he's fully human so there'll need to be special conditions.”

“Oh course, of course.” Mr. Grundy nodded. “How old is young Harry?”

“He's fifteen, about to be sixteen this summer.” Arthur supplied. Although Harry was still quite young, as long as he had his father's permission, he would be allowed to work.
“Fifteen.” Grundy smiled. “Well then. Do you mind if we advertise his age? That is a draw for some people.”

“Not at all.” Arthur agreed amicably.

“Very good. What are the special conditions he requires then?”

“First of all, the lubricant --” Arthur started, but Mr. Grundy waved the thought away.

“Special charms for that. We've plenty of employees who can't take too much rough business. I'm assuming you want one of the boxes?” he asked.

“Yes, precisely. What with Harry's fame, and the danger to him, we can't have anyone finding out he's here.”

Mr. Grundy nodded his understanding. “Of course, Arthur. He'll be entirely anonymous.”

“There's the matter of an enchanted cock ring, to prevent orgasm, but I'll be providing that.”

“No problem there then.” Mr. Grundy nodded. “What about breaks? How many does he require?”

“You've got a charmed chamber pot in the boxes if I remember correctly? To urinate?”

“That's right.”

“Well then, he'll just need the standard fifteen minutes for lunch, and a sip of water once an hour if he could pull his head away.”

“That should be no problem. There are moments of quietude as the clients shift when he should be able to get a drink. We keep a water bottle in the box so that none of our employees have a chance at dehydration.”
“Of course I’m assuming as always the charms against disease are all well in place.”

“Of course.”

“Wonderful then.” Arthur clapped his hands, truly pleased. He’d never had one of his sons work here in any real capacity, though he’d let Percy try it once when he’d asked. But Arthur had used their services a few times when he’d been in a rush and needed quick relief, and he knew it was a reputable business. It was just the sort of thing young Harry could thrive at.

“What are we doing here, Dad?” Harry asked curiously as the three of them moved through a quiet hall and into a small chamber.

“You're to work here, Harry, as a pleasure slave. This is Mr. Grundy's brothel.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “So I'll be with other people? Strangers?” he asked worriedly.

“That's right, Harry.”

“Is it because of my wet dream?” Harry asked with a frown. He didn't understand why his dad was going to give him to strangers to use. Before, it had always just been the family. Was this a part of his punishment?

“It is related to that, yes, Harry.” Arthur admitted. “But it isn’t just a punishment for punishment's sake. I do think that this experience will do you some good. And if you come to like it, you can continue on with it all summer while your brothers pursue their jobs, and Ron his apprenticeship.”

“Alright.” Harry said, still a bit wary, but trusting his dad to know what was best for him.

“Here we are.” Grundy announced. They stepped up to a strange chamber, from the side.

At about waist height, there was a padded leather bench that Harry could kneel over, as if on hands and knees, but the bench would support him against his chest and torso so that he wouldn’t get tired
while in there for hours on end. It didn't require any work on his part to lie across it in the proper position. Even the bit under his knees was nicely padded. Once in, his arms and lets were strap p ed down, as was his lower back, to keep him in place. “Don't worry now, lad.” Mr. Grundy said warmly. “It's a bit strange, but it's to keep you from shifting around. You should be plenty comfortable in here.”

Once strapped in, Arthur conjured the usual cock ring onto Harry, and his cock was pressed through a special hole in the bench. “This is a charmed chamber pot.” Mr. Grundy explained to him. “You'll be working for long hours, so if you ever have to urinate, you can feel free to do so at any time, and it'll all be banished away.”

Harry's chin rested on a little padded shelf, with his mouth right at a hole in the wood wall in front of his face. “Here's where men can use your mouth.” Grundy explained. “You've got your shelf so that your neck shouldn't get too sore or tired, and it's adjusted to the right angle so that they have use of your throat. Over here,” he indicated to the side, “is some water that you should be able to reach between clients.” It was a sort of bottle, similar in design to that for a rodent but human-sized, although Harry only needed to suck at it to get as much as he wanted.

Now that he was situated, his arse was pressed against the back wall and the hole lined up with his arse. It was explained to him that he'd always be fully lubricated and protected from diseases by special charms, and already Harry could feel his hole grow slick. All of the straps were tightened and checked one last time, and then it was time to close the chamber and set Harry to work.

“I'll be back to collect you around dinner, Harry.” Arthur said. “Be a good boy for Mr. Grundy.”

“Yes, Dad.” Harry said dutifully, and they closed the small chamber, leaving him in darkness and secured snugly. He sighed and relaxed in the quiet small space. He didn't feel uncomfortable at all. Everything was padded and snug, and felt rather nice.

Mr. Grundy's brothel was a very busy place, with a constant stream of clients throughout the day, flooing or apparating in from all over the wizarding world, and so Harry got very little rest. It was the most he'd ever been used in his life, and perhaps the first time he'd really been fucked hard, something easily accomplished with the plentiful lubricant. Both of his holes were stimulated almost continually, by people who couldn't see him and didn't care for his comfort. They'd paid a hefty price to just get off in something warm, and that's what they were there to do.

At first, Harry didn't find it so bad. It wasn't all that different from the use his family had made of him, although it was a bit weird not knowing who was on the other side. But as time went on, and the clients continued to be so rough and continual, he did begin to struggle with it. It hurt, and he found himself sniffling back tears as he served his punishment. It was a bit like his old cupboard, and that made him very sad. But then he realized it wasn't like it at all. There, he'd been totally ignored,
but here, men provided him constant attention of a sort. It was anonymous, but they knew he was there, a real live boy.

Harry was sore and hard as a rock throughout, and he loved it, though it was intense. The pre-cum dripping from his cock was almost as plentiful as the urine at times, vanishing as it fell into the charmed hole beneath him.

Harry moaned and screamed for hours, his voice becoming hoarse, though he did get plenty of breaks to guzzle down some water between clients, often while someone was still behind fucking his arse. It was warm and sweaty in the chamber, and Harry did his best to stay hydrated. The biggest challenge probably was when he actually passed out for a short time from lack of oxygen during a particularly brutal throat-fucking. But there were monitoring charms on the chamber that would go off if his body was in any real distress, and since he was still physically fine, with a wizard's constitution, he recovered well enough, swallowing convulsively even while unconscious, as the man unloaded into his throat.

At lunch time, Harry was helped to stand shakily as he got out of the box and blinked at the bright daylight for the first time in hours. He'd been in there five hours, since seven a.m. Now it was noon. He had fifteen minutes to eat a bowl of nondescript grey gruel, which didn't have much taste but was hearty enough, and then he was put back into place to work his second shift.

When Arthur came, it was seven o'clock at night, and Harry had worked continually since lunch. His arse was a gaping, cummy mess, and his throat was absolutely raw, his voice hoarse, and his lips bruised and swollen, to say nothing of how red and puffy the entrance to his arse had become. In short, Arthur thought he created quite a sweet picture. Even his little cock was straining and bright pink again. Arthur reached down to stroke him while Harry nuzzled against his side, on shaky legs. Harry moaned at the feeling and cuddled in to the affection.

“Did you enjoy your first day of work, Harry?” Arthur questioned.

“Yes, Daddy.” Harry whispered docilely.

“How did he do?” Arthur directed the question at his employer.

“Oh, very well, of course.” Mr. Grundy assured him. “Though it's quite a simple job. He does seem quite content with it, though, doesn't he?”
“Yes he does, doesn't he?” Arthur smiled.

“Only on Mondays then, you said?” Grundy pressed. “We'd be happy to have him full time, you know. Seven days a week.”

Arthur eyed Harry speculatively. It did seem to have done Harry a world of good. He had a healthy glow about him and lovely kissable lips, as well as a perfectly subservient attitude, just the sort of demeanour one wanted out of their children. Quiet, and obedient. “Well then, I do think seven is a bit excessive. We want to have Harry home with the family you know. But let's do it again tomorrow, and we'll keep it Mondays and Tuesdays for now.”

“Excellent, Arthur. I'll be looking forward to it. As for payment, I'll have it deposited into your Gringotts account, of course.” Because in the wizarding world, although many parents had their children work part time jobs, or internships, or apprenticeships, the children themselves didn't receive the wages (if there were any), but any wage would be sent to the parents instead, as the parents had to still feed and house their child.

“Wonderful. Come along then, Harry.” he said, moving him toward the floo. He conjured a large plug before they stepped through though, and pressed it into Harry's abused anus, as he was leaking rather heavily from all of those loads. “We'll just keep that there until your body can absorb the ejaculate, or until you need to use the rest room.”

“Yes, Sir.” Harry answered obediently.

Back at home, the family was gathered around the dinner table, and Arthur only had to set things out, as he'd prepared beforehand and left warming charms. It was just after seven, and Ron had just flooed home as well. Arthur noted that he was in fairly good spirits after his first day of apprenticeship, and his arse and bollocks had been beaten black and blue.

“How was your first day with Professor Snape, Ronald?” he inquired. “I hope you weren't too much trouble.”

“No, father. I made a few mistakes, but I listened as best I could. The bruises are just from routine discipline, and for the mistakes I did make. Professor Snape said that he wanted to start us off on the right foot.”

“Quite right.” Arthur nodded. He'd always approved of that man, one of the few who appreciated
good discipline for children.

“What happened to you, Harry?” Ron questioned, his eyes wide at the state of his brother's body. Black and blue stripes on his arse from that morning, the large plug, the puffy hole, swollen lips, tear tracks down Harry's face, and the return of the cock ring.

“I accidentally had a wet dream last night.” Harry admitted. “So Dad had to punish me this morning. Then he started me on my summer job.” he smiled. “At Mister Grundy's brothel in Knockturn Alley.”

Ron's eyes widened in surprise. “Oh! You did that once didn't you, Percy?”

Percy nodded. “I was curious about the experience, but it wasn't for me. How did you like it, Harry?”

“Dad says he's taking me back tomorrow, to work Mondays and Tuesdays both for the rest of the summer.” Harry's voice was hoarse and husky, and a bit sexy.

“You've got to work two days?” Ron frowned a bit sadly. He only had to work one day a week, and would miss Harry on Tuesdays.

“I know.” Harry said sympathetically. Ron didn't have to say it aloud. But they were getting older by the day, they realized, and someday they'd have to work full time jobs at least for most of the year like the rest of the family. They were close, but perhaps a bit of healthy distance was in order.

In bed that night, Ron asked him, “Is it weird being with so many strangers?”

“It is a bit weird.” Harry admitted. “But if Dad thinks it's a respectable job, I trust him, and he thinks it's doing me some good.”

“You do look good, Harry.” Ron admitted, his thumb coming over Harry's swollen lips. They were so kissable just then, Ron leant in and snogged Harry for a good long while.
“Is it scary in the box?” he asked after some time, as they both sighed, hands resting on each other's hips.

“Not really. It's warm, secure, cushioned. And it's dark. After a while, I just sort of lose track of time and zone out a little. It's nice. I'm so used to everybody pressuring me to save the world. Dad protects me from a lot of it, I know, but it's still there. It's nice to just be for a while. And of course it feels nice physically, even if it is difficult to take at times.”

“Doesn't it hurt after such a long pounding?”

“Well of course it hurts.” Harry snorted a laugh. “But you can't move away from it at all, so you just sort of... learn to live with it. It's a relief really.”

That night, the two of them suckled each other gently as they fell to sleep, just seeking comfort, and Harry slept like the dead.
Chapter 21

Harry was up bright and early the next day as his father woke him to get ready for his work. Harry had taken out the plug after dinner to use the rest room, and hadn't had anything in him all night. Arthur reached down with two fingers and pressed them gently but firmly inside, inspecting for damage. Harry winced and hissed, having closed up a decent amount again, his entrance still swollen and red. His lips as well were still beautifully plush. Arthur leant down to steal a kiss from them, but didn't dally. Harry had to get going.

When they arrived, Harry got undressed and into place without much fuss as he was strapped in by Mister Grundy again. Arthur had only taken him so far as the entrance to the brothel and left Harry in good hands after that point. It was different the second day of work. He was more relaxed on the one hand, knowing what to expect, and it wasn't so weird this time to piss whenever he needed to, and he knew the rhythm of how to get enough water in himself between clients. But it was more difficult as well, particularly in his arse, which was all the more tender on the second day of constant pounding. Harry spent much of the day quietly shuddering in his restraints, tears staining his face as he screamed around cock.

Lunch was only a brief reprieve, and the seven hours after were torturous. When Arthur arrived just a bit before seven, Harry still had time for one more client, so he made it himself without the boy knowing. Arthur wasn't usually one for a lot of lubricant and sloppy cum, and he wrinkled his nose a bit at it. The few times he'd used Mr. Grundy's brothel he'd specially requested a dry, or mostly dry hole from those who could provide it. But he never really did get to truly pound into Harry due to his physiology. So he took this opportunity to have him while he was fully lubed. The box was silent of course with silencing spells, so as to not disturb the clientèle. But inside, Harry was screaming and crying out as a monster cock plunged into him and took him very roughly indeed, bruising him internally.

His hole was so swollen and puffy around Arthur's cock, and bright angry red, but of course there was no real damage. Arthur used the wall grips to gain leverage and really pound into Harry, enjoying how still the restraints held Harry in place for him, though he could feel the little body shuddering around him. He wondered whether Harry were having a nice painful dry cum.

When Arthur was finished, he spelled himself clean and tucked himself away, Harry none the wiser. He went to retrieve Harry from the side chamber, and was delighted to see Harry's tear stained face and how his pouty lips were red as cherries now. Arthur pressed a plug into Harry's hole so that he wouldn't make a mess and got him dressed. Harry knew that he'd better not carry on and make a scene, so he tried not to let on how much pain he was in, though his dark red cock gave some slight indication, but more so his slightly distended hole.

“No problems?” Arthur checked in with Mr. Grundy on their way out.
“No, no, but of course there wouldn't be. A good fifty seven clients for today for Mister Potter.” he nodded. “That's about average for twelve hours of work.”

“Excellent. Come along then, Harry, you'll see Mister Grundy on Monday.”

Harry had a bit of trouble walking with such a sore arse, and such a thick plug inside of him, but he soon got the hang of it, by arching his back slightly and wiggling his hips a bit. Arthur led them into the shops to pick up just a few things before taking the public floo home, and Harry got a lot of lustful looks at his delectable lips and pertly displayed arse.

“While I can't fault others for enjoying looking at you,” Arthur said quietly to him, “I won't have you peacocking around, so don't get cocky.” he warned sternly.

“Yes, Sir.” Harry answered, thoroughly chastised, but enjoying the attention of passers-by nonetheless. He determined not to let it go to his head. After all, he didn't need to be beautiful to be desired anyway, so there was no reason to show himself off. He got all the attention he could ever want at his new job.

Ron was fascinated to see just how wrecked Harry's hole was. He couldn't stop prodding at the distended, angry red flesh. Gently he pushed two fingers into it. Although Harry had relieved himself of most of the cum in the bathroom, his anus was still pliable from use, and Ron's fingers pressed in easily even without lube. “Bloody hell.” Ron breathed. It was perhaps the sexiest thing he'd ever seen in his life. “It's so soft now.” he said. “And squidgy.”

“That's called swelling.” Harry quipped wryly, but allowed Ron to continue to prod around with a sort of amused patience. He rather liked the attention, even if it did still twinge and ache.

Ron had to have it, even if he wasn't allowed an orgasm. He put the customary pea-sized amount of lube on the head of his cock and pressed in to the lax hole which squished around him snugly. It was even a bit hotter than usual from all of the swelling. Gently, so as to not tempt himself too much, he rocked in and out of Harry, enjoying the delicious feel of it, and it was that way they both drifted off to sleep.
Chapter 22

Ron was doing very well with his self control, Arthur thought, as he'd been without his cock ring for a week now, with the constant temptation of Harry in his bed at night, and he'd maintained himself. And he'd spoken to Severus about Ron's first day of apprenticeship and had gotten very good comments. His youngest was maturing and turning into a fine young man, as was his adopted son Harry. By the following Monday, Harry's hole had recovered to mostly normal again and his lips weren't quite as pouty. Ron's bruised bollocks and arse were still lightly bruised but were also recovering. Bright and early, Arthur sent his sons off to begin their second week.

Severus was very strict in his laboratory, even more so than at school, though he was happy to have a well mannered apprentice paying attention and working hard. Ron was worked just as hard as Harry was, in fact, with only fifteen minutes for lunch and brief bathroom breaks -- it was just a different sort of work. And whereas Harry thought very little at his work, Ron's job required constant, diligent concentration. He really tried hard, but by the end of the day he'd made a number of small mistakes.

The end of the day was reserved for routine discipline. Professor Snape had explained to him straight away that even if he'd done everything 100% correct, he believed that regular beatings kept a child in the correct frame of mind and correct attitude. He was to always expect something, although more severity would be added to the correction if he'd made mistakes, which would be reviewed before the punishment began. Finally, it wouldn't be a monotonous sort of punishment, but would be varied, so that he wouldn't become complacent. Ron knew that Snape was a reasonable and fair man and never took any particular pleasure from his duty the majority of the time, and he trusted Snape's judgement. He'd learned over this past year to trust those with authority over his life to have his best interests at heart, and to guide him.

Last week it had been his arse, and quite painfully his bollocks that had suffered bruising blows, just as Snape had done once at Hogwarts when Ron had really acted up. He still hadn't entirely healed, which Snape observed impassively, and Ron wondered what would be done to him this week. Apparently, it was the crop.

It was a new punishment, one Ron had never faced before, as Snape declared he'd receive thirty strikes to the head of his cock. He was required to hold it in his fist for the punishment and not flinch away, and he was wailing with pain by the end of it, the head of his cock so red it was nearly purple. He just knew it would bruise. He wouldn't even want to have Harry's mouth or arse like this, it was too painful. If it weren't for his creature inheritance he would have almost certainly gone soft by the end of the punishment, as it was only painful, but due to his creature and the fact that it had been so long since he'd cum, he was almost constantly hard, and now was no exception.

Snape calmly had him turn round though and spread his cheeks, and again Ron had had this happen before. He shuddered with dread but held himself as he received a fair thirty swats of the crop right
atop his hole. As he sobbed across the desk and Snape had finally finished, Snape came to pull and knead at his still lightly bruised bollocks, inspecting them for level of damage. Deciding they were healed enough, he gave Ron twenty addition swats on his balls with the paddle, just for good measure. Finally he was satisfied that discipline had been maintained, and he sent the bruised boy home for the week.

It was a challenge for Severus to always dole out the right amount of discipline for each student. All of them were different, and particularly those with various creature inheritances. Ron's regimen was unique to him, and had to take into account the week between each appointment as well. And even with his inheritance taken into account, each individual was unique. Severus had never had any problems with Charlie, in spite of a lack of physical reminders, for example. Well, that was taken care of now at least. Ron's attitude had only improved this past year. All in all, he was quite pleased with the results.

Harry made his way by floo directly to Mister Grundy's Brothel again. He no longer needed his father to escort him. Mister Grundy led him to his box, straight away, and made sure he was properly secured and with all the proper enchantments in place. It was only moments after he'd been left in the darkness that his day began. Since Grundy's serviced clientèle from all over the world, there was never a shortage of patrons, regardless of the day, time, or hour.

“My, you do tighten up quickly, don't you.” Grundy remarked, pressing two fingers unceremoniously into Harry's now lubricated hole. He stretched them around, seeking any signs of damage to his merchandise, but finding none he was satisfied. Harry seemed to have mostly recovered from the past week already, and would be a treat for those early clients who preferred that certain tightness.

Finally shut into the darkness of his box, Harry revelled in the feel of the first cock in his arse for the day, that unique stretch he felt as the man slammed in, not knowing that Harry hadn't been properly stretched beforehand, and not caring. Another cock was already pressing against his lips, and he sighed happily as he was opened from both ends. He had an image of a flower, unfurling in the sun.

There were waves to the experience in the box. At first, Harry would be very aware of every client. After a time, he might be able to zone out a bit, and go into a sort of meditative state where he lost track of time. Inevitably, something would challenge him physically, however, and there would usually be a good stretch of time with pain, where his arse felt like it was on fire or splitting apart, or bruised terribly, or where his lips and jaw were screaming from the ache of being used, his throat rubbed raw from inside as well as from screams during the harsher clients. His whole body would shudder in his restraints during those times when the pain would utterly overwhelm him, as if instinctively trying to escape the onslaught. But then, that was why there were restraints to hold him carefully in place, so that he couldn't hurt himself accidentally by trying to pull off at an odd angle. There was no pulling away his arse from the hole, as his whole arse was pressed tight against the wood there, and his full body strapped to his bench. There was only taking the pain he was given,
and accepting it into his body. Even if he failed to totally assimilate it, his arrangement would take care of the problem for him. After all, there was no escape, whether he wanted it or not. That reassured him in a way. That, and the sure knowledge that if any real physical distress occurred, the box would signal for assistance from the owner. Whatever pain Harry thought he felt, none of it was actual damage.

Eventually, the pain would always ease away, as Harry would find a way to drift once again.

Lunch as always was a disorienting affair. Harry got to stretch his body out for just a few minutes, blinking in the overly bright lights, and ate his nondescript gruel. He'd found out that there was something in it that would keep him from getting a tummy ache from all of the cum he'd ingested. And it always fortified him for the coming long seven hour stretch until he would be sent home. Fifteen minutes in a bit of a daze was hardly a break, but it was enough to take care of the necessaries. Then back into his box.

When he was finished, and Mister Grundy helped him stumble onto his feet once again, Harry was a sore, tear-streaked mess. Drool, as always streaked all down his face and neck, onto his chest, from hours of sucking cock. Cum leaked out of his wrecked hole. His lips were plush and red, and his whole body flushed pink from exertion. His cock in particular was deep cherry. Harry hastily dressed again, pressing the over-large plug into himself that Arthur insisted he wear so as to not make a mess. When possible, Arthur didn't want Harry using cleaning charms on himself to expel the cum. As far as his dad was concerned, it would do Harry some good to absorb as much of it as possible into his body, and Harry wasn't one to argue with an elder's advice.

He flooed home just in time for supper, moments after Ron had. They undressed to join the rest of their nude family, and Harry was shocked to see the bruising on Ron's cock. “Blimey.” he hissed. “Did Professor Snape do that?” he asked wonderingly, immediately reaching out to touch it. Ron hissed and flinched away.

“Yes, now stop it, that really hurts.” Ron complained.

“Ronald.” Arthur said warmly, and Harry went back to his exploration, gently moving Ron's foreskin back and forth. Ron winced but submitted himself to his mate's attentions. As everyone else settled in to eat supper, Harry dipped down to suck Ron's cock fully into his mouth, swallowing around the bruised flesh, and then pulling off.

“What did that feel like?” he questioned.

“Bloody hell.” Ron mumbled. “It mostly hurts.”
“But not entirely?”

“No, not entirely.” Ron relented, and sighed in relief as Harry finally went to feed himself.

“Merlin it's hot.” Harry breathed. “I want to suck it all night.” he declared.

“Harry....” Ron pleaded.

“Ronald Weasley!” Arthur snapped. “What has gotten into you? It's not like you to reject Harry like that these days. Is it really so painful?”

“Yes, Dad.” Ron answered sincerely.

Arthur got up from his chair and came around to inspect his son close up. It was a punishment he’d never used on any of his children, but he thought it was rather creative and didn't fault Snape for doing it. He pressed Ron's tender foreskin up and down over the head of his erect cock as Ron hissed in pain. Roughly, Arthur jerked Ron off with a firm grip of his hand as he normally would and Ron shouted in pain and pleasure both, struggling to stave off his oncoming orgasm. Arthur released him, satisfied that there was no lasting damage. He did pinch the bruised head of Ron's cock rather hard for good measure, and smirked a bit as Ron shuddered.

“You'll let Harry do as he wants with you, of course.” Arthur said, and there was to be no argument.

“Of course. I'm sorry, Harry.” Ron answered, recalcitrant. “I didn't mean you shouldn't do it.”

Harry, who had been feeling a bit rejected, warmed again. “S' alright, Ron. Did Snape do anything else to you?”

“Thirty strokes on my arsehole, and twenty additional strokes to my bollocks.”

“I thought they looked darker.” Harry observed as he ate.
“It sounds as if your teacher has you well in hand.” Arthur said approvingly, moving back to his seat.

“Takes me back to my school days.” Bill smiled fondly. “Though it’s not that different now. Just in March, for example, I made a major mistake at work, and my boss beat me black and blue for it. I had to take leave to rest up.”

“Really?” Ron asked curiously. He’d known that Bill took some heavy punishment, but apparently he’d missed a lot of it.

Bill nodded. “Oh yeah. If you’re anything like me, Ron, you’ll look for the type of boss who can keep you in line. I find it reassuring in a way. I always know where I stand.”

Ron mused over this as he ate, not certain what to think. But here he was, finally having a bit of discussion with Bill about all of this pain business, just as Harry had urged him months ago. In his last two years at Hogwarts, he definitely had some serious thinking to do as he chose a career path and a full time employer.

That night, Harry did spend an inordinate time sucking Ron's sore cock, and it was all Ron could do not to pull away from pain or let himself cum. He trembled and gasped, and Harry took pity and kept a firm grip on the base of his cock, so that he wouldn't break the rules. With his other hand, he pressed two dry fingers into Ron's tender hole and delighted in the feel of stretching him. Harry pulled back from swallowing around Ron's prick, and sucked as hard as he could just on the head where it hurt most, while is fingers jabbed in to Ron's prostate. Ron grunted and groaned but allowed it, falling in love with Harry more every day that they shared these intimate acts.

When Harry had finally explored his fill, he presented his sore arse to Ron and sighed pleasantly as Ron slid his sore cock into the well-used, swollen hole, with only the tiniest bit of lube to ease the way.

“Harry?” Ron mumbled sleepily.

“Hmm?”

“Do you think I'll always need to be hurt?” he asked curiously.
“Don't know.” Harry yawned. “Probably.”

“Hmm. Hey Harry?”

“What?”

“I like it when you're all fucked out. You're all soft inside.” Ron smiled, and pressed a kiss to the back of Harry's neck.

“Shut up, Ron.” Harry said fondly. “Go to sleep.”
Chapter 23

Arthur crept silently into Ron and Harry's room early Tuesday morning to wake Harry for work. He smiled down fondly as he saw his boys curled up in each other's arms, Ron's cock buried fully in Harry's well-used arse. He quietly shook Harry awake, and saw Harry carefully pull away from Ron with a wince. Arthur couldn't resist the temptation, and pressed two of his fingers into the little pucker quite easily. The lube was gone by now, but Harry had still been stretched open through the night. There was little resistance.

“My, my, Harry.” Arthur said quietly, so as not to wake Ron. “You're really transforming these days from the young man I knew last summer.” he commented, removing his fingers. He would have never dreamed that that small fragile human boy would be so thoroughly well-fucked, able to take so much abuse, and so constantly erect without even asking to be allowed to cum. What a truly remarkable boy.

Harry blushed, but simply got himself ready quickly and efficiently. He dressed, brushed his teeth, used the loo and had a quick breakfast before rushing off to start his day. He was on time as always, and didn't even mind the early hour because his bench was so comfortable and quiet and dark, once he was strapped in. Not that he'd be getting any rest. The cocks immediately pressing into his mouth and arse would see to that.

Unknown to Harry, that would be the day that Mr. Grundy would first use him as well. Mr. Grundy always sampled his own wares to make sure they were in good working order, and he cycled around to them over time. After all, he didn't have infinite time or stamina. But today he decided to fuck young Harry's sweet mouth, some time in the mid-morning. As far as Harry was concerned, it was one of an endless stream of clients. But lucky for Harry, he passed with flying colours. Mr. Grundy had no cause for complaint, and came wetly down the willing throat. He could feel by the vibrations Harry was grunting or screaming or something, possibly from Grundy's own treatment, possibly due to whoever was in the room stationed behind the boy's arse. It didn't matter. The silencing spells were a blessed relief. He wasn't bothered in the slightest by whatever might be going on with the boy. All he felt was wet, tight heat and a velvety tongue, plush lips. As it should be.

When Harry got home from work that day, he was completely knackered. He barely got through supper when he went up to his room. He didn't even use the loo, or remove his plug, or shower, or anything, but fell asleep in a mad sprawl on the bed. It was the first time that there had been a long enough chance for all the cum to be absorbed. It also meant that Harry woke with a very sore, very stretched arse.
“Do you ever think about who's fucking you?” Ron asked as he laid beside Harry, stretched out in the grass in the yard, looking at the clouds and relaxing that Wednesday.

“Not really, no.” Harry said simply.

“But it could be anybody.”

“That's kind of the point of it being anonymous. Also kind of how a brothel works.”

“But I mean... it could be Snape, for example.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “So what? Snape's already fucked your cheeky mouth.”

“Alright, fine point, but you know it could be anyone. Like what if it were Flitwick?”

“What if it were?” Harry shrugged.

“Or Lucius Malfoy, or some other Death Eater.”

“I've probably already had loads of Death Eaters.” Harry mused. “It is Knockturn Alley after all.”

“And that doesn't bother you?” Ron asked incredulously.

“Not while I'm at work, no. They don't know who they're fucking, and I don't know who it is that's using me, and I'm there to do a job. I do get paid, you know. Well, Dad does anyway, since I'm under age.”

“I guess so.” Ron conceded, still trying to wrap his head around it. “Do you think you'll do it just for a summer job? Or do you plan to do it full time one day?”
“I don't think I could do it full time. All day not moving? In a dark box? I think I'm about at my limit with two days a week. I think I'd go loopy if I had to do it all the time. But I guess I don't really know what I want to do with myself once school is out, and the war is hopefully over.”

“I guess Dumbledore still wants you to defeat Voldemort then?” Ron frowned sympathetically.

“He thinks I have to with the prophecy, as far as I can understand, but he's stopped bothering me about it. I learned to Occlude so I should be safe, and you know Dad doesn't want me getting involved with Order business or asking a lot of questions about it. I try to stay out of things.”

“That's smart.” Some time went by while Ron still mused over things. “Are you going to sleep around now, when we go to Hogwarts, or visit with people?”

“No way.” Harry answered adamantly. “I'm your boyfriend, Ron, not anybody else's.” Ron warmed at that. “Work is totally different. And besides, Dad already had a talk with me about it. He said he doesn't want me to be slutty, and expects me to stick with family outside of work. I suppose that means I'll get a bit of a break when September finally rolls around.”

“I suppose by then I might not have to live in constant pain.” Ron mused. “Although you never know. Snape'll still be in charge of my maintenance spankings, and Dad seems quite taken with my new levels of pain.” he sighed.

“You love it.” Harry accused affectionately.

“I have mixed feelings.” Ron insisted primly, and Harry let it go. “Any word on how long until Dad'll let you cum?” he asked curiously.

“I went a solid five months last time.” Harry shrugged. “Dad was talking about trying to make it a year or more.”

“Blimey, Harry....” Ron groaned at the thought of it, and had to stroke himself a little.

“You think it's hot?” Harry smiled.
“Of course. Don’t you?”

“I guess it is.” Harry admitted, and rolled over to drape an arm across Ron affectionately. Before long they were snogging instead of watching the clouds, and after a bit of that Harry dry-fucked Ron for a little while just for the feel of it, at a leisurely pace, while they continued to kiss.
It was the third Monday of summer when Ron felt his heat rolling through him again, in the early afternoon. He gasped suddenly and had to hold the lab table for a moment as the urge hit him. Snape looked up. “Something wrong, Mister Weasley?”

“No, Sir, just my heat starting up.” he said calmly, and went back to work.

Severus swelled with pride for the young man, so different now than he had been over the past school year. Ron was finally starting to get the hang of living in discomfort. He finished out his day without another mention of it, though he felt that deep insistent ache inside of himself.

When it was time for his discipline, Snape took his time inspecting the bruises still on his cock and balls, though those on his arse had faded by now. Snape satisfied himself with fifty strokes of the cane on Ron's arse, at the same strength he normally would do in school, leaving Ron's bottom nice and rosy red but not overly damaged, and sent him on his way.

When Ron got home at supper time, he ate with the family and talked amicably with everyone. It was only later in the evening when the house had quieted down and his dad was up in his room, quietly reading before bed, that Ron gently knocked on his father's door.

“Yes? What is it Ron?” Arthur asked when he saw his son standing before him.

“I just thought I'd let you know that my heat came today while at work, and I wanted to ask if you could take care of it for me when you had time.”

“That's very mature of you, Ronnie.” Arthur said proudly, affection in his eyes. He set his book aside and got out of the bed, making it again with a flick of his wand. “Come on then, let's take care of you.” he said affectionately. “Elbows and knees this time I think.” he directed, and Ron settled in with relief. He wouldn't be made to wait. Arthur conjured restraints to pull Ron's arms up to the headboard, so Ron's chest was down against the sheets, his arse in the air. More restraints hooked onto his ankles and knees, pulling his legs out wide and securing them along the sides of the bed, so Ron's hole was splayed obscenely, and he had no leverage to put up resistance.

Arthur squeezed a small dollop of lube onto his hard monster of a cock and lined up with Ron's twitching hole, then shoved in brutally all at once, stealing Ron's breath away. He would never get used to that sort of gut punch, especially with no preparation. He was still processing the pain of it,
tears pricking at his eyes, when his father was already pistoning in and out at a ruthless pace, pummelling his insides. Something unfurled inside of him and he started to squirt wetly onto the bed below, cock untouched, and surprisingly Arthur wasted no time in achieving his own orgasm as he shot deep into his son. Now that Ron had had his first orgasm, he could help him along with the rest, and to do that, for now he pulled out entirely and began to spank Ron on his sore bollocks.

They still had a slight bruising on them from the past two weeks, and though they were mostly recovered they hurt like mad now that Ron's heat had come on. It wasn't the first time his father had beat his balls but it made him wail in pain every time. This time he couldn't help but continue to spurt out his seed as the beating continued as he whined through his tears “Daddy, Daddy!” not knowing if he wanted his dad to stop, or help him in some way.

When Ron had finished cumming in response to the beating, Arthur continued on for a short time just for good measure as Ron sobbed, and then took up Ron's red and softening cock in his hand, working it at a frantic pace, and being especially cruel on the still-tender head, that was still finishing its healing. Ron wailed and thrashed, absolutely hating post orgasm torture, and his body shuddered in the pain of it as a dry climax wracked his frame. “Good boy.” Arthur cooed at him. “There's my good boy.” He continued to jack his son off harshly with one hand, the other cruelly massaging his sore balls, kneading and pulling at them as Ron trembled and sobbed, finally degenerating into little high pitched mewls of pain. Only when his little cock had gone limp did Arthur release it, and then shoved his re-erected eleven inches back into his boy, to have another round.

It was delightful pounding into Ron as he laid limply in his restraints for him, no longer struggling or twitching, pounding relentlessly into Ron's spent prostate. The rest had been about what was good for his boy, and now Arthur allowed himself to simply indulge in a good long fuck, to be selfish with his own pleasure. The first round had been over much too quickly. He really let himself go, no longer concerned with his boy's needs, as they'd been thoroughly taken care of. When he finally came a second time nearly an hour later, he sighed with relaxed relief, filling Ron up with his seed.

With a wave of his wand he banished the restraints and the mess on the bed, as Ron collapsed helplessly, held up only by his dad's cock, still impaling him. He’d stopped crying at some point, and now only sniffled wetly. Arthur spooned them together, nestled deeply in place, and pulled the blankets over them. He fancied some company tonight, and Ron looked like he could use the affection as well.

“Better?” Arthur asked him, pressing a kiss to Ron's sleepy head. Ron simply nodded yes and cuddled in close as he fell asleep.
Chapter 26

When Harry came home from work that third Tuesday, Sirius was at the Weasley table as well, he was surprised to see. “Harry!” Sirius grinned broadly. “How are you?” he gave a hug to his godson. He didn't know where Harry had been working, but he'd spoken with Arthur about having a visit some time, and Arthur had invited him over for supper with the family, which suited him just fine. All he knew was that Harry would soon be home from his summer job.

“Sirius.” Harry smiled a bit shyly. He was glad to have a godfather, but he'd not honestly spent much time with the man, and he was still a virtual stranger to him.

“I invited Sirius over to spend some time with you tonight, Harry.” Arthur explained. “He is your godfather after all and you know how important family is.”

“Yes, Dad.” Harry answered, giving Sirius a hug in greeting.

“You're looking wonderful, my boy.” Sirius enthused. “Just look at the healthy glow to you.” He took in Harry's plush lips, his pert arse, and the lovely bulge in the front of his trousers. He really was a wonderfully healthy fifteen year old, soon to be sixteen.

They all settled in to tuck into supper, and Harry was shocked as Sirius laid his left hand affectionately on Harry's thigh during the meal while they all talked and laughed. No one seemed to have noticed. And Harry, not knowing Sirius all that well, wasn't really certain what he should do. His face heated as he continued on with his dinner, and he noticed that Sirius hand crept up proprietarily, as if he didn't know why he shouldn't be feeling Harry up at the dinner table. Harry let out a squeak when Sirius started to blatantly fondle his hard cock.

“Something wrong, Harry?” Arthur interjected, seeing Harry's flustered face.

“It's just --” Harry looked next to him at Sirius, not knowing what to say. The hand was still there. “I--” he started and stopped. Percy glanced down.

“Oh.” he rolled his eyes. “Harry's freaked out because Sirius is feeling him up.”

Harry knew how his father felt about slutty behaviour, and wasn't certain if he were about to be in big trouble for encouraging it.
“Well of course he is, Harry.” Arthur admonished. “He's just being affectionate. Sirius is pureblood, after all. Old wizarding families tend not to have the taboos your Muggle relatives have brought you up with, but having been raised here for the past year I'm surprised at you Harry.”

“Well it's just that I don't really know him all that well.” Harry squirmed.

“Don't know me well?” Sirius asked, offended. “I'm your godfather, Harry.” he said with a scowl.

“Quite right.” Arthur nodded. “Now then Harry, don't be shy. All pureblooded families don't shy away from making their children feel good from time to time. You didn't have a problem with his hug when he greeted you.”

“No.” Harry admitted. “I'm sorry, Dad. Sorry, Sirius.” he apologized.

“That's a good boy.” Sirius grinned, giving his crotch an affectionate squeeze. Harry flushed.

Still, Harry felt weird about it all through dinner, and later into the evening when they all crowded onto couches and chairs in the living room to continue to converse and play games. Sirius might have been family technically speaking, but to Harry it felt like someone he barely knew. And he might have been with strange men all day, but they were anonymous, and it was an entirely different situation. On the couch, though, Sirius pulled Harry to sprawl across his lap and shoved a hand down his pants to fondle him idly while they all were social.

Sirius' fingers encountered the cock ring and he breathed in Harry's ear. “What's this, then?”

“Dad doesn't think I should cum.” Harry explained with a blush. He wasn't accustomed to explaining his house rules to anyone outside of the family, for the most part.

“Really....” Sirius mused. “And don't think I'm unaware of that hard plug in your arse.”

“I work at the brothel.” Harry defended hotly. “Dad just doesn't want me making a mess.”
“The brothel, you say?” Sirius’ eyebrows shot up. “Then you're certainly old enough to be buggered by your old godfather, before I go home for the night. O’ course, my dad was buggering all of the boys regularly since we were thirteen.”

“Really?” Harry asked with surprise. “But I thought your dad was straight. In fact I thought you--”

“Straight as an arrow.” Sirius confirmed. “The both of us. You don’t see me sleeping with random men. But buggering your boys is different. That’s called pederasty, Harry, I’m sure you’ve learned about it in school.” And Harry had, though he’d thought it was only really practised in most families in ancient cultures.

Sirius continued to fondle him under his clothes throughout an enjoyable evening with the family, and took him into the empty kitchen to fuck Harry’s loose and tender arse just before heading home. It was fast and brutal and lasted all of ten minutes, and Sirius groaned at the welcome release. He’d not had many chances at a partner of late, especially while hiding out, and there was a real dearth of adolescent boys at Grimmauld Place to take care of the mens’ needs.

When he was finished using Harry, he slid Harry’s plug back home and did up his trousers for him, giving his arse a friendly swat as he sent him back out with the family, while he took the floo home. Harry sniffled, though, feeling a bit vulnerable. He wasn’t sure that he liked Sirius, and letting his godfather have that sort of relationship with him. It just wasn’t the same as with the rest of his family, not at all what he was used to. But he knew what his father would say about it if he complained.

Ron was the first to notice Harry’s quiet, sulky mood. “What is it Harry?” Ron asked him quietly as Harry curled up and shrunk into the corner of the couch.

“It's nothing.” Harry dismissed.


Harry smiled a little. “It's just....”

“This is about Sirius isn't it?”

Harry shrugged.
“You were weird about him all evening, Harry.”

“Really? Do you think the others noticed? I was trying to hide it.”

“I'm sure Dad'll have something to say about it later.”

Harry shuddered. “Damn. I really was trying.”

“It's really not so weird, Harry.” Ron tried to explain. “You know I can remember when I was even as young as six or so, Dad would make me feel good while we cuddled. I was too young to properly cum then, but I think I had a few dry orgasms as a kid.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. It's a pureblood thing, mostly, although obviously we're not entirely pureblood here with our creature inheritance. You know, I caught Lucius buggering Draco in a spare classroom at Hogwarts second year. His dad had to come by for something or other and apparently thought it was as good a time as any.”

Harry's eyes widened. “Second year? He'd only be twelve!”

“It just all depends on when someone comes into puberty. You know the twins had their inheritance kick in at twelve and Dad took them both then. Mine was at fourteen, so was Charlie's. Everyone's different.” he shrugged.

“I guess.” Harry conceded. “But it still felt weird. I don't feel like I know Sirius at all.” Ron didn't know what to say to that, although he did worry about how his father was going to react to Harry's attitude. He knew from experience that nothing good could ever come of sulking in this household. And if Ron had noticed it, Arthur certainly had, though he hadn't let on.

Harry, meanwhile, was lost in his own thoughts. What if Sirius hadn't been in Azkaban all those years, and Harry had been raised by him, instead of the Dursleys, and now the Weasleys? How would Harry have been different if he'd grown up accustomed to those sorts of touches from loved ones, instead of being shoved into a cupboard? Had his pureblood father been subjected to such
What if Sirius had gotten custody of Harry after his third year when he'd escaped prison? Would he have bugged Harry straight away, instead of Harry having waited until just last Christmas holiday, when Arthur had finally had him?

And why was Sirius being allowed into his life now? That was perhaps the most worrying. Because a deep subconscious part of Harry was afraid that he'd be sent away.
Harry was just coming out of his shower before bed when he found Arthur looming in the doorway. Arthur calmly shut the door as he stepped inside and Harry felt utterly exposed, with only his towel. He slowly finished drying as he looked up at his father with a thoroughly chastened expression.

“I expect you know what we need to talk about, don't you Harry?”

Harry swallowed thickly and nodded. “Tonight with Sirius. My attitude....”

“What I don't understand is where it stems from, Harry. It's really not like you. You've always been such a well mannered young man.”

“I don't know.” Harry shifted from foot to foot, anxiously. “I guess part of it is that I don't really know him well, not like I know the family, so it feels kind of weird to share that with him. And part of it is that I really wasn't aware of how purebloods are raised. But I also felt sort of like you were giving me to him or something. I know it's stupid.”

“Oh, Harry.” Arthur said, pulling a naked Harry into his embrace. “Of course we're not going to send you away. Sirius is a good man, definitely, but we're your family now. You know that don't you? You're officially adopted, and nothing is going to change that. Sirius is your godfather, and deserves a chance to be a part of your life -- not like those neglectful Muggles. I'm sure he bitterly regrets not being able to share that sort of affection with you when you were younger.”

“Really, you think so?”

“I know so. And I do think you should apologize to the man next time you see him, and try to do better by him. But I think you know what needs to happen now.”

“My punishment.”

“Quite right. And so soon after the last one.” he sighed, for it had only been about two weeks ago that he'd had to thoroughly beat Harry for having cum without permission. His arse was fully healed now though, except for the swollen and well-fucked hole.
Arthur sat himself on the closed toilet and had Harry drape awkwardly across his lap, arse in the air and head hanging low. Harry always felt very exposed in this position, and now was no exception. He knew what to expect, the standard punishment for offences in the household was fifty swats by hand, and fifty by cane. No matter that he'd had this punishment before -- it never seemed to get any easier. But that was part of the point of it, he knew. It was meant to really hurt, to drive the lesson home. And as much as he hated it, he knew he deserved it, and that it would do him some good.

By the end of his thrashing Harry was sobbing and quite bruised, but Arthur stood him up and wiped away some of his tears with his thumbs. “Now, now.” he soothed. “No carrying on about it. It's over.”

Harry hiccuped and tried to get his breathing back under control. “Yes, Sir.”

“Well, run along to bed then, Harry. I've still got to deal with Charlie's heat tonight.” he said, and made his way out of the bathroom as Harry finished gaining control over his emotions and went to bed with Ron.

Ron made no comment over Harry's new bruises, as he had a pretty good idea what they were from. He'd commented on Harry's attitude at the time. Instead, he just grabbed a drop of lube and eased his prick into Harry's soft, pliant hole and went to sleep.
Chapter 28

Things were not going well with the Order at all, and Arthur was in a foul mood. He'd spent all of Monday at an Order meeting, listening to Headmaster Dumbledore's frankly ridiculous plans. Arthur and Severus had not been at all impressed by Albus' sketchy explanations, and had finally forced him to explain all about horcruxes, since Arthur wasn't letting the man anywhere near Harry, or his education, unless he got a better explanation.

“And you think that Horace Slughorn has this memory that will verify your suspicions.” Arthur stated, crossing his arms across his chest. “Why not just continue on with your supposition without it?”

“I do intend to do so, of course, but it is imperative that I gain further information. I fear that he created a number of these atrocities, and I need to know the exact number.” Albus explained, his patience thinning.

“Then how, pray tell, does the boy figure into this?” Severus demanded. “Take me through it again.”

“I believe that young Harry can coax the information out of Slughorn given enough time. You know how the man likes to 'collect' pupils, and he'd be weak to young Harry.”

Severus scoffed. “So you'd saddle the young man with this fool's errand instead of having him focus on a decent education. Really, Albus.”

“And why exactly do you need him this summer, then?” Arthur demanded. That's how this whole conversation had started.

“To convince Horace to come back to Hogwarts, of course. Once Horace sees him, it will be the ultimate bait.”

“Ultimate bait, my arse.” Severus clipped. “I'll pay a little visit to Slughorn and extract the memory myself, since you refuse to do it. You seem to forget we are both accomplished Legillimens. Why you've cooked up this convoluted plan --”

“We'll also be down a teacher.” Dumbledore explained, his patience brittle. He really did not think he owed any of these individuals an explanation. “As you know, Dolorus Umbridge was removed
“Due mostly to my own work!” Arthur interjected angrily. “You did nothing to control that beastly woman. Did you know she was using a blood quill to punish my Harry? Did you, Albus? And for supposed lies that were the truth. Now you know that I'm not one to shy away for corporal punishment -- in fact I employ it myself, and have given special permission for Hogwarts to use it on my sons. But that means enforcing clearly defined rules in a reasonable manner. If she'd whipped the boy for his general attitude I would have let it alone. But now my boy's hand is permanently scarred for simply telling the truth, and I'll have you know I value honesty in my household.”

“Here, here!” Sirius put in, and Tonks lifted a mug of tea in support.

“It took me long months at the Ministry, not to mention Percy's work, to get that woman out. And now you've the gall to complain about a free position. Well I want to know why you don't simply put Remus Lupin back in charge of Defence.”

“I'd meant to put Severus in charge of the position.” Dumbledore glared around, and Lupin carefully looked away. He'd been ousted from his position unfairly, and wasn't about to bring it up now. He'd had plenty of humiliation already. “You've been after that position for years, Severus.”

“And I might take it, were it a sensible plan, Albus. As it is, I've twice the credentials as this Slughorn in Potions, and you've a perfectly capable Defence instructor right here in this very room.” Severus snapped. “Not to mention that I object fully to your using a student to deal with these adult matters. I shall retrieve the memory from Slughorn tonight, and that's the end of it.”

“Professor Lupin put an innocent girl in danger when he changed form.” Dumbledore held adamantly.

“You put an innocent girl in danger when you gave her a time turner.” Severus snapped, and Dumbledore paled. “ Didn't think I knew about that?” Severus pressed. “I saw a full catalogue of those memories in Harry's own mind during our Occlumency lessons. You really should have thought of a better way to preserve your secrets, Albus, because they're coming to light.”

“For the record,” Sirius spoke up, “I think we're all forgetting that I was actually present that night, and my animagus is a dog. I may not like it, but it wouldn't be the first time I've let Remus have his heat on me when the situation got a little bit out of control.”
Remus blushed furiously. It was a bit of a sore topic between himself and his best friend, but Sirius had been there for him a number of times over the years, especially early on when he was still trying to get control over the situation.

“I wasn't about to let him get to the children.” Sirius insisted.

“What about Tonks?” Remus interjected, “Or Kingsley?”

Tonks scoffed. “Really, Remus, you know I'm not going to give up my position of Auror, even if we do decide to have a child. And Kingsley isn't likely to quit either.”

“Nor should he.” Moody grumbled. “And I'm not too keen on it myself, before anyone asks.”

“If you're adamant about not hiring Remus on account of his creature,” Arthur scowled, not happy with that sort of bigotry at all, “then Bill will be happy to do it.” He was loathe to volunteer one of his adult sons this way, to compromise Bill's chosen career, but he was suited to the task, and Arthur knew he would agree to it when it was explained what was at stake. He made a mental note, however, that someone other than Albus would have to handle discipline in the workplace, as the man seemed utterly incapable of it.

“Fine.” Dumbledore grated out, bristling with offence. “I can see you're all against me. I'll accept Bill's resume at least and have a decision for you officially by the start of August.” There were begrudging nods all around. “Now I want to know from Severus what's being done about Draco Malfoy. I understand he's been asked to take The Mark by his father, and he's been tasked with a ridiculous task for a child, doing away with me.”

There were a few wry snickers all around, because it really was a ludicrous task, but the amusement was tempered by the fact that Draco, no matter how irritating, was still a child, and that he was headed down the wrong path. Not to mention the punishment he might suffer when he invariably failed at his task.

Severus rolled his eyes. “His mother and Bellatrix cornered me and forced an unbreakable vow to me, but I managed to only vow to protect him at all costs. I'm sure they believe it means I'll do the deed myself, but even were I to do so, that would only get the both of us punished.”

“I'm glad to see you value my life so highly, Severus.”
“At any rate,” Severus continued, ignoring Dumbledore's snark, “I am the boy's godfather, and that means I gave him a very serious talking to, not to mention a thorough thrashing. The boy couldn't sit for a week. I'm working on plans now to incapacitate Lucius. He's the main point of bad influence on the boy. Take away that piece of the puzzle, and I'm sure Draco will begin to relax about this whole Dark Mark fervour.”

“I'm sure I can help with that.” Kingsley offered. “We can't afford to go after every single Death Eater, but surely we can find some offence to go after Lucius for, and tie him up in the courts if nothing else.”

“Well, that's settled then.” Arthur nodded. The rest of the group agreed and the meeting started to break up, much to Arthur's relief. He'd really had about enough of the meeting, and was ready to go home. It was getting on about supper time and Harry would be home soon, though Ron had missed his entire day of apprenticing due to this meeting.

“Well, that's settled then.” Arthur nodded. The rest of the group agreed and the meeting started to break up, much to Arthur's relief. He'd really had about enough of the meeting, and was ready to go home. It was getting on about supper time and Harry would be home soon, though Ron had missed his entire day of apprenticing due to this meeting.

“Would you like to send Ronald around tomorrow, Arthur?” Severus asked politely. “As our lesson today was cancelled.”

“That's very kind of you, Severus. I know you're a busy man. I'll send him around tomorrow, then, for the usual hours.”

“Very good. And should I be expecting him to still be in his heat? I know that it came on him last Monday.”

“No, no. We took care of that straight away this time. I hope he wasn't to terribly distracted by it.”

“Not at all. He's learned admirable self control. It seems this past year has done him a world of good.”

“Indeed it has. It's Harry actually that gave me some trouble last Tuesday.” Arthur looked toward Sirius. “Which I've been meaning to speak to you about. Harry's attitude was utterly abysmal and I wanted to apologize for his behaviour. I'm sure he'll apologize to you himself the next time he sees you in person. I thought perhaps it would be a good idea for you two to spend some quality time with one another. Would you like to come over tomorrow night and have dinner with us again? You could even stay the night if you like, and spend all of Wednesday.”

“I'd be delighted, Arthur.” Sirius smiled warmly. “I know I haven't been there for the boy as much as
I should, but we can always rectify that now.”
Ron and Harry were both exhausted when they got home on Tuesday. Ron's arse, under his clothes, was rosy red again, though this time Snape had opted for the switch instead of the cane. Harry for his part was his usual overwrought self, his entire body exhausted from the rigours of two days in that box. His lips were lovely and swollen and his arse utterly wrecked. They stepped through the floo in time for dinner within minutes of each other, and Harry immediately saw Sirius was in his home once again. This time, he remembered the little chat he'd had with his father about the importance of family ties.

“Sirius,” he smiled, and immediately went to hug the man. Sirius strong arms wrapped around him as his large hands came down to cup Harry's pert arse as he pulled Harry in close.

“Harry, my boy.” Sirius said warmly, and they all sat to have dinner once again.

This time, when Sirius laid a hand on Harry's thigh affectionately, Harry responded intentionally how he would with any of his family, though it did feel a bit forced. He leaned in to Sirius side, and tried to be affectionate back. When Sirius hand moved to his crotch halfway through dinner to rub his hard little cock, Harry simply spread his thighs welcomingly and enjoyed the touch.

After dinner, the family mostly moved into the sitting room, while Arthur cleaned up the kitchen. Harry stopped Sirius and pulled him aside, going up the stairs to his room for some privacy.

“I just wanted to apologize in person for my attitude last week.” Harry said as genuinely as he could manage. He still did have a few conflicting feelings on the matter, but he knew that he should apologize regardless. “Dad's already talked to me about it and corrected me, but he's made it clear that you might want to discipline me as well.”

“I want you to know first and foremost that I do accent your apology, Harry.” Sirius assured him. “And I'm proud of the fine young man you've grown into. I know I've not been in your life very much, but I think there's still some time to correct that, and I do think that administering my own discipline might be a step toward it. I say we get it over with. now, so it's not hanging over our heads. Trousers and pants down, Harry.” he directed, sitting on Harry and Ron's bed and patting his lap for Harry to lay across it. This at least was something Harry was familiar with.

Sirius gasped and felt his cock harden as he saw the sight before him -- again, Harry had that over-large plug in his arse, the edges of it puffy and swollen, slightly distended from overuse as they stretched around the plug. Harry's pucker was bright red, as cherry as his plush lips. The rest of his arse was still slightly bruised from his thrashing the week before, and Sirius took his time smoothing
his hand over the lovely flesh of his godson's arse. When he felt ready, he brought his hand down hard on Harry's arse, right over the plug, which sent a shock-wave of pain through Harry's sensitive hole, not to mention the sharp slap on the rest of his flesh. Harry yelped and braced himself for the blows. Sirius, unlike Arthur, didn't have a set number in mind. He stuck with the formula his own father had used on himself and his brother -- enough smacks until Harry began to cry from it. It wasn't nearly as drastic as the punishments Arthur meted out to his sons, but it still had its desired effect.

By the time Harry's punishment was over, he was crying against Sirius' chest, cuddled into his arms as Sirius soothed him with soft words and a gentle hand on his hard little cock. “That's alright then, Harry. You did a good job.” It wasn't long before Harry's tears slowed down and he was breathing faster with arousal, but Sirius knew Harry's father wouldn't allow Harry to cum, and that he couldn't with his cock ring. It was a bit of a shame, but he could still make Harry enjoy the sensations either way. Now that Harry had calmed down, Sirius helped him right his clothing, and they made their way downstairs to sit with the rest of the family until bedtime.

Harry snuggled in with his godfather on the sofa, and gave in to the constant fondling and roaming hands. Sirius was a lot more handsy in general than the rest of his family, Harry thought, but then again perhaps that was due to the years Sirius had missed out on. When Harry let out a yawn eventually, he asked his godfather if he could head up to bed. Sirius pressed his mouth near Harry's ear as his fingers moved south to press on Harry's plug. “Take your shower in the morning. I don't want you to disturb this.” he said, and Harry shivered. He nodded his understanding and headed up to bed.

It was about half an hour later when Sirius joined him in the darkened room, freshly showered. He crawled under the covers beside Harry, pleased to find his boy sleeping in the nude. He spooned up behind him, and began to press gentle, affectionate kisses all along Harry's neck while one hand came around to fondle him. His other hand eased out the plug, and his fingers searched to be sure he was still wet and lubricated as well as stretched. Pleased with what he found, he gently pressed his cock into Harry's delectable arse, and rocked gently into his godson as was fitting this close to sleep. It was a gentle sort of fuck he wanted to share with his boy, one that would soothe him into a restive sleep.

When Sirius finally did cum leisurely some time later, Harry's breaths were soft and even, and Sirius pulled out to press the plug home once more, pulling his boy into his arms to hold him through the night.

Wednesday was spent with Sirius and Harry mostly having some time alone. They spent time outdoors, in the orchards, and spent time flying as well. Harry spent some quality time listening to Sirius tell him stories of his father and their time in school, and there was plenty of affection between them throughout. The rest of the family, most of the day, was indisposed. Charlie had been called away to look after a sick Hippogriff. Bill was in his room doing research most of the time, for his job,
though he took his time with it.

Percy and Ron, Harry could only imagine, as they were locked up in Percy's room for the whole of the day, it seemed, and a silencing spell had been cast.

Fred and George were missing in action, as they were most days during the summer, keeping their shop open and getting it on its feet. And Arthur was puttering around outside attempting futilely to de-gnome the garden. It was an endless chore. He made a mental note of it to set Ron to it for the whole of the next day if he didn't succeed in his own attempts.

By the time supper rolled around, Sirius was headed back to Grimmauld Place, and though Harry'd had a good time with him and had warmed up considerably, he thought perhaps he'd never really feel as close to Sirius as he did to the Weasleys. But he also was starting to come around to thinking that was okay -- that he wanted to try to have the best possible relationship with his godfather that he could, rather than letting themselves grow estranged from one another.
By early August, things were not going well at all at Order Headquarters. In spite of Severus providing Dumbledore with his much needed memory from Slughorn (Obliviating him after the fact), Dumbledore had managed to coax and coerce the man out of his retirement and into Severus' position as Potions instructor. Severus had been livid, but there had been nothing at all he could do, and he knew very well that he'd be out of a job and out of Voldemort's good graces if he refused the new assignment of DADA instructor. At number twelve Grimmauld Place, there was a cacophony of protests at the decision, as everyone demanded to know what Dumbledore was thinking, but the man had been adamant that he knew what was best.

He wasn't convinced in the least of Lupin's suitability as an instructor after the disaster of his Creature being uncontained a few years ago, and he wasn't convinced that Bill Weasley had the qualifications outside of curse breaking. As far as he was concerned, Severus was the best man for the job.

To make matters worse, he was on a fool's errand to collect the horcruxes he now knew were fuelling Voldemort's immortality, and doing so alone. He shared almost no information with the other Order members on what he believed the horcruxes were, or where they were likely to be located. And on top of everything, the fool had gotten his hand cursed by his own carelessness with one of the damned things. This information, Dumbledore shared only with Severus, and only because he had desperately needed the man's help to stop the corruption from spreading. Severus had spent hours working on inventing a potion to mitigate the effects, and was severely concerned that there would not be a cure. But he wasn't anywhere near the point of giving up. And as livid as he was, this was personal enough that he didn't deign to share it with the others. He'd keep Albus' secret for him... for now.

Meanwhile, in the Malfoy household, things weren't going well either. Severus knew that young Draco was feeling the pressure from his family and from the war every day, and was desperate to have him removed from his father's care, but the man wouldn't tread a single foot out of line in public, and there was nothing that Kingsley could actually find on him, not even to just tie him up in the courts long enough to waste time. That, too, was a project ongoing for Severus.
Slughorn had been weird to Harry from the start. Harry had always been uncomfortable with people who treated him like a celebrity, fawning over him, and Professor Slughorn had been one of the worst. He took every opportunity to compliment Harry in class, whether he'd done something well or not, and it was disconcerting, especially for a boy who thrived within the confines of strict rules, praise where deserved and punishment when appropriate. The constant inappropriate praise really threw Harry off his game.

It took little time for Harry to learn about the weird little 'collection' of pupils his professor had. He'd been invited to several private meetings now with few other students, and had seen the photographs on the man's desk of all the other students of import he'd taught over time, as the man poured out litany of braggary of a sort, as if he'd had something instrumental to do in their success. Harry wasn't sure that was quite fair of him, but he knew better than to show attitude to a teacher. So in spite of all of it making him completely uncomfortable, he just sort of bore it, and went along. He tried to remain polite and in good spirits as much as he could. After all, he might have been the most singled out, but he certainly wasn't the only one. Hermione, for example, was probably the most brilliant student at Hogwarts, and his professor had noticed her as well and was collecting her to his little club.

No, it wasn't actually that bad of a situation until around the start of October. By then, Slughorn had gotten to know even more about Harry. He knew of Harry's involvement with the Weasley family, and knew a bit about their weird Creature inheritance and little perversions (as far as he was concerned). He'd also managed to wriggle the information out of Harry at one point that he'd worked at brothel as a summer job. Harry knew he wasn't to advertise it, but it also wasn't strictly a secret. After all, it was a suitable job, his father had told him. And Slughorn had asked everybody about summer jobs and apprenticeships at some point. He simply couldn't hide the fact.

Shortly thereafter was when he'd noticed Slughorn looking at him a bit more often, wherever he went in the school, and touching him in a platonic but friendly way at every opportunity -- his arm, his back, those sorts of things. But what was Harry supposed to do? He couldn't exactly flinch away.

“I don't know, Ron,” Harry told Ron one night as Ron was spooned up behind him, nestled inside his arse. “I just think something's weird about him.” Harry shrank back more fully into Ron's arms, craving the sense of protection. “He's always touching me and talking to me. It's strange.”

“Don't be paranoid, Harry. You don't want to get into some sulk like you did over the summer and feel Dad's wrath. He always seems to find out about these things. If not Dad, then Snape would find a way to hear about it eventually. The man is a menace.” Ron shuddered. Just that week he'd gotten disciplined by Snape quite severely for making a dangerous mistake in DADA.

“Yeah, I guess you're right.” Harry'd answered uncomfortably, and had tried to simply sleep.
Chapter 32

Harry looked around wildly for Ron at Slughorn's Halloween party but couldn't find him anywhere. Ron was supposed to be Harry's date, but it suddenly felt very crowded in the room and not 'elite' in the slightest, with so many people milling about. Harry had never been the most comfortable in social situations, and this reminded him uncomfortably of his clumsy ball during the Triwizard Tournament. He hadn't improved socially since then at all.

At the punch bowl, Slughorn was sidled up behind him. “It seems your date has gotten away from you, Mister Potter.” he said in a conspiratorial whisper, although what was supposed to be conspiratorial about that statement Harry had no idea.

“Er, yes Sir.” he answered, trying to peer around the large man, but to no avail.

“I trust he keeps a healthy young man like you quite occupied.” he supplied, pressing in close enough to Harry that they were touching now, Slughorn's front to Harry's back. His breath hitched, and he felt his skin prickle with unease. He had no idea what he was supposed to answer to his professor.

“Er, I suppose so, Sir.” he answered truthfully. “We are to be mated officially when we come of age, you know, and with Ron's Creature inheritance that does mean we're quite close....” Harry rambled on nervously, his cheeks flushing. It both wasn't any of Slughorn's business, and was simultaneously something everyone already knew about, so what was the man driving at?

“Yes, yes. I know all about the infamous Weasley heats.” his eyes flashed, and he leant in close to Harry's ear as he spoke. “I hear they can be quite... aggressive.”

Harry shuddered. He needed to get away. But Slughorn was crowding around him, and he didn't want to get himself into some sort of trouble by being rude to faculty. Because quite simply, Slughorn hadn't actually done anything to him as of yet.

“But seeing as how your date has left you quite alone, young Harry, why don't we step aside into my office and I can make sure you're quite well taken care of.”

“Er, Professor, I really think I should be getting back --” he cast his gaze around wildly, but they were in the corner and no one was paying them any mind. The room was loud and their voices muffled under the din of conversation and music.
“Nonsense, my boy.” Slughorn's grip on Harry's upper arm was iron strong, and Harry wondered at how there was such strength under such a pudgy man. Slughorn started to steer Harry off to his right, to the door to his little private office just off the large Potions classroom they were in. “I won't be putting up with any bad attitude from you, and I'm well aware that your father has allowed corporal punishment to your person by any faculty at this school. I shall not hesitate to use it if I see fit.” he said sharply, jerking Harry into his office and slamming the door.

Harry trembled nervously, not sure what he was supposed to do in this situation. Be a good boy? Or get the hell out? He licked his lips nervously, and regretted the action as he saw Slughorn's eyes track it lustfully.

“Now, bend over the desk and I'll try not to make the experience too painful for you, although I'm sure you've had much worse in that Weasley household, not to mention your stint at Mister Grundy's in Knockturn Alley. I know just how they treat their whores.” He shoved Harry against the desk harshly, already grabbing for his trousers.

“Stop.” Harry said firmly, but anxiously, closing his eyes.

Slughorn's hand came down hard over his clothed backside, causing Harry to stumble forward and brace himself more firmly against the desk. “There'll be no cheek from you, young man. I know just what sort of attention your type needs.” He reached around to fondle Harry's hard cock -- his erection constant and trapped for months now due to his enchanted ring. It was most of the time entirely involuntary. “Just look at you, already gagging for it.”

“Don't!” Harry said more forcefully, but couldn't seem to make his trembling, stiff body move. He was braced against the desk and his world was falling apart as this man groped him. “D-dad doesn't like it when I'm w-with just anyone.” he stuttered out, and grabbed Slughorn's wrist, to pull the man's hand away from his crotch forcefully, but the man was strong, and Harry end up holding onto him as he touched him there, neither of them budging.

Slughorn let out a rich laugh. “If your father had a problem with strangers touching you, Harry, then why did he rent you out like a common whore in Knockturn Alley?”

Harry's mind swam with confusion. He hadn't felt used or dirty, or the least bit slutty the entire summer he'd worked there. He'd been in a safe warm place with wonderful stimulation, but there was a cool detachment of sorts to the sex work. There was a place it was done, and a way it was done, and a sort of transaction and understanding. There was anonymity as well.
It was different. Harry jerked himself bodily away, though his fly was undone and his trousers were bunched around his thighs a bit from the struggle against the man, his robes hanging a bit open, his face flushed.

“You recalcitrant boy.” Slughorn thundered, his voice like steel. Harry looked desperately toward the door and the large man blocking the way to it. The room was too small to manoeuvre around, and Slughorn was advancing on him. There was no time to fish in his pocket for a wand --

Slughorn had grabbed Harry's forearm and threw him bodily to his knees on the ground, doing something ridiculously painful to Harry's wrist to bring pricking tears to his eyes and keep him down. With quick work, Slughorn undid his fly and pulled out his erect cock, trying to press it into Harry's mouth. Harry resisted, but Slughorn put more pressure on his wrist just so, and Harry found himself calling out with pain. The moment his mouth opened was the moment Slughorn shoved home and Harry choked a bit as the cock fucked quickly back into his throat. He struggled to pull away but Slughorn's free hand was tangled in Harry's hair to direct him and was pistoning out of the boy's mouth hard and fast.

“Yes.” he grunted to himself. “This is what I've been waiting for, you little slut. Coming to class with your lips all bruised and your arse just begging for it. I know just your sort ....”

Harry's distress had built to a fever pitch, his free hand groping across his body and into the opposite robe pocket to try and reach his wand, but he didn't need it. His wild magic suddenly burst from him as sparks crackled in the air and Slughorn felt himself zapped with unpleasant energy, all through his spine, and he was thrown back onto his fat arse as Harry scrambled to reach the door before he could be waylaid again.

One hand was gripping his trousers which were still undone as he ran into the classroom, past some confused onlookers, and into the hall, just needing to escape. His face was flushed, his lips bruised and spit soaked, and his face covered in tears as he gasped for air and his legs flew down the halls. He didn't care where he went, didn't know where he was going, when a solid mass of black stopped him as arms shot out to stop him.

“Potter!” a familiar voice snapped at him, and Harry instinctively fought the new hold on his person, unthinkingly, his magic sparking around him again in a rush. Just then his mind caught up with him and he saw he was in the arms of one Professor Snape, and immediately he dissolved into inconsolable sobs, pressing against the man's chest as Severus held the boy awkwardly, doing his best to calm him down and get an explanation out of him as to what on earth had happened.

Harry was hiccuping and struggling for air and sobbing all over his robes more than he was actually speaking and making sense, but bit by bit Severus managed to get a picture of what exactly had disturbed the boy so. His features became absolutely stony as Harry went on, his arms tightening
around Harry protectively.

They were close enough to Severus' quarters, still located in the dungeons as he was still head of Slytherin, so Severus pulled the boy away from him a bit to do up his trousers properly. “Come on, Harry, let's fix your clothes. There's a good lad. Sh h.” he shushed Harry's crying a bit, trying to be soothing, and pressed a quick kiss to the top of Harry's head, then with his arm still around the shaking child, he led him off to his personal chambers.

“I need to go take care of some things immediately now that you've brought this to my attention, Harry.” he said as reassuringly as he could. “You didn't do anything wrong, in fact you acted admirably. I'm going to let you in my private quarters for now until I can come and get you. Is that alright?”

Severus breathed a sigh of relief as Harry nodded affirmatively. Apparently the boy still trusted him at least. Severus couldn't imagine how shook up he must be. He settled Harry on his sofa by the fire and called a house elf to bring some tea, then set out down the hall to Slughorn's Halloween bash.

When he walked into the classroom, robes billowing, he was glad to see he still got some reaction out of the pupils who saw him first. “Silence!” he bellowed over the din, and people settled down. He waved his wand at the musical instruments playing themselves and stopped all music. “Everyone is to leave immediately. This party is at an end. Please head back to your dormitories.”

There were a few murmurs of confusion and irritation among the students but a) no one was about to challenge Snape and b) to be honest, most of the students didn't really enjoy Slughorn's little get-togethers anyway. They began to break up immediately. Snape's sharp eyes cast around for Slughorn, but he saw Weasley first, on his way out with everyone else.

Snape's hand shot out and clasped Ron’s shoulder, who looked up at his mentor questioningly. “Inform Professor McGonagall that she's to meet me in my quarters, and bring you along.” he said lowly, and then released Ron to stalk toward the small office at the back of the room.

There he found Slughorn sitting behind his desk, ruddy-faced and sweating from his ordeal. Snape shut the door with an imposing snick. He had the man cornered, much like Slughorn had cornered Harry.

“I'll have you know that in this school, Horace, we do not tolerate paedophiles.” he said menacingly, before Slughorn could even question what the hell Snape thought he was doing. His jaw dropped in affront, and he was about to give his little tirade about how Harry deserved what he got, being a little slut. Or perhaps to make up some concocted story about discipline. But Snape had seen the very real
distress in Harry, and knew he could be believed. Before Slughorn could say one word, Snape reminded the man quite plainly that he was a Death Eater, and whispered *Crucio*.
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

After a super long hiatus, I've finally come back to edit a lot of the chapters I've had waiting. I'll dump post a bunch of them at once now, and try to get back to actively writing things thing as well.

Harry was still pale and shaking, curled up tightly in a corner of Snape's couch when Snape, McGonagall, and Ron arrived minutes later. McGonagall could be heard immediately demanding sharply for an explanation from Snape, while Ron broke off and ran to his mate. “Harry!” he said desperately, wrapping his arms around the other boy. “What happened?” he asked with concern, lacing his fingers with Harry's own.

By then McGonagall had gotten the bare bones of what had occurred from Snape, her face draining of colour and mouth pinching tightly in anger. “Yes, Mister Potter, I believe you'd best explain it to us all, in detail.”

Haltingly, Harry was able to get through an explanation, his voice hitching as sobs threatened to break through a second time.

“We'll have to inform the headmaster immediately.” McGonagall said at the end.

“Like hell we will.” Snape retorted.

McGonagall's brows rose in surprise. “Severus! What can you be thinking?”

“I'm thinking that I've already incapacitated that swine for the time being. I don't want him at this school, Minerva, and I never have done. I warned that man before term ever started that there was no reason whatsoever to have Slughorn back in this school. We had several Order meetings to just that effect. I should have maintained my position as Potions Master and both Bill Weasley and Remus Lupin would have been natural selections for DADA professor, but that man went above all our heads to pursue his own ridiculous agenda. And what has it accomplished? No, Minerva. I've had about enough of his so-called 'leadership' these days.

“What he demands from his supporters is too much. And that he's willing to take away childhoods in the process is unconscionable. He needs to be replaced, and as Deputy Headmistress you're the obvious selection. My recommendation is that we go straight above his head with this and act swiftly.
Harry and Ron looked absolutely shocked at what they were hearing, and Snape saw them exchange worried glances with each other.

“At any rate,” Snape continued, “I believe we're upsetting the children. These are not matters for young minds to worry on.” he said as much to McGonagall as to his young audience. “I believe it would be most pertinent to contact Arthur Weasley immediately. No doubt he'll want to know what has occurred to his ward.”

“Of course, Severus.” McGonagall agreed prudently. She was a woman of practicality first and foremost. “Harry, Ronald, come with me back to Gryffindor tower. I'll contact your father through my personal floo, and in the meantime I want the two of you to pack some overnight things. I wouldn't be surprised in the slightest if Arthur asks to have you sent home. In fact I'd be surprised if he didn't. You may as well inform Fred and George while you're at it.” she added, recalling easily when Charlie had grown dangerously ill with Dragon Pox in years past, and how a family emergency had been called. Creatures such as their family were naturally close to one another, and even more so in times of crisis.

Arthur of course was livid when he found out. He wanted more than anything to have his own retribution against Slughorn, and wholeheartedly agreed with Severus' decision to try and oust the headmaster once and for all. But now, he knew, wasn't the time. Instead, the family had been briefed on what had happened in the scantest terms so as not to further upset Harry. And when Harry had arrived in the kitchen floo, Arthur had immediately enveloped the boy in a bear hug, holding him close.

It was the middle of the night, and everyone had really been doing something else at the time, but now, nothing else was more important than family, and Harry's brothers swarmed about him in a close group hug. He'd really been worried that Arthur might have been angry with him, that he might have in the end done something wrong. He was relieved now to find that that wasn't the case. Everyone was nothing but supportive and caring for him.

In the sitting room in front of one of the smaller fireplaces, Arthur banished the regular furniture and conjured an enormous mattress with corresponding bedding -- large enough for the entire Weasley clan to sleep on. Harry blinked in surprise, having never seen anything like it in his life, but apparently it had happened at least one other time at the Weasley household because no one else even batted an eye at it, seemingly having expected it. The fire was stoked and the lights dimmed as everyone began to methodically strip off every stitch of their clothing, finding a place to tangle up with one another under the covers.
Harry found himself spooned between Arthur and Ron, probably his two most favourite people in the entire world, and at last the chill left his skin and his shaking calmed down as he listened to the slow, rhythmic breathing of the room and the crackle of the fire. Long minutes passed and he'd almost started to drift off to sleep in the comfort of it all when he picked up the faint, tell-tale sounds of something sexual going on somewhere in the mass of bodies, and he smiled. Even after his ordeal, he wasn't put off of the idea of it -- not with those he trusted so implicitly. He breathed a deep sigh of relief at that realization. He'd worried in the back of his mind that he'd be damaged in some way by his experience. But no. Not with family, at least.

Ever so gently, Arthur slicked his own cock with the minimum amount of lube and eased inside of Harry who'd gone so tight with disuse again. Inch by inch he rocked his way in, and they slept like that, nestled together. Once Arthur had linked to Harry, Harry pressed into Ron, and they slept.
Chapter 34

The next three days, it turned out for Harry, were a flurry of sex. Every last member of the family had called off work or school to lounge in a harem of casual debauchery, though Harry and Ron alone were still banned from climax. It didn't make a difference to Harry though, as he basked in the constant stream of physical affection regardless. The mattress was a constant fixture in the living room, as there seemed to always be someone using it for sex or sleep or lounging with card and board games. They only left their vigil really to use the rest room or to cook and eat. It was in this way that the horror of the event seemed to fall away from Harry's memory, his mind and body constantly awash in good feelings. And his arse in particular out of all those in the family, was constantly split wide and dripping, as he got the bulk of the attention this time as he needed it the most.

It was almost surreal when he at last returned to the school later that week with Ron, Fred, and George, and so much had changed. The headmaster, it turned out, was no more.

Instead, McGonagall had been installed as Headmistress of Hogwarts, and she'd moved seamlessly into the position with little fuss and fanfare. If it had been anyone else succeeding Dumbledore, Harry had no doubt there would have been an uproar, but as grumbly as people may have been at the departure of such a favourite public figurehead, people who'd attended the school or whose children had seemed to have an equal affection for McGonagall as well. No one could fault her.

Details on what exactly had occurred to inspire this change were sketchy among the general public and Harry was glad of it. He hardly wanted the event plastered on newspapers and spoken of among strangers. It was all for the better.

Slughorn, being such a new professor (this year at least) was hardly missed when McGonagall did some rearranging of the faculty immediately. Everyone simply assumed that she'd had some personal dislike of the man, or perhaps had thought it simply made more sense for Snape to resume his customary position. After all, it was where the man had been for years and he'd done a decent enough job of turning out competent students.

The DADA position, much to Harry's utter delight, was resumed by Lupin. And as McGonagall was now Headmistress, the new head of Gryffindor House was Madam Hooch.

And the changes to the school did not stop there. Firstly there were the changes in curriculum. It was too late to change for this semester, and too late to change the entire educational trajectory of any students but first years really, but plans were in place it seemed to slowly re-introduce many older classes to Hogwarts, including Blood Magic, Dark Arts, Sex Magic, Earth Magic, and others. The changes were to begin taking place after Christmas break of this very year. None of the students knew what to make of it, and were nervous about some of the material and excited about others.
In keeping with McGonagall's platform of making Hogwarts great again, corporal punishment had been reinstated, although with very strict uses. Birching students became quite a regular spectacle and Harry was astonished to see it, as well as to see the caterwauling that went on as a result. He'd certainly been beaten much more soundly by Arthur and had not once challenged whether or not it was a suitable punishment. As far as Harry was concerned, that was simply how discipline worked. He'd always felt rather cared for when he'd been subjected to it. And indeed it did seem to have an immediate and sharp impact on the students of the school. The flurry of early punishments diminished quickly to nearly nothing as troublemakers fell quickly in line.

But the biggest change of all, and one that Harry and Ron certainly didn't like, was the new chastity enforcement. Every student it seemed was forced to wear at all times some sort of ridiculous, enchanted metal contraption. After Harry's near-rape McGonagall wasn't about to take any chances with any of the students, and her old-fashioned ideals took precedent. After all, she'd worn such a device from the point of her puberty until her age of majority and it certainly hadn't done her any harm.

For the girls, it was a simple affair that seemed to cover most of their bits, leaving just enough room to pee. For the boys, however, Harry and Ron were forced to abandon enchanted cock rings in lieu of a device that required them to be flaccid to go on -- a feat that was easier said than done nowadays. It locked around everything quite uncomfortably, and would punish the wearer if they were to begin to become aroused in the cage.

All of the devices were charmed such that a student or Madame Pomfrey could remove a belt for no longer than thirty minutes at a time, twice per day, before an alert would go off to a faculty member and immediate investigation would commence. It wasn't a perfect system, but something had to be done in order to allow students to defecate regularly and for them to clean themselves thoroughly in the shower. That still left plenty of room for masturbation among the student population, as well as intentional short trysts, something which McGonagall wasn't pleased about at all, but there wasn't much she could do.

“It's not fair,” Ron whined, not for the first time. As much as Harry agreed with him completely, he was a bit tired of hearing it. Ron it seemed had taken it the hardest of all of them. He'd had more disciplinary measures with Snape than ever before for these first two weeks of the new policy.

“I know, Ron, but what are we supposed to do? Did you write Dad about it?”

“Yeah.” he sighed gloomily. “He wasn't too happy with me complaining either. Said something about proper discipline and children with too much free time, not to mention safety concerns. But it's really not fair.” he reiterated.
“I don’t know, it’s not like we were cumming regularly anyway.” Harry tried to reason with Ron. But he was beginning to become truly concerned about Ron. Harry was admittedly having a bit of trouble with the new regimen, but Ron was worse. He was used to far more physical affection than he’d been getting. No more blow-jobs or nightly fucking each other. No more gentle fondling with that steel contraption in the way. When Ron wasn’t in one of his moods about the whole thing, he simply seemed to wilt.

“Look we’re only two weeks into November.” Harry tried again. “If you could just hold out until Christmas...” But he frowned worriedly. For him, as a regular teen-aged boy, it was difficult to refrain from sex of course. But most teen-aged boys found difficulty in the lack of *climax* more than anything, and Harry had been practising that particular skill for nearly a year now. It was perfectly possible for him to endure. But Ron... Ron wasn’t a regular wizard. And Harry really didn't think that it was reasonable to ask him to abstain from the sexual *contact*, not the orgasm but the contact itself, for so long. He resolved to speak to the Headmistress about it. He knew that Ron never would, for fear of causing problems.

“I suppose you’re right, Harry.” Ron sighed, having no idea of the direction of his friend's thoughts. “I guess I'll just have to hang in there until the holidays.”

Luckily or unluckily for the both of them, the decision to ask for a special dispensation for Ron was put out of their hands in the third week of November when Ron went into heat.
“My poor, sweet boy.” Arthur tutted as he gathered his naked boy into his arms. Ron had been sent straight home as soon as he’d relayed to the Headmistress that he was in heat again. Arthur had no designs on making Ron wait too long this time -- he was still shook up over what had happened to his Harry, and he was feeling overly protective of his brood of late. Now, he looked with compassion upon Ron’s straining cock against the metal cage. Ron could hardly keep down an erection during a heat, and now the battle for it to escape its confines was being waged. He took pity on Ron and with a tap of his wand, removed the chastity belt as Ron gave a hiss of relief, filling fully.

“Thanks, Dad.” he murmured into Arthur's neck, still relishing the close attention. He was overly affectionate tonight, nuzzling in for any scrap of comfort he could receive.

Arthur reached down and began to pull and knead Ron's full bollocks as Ron gave a needy whine, even as the treatment roughened, Arthur twisting cruelly and gripping tightly at the sack. Ron simply spread his legs docilely to receive it, much to Arthur's delight. “I'm so proud of you, my sweet boy. Perhaps this level of chastity is just what the doctor ordered. Look at the wonders it's done for your disposition.”

Reluctantly, Arthur stepped back to undress, then led Ron upstairs to his large bed for both their comfort. Gently, he arranged Ron on his hands and knees, as Ron practically shook with contained arousal. He was practically salivating for his father's huge cock, his hole twitching eagerly in anticipation. Arthur pressed Ron's shoulders to the bed, lifting the boy's hips up into an overtly submissive posture, one designed for maximum penetration. They wouldn't be needing the lube tonight, he decided, in spite of Ron's current tightness. His boy needed this.

With an abrupt shove, he pressed the full length of his eleven inch cock deep into Ron's twitching hole as Ron cried out in pain, tangling his fists in the sheets below as he tried to process it, his body going stiff with shock. Arthur of course paid him no mind, simply ploughing ahead roughly, giving Ron the thorough buggering that he so clearly needed. Ron howled at the pain of it, tears coming to his eyes even as he felt the euphoria of release. It took only moments to shoot his load all over the sheets below. It had been months since he'd last had relief.

Even as he came, Arthur grabbed Ron's bollocks and used them as a handhold to manoeuvre his boy as he roughly continued to take him, yanking at the tender bits without care, squeezing tightly to get a better grip. All this did of course was cause Ron to tremble and shake with a prolonged orgasm, coming again and again as the rough treatment continued.

When finally Arthur shot deeply into his son, Ron was still sobbing quietly as he twitched with aftershocks, body gone completely limp. Arthur gently manoeuvred Ron onto his back and thrust
three fingers into massage the boy's tender, stretched hole. Ron breathed in and out deeply, utterly spent and relaxed to his father's ministrations. Three fingers became four, and before he knew it he felt a new sensation, something he'd never felt before and wasn't sure how to process. It wasn't until he looked down that he saw it -- Arthur was pressing the entirety of his fist into his loose hole, stretching it to its maximum capacity, using only his cum for lube. Ron whimpered at the sight of it, a bit afraid.

“Shh, shh, my boy.” Arthur soothed, his free hand coming up to manipulate Ron's half-erect cock, still sensitive from his orgasms. Ron shuddered at the touch but closed his eyes and relaxed once more, feeling the fullness of it stretch him like never before. Fully seated, Arthur made a fist and began to gently rock in and out of Ron's arse, Ron quivering around him as he pressed his fist into the prostate with every thrust.

It was a strange, different kind of orgasm that seized Ron now, a full-bodied experience that sent waves of pleasure through his core. He floated in a haze of feeling for an indeterminate, infinite time. Finally, his body gave one last violent shudder, and his cock feebly splattered a small amount of ejaculate across his stomach. Gently, Arthur eased his arm out of his boy, his whole forearm up to the elbow glistening with his earlier emission. Ron's hole was loose and his body even more so, and Arthur smiled to see him drifting off into a peaceful sleep. While Ron slept, Arthur reattached the hateful chastity belt that Hogwarts had issued. He decided though to allow Ron to simply sleep. He'd send him back in the morning.
Chapter 36

Harry and Ron were jumping out of their skin when the Christmas holiday finally arrived. As they stepped through the floo they began immediately throwing their clothes haphazardly around the kitchen, moving into the sitting room to find their father and ask to have the dreaded chastity belts removed. Ron was hopeful for a free reign over hols, but Harry would be grateful for even the enchanted cock ring at this point. His cock was chafed and he was just generally irritated with the inability to obtain a proper erection of late.

Bill raised his eyebrow with interest as Harry and Ron burst into the living room. “Where’s Dad?” Ron asked hastily.

“So glad you’re interested.” Bill answered somewhat sarcastically, with an amused smile.

“Ronald, is that you?” Arthur’s voice came from up the stairs, and in a moment he was stepping down to greet his boys. “Ron, Harry.” he said warmly, drawing them each in for an embrace. They didn't even have to ask as he wasted no time tapping the belts with his wand, disabling any magical alarm system associated with them.

“Can I --” Ron started to ask excitedly, and Arthur cut him off with an indulgent eye roll.

“Yes, you may. Everyone's got free reign for the holidays to cum as they like, barring Harry here.” he said. Harry gave a sigh but he'd been expecting it. His ache was a dull constant sort of pain now but he'd grown fond of it in his own way. His bollocks had never been so full and heavy. It was going on seven months now since his last cum, and he was determined to see it through the full year just as much as his father was. With a flick of his wand, Arthur conjured the enchanted ring around Harry, even as Harry's erection was already returning in full, finally free of its confines. He breathed a sigh of relief.

Before Ron could even think what he wanted to do first, Harry had caught his eyes and grinned. Abruptly, Harry dropped to his knees right there in the sitting room and swallowed Ron down whole, as Ron gave a shout, hands instinctively tangling in Harry's hair. It had been ages since they'd been able to do this, and both boys were in bliss at their reconnection. Halloween seemed ages ago and the young mates were starved for physical affection from one another.

Arthur smirked down at his boys as they carried on, and he knelt down behind Harry as Harry worked. He pulled Ron down to kneel on the floor and pulled Harry onto his hands and knees so that he could continue to work Ronald, while Arthur prepared himself with the minimum spot of lube as was customary in his household. There was a time when he'd treated Harry as if he were made of
glass, but now he was sure what the boy could take. Lining up his impressive erection against the boy's tight hole, he lunged forward just as Ron began to cum deep into Harry's throat. The boy spasmed all over as he struggled to swallow, not gasp at the intrusion, trying to acclimate to the rough treatment from behind.

No sooner had Ron pulled away than Bill was pressing his own massive cock into Harry's mouth -- second only in size to Arthur's in this house. Harry strained around it, out of practice after all these long months of disuse, and in heaven with finally being filled once more. He moaned wantonly as his family used him, shuddering full bodied as Arthur ploughed into his prostate. As always, Arthur was careful not to be too rough with Harry, making up for it with depth. Harry would be feeling it deep in his guts for a good long time. A dry orgasm wracked Harry's frame and made him ache anew as he moaned again, now with pain, tears springing to his eyes.

It wasn't long until Arthur finally emptied into him, Bill following close behind, and Harry felt like he was drowning in cum from both ends. He was in heaven.

Afterwards, he collapsed to the floor, panting and recovering himself from the ordeal, still aching deep in his guts -- both from lack of release, and from the thorough buggering. Ron pulled him up to the couch to cuddle a bit, as more family members trickled down and everyone started to converse, getting back in touch for the holidays.
“So what's new with you lately, Bill?” Harry asked idly. They were lying entwined with one another in Bill and Charlie's bed. It was mid-afternoon on the second day of their holiday and Harry had just had some private time with Bill as he'd shagged Harry senseless (which was fine, as he was nearly drowning in lube). Now Bill was satiated for the time being and Harry was comfortable enough in his perpetual discomfort. “Percy was saying you've got a girl or something.” Harry said, wrinkling his nose in incredulity.

“Sort of.” Bill said at length.

“What? Really? Who? Where'd you even meet her? And why hasn't she ever come by?”

“It's Fleur, actually. You know her already from the Tri-Wizard tournament.” Bill admitted, and Harry reeled a bit at the information. “I met her during the tournament and we made a friendship of sorts. Kept in touch with letters at first, then met a few times.”

“Why am I just hearing about it now?”

“Well I suppose there wasn't much to tell. She was in France. I'm in Britain. And it's not like we were dating the whole time. I'm not even sure we're dating now.” Bill frowned in concentration.

Harry huffed a laugh. “I thought you said she was your girlfriend.

“I said sort of. We may mate one day.”

“What do you mean mate? Like marry?”

“It's not like that for our kind, Harry.” Bill said with a sigh.

“What do you mean? You can't marry?” Harry asked with a bit of a frown. He'd never really asked about Ron's early childhood, or why his parents weren't together. And he'd certainly not fished for more information on the family's Creature status. It simply hadn't seemed important.
“We don’t usually. It would disrupt the hierarchy. But basically, eventually Dad might mate again, or he might let one of us do. If it’s one of us, it’s most likely me first as I’m oldest. When one of our kind takes a mate, the woman gets pregnant and can raise any male children for the first two years, but then it’s best they leave her to stay with the father.”

“And the mother and father don’t live together.” Harry stated, making sure he was getting this right.

“Right. We don’t just all happen to be queer, Harry.” Bill smiled with amusement. “We’re not even queer, exactly. But you know how it is with our heats, and with Dad, and with each other as brothers. All our kind tend to have large family units of all men. It’s a special woman who’s willing to have that kind of distant relationship. Dad was lucky in finding Molly. She was happy to have us kids, raise us in our earliest years, then send us off to live with Dad. They were friends in school as far as I understand it. Still correspond now, though mostly by letter since they’ve let off having kids after Ginny.”

“Wait, Ginny Prewett?” Harry recalled the red headed girl a year below him at Hogwarts.

“Yeah, that’s her. She's our sister.”

Harry goggled. “What? No one tells me anything around here!” he sighed dramatically. “So she lives with her mum?”

“Right. The mates keep the female children. They don't have any of the Creature inheritance. It's sort of like how there are only female Veelas but in reverse. Which brings me to Fleur of course. She's Veela. She'll be wanting her own mate sooner or later, and she's interested in the prospect of keeping all the girl children to herself while giving up the boys for us to raise.”

“Us? You mean all of us? Here?” Harry asked. He'd never thought about it at all, but he'd assumed that if Bill were going to go off and have kids he'd get a house one day and settle down there to start his own brood. The prospect of having little baby boys around the house was a strange one.

“Yeah. I told you we tend to have rather large family units. Dad's still got a brother, his dad, and a few uncles and cousins living in France. They fled during the War but Dad wasn't having it. He and Molly wanted to stay and fight, so he split off when he could and started his own Clan. It's not done in the usual course of things but it's not unheard of. And I’ve met the others once when we went on holiday when I was young. It’s another benefit of Fleur, you know, as she’ll be likely to stick to France and we have family there as well. It’s a sensible choice.”
“Huh.” Harry took it all in, wrapping his head around the new information. “So when are you two going to....” he trailed off, feeling kind of weird taking about his brother's sex life. With people outside the family. With some woman.

“It'll probably still be some time, Harry.” Bill grinned, and gave Harry a reassuring hug. “Like I said, it depends on if Dad even allows it. We've got a lot of time and talking before then, and Fleur's got to be ready as well. And even then, it'll only be the first male child we'd get, and only after two years with Fleur.”

“Bill, don't take this the wrong way, but your family is the weirdest family I've probably ever met.” Harry said wonderingly as he stared at the ceiling. No offence was clearly taken as Bill burst into laughter in response.
In spite of their enthusiastic performance upon arriving home, Arthur could tell that neither Harry nor Ron were emotionally where they should be. For Harry's part, he was still a bit fragile even months after his ordeal with Slughorn. The boy jumped a bit too easily, just a second before his conscious mind caught up with him and he relaxed. Arthur wasn't certain at all what to do with it, both now and in the future. The worst hadn't occurred, and yet Harry had certainly been affected by it. And for Ron's part, he was moody and sulky -- but not in his typical brash way. The boy was too quiet, almost wilted. Arthur was sure that for Ron's part, this newly enforced chastity at Hogwarts was to blame. His boys simply weren't meant to be isolated for so long, and fisting Ron had only gone so far in helping over a month ago.

It was the last day of Christmas break when Arthur woke Harry up bright and early, pulling him away from Ron's sleeping arms. “What is it, Dad?” Harry asked groggily, rubbing the grit from his eyes, but Arthur just indicated he should be quiet for Ron's sake and to get dressed.

Once down in the kitchen, Harry found a small breakfast laid out for him, and Arthur explained. “It's your last day of holidays, Harry, and I have given some thorough consideration to your attitude of late and how to address it.”

Harry wrinkled his nose in confusion. “What? Have I done something?” he asked. He hadn't considered he'd been particularly argumentative or anything of the sort.

“No, nothing like that, Harry.” Arthur assured. “But I'm not totally convinced you've moved past your near accident in October. It's been two months now, and it's time you put the whole event into perspective. To that end, I've arranged for you to go in to Mister Grundy's brothel today for just one day of working, in hopes it can get your head back in the right place.”

“Oh.” Harry blinked in surprise. He'd thought he'd mostly moved past it, but now that Arthur had said so, he realized that he had been perhaps slightly skittish since the event. He remembered his work over the summer fondly, and smiled. Perhaps it would help him to give up control in that way. “Alright.” he said a bit more brightly and finished his breakfast quickly.

“My, you're looking healthy as usual.” Mr. Grundy said to Harry as he undressed, giving him a smile. “I can hardly believe how long it's been since we've last had you. School must come first of course, but it is such a shame we only have you the one day. Well, I'm sure you know what to do.” he prattled on, strapping Harry in his customary position. When the box descended upon him closing
him into a tight, dark space, Harry relaxed.

This was something he knew. Barely a moment had passed when the first customers presented themselves, and he moaned and sighed around the two cocks penetrating him, one at either end. It was like riding a broom, he thought idly, something he’d never forget. Any concerns he might have had fell easily away as he resigned himself to the steady rhythm of it, the familiar feel of being filled.

But perhaps one could forget the discomfort of it. The discomfort he’d felt at various points throughout the summer was but a distant, hazy memory now. What he was feeling a few hours into his shift was difficult to process as always. His jaw ached from being stretched, his throat was raw from being fucked. Not only was the onslaught relentless in this place, but he’d become unaccustomed to it. His arse was tender from the constant pounding and his guts ached deep within him from it, not to mention the continual ache of his bollocks these days from lack of release, exacerbated by the constant stimulation. Drool pooled down his chin and neck and tears ran down his face as he moaned and cried around the cock in his mouth. Instinctively, his body jerked to gain a moment of respite from the pain, shuddering and jerking in his bonds. But they didn’t let up an inch, and it was somewhere in that eternal hell that he had the same epiphany he’d had time and again before, a sort of deep resignation and gratitude for the inescapability of it all. At length, a peace descended on him and he went limp in his box again, in a haze of contentment as his work continued.

By the time his long day was over and he was dressed to floo home, Harry felt utterly knackered and sore, but good. He smiled. Once again his adoptive father had known exactly what he’d needed, even better than he’d known himself. He felt ready to see his family for one more evening before heading back to Hogwarts in the morning to finish out the school year. This had been just the holiday he’d needed. Even those bloody chastity devices couldn’t get him down.

The chastity devices, it turned out, were something Arthur had been thinking of a lot that day. He’d gone to speak to Minerva in her office about Ron in particular, citing his inheritance and the fact that he was inherently a sexual being. He’d argued for exemptions for Ron or Harry, either one really so that Ron could get some more contact, but Minerva had been adamant in her stance. “Absolutely not.” she’d argued. “I won’t have any of my boys dilly dallying around my school. There must be a more acceptable compromise that can be reached.” And so they’d debated and brainstormed on and off through the afternoon to come up with something.

In the end, the compromise wasn’t perfect. It didn’t involve more human contact, but it did involve more sexual stimulation for Ron, and so Arthur had decided to see whether it was enough. In addition to his chastity, Ron would begin wearing a small stainless steel butt plug as well through the nights. Arthur had had to decide for the sake of Ron’s health (and tightness) which part of the day he wanted it to be in or out. And though there was appeal in having the boy wear it to classes and have to sit upon the hard intruder, in the end he’d decided it would be more of a comfort for sleep and with less hours of wear that way.
So it was agreed and explained to Ron what the new expectations of him were for the start of the next semester. Arthur checked his collection of plugs that night after dinner and decided on one that was unyielding and not too small, but not too large either as this would be for daily wear. It was long enough to sit just against Ron's prostate without falling short, and he'd decided right away to forbid Ronald lubricant when using his toy. No need to coddle the boy. Finally, as a last decision, Arthur charmed the plug to vibrate softly within Ron whenever it was fully seated. Ron tried it for the first time that final night before returning to Hogwarts and immediately loved it. He moaned softly and snuggled closer to Harry than ever, and slept like a baby.
Chapter 39

When term started again, they began their new lessons. There was blood magic and earth magic and all sorts of things Hogwarts had used to teach many years ago but had been missing from their education thus far. For the upper years, there was a sort of desperate cramming the teachers were forcing upon them, trying to instil enough of the new curriculum so as to not cheat them out of the new standard for a good education, whilst not expecting them to learn several years of material all at once.

But of all the new courses, the most interesting by far was sex magic.

First years through fourth years were expected not to do anything sexual at all for the course, though they still were required to learn a lot of theory, the amount and content of which varied by age as was deemed appropriate. The fifth years apparently had assignments having to do with masturbation, during which their chastity devices were released temporarily.

But the sixth and seventh years were expected to actually participate in sexual acts, which astounded everyone.

They met for class twice a week on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The teachers rotated in order to maintain balance and impartiality within the lessons. That first Tuesday, Hooch paired off each boy with a girl and taught the finer points of how to orally stimulate the girl, which the boys were meant to perform on their partner in class for most of the hour. The sexual energy released during orgasm was something each female student could experience, observe, and write about for homework that week. Though in actuality, after two days of constant struggle to actually get their partners off, only a small portion of the students were successful. Harry and Ron in particular were completely disgusted by the female form and were not particularly pleased with their assignment, but they did make their best effort, though apparently it hadn't been good enough.

The second week the partners were shuffled and Professor Flitwick had them doing the reverse, the girls instructed on how to perform a passable blowjob on all of the boys. By number of orgasms, the girls seemed to be a bit more successful than the boys had, but by actual technique used they were critiqued constantly. Neither Harry nor Ron was particularly impressed with their partners that week either -- neither one of the girls could deep throat at all, and that had been a commonality at the Weasley household for years now.

Week three was a bit better as the boys were with the boys and girls with girls, as they all engaged in getting each other off by hand, and surprisingly there were good results all around, though several of the boys seemed to be mortified by the experience -- far more than the girls were, weirdly. Madame Pince oversaw the handjob and fingering sessions with very little input, assuming rightly that the students would figure most of it out on their own through experimentation.
In the following weeks, things picked up a bit for Harry and Ron, as they learned about how pain could enhance the sexual experience and thus ambient sexual magic as well. Pain was something they were both intimately familiar with when it came to sex, and so it was fascinating to hear more about the theory behind it. Besides which, they were two of the only students in the classroom able to still orgasm properly when pain was introduced -- particularly Ron. When Professor Snape instructed, he went out of his way to use the boy as an example at the head of the class.

It was, weirdly, when Professor Trelawney taught that Harry had a breakthrough in what he might want to do with is life, because it was with Trelawney that they learned how sexual magic could heal both sexual disorders and various emotional and magical disorders as well. Harry was instructed on how to give the most sexual, attentive prostate massage ever, and with his previous work at Mister Grundy's as well as Saint Mungo's, he knew he'd found his calling. Beneath his careful attentions, Seamus Finnegan, one of the straightest boys in his class nearly sobbed with pleasure and release, and managed to have an orgasm from Harry's fingers in his arse alone. The wave of magic that swept through the whole room at the point of release caught everyone's attention, and left them all in a sort of post coital haze.

“Wonderful, Mister Potter.” Trelawney encouraged. “Now don't over-stimulate, now is a delicate time for Mister Finnegan. Continue to penetrate him gently with your fingers but avoid the prostate, while continuing to stretch him.”

Beneath Harry's careful attentions, Seamus stared off glassy-eyed, still reeling from what had happened and not at all sure how to process it mentally. His body was relaxed from the magical and physical release, however, and Harry was able to get a third finger inside after some time, coaxing, and more lube.

Trelawney handed Harry a thick, long plug for him to insert, and Harry worked it into Seamus as he gave a grunt of discomfort.

“Your root chakra is positively alight, Mister Finnegan.” Trelawney told him. “This is marvellous progress. You'll be getting full marks for this week, most certainly. I'd like you to wear this plug for the remainder of the week, when you're not using the loo, and keep good notes in your journal about any changes in your magic, mood, or general disposition. I believe you'll find yourself feeling rather more open and grounded, though potentially more vulnerable.”

Class was concluded soon after, and everyone was back into their chastity once again.
It was well into his sex magic lessons when Harry finally got into his first real trouble with Professor Snape. Although Arthur had given the professor permission to cane Harry several years ago during his wilful phase of Occlumency lessons, after Arthur had disciplined Harry at home he'd done his absolute best not to cause Professor Snape to need to correct him in class again.

But like all lessons, that one had faded, and Harry was having a particularly bad day. It wasn't really anything specific that had started it, but he'd slept poorly, and he and Ron had quarrelled at breakfast. Then during sex magic that day, Harry had been paired with an utter idiot for blow-jobs. It wasn't fair at all. First he'd been forced to endure eating out her cunt which he'd done fairly well at if her moans were anything to go by, but now that it was her turn to reciprocate she kept nicking him with her teeth and gagging when he got the least bit far into her mouth. “Ow!” he snapped at her again. “Watch it!”

Lavender pulled off of him to glare up. “I'm doing my best, you utter git.”

“Well your best is shite.” he shot back and felt a small level of satisfaction as she blushed and her eyes became glossy as if to hold back tears. She leaned in to try again and he stepped back. “You know, I don't think I trust you to try any more. Not when you keep getting me with teeth.”

“Mister Potter.” Snape ground out darkly. “Is there a reason for harassing Miss Brown in such a manner?”

“She --” Harry started to defend himself.

“Not a word, Mister Potter.” Snape cut him off. “I heard the exchange fully well, and your criticism was out of bounds. Stay after class. And not another word from you as Miss Brown continues.” he gestured at the girl for her to go ahead.

Harry sulked the rest of class and endured Lavender's fumbling attempts as best he could. It was difficult enough to even maintain an erection properly.

When the class had filed out, Harry was faced with a displeased Snape and was feeling rather less sulky and more worried.
“I believe we've had a talk in the past about correct attitude, have we not, Mister Potter?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir.” Harry answered, his eyes going to the floor. His dad wasn't going to be happy about this at all. He thought back those years ago to his discipline over his attitude during Occlumency.

“And you'll recall that after the newly implemented rules at this school, improper attitude is never tolerated. You're lucky I did not have you over the desk during class as would be my right, but I did not wish to further hamper Miss Brown's progress.”

“Progress!” Harry couldn't help his outburst. He was totally incredulous.

Snape glared at him darkly. “Be rest assured, Potter, that Miss Brown will receive a thorough throat fucking by the end of term, willingly or otherwise, but I don't believe my teaching methods are for you to judge. Your responsibility was to be a willing body for her practice, not a disobedient little boy. Now I shan't argue with you further. Trousers and pants down, brace yourself over the desk.”

Harry pulled his clothes down to his knees and leaned his upper body flush over the desk, arse out, as his heart beat quickly. He'd been disciplined by Snape only once before, and was never really sure what to expect from the man.

Behind him, Snape conjured a cane and took up his position. With a loud *thwack* the cane over Harry's exposed arse and he sucked in a breath as it blossomed into heat and pain. If this had been one of the other students, Snape might have continued until they were in tears, or perhaps he would have limited his number of hits to twenty or so, enough to get the student's full attention. But this was Arthur Weasley's boy, and he knew that the man wouldn't tolerate such an attitude in his household. He beat Harry until his arse was black and blue with stripes. Harry wouldn't be sitting comfortably for the rest of the week.

The sobbing boy was a mess of weals but they would heal just fine, Snape knew from experience.

“That will be all, Mister Potter.” he said neutrally, banishing his cane back to its cupboard as he proceeded to ignore the boy and get back to his work, leaving Harry to awkwardly right his clothes and leave alone. It was his policy not to coddle the children when they cried -- it would only add to their dramatic attitude about the whole thing. The punishment was over and they were to simply move on.

When Arthur got a report on Harry's behaviour later that week, he wasn't pleased, but he was
satisfied to note what Snape had said the punishment had been. After much deliberation he decided that that would suffice for now, but if Harry ever continued in such back-talk he would have to find another way to help the message sink in.
Chapter 41

It was February when Harry found himself in the hospital ward, never having felt worse. He'd thus far evacuated once from either end, and was almost certain he'd die. “Food poisoning.” Madam Pomfrey declared as she finished reading the scroll of symptoms from her wand. She gave herself a bit of a nod in confirmation. Harry knew immediately it must have been the questionable discount chocolates he'd purchased at Honeydukes that day on the Hogsmeade trip, and said as much.

“And did any of the other students purchase these chocolates, Mister Potter?” Pomfrey questioned with a shrewd look. She needed to know just how many students she'd be seeing if they all came in with the same symptoms.

“No, I don't think so.” Harry moaned, folding in on his side again with a groan, curling in on himself, hand on stomach. A sweat broke out on his brow in an effort to keep from evacuating himself yet again, although he was uncertain which end it even wanted to come out of. “I think I was the first one there and got the last of them. Clearing out old stock. Can't you just give me an anti-nausea potion?” he asked a bit desperately.

“I'm afraid not.” she said curtly. “You'll be needing an enema. Please take your trousers and pants off.” she said brusquely, moving away to get the needed supplies.

“What?” he questioned with a bit of panic. He knew vaguely what an enema was, of course, but he'd never had anything like it and wasn't in a hurry to now.

“You heard me, Mister Potter.” she called to him as she bustled in a cupboard to grab one of the large enema bags, some potions, lubricant, tubing. “I won't be accepting any unruliness from you, now. Food poisoning or no, I'm still sanctioned to tan your hide just like all of the rest of the professors here.”

The stern tone of her voice was warning enough for Harry, who thus far had been able to avoid the school's new corrective measures. Not that they meant much to him anyway, as Arthur had given Professor Snape permission to physically correct Harry ages ago. And he knew for certain that if Madam Pomfrey saw fit to discipline him, word of it would get back to Arthur and his punishment at home would be even worse. He bit his tongue to keep from showing any unruly attitudes, and also to try and keep his insides inside of him as he stripped his lower half -- shoes, socks, trousers, unders. He felt a bit silly to be sitting in just his shirt and chastity but supposed it made no difference to a medi-witch.

“Lay on your side, please.” Madam Pomfrey directed as Harry got into position. She pulled his top
knee up closer to his chest to give her easy access to his bottom, and hung the enema bag from the
curtain railing as she began to pour in potions. She removed his chastity device deftly as well, to
have access to his arse. He’d already had to remove it earlier that day to use the rest-room quickly,
but at least now the clock on it had been stopped and the time unlatched wouldn’t count against him.

“Three potions.” Pomfrey explained to him as she worked. “The first will decontaminate you from
whatever organism is causing the upset to begin with. The second should keep you from feeling the
need to evacuate yourself further, and the third should dissipate any lingering nausea.” She finished
with the potions and filled the rest of the rather large enema bag with warm water. Harry was
becoming a bit worried at the sight of it.

“Now this is called a retention enema. That means you're to keep it in and absorb the potions
internally over a period of time. You'll be here for the night, I'm afraid.” she said, dipping a strange
rubber plug in some lubricant. She worked it unceremoniously into Harry's exposed arse, and he
winced at the bit of rough treatment, although there was plenty of lube. Nonetheless, he was glad
he'd had plenty of experience back there already, because it was a bit uncomfortable, especially as
his intestines gave a worrisome gurgle. Next, Madam Pomfrey took a distressingly long bit of tubing
and began to work it through a hole in the plug and deep into his guts. He couldn't feel most of it
inside of him, having no nerves that far in, but it was a bit concerning to see it continue to disappear.
Finally, she released the clamp, and the warm water began to rush in. It was like nothing he'd felt
before.

“That's it, just relax and continue to breathe.” Madam Pomfrey directed him in her calm but no-
nonsense cadence. Harry gave a groan as his stomach began to distend with the liquid. He placed a
hand gingerly on his stomach as he started to cramp but was disturbed by the protrusion of his own
stomach and fluttered his hand away to fist the sheets instead, closing his eyes to it. He could feel it
sloshing around inside of him and didn't want to think on it. Pomfrey's warm hand came atop the
protrusion however and massaged it as it filled. “There, there.” she comforted him in a distant sort of
way. “There will be some slight discomfort but you'll be feeling better soon, once you begin to
absorb the solution.”

Harry had begun to sweat again, and thought he couldn't possibly hold another ounce. He felt he
looked like a pregnant woman and was disturbed by Pomfrey touching the swell of his sloshing
stomach. Finally, at long last, the bag had emptied fully. Madam Pomfrey began to slowly extract the
tubing from within him, sealing off the plug when she'd finished and tapping her wand to it to stretch
within him, ensuring that not a single drip would leak out from around the edge. Another tap of the
wand seated the chastity device back in place atop the plug. Harry groaned at the stretch and fullness,
and at the pressure of the fluid inside of him.

The medi-witch simply draped a sheet over Harry's exposed lower half and took her gear with her.
“You'll need to retain it for the night, as I've said, and over the night you'll absorb the potions into
your system. I'll be back in the morning to remove the plug and help you to evacuate, and then we'll
scan you again to be sure the potions took full effect.” she said, and that was that.
Harry remained awkwardly on his side behind his curtain, afraid to move much as he gingerly touched his swollen stomach. He was to sleep this way? Though it was still early for bed, he didn't feel like trying to move or stay awake any longer, and was glad for his privacy. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, hardly realizing that he was already feeling better, not even thinking about throwing up.

It was early when Madam Pomfrey woke him up, ahead of his usual schedule so he'd have time for an exam and to go back to his dorm and shower before breakfast. Harry gazed despondently down at his swollen stomach, not wanting to move off of his side an inch from where he'd laid the night before. He didn't want to disturb it... but at Madam Pomfrey's sharp instructions he did, forcing himself up to a sitting position as it sloshed around inside of him.

"Hmm." she said, waving her wand around. "It looks like you're nearly recovered, though I'd still like to see you absorb a bit more solution. Well, let's get the old out of you first, shall we?" she asked rhetorically, and conjured a strange chair beside the bed with a toilet seat top and a chamber below. Harry looked at it in horror and back to the matron, not liking the implications. He was to go here? Now? Madame Pomfrey removed Harry's chastity device with wave of her wand. "On the chair, Mister Potter. I'll release the plug from you and when it's clear you're to bear down and get all of that out." she said in her no nonsense tone.

Before Harry had properly processed the instructions he found himself perched awkwardly atop the seat in spite of his mortification and the over-large plug was unceremoniously dislodged from him, nearly causing him to release prematurely before he was properly seated on the contraption. A rush of foul water surged out of him and his guts cramped painfully as they worked to get everything out, gravity playing a large part in it. Harry wasn't so sure he'd have to bear down as instructed at all, as there was really no stopping it once it had begun.

But once he was panting and sweating atop the chair with the evacuation process having finally slowed, Pomfrey instructed him brusquely to bear down, as if he'd actually had energy left for it. He grunted and tried to do as instructed as small amounts more issued forth. When he was propped against the chair and completely drained (both of fluid and energy) he tried to recover himself while Madam Pomfrey placed the flat of her palm on his lower stomach, palpating it to reassure herself that he'd emptied himself fully and none of the fouled solution remained.

She handed him a roll of toilet paper with a nod. "Clean yourself up, Potter, we've still got a second round. On the bed as before." she encouraged, and he groaned inwardly, thinking he couldn't possibly do this all again. He'd take the food poisoning! But no, he did realize that he didn't feel at all ill any longer. Whatever the medi-witch had done, it was working.
He cleaned himself up and laid back down on his side, knee raised to expose his tender, stretched hole once again. The plug went in easily the second time, though he winced at his irritated skin. He tried not to think about the long stretch of tubing making its way inside of him, and carefully avoided looking at the full enema bag. But he couldn't ignore the process entirely as once again his guts cramped a bit and began to slowly swell. It was a feeling he was sure he'd never get used to, and he determinedly tried to detach himself from the matron's hand massaging his swollen belly, encouraging more of the fluid into him.

“As you've already evacuated yourself this morning you should be set to retain this round the rest of the day. I'll see you after supper to give you another exam and purge.” she said brusquely, removing the tubing again and sealing off the plug, giving it a final uncomfortable stretch. Then the chastity again, as always.

“Yes, Ma'am.” Harry answered obediently.

“Good. Then back to Gryffindor to shower and change. I expect to see you at breakfast, eating with the rest of the students, and for you to go to class. There's no medical reason to keep you from it.”

And with that, he was dismissed.

Harry could hardly believe he was meant to go to class that day. With a swollen belly like this? He groped around for his unders and trousers, struggling to even sit up properly as his stomach sloshed around uncomfortably. He pouted, and even feeling that he was literally pouting was not enough to convince him to stop. This was bloody awful. But there was little way around it.

He shuffled awkwardly into his unders and found he had to squat to pull them up, not able to fully bend forward. His trousers still buttoned beneath the swell of his stomach, and his sweater still managed to fall over it, but he would be grateful when he had on his voluminous robes later.

*Oh, no*. He just processed what Madam Pomfrey had said. He had to go back and *shower*. Surely the others would notice something as obvious as this. Steeling himself, he made his way to the stairs and forced himself to make the climb back to his tower.

It was weird, walking through the halls, feeling that swell of distension still under his clothes. It was weirder still to have to shower that morning with the oversized plug still in his arse and his stomach protruding from him in the public showers. Luckily for him, if anyone noticed anything at all out of the ordinary, they kept it to themselves. Harry himself was mortified, facing the wall and rushing.
through as much as he could. Like all the students, he was on a timer before his chastity device absolutely had to go back on, which meant quick, efficient showers were the norm. Not enough time for anyone to really touch themselves during their moment of freedom.

As it was, he was cringing as he was forced to soap his hands over his belly, or when he reached down to get at his feet and felt the liquid inside give a bit of a lurch. However uncomfortable he may be, he didn't have time to dwell on it, and rushed to towel off in time to lock his chastity back in place, same as all the other boys, and threw on his clothes to hide it from view once more. Not even Ron had much time to notice him, as he was preoccupied by his own race against the clock.

“Pomfrey fix you up then, mate?” he asked casually as they tied their shoes. As Harry leaned forward he could feel the press of extra stomach in the way and clenched his jaw against the intrusion.

“Yeah.” he answered vaguely, and that thankfully satisfied Ron who just nodded, eager to get to breakfast.

Harry grabbed his things and followed down the many stairs, each running jolt pushing around that awful stuff inside of him, and making him very aware of the wide rubber plug keeping it trapped in from below.

It was difficult to eat in such a state. He already felt weirdly full and all the more self conscious of it from his tummy. But Pomfrey was at the teachers table, and he knew he'd been instructed to eat, so eat he did, and went on to class as normal. Even if he felt anything but.

By lunch time, Harry had almost, almost been able to ignore his large, protruding stomach. He'd certainly developed a strategy for hiding it from the rest of the student body, and for how to walk to minimize the sense of it moving within him. He was however very aware that he still had to endure this for several more hours. Now the most distracting thing was how much his plug stretched and dug into his sore arse as he sat on hard wooden seats all day.

When finally he returned to Pomfrey that evening, she had him undress his lower half and sit on the strange chair once again to purge himself of the solution. It was every bit as exhausting as it had been that morning, and Madam Pomfrey was every bit as dispassionate. When gravity alone had purged the bulk of it, Harry sat sweating and trying to recover his breath as he trembled. “Bear down.” he was instructed, but he took a moment to gather his ability to attempt it. Madam Pomfrey tisked a bit as if he were being overly dramatic about it, and pressed her palm against his lower stomach to encourage him, pressingly firmly in. “Bear down now, Mister Potter.” she instructed again, and he felt his watery bowels give a cramp and purge again at her steady pressing. Mortified, he strained to handle the evacuation himself, bearing down with renewed effort. His attempt seemed to satisfy her and she removed her hand. When he'd exhausted himself fully and cleaned himself up, she had him
lie down on his back as she scanned him. She gave a nod of approval. “Good. All signs of the food poisoning are gone. Are you experiencing any remaining symptoms?”

“No, Ma'am.” Harry answered dutifully.

“I thought not. Please raise your legs and clutch your knees if you would.” she directed him, and he blushed furiously as he exposed his arse to her in such a vulnerable manner. Madam Pomfrey placed a folded towel beneath his arse. She pressed one flat palm over Harry's lower stomach as he continued to expose himself. She palpated his stomach here and there, pressing in firmly and moving to different areas. “We're just checking whether there's any residual solution.” she explained. “One never knows for sure how the body will take to these things. If any potion issues forth, it will mean you haven't absorbed it all we'd simply have to have one more round to be sure of not causing a relapse, should we have missed some of the contaminant.”

This was all well and good and made sense as she explained, but Harry was still a bit mortified as she continued to press and prod at his stomach, firmly pressing her fingers deep into him as he continued to splay himself before her. Apparently she was finally satisfied that no potion was dripping out of his gaping arse and she nodded in approval to herself.

She pulled out a jar of salve. “This'll just heal up any chafing from the plug, Mister Potter.” she said plainly, and dipped two fingers into the thick stuff, then pressed them into his hole and worked the salve around his reddened rim, lifting his bollocks out of the way to get the angle she preferred, dipping her fingers in deeply and thoroughly but with complete dispassion.

“Alright, there, Mister Potter. You can get dressed.” she instructed, pulling away from him. “Go have some supper with your classmates. And don't worry about any excess in salve. It'll heal you nicely and like the potions absorb on its own. Fussing would only aggravate you further.”

“Yes, Ma'am.” Harry agreed, hurriedly dressing and wanting to leave. He practically flew down the stairs when dismissed, eager to get to the Great Hall for his dinner. But he noticed right away that the salve she'd used was very slick, and copious. His arse was still gaped open a bit, and he felt the thick cream within and without, slippery between his cheeks, dripping along his bollocks a bit, and dampening his unders. It wasn't enough to seep through his clothes or anything like that, but it was certainly a distraction throughout the meal, and for the rest of the evening. Harry longed to try and clean it out but he remembered Pomfrey's warning, and was simply grateful that Ron paid him no real mind as they snuggled that night, as he was content these days with his own plug to keep him sexually fulfilled.

But true to her word, when Harry awoke the next day the slick was gone, and his arse had returned entirely to its usual state. No chafing, no gaping, and as if the incident had never really occurred.
They’d have a week off for Easter holiday, and Ron and Harry were already beside themselves with excitement over it. Spring was in full effect, and though Ron had gone home for one heat since Christmas, it had been a hurried and short affair, as everyone back home had been busy with work and he with school. Both boys were pleased to see their families soon, and to hopefully get these horrendous chastity devices off. Ron’s butt plug was enjoyable of course, but he thought it was nothing compared to the real thing.

It was the day before the trip home when Ron received an owl from home and read the long letter as quickly as he was able, Harry continually trying to look over his shoulder and demanding “What is it? What?” as Ron’s face changed several times as he took in the information. Harry was about ten seconds from taking the letter from him when Ron finally explained.

“We're going on a trip over the holiday.” he said with a note of surprise, and a bit of excitement.

“What? We are?” Harry asked in surprise. The Weasleys were not a rich family by any stretch of the imagination, and they were not prone to trips. “Where?” he asked in confusion.

“France.” Ron said wonderingly. “To visit Grandpa Weasley, and Uncle Bilius and Uncle Gerald and their kids.” He looked up at Harry. “I’ve never even met Grandpa in person, though I think Bill has, and Uncle Bilius only came by one time, for a few hours. Our family Clans rarely split up over long distances or for long periods of time, you know.” Harry nodded. That made sense, if the whole family suffered from heats and had such close family ties like Ron’s did. He could only imagine what it must have taken for Arthur to break away from the rest of his Clan and start one of his own.

“What are we going to do in France? Is it for the whole week?” Harry asked, grabbing the letter and beginning to skim it even as Ron answered.

“Yeah. Dad's coming at five in the morning tomorrow with a portkey and we'll be gone all except for the last day before school starts again.” he shook his head with incredulity, and then grinned at Harry. What an adventure!

It was still the small hours of the morning as a groggy Ron and Harry made their way down the silent stairs of the castle to the front entrance with Madam Hooch, their head of house. She held her wand aloft with a *Lumos* to light the way as the boys dragged their luggage after them. Arthur and the rest of his boys were right on time to greet them. The luggage was shrunk and placed in pockets like the
rest of the family as they made their tired way through the darkness to the front gate to portkey out, and landed with a dull thud in the middle of a cozy living room of plush mauve carpet.

“Oof.” twin voices complained as Fred and George landed in an inelegant heap, while Arthur dusted off his robes carelessly, as if he portkeyed all of the time. Everyone looked around, getting their bearings as an older man made his way into the quiet room, the sun peeking in through the windows here already. The tall man with red and grey hair grinned.

“Arthur!” he said, sweeping the man into a wide hug, as Arthur smiled warmly back and returned the embrace.

“Dad.” he said with a sigh of contentment. This was the man who'd cared for him for so many years. While he loved his boys, it was good to be in this man's arms for a time as well. Septimus' hands came down to Arthur's arse and gripped proprietously. His boy. He groaned, burying his nose in Arthur's hair and inhaling.

“It's been a long time, my boy. You seem fit.” he said, his English accent having taken on a faint French lilt after years in the country. He pulled Arthur back from him by the shoulders to look him over.

Meanwhile, the rest of the clan were taking in their grandfather, all but Bill for the first time. They'd seen pictures of the man, but those were out of date. Here was the man in the flesh. Taller than Arthur by a bit, but lankier although still strong. More weathered and older, his shoulder length hair tied back with a cord was still red but streaked with grey, and his face had a few more lines. His eyes were bright and blue though, and he was still obviously strong and in full health. The home, while certainly different from The Burrow, thus far looked cozy and well worn. It was plusher and a bit more feminine, though like their own home contained only men.

“Of course you remember Bill.” Arthur said, directing his father's gaze to his eldest who eagerly stepped forward into Septimus' arms for a warm hug, inhaling his scent as the familiar Weasley pheromones surrounded him. In fact, every Weasley boy was surprised to feel an instant kinship with this strange man, and an instinctive need to follow his lead just as they had with their father. Only Harry was feeling a bit shy.

Arthur continued to name off the rest of his sons who were all similarly enveloped. “Charlie, Percy, Fred, George, Ron. And of course you remember me telling you of young Harry.”

“Of course. Your adoptive son.” he said, hugging Harry as warmly as he had the others, though he wondered exactly how someone without their common blood would fit in. “Welcome, everyone.
Please come in to the kitchen. I was just fixing breakfast, and everyone else should be awake shortly.”

Above, indeed they could already hear faint stirrings of movements and voices now and then.

“Who all lives here?” Ron asked curiously. As he was the youngest, he knew the least about his extended family, having hardly paid attention to Christmas letters that came every year.

“Of course, of course.” Septimus nodded. “You'll be meeting your Uncle Bilius and Uncle Gerald. Bilius' son Aric is just a year younger than Bill, though Bill you wouldn't remember him. If I remember, you were three when you last were here.” he shook his head at the passage of time. Neither branch of the Weasleys were wealthy and arranging a portkey was no small cost. Add to that the fact that he'd decided to keep his own Clan well away from the threat of You Know Who.... It had been such a long time. “If you were three, that means Aric was just about two, and he was still with his mother at the time. Our Bilius got custody of him shortly after. Now of course he's twenty-five. He's got his own mate, and Aric's got his own child of three.” he smiled with satisfaction. “My great-grandchild, Alexandre.”

Soon enough, Harry got his first look at the cast of characters as outlined to him, and the house was bustling with activity and breakfast. Gerald was the first one down. He looked the spitting image of Arthur but had the personality of Percy -- reserved, serious, quiet. Bilius wasn't far behind, again looking strikingly similar to Arthur if a bit younger perhaps. He had a booming voice and a big smile, and Harry took to him immediately. In fact, he was a bit surprised at just how quickly he took to the man, as he reminded him so deeply of his adoptive father. He was free with casual touches and Harry was interested to note that the rest of the Weasley Clan seemed to touch just as willingly, without even seeming to think about having done so. Though Harry didn't have pheromones to blame, he found himself wanting Bilius' approval just as much as everyone else.

Aric was last with a happily screaming, wriggling three year old in his arms who stared wide-eyed at the strangers around him but was only excited by it. The child, speaking gibberish around his dummy was quick to crawl into the laps of all his relatives as if he belonged there, reaching out arms continually to be picked up and held and passed around, squealing with glee at the more attention that was heaped upon him. He was dressed only in his diaper and no one seemed to mind.

Bill had captured “Allie” as he was being called and was happily giving him raspberries over every inch of skin he could reach as the child shrieked in happiness. Aric grinned at him. “About time you get one of your own, isn't it?” he teased his cousin.

“That's part of the reason we're here.” Arthur divulged with a small smile. Septimus only smirked, evidently in on it, but the rest of the Clan was a riot of noise and questions. Arthur waved down the questions for calm. “A preliminary meeting with the woman's family only, and of course the
necessary fertility tests.” he assured them.

“That's wonderful, Bill.” Aric assured him as Bill hid an embarrassed smile. His eyes shone as he held his youngest relative, and he just knew he wanted one of his own one day.

Aric, Harry thought to himself, was gorgeous. He was something akin to Bill and Charlie combined. The boyish good looks and hair of Charlie and the roguish danger of Bill. His mouth watered and his cock throbbed still locked in its cage. He had to get this thing off soon, but was reluctant to ask Arthur about it in front of these strangers, even as he had such illicit thoughts.

After the ordeal of breakfast, Aric waylaid Bill for help bathing Allie upstairs and Percy volunteered himself straight away to clear up the mess.

Bilius spoke up to the rest of the group. “We've got a charmed hot spring out back. There's still a bit of snow on the ground but you can see the new growth picking through and I think it's warm enough once you're in the charmed water.” he offered with a grin. Gerald agreed whole-heartedly. “Come on boys, you've got to give it a go, he said, ushering the group out with his brother, and Harry was pretty sure he got the tone. This was to be like any other Weasley holiday. Full of sex and fun and relaxation and closeness. He felt a bit more at ease. He knew what to expect from that sort of gathering by now, and Bilius so reminded him of Dad.

Ron also got the idea right away and whispered quickly to his dad to remind him of the chastity. “Dad. Can you please, you know, remove the chastity before we go in the hot spring?” he asked frantically as Arthur's mouth quirked in amusement. There was no need to keep the conversation so hushed, but he supposed Ron would warm up to the rest of the family in due course. He almost wanted to leave the contraptions on just to see his boys squirm, but he relented.

“Oh very well.” he acquiesced, banishing them from both his boys who sighed in relief, though Harry could feel his replaced with his oh so familiar enchanted ring by then. At least he had some freedom now. “You know the drill. Holidays are free reign except for our Harry here.” To his brothers he said “Feel free to enjoy him of course but due to his physiology be gentle with him, and mind the ring. He's not to cum.”

Harry flushed with embarrassment but didn't have long to dwell on it as he was swept out of the house with Bilius, Gerald, Fred, George, Ron, and Charlie. Percy stayed indoors with the dishes and Bill with Aric and Allie.
Inside, Septimus moved Arthur into his own room and banished their clothing with a wave of his wand. For a moment the two of them simply took in one another again, separated for so long. “It's a good Clan you’ve got.” Septimus said proudly, and Arthur thrilled at the praise.

“They're good boys.” he agreed.

“Hands and knees, I think.” Septimus said after some consideration, nodding to himself, and Arthur nodded without further instruction. He braced himself on the bed to be mounted by his father as he had for so many years of his life, eager for the reconnection. Septimus didn't waste time on exploration, stretching, lube. He slammed his cock -- just the same size as Arthur's monster -- full force into Arthur's unprepared arse, which hadn't been penetrated since Arthur's last visit over two decades ago. Arthur gave a harsh grunt and short yell at the pain of it, his body stiffening slightly, but he was glad to feel it, his connection to his father re-established.

Septimus was brutal, gripping his rough hand around Arthur's cock and balls to use as a handle for leverage and nothing more, jerking it around without consideration. Except that that wasn't entirely true-- he knew that this was just what Arthur had needed, and Arthur was keening beneath him, writhing as his receptors picked up the pheromones of his father. It was ages until Arthur's body finally submitted in entirety and came on the bed below them with a broken sob of completion, and only then did Septimus release himself in his boy.

He continued to milk out a shuddering Arthur as the man went soft in his hand. For this week at least, Septimus would be the uncontested Alpha of the household, and Arthur was pleased to have it that way. He smiled a bit. “You know, Fred is getting close to his heat.” he confided.

“I know.” Septimus smiled. “I could scent it on him as well as you can. It'll be nice to share that with him.” he said, pulling out and letting Arthur clean himself up. Septimus was already waving his wand on himself to clean and pulling his clothes back on from the pile he'd banished them to on the floor.

In the hot spring in the bare woods out back, everyone was nestled tightly shoulder to shoulder in a circle which had quickly evolved into a comforting circle jerk beneath the water's edge. Harry was content to have Charlie's hand stroking him idly with no real destination, seeing as how he couldn't come anyway, but it still felt delicious to have him doing it and he felt safe in Charlie's skilled hands. His own fist was gripped around Fred's prick to his right, then Fred on George, and George had the
luck to have his first ’round Gerald. Harry was a bit jealous of that -- one of his brothers having the first honours of involving the family. Gerald handled Ron, Ron Bilius, and Bilius back around to Charlie. Ron had it best, Harry decided -- as he was touching and touched by new family on either side, though he did seem a bit intimidated by what to do for Bilius, not having been in the habit of giving a hand-job to his father but usually being on the receiving end of something far more intimate. His uncle seemed perfectly content to accept the pleasure, however.

It was relaxing and nice, though it wasn't long until the circle jerk evolved again, Harry noticed. It began with Fred leaning over to make out with George, which the twins seemed incapable of refraining from for long. Bilius and Gerald shared a smirk and abandoned their interactions with Charlie and George to team up against the young Ron, who after so much deprivation these past months with the new measures at school was in heaven, and completely willing to submit to a spit-roast between his two uncles in the warm water, Bilius down his throat and Gerald up his arse. Her marvelled in a distant way at how easy it was to do this with virtual strangers. And yet they exuded that certain... *something*... that all members of his family had in common. He was truly beginning to fully understand what it meant to live this way, and to submit himself to his natural inclinations.

Charlie continued his idle fondling of Harry but mostly had eyes only for the spectacle of his uncles and little brother before him. But Harry could tell his heart wasn't really in it at the moment. With a nudge, Harry encouraged Charlie with a look to join in with his new relatives, which Charlie was only too happy to do after reassuring himself that Harry wouldn't feel left out. Harry simply nudged him again with a smile, and Charlie happily slid up behind Bilius, pressing into his arse with a groan.

Harry shook his head at the strange Clan Weasley and let himself wander back to the house, spelling himself dry and pulling on his clothes as he made the brisk walk in the cold spring air to the back door. When he wandered upstairs to see what Bill and Aric had gotten up to, he peeked in the room where he heard a continually gibbering Allie.

The child was splashing gleefully in his bath as his father and cousin were both going over him with soapy flannels. Harry smiled at the sweet picture they all made, laughing and pleased with each other. With a sigh, Harry backed away from the image without making himself known, deciding to wander down and see if Percy needed any help with the washing up.

He didn't know where Arthur had gotten to, but it was Septimus who cornered him in the hall. “There you are, little Harry,” the man said with a warm smile, leaning against the wall. “I thought you'd be out in the hot spring with the rest of the rabble.”

Harry gave a sheepish shrug, not knowing how to explain that he felt a bit out of place.

Septimus wasn't a fool, though. He could easily guess how the young man must be feeling. He'd sensed and seen how his family had come together instantly, due to their shared biology. To the
outside world, he knew it must feel strange. “Well, no matter. That just means I have this opportunity to get to know one of my grandsons personally. What's your game of choice, Harry?” he grinned. “Exploding snap or wizard's chess?”

Harry grinned back, relieved. He was feeling a bit off balance and not sure what exactly he should do around Septimus. “Exploding snap.” he answered straight away. “I'm pants at chess, wizard's or otherwise. Ron's practically disowned me from the family for it already.” he snickered, and Septimus barked out a laugh at that. He could only imagine. Everyone in his own Clan was good at the game, and many a match was played against one another through the years. But exploding snap was enjoyable as well, and he was more than happy to share it with young Harry.

“Well then, exploding snap it is.” He held an arm out ahead of him, to indicate Harry should head toward the sitting room downstairs. There on the plush couches in the too-feminine room they curled up comfortably, and spent the next hour getting to know one another in bits and pieces, at ease and distracted with their game, while the rest of the household kept themselves busy.
They'd have a week off for Easter holiday. Seven days, but the seventh at the Burrow to settle back down a bit before heading back to work and school. That meant six short days for the family visit. The first day the family did spend an inordinate amount of time “getting to know” one another, mostly carnally except for Harry who was still a bit shy about the whole affair. He wasn't against it, really. In fact, he was somewhat interested. But he didn't have the same pull that the others did, and was hoping that if something should happen it would happen organically. At the very least, he didn't want a repeat of the disaster of when he'd inadvertently rejected Sirius. Arthur kept a close eye on his youngest boy, but was satisfied that it would happen in its own time. His Clan was equally hesitant about Harry, after all, not being certain exactly how much for was acceptable for the young boy. But Septimus, the leader of the household was a good leader, and Arthur was content to let go of the reins on this and surrender to his father.

On the second day of vacation, Bill and Arthur were up bright and early and out of the house before the others had even awoken for breakfast. It was breakfast at a local café for the two of them, as well as Fleur and her mother and father. Arthur and Fleur's parents did most of the talking at the meal, dispensing with pleasantries and moving on to business. The Delacours had prepared a few rough samples of contracts ahead of time which Arthur perused and the families discussed at length, outlining the parameters of the potential match.

Whether Bill and Fleur would be allowed to mate still depended on a number of things, but if they should do so, it had to be outlined in advance. There was whether or not they'd be married at all, to begin with, or simply mate. In Arthur's Clan over the years different couples had handled it differently. Arthur and Molly hadn't married, but Fleur and Bill likely would. Fleur needed a spouse in order to fulfil stipulations to her eventual inheritance in her House. But Arthur was quick to insist that no money was to be shared between the mates, and all at the table adamantly agreed. Fleur wanted her own life to run as she saw fit. But she was also Veela, and wanted at least one female child to continue her line. So far, so good, Arthur thought reasonably.

As Bill had explained to Harry months ago, female children would stay with Fleur and male children go to Bill. Mating would continue until at least one male and one female child had been produced, barring medical complications, or up to six children, whichever came first. Arthur rolled his eyes at the stipulation of six. Molly had agreed to at least ten attempts but hadn't had to go so far when she'd finally gotten Ginny and quit. Six seemed a bit arbitrary to him until he was forced to admit that any number was arbitrary and that the fertility examination should give a better indication of her ability to bear offspring, as well as likelihood for either gender given Bill and Fleur's magical signatures.

As was customary, for male children Fleur would have sole custody until the age of two, at which point they would go to Bill for the remainder of their lives. All female children would go to Fleur. Arthur also insisted on assurances that while they wouldn't interfere in the child's early years, they should at least be breast fed. Fleur was insulted that he should have to even ask, insisting that it was the only way she'd possibly raise her children, which was reassuring. The medical examination should again assure her ability to carry out that request when it was time.
“How often will the children be mating?” inquired Fleur's mother.

“For about a week before a Heat Bill should have elevated testosterone levels and sperm count. They should mate as continually as possible during that stretch of time, but it will need to stop abruptly when his actual Heat begins and return home.” Arthur explained. “Heats can be as erratic as every few weeks for the young to multiple months, but Bill is old enough that he's rounded out to once every two months or so. Should the mating take, of course your daughter would be free of him for the duration of the pregnancy.”

There were nods all around in satisfaction at that. While neither Bill nor Fleur found the idea of sex with one another grotesque, it also was just sort of dull and uninteresting. It was the idea of impregnating her that held any erotic appeal at all for Bill, and Fleur was free with sex with most of her friends. “Will I be allowed to continue sexual intercourse with others?” she inquired.

“Of course.” Arthur assured her, reasonably. “So long as no one else impregnates you. There will of course be a paternity test performed on any offspring you have for the duration of the mating contract.”

“But of course.” she said with a gentle smile.

After the lunch the entire family proceeded to a local Wizarding medical facility where the couple in question were poked and prodded and subjected to a great number of tests. When everything was found satisfactory, that was that. The families would continue to take their time with the contracts, and the couple one day, perhaps years from then when it was appropriate, would likely marry and produce children.

Bill couldn't keep himself away from Allie that evening, his mind full of having his own child one day, and Aric was all too amused and pleased to relinquish him for the time being. The kid loved his cousin and Aric was grateful for the rest. He slid onto the couch next to the ever quiet Harry as everyone continued their chatting and games, sharing tea and brandy after the evening meal and enjoying the fire.

“You're a very quiet one.” he said with a smile and a nudge.
“Only sometimes.” Harry said a bit shyly, his face heating up and his cock perking up at the proximity to Aric, who he continued to view as walking sex.

Aric nodded to the subtle tent in Harry’s trousers, not missing a thing. “So you're doing an orgasm control thing, I hear?” he questioned.

“Er, yeah.” Harry squirmed. “Dad's got me holding out for a year. I had a good half a year between last Christmas and last summer but lost it in a wet dream at the start of summer hols.” he admitted sheepishly. “So Dad started me over at the start of summer. I suppose I'm coming up to the one year mark in a few months.” he mused. It was such an inconceivable amount of time, he almost didn't know what to make of being allowed to cum again eventually. That was, if his father still decided to allow it when the time came.

Aric let out a low whistle. “How do you keep it in?” he questioned.

“Charmed cock ring.”

“How can I see it?” Aric asked curiously, and Harry nodded, shucking his trousers and pants right there on the sofa with the rest of the family around. No one paid he and Aric any mind as Aric reached out to stroke the now fully erect prick before him, admiring the glint of metal at the base. He dipped his hand lower to weigh the very heavy bollocks below and Harry shuddered pleasantly at the attention.

“We were told to be careful with you.” Aric said, still softly molesting Harry idly. “How careful would I need to be?” he asked.

Harry swallowed thickly. “If it's my mouth, not very. I worked in a brothel last summer. In my arse, you've sort of got two choices. Dad will use me more slowly and gently but with minimal lube. The others will go harder and use buckets of it and stretch me first.” he gave a bit of a shrug, but his skin was heating with arousal and interest. What exactly did Aric want? And what would it be like to be with this cousin he barely knew, but that his brothers had so easily accepted as one of their own?

Aric weighed his options. “Mouth then.” he said at length, eyes lit with arousal of his own, his pants growing tight with his bulge. “Do you mind?” he asked by way of invitation.

“No.” Harry answered with simple honesty, and slid off the couch onto his knees, turning toward Aric who widened his own stance and opened his trousers to pull out his ten inch prick. He stroked it slowly for a moment and then rose to his feet so he could control the angle and pace of the fuck.
Harry's mouth fell open willingly and he took the length of it without complaint, relishing the weight of it on his tongue, the length of it slowly working into his tight throat. He really had had plenty of practice with his family as well as the brothel by now, and he had no trouble suppressing his gag reflex. Aric shuddered with the ease of it, pleased at what Harry had so easily taken. He'd had his doubts but no longer.

Aric began his steady thrusts in and out of the willing mouth and tried to wrap his mind around the fact that Harry was family as much as the others. It was strange, he thought, and he wasn't entirely sure how his cousins had reconciled it, but he could see their love for Harry and was determined to welcome him as well. One thing was certain, Harry certainly wasn't out of practice with his family. When he'd said he'd be able to handle it, he wasn't lying. Aric sped up his pace and allowed himself to let go, surrendering to his instincts as he used Harry, closing his eyes and enjoying the spasming throat around him. It didn't take him long before he unloaded gratefully into Harry, then pulled away as Harry caught his breath raggedly, using his shirt to wipe away excess drool.

“That was brilliant.” Aric said honestly, pulling Harry back onto the couch and righting Harry's trousers as well, as they were still open from Aric's earlier exploration. The two of them sat cuddled against one another in Aric's post-coital bliss for a few moments in silence. “I really wish I could reciprocate.” Aric said at length.

“It's alright.” Harry reassured him. “I'm used to it.” he gave a bit of a shrug, although honestly he was beginning to tire of this year of no release.

“Nonetheless.” Aric said, giving him a hug. “You're here for such a short time. I wish I could do something nice.”

“This is nice.” Harry said honestly. “You're including me. It's a bit weird, to be honest, but it's hardly the weirdest thing I've come up against since Dad's taken me in.”

Aric chuckled wryly at that. “No, I can only imagine.” He knew how different his family was in an abstract way, but then again he'd grown up in it.
Chapter 44

It was the fourth day of their stay when Harry was called into his grandfather's room in the middle of the day, alone. Arthur and his brothers were out. The others were scattered throughout the house and across the property doing various things, and Septimus had cornered Harry finally, determined to have some time with him.

“Sir?” Harry asked cautiously as he entered the room, shutting the door behind him. Septimus had asked him to come up in a few minutes when he'd finished clearing up the kitchen, and now the man was spread out, propped up against the headboard in his room stroking his rather impressive cock. Certainly as impressive as his Dad's, in spite of his grandfather's relative age.

Harry looked at him uncertainly, a bit intimidated. As yet, he'd not had any intimate time with anyone but Aric on the second day, unless one counted cuddling.

“Harry.” he said warmly. “Come now, let's do away with those clothes and get comfortable shall we?”

Harry began to undress as it clearly wasn't simply a suggestion when coming from the Head of House, but he wasn't sure exactly what would be expected of him.

“You're adopted, aren't you boy?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“None of this 'Sir' business.” Septimus grinned. “You can call me 'Grandpa' like the others.”

Harry smiled shyly back, crawling hesitantly onto the bed and curling his legs under him as he sat near Septimus. “Yes, Grandpa.”

“There's a good lad.” Septimus ruffled his hair. “You've never had a Grandpa before, so I know you're not sure how to act, but that's alright. I want you to know we're your family, and that I love you as much as I love anyone in my Clan.”
Harry blushed under the blunt words of love and affirmation, uncertain how to reply, but Grandpa just pulled him onto his lap and wrapped his arms around Harry, as Harry went lax and buried his face in the older man's neck, entirely comfortable with this close intimacy.

“There now, that's more comfortable isn't it?”

Harry nodded against the man's neck, feeling warm and comfortable in his arms. For a while, Septimus simply held him, stroking his hair and rubbing his back as Harry's breathing slowed and he sank further into a hazy comfort.

Septimus pulled Harry back a bit and laid out a tube of lubricant. “I want you to ride me, sweet one. You'll control the amount of lube, the speed of the initial penetration. I want you to be comfortable, understand?” Harry nodded, and reached for the tube willingly. “Such a good boy.” Grandpa assured him and Harry flushed with the praise. He used the small dab his father had taught him and not the copious amounts that were present at the brothel, and smeared it on the head of Grandpa's cock. Septimus was very proud and impressed with the boy already for forgoing further prep as Harry lined himself up and with a quiet grunt began the slow process of sinking down onto his erection. It was a painstaking process, but Harry never had to back up and try again, simply letting gravity do some of the work for him and wriggling to help it along until his grandfather was firmly seated in his rear, as he curled against the man's chest and neck once again, Septimus' arms coming around to rub small circles on Harry's back as he soothed him.

Now that Septimus was fully sheathed, he began to rock Harry slowly and gently up and down his prick for a long time, and Harry was almost lulled by the intimate actions, never having felt more comforted and held. When Septimus finally shot into him ages later, it was the perfect ending to a perfect intimacy, and Harry stayed on his lap for a long time after that as well, without them separating.

When Harry let himself think about it, it was still weird. He could admit that. But he didn't want it to be weird, and so it was less so. And right at that moment, he felt like he had a grandpa like his brothers, and like he was cherished. He felt a bit of what he felt with Arthur, and he marvelled that this was his dad's dad, the man who had cherished his dad as much as his dad cherished him. And it was nice. He smiled.

Septimus gave Harry a kiss on his temple and ruffled his hair, pulling Harry away from him at last. “All right now lazy bones, we can't stay in bed all afternoon. Don't you have cousins to bother?”

Harry got up and pulled his clothes back on, cum still dripping out of his arse a bit, but he left it. This was a good Easter break after all.
Chapter 45

It was the middle of the fifth night when Fred woke up in a fevered sweat of his heat. George mumbled something unintelligible at him as he sat up in bed, waking his twin.

“Heat.” Fred said simply, and George was up groggily beside him, then trailing behind him naked through the house and into their father's old room where Arthur was ensconced that night as well, though they were a bit surprised to see Bilius sit up in bed as well.

“What is it Fred?” Arthur asked groggily, squinting at the glowing wand that woke him.

“Dad.” Fred whispered, casting a glance at his father's sleeping bedmate. “I've gone into my heat. Can I get in?”

“I'm no longer head of house here, Fred.” Arthur said dismissively. “Go find your grandfather.”

Whatever arguments Fred would have made were dismissed entirely as Arthur turned back over in bed and snuggled next to his own brother, closing his eyes. Fred gaped at him confusedly but George simply sighed and led his lust-addled brother out of the room.

“Come on.” George grumbled, annoyed at having to traipse all over this strange house in the middle of the night.

“Grandpa?” Fred called gently as he entered his grandfather's room, glancing around as if he shouldn't be there waking the man in the middle of the night. Maybe he should have waited for morning.

“Fred?” Septimus sat up in bed, wiping the sleep from his eyes. Comprehension dawned as he scented the air. He had decades of experience in this. “It's your time, isn't it? And you too, George?” he questioned.

“No, just Fred. We just usually come together.” he explained. They helped each other through most of their heats jointly and Arthur didn't discourage it, always willing to involve the other twin in some way.
But Septimus wasn't Arthur. His face turned stern. “Well then you go on right back to your bed.” he directed. “You'll see Fred in the morning.” George wanted to protest but knew better, and gave one last look to Fred before seeing himself out.

“Get in bed, young man.” Septimus directed, lifting the covers. “It's still cold out there and I'm still tired.” he grumped half-heartedly as he pulled Fred in and spooned up behind him, snuggling the covers back around them and setting aside Fred's wand, the light going out. Under the covers, he unceremoniously thrust his cock into Fred's unprepared arse dry. Fred gave an uncomfortable gasp but took the rough treatment.

Septimus took his time with Fred, because he was a bit tired, and he enjoyed the dry heat gripping him as he thrust slowly, ignoring Fred's hard cock, ignoring whether or not he hit his prostate as he thrust. The boy would learn some patience if he hadn't already. Wrapping his arms around Fred he pinched the boy's nipples hard and rolled them around between thumbs and forefingers as Fred gave a hiss of pain. This wasn't something anyone in his Clan tended to do, so he'd had very little experience with processing that sort of pain. But apparently it wasn't new to Septimus, who smirked against the back of the boy's neck as he felt him struggle with it. So, there were still a few things he had to teach. He chuckled wryly at Fred's delicate shudder and reached one of his hands down to fondle the boy's bollocks. He gave them a gentle squeeze as he continued to slowly roll his hips, then gave them progressively firmer squeezes and tugs as Fred moaned in pain. While Arthur was rough with Bill and Ron regularly, and had at times been very rough with all of his boys, he knew their dispositions and didn't tend to test Fred and George too harshly most of the time. But Septimus was old school and he believed that if a boy was to remember his place he needed occasional reminders, and was certain this would only help Fred long term.

Fred choked back a sob at the painful training but felt his body shudder almost against his will as his body caught up with who it was that was fucking him, and finally released his orgasm. He moaned desperately and continued to ejaculate all over Septimus' hand which still gripped his tender bollocks, cock untouched.

When Fred had spent himself, Septimus finally reached his hand to stroke the over-sensitive cock, milking it with a slow and steady rhythm as he continued to leisurely thrust. Fred gave another sob against him, unaccustomed to this sort of discomfort. Slowly, relentlessly Septimus dragged another orgasm out of him even as Fred squirmed to get away from the touch on his over-sensitized flesh. “Grandpa, stop.” he sobbed as the man continued to stroke him even after that, but Septimus just continued his gentle strokes, gentle thrusts, and peppered the back of Fred's neck with kisses.

He reached his hand out to fumble in the bedside table, and came back with a tube of something that Fred confusedly thought must be lube, though it didn't make much sense as this juncture. Whatever the cream was, however, it went into Septimus' hand as he gripped Fred's flagging red cock once again, slipping over the skin anew. At first it felt like a bit of a cool relief to Fred, and then he felt it warm. And continue to warm, with a sort of painful itch under his skin. He sobbed brokenly as his grandpa's thrusts picked up a bit of speed, hitting dead on his prostate now as the hand worked at a fevered pace on his poor spent cock he was sure was splitting open from whatever hellish paste was
spread on it. But he gave out one final shuddering climax as Septimus came as well, and the man continued to hold the spent little cock in his warm hand with the warm paste until Fred finally fell asleep in his arms, still sobbing. Then Septimus slept as well, still lodged deep inside of his grandson. He was so grateful to have shared such a special night with him.

When Fred woke in the morning, he was alone, and nothing hurt any longer though he was still a mess. The pain of the cream must have faded on its own and had left no lasting marks on his skin, not even redness. And internally, emotionally, he realized that he felt a deep seated sense of calm and comfort, as if something profoundly right had happened. He was cheerful all of his final day of his stay.

“What was he like?” George quizzed his brother over breakfast, talking quietly.

“Crueller than Dad.” Fred said decisively, but didn't seem upset about it.

“Really?” George asked with a bit of scepticism. After all, their father could be a harsh instructor on occasion.

Fred nodded. “Yeah, but I feel good. Settled, somehow. I felt like a little boy again last night. It was comforting in a way.”

George smiled. “I suppose that makes sense. It's always nice to have one of those rare heats, isn't it? One where you're really cared for?”

Fred only nodded, satisfied that as with everything else, his twin understood him completely.
Chapter 46

It was a bit after supper on the sixth and final day of their visit, and the Weasley family was heartbroken at their need to separate. But the portkey was scheduled and life had to go on. Even that day already, Bilius had had to leave for a few hours of work. Easter break was never long enough.

Everyone had packed and shrunk their luggage, hauled on their shoes and cloaks once again and were standing assembled in the same sitting room in which they'd arrived, giving gentle goodbyes and promises to actually write this time. In six days, everyone had had a chance to bond intimately with everyone, and it was painful to separate after integrating so thoroughly.

Full mouth kisses were shared all around, along with a good dose of proprietous groping of arses and crotches now and again. But there was no time for a truly heated exchange.

When the portkey had been activated, and the family swept back into their home at the Burrow, everyone was a bit sombre and tired. It was early for bed, but the family broke off in clumps to comfort each other and cuddle quietly, needing the physical affirmation that they hadn't been entirely split up. The Weasley children in particular were feeling an internal shift taking place as their subconscious recognized Arthur as head of house once again instead of Septimus, who they'd just finally adjusted to. It was disorienting and a bit uncomfortable.

Harry didn't have those same physical symptoms but nonetheless he was looking forward to wrapping himself up in bed with Ron for a final night of relative sexual freedom while the school chastity devices remained off, but it wasn't to be. Arthur pulled him aside.

“I'm sorry to have to call our holiday short, Harry, but I've promised Sirius you'd visit him for the final night and day before heading back to school. You've still got everything packed so you may as well make your way through the floo now.” He guided him to the fireplace, and Harry nodded tiredly.

“What is it, Harry?” Sirius asked as he folded his godson into a big hug and pulled him close. Harry was looking positively glum.

“I miss Grandpa.” Harry murmured into Sirius' chest, surprised to find that it was true. A week ago, he hadn't even thought of what it might mean to have a grandfather, and now he knew the man and
already missed him.

“Well of course you do.” Sirius soothed, and led Harry into the bathroom. “Let's get you out of those travelling clothes and into a nice hot bath. We'll get you warm and clean, perhaps some tea, and then to bed.”

Harry was grateful to be coddled, and gave a small smile. He knew he was probably much too old for it, but he'd never had this sort of care when he was little and Sirius hadn't been able to give it to him either. So for now he tiredly allowed himself to be undressed and sunk into the hot water of the tub while Sirius went to the kitchen to bring him a mug of tea. They talked of Harry's week and his time at school these past months, and he realized how much he'd missed his godfather, and how much more at ease he was with the man after his visit with family over the past week.

When the tea was gone and the water was cooling, Sirius took the opportunity to wash Harry, gently denying the boy the chance to do it himself regardless of his age. And secretly Harry loved it, loved the slow attention to washing and rinsing his hair, loved the soapy flannel as it glided over his skin, neither neglecting nor lingering around his most private parts. A finger even pressed the rough soapy cloth into his well-used hole to clean there as well, being thorough enough but again not lingering.

Harry gave a soft moan at the attention and Sirius smiled at how loose Harry was. He must have gotten plenty of attention with his family over the last week. “You know what I think would relax you, Harry?”

“Hm?” Harry grunted sleepily as Sirius rinsed off the soapy water.

“A nice warm enema.”

Harry glanced up worriedly. “I don’t know about that, Sirius.” he said cautiously. “I had one in the hospital wing when I was sick and I really didn't like it.” he shied away. The whole thing had been tremendously uncomfortable, psychologically as much as physically. But he recognized that stern look on Sirius' face, the one that said 'I know what's best for you'. Harry pulled his gaze away guiltily. Here his godfather was being so sweet to him, and he hadn't led him astray so far.

“Now, now, Harry. This is no hospital wing and I'm your family. You just lean back and leave it to me.” he encouraged, and cast a warming charm on the water that had begun to cool.

Uncertainly, Harry leaned back again and tried to relax as Sirius gathered the needed supplies from
the cupboard. Sirius had him hook his knees over the sides of the tub, splaying obscenely, and worked the oiled plug into his arse with a gentle but firm push. It wasn't done with the clinical detachment of a medi-witch, but with loving care.

“Close your eyes and relax, Harry.” Sirius soothed. “This will feel good. Deep breaths.” he said as he slowly worked the tubing into his godson, then let the warm water begin to flow. Sirius' hands were on Harry's slowly swelling tummy the entire time, massaging and caressing, encouraging the water in deeply and fully. His free hand gently rolled Harry's bollocks and gave them a gentle squeeze or tug, then drifted up to stroke the half-hard cock. Harry gradually relaxed into it, surprised how pleasant it felt compared to his earlier experiences, although this was still uncomfortable and weird. A part of him wanted Sirius to stop touching his swollen belly, but he had to admit that the touch soothed any cramps. When the enema bag was emptied and Harry was uncomfortably full, Sirius removed the tubing and continued his gentle massage for another ten minutes. He then helped Harry gently out of the tub and wrapped him in a fluffy towel, drying him off thoroughly, not neglecting his genitals or swollen belly as Harry might have done under the circumstances.

Then he sat Harry down on the toilet and swiftly removed the plug, allowing Harry to purge. No long hours of retention for this plain water enema, as there were no potions to slowly absorb. And unlike in the hospital wing, Sirius hands were on Harry's stomach the entire time, gently massaging and pressing to encourage the water out as he'd encouraged it in. Harry leaned against him weakly as his body expelled the liquid, feeling somewhat mortified and strangely emotional. He felt himself tearing up a bit for reasons he couldn't explain and buried his face against Sirius chest as Sirius hands continued to press.

“There there, you let it out.” Sirius soothed, meaning perhaps both the water and his emotions, and Harry let himself do both. When he was finished on the toilet, Sirius cleaned him up and carried him to the bedroom, and Harry felt oddly physically emptied from the experience but he supposed Sirius was right that it had relaxed him. Or at the very least, he was utterly physically drained.

Sirius snuggled in behind him in his bed, under the covers, and slowly worked oiled fingers into his already well-stretched hole, as Harry lay limply beside him, moaning gently at the attention. Finally, Sirius pressed himself deeply into Harry and fucked him with firm, deep strokes. Harry was still bound by his cock ring, of course, so Sirius neglected the cock, focusing on making Harry feel best internally. When finally he gave a groan and shot deep inside his godson, Harry was nearly asleep with his exhaustion, but fully relaxed physically and content emotionally. He would sleep well that night in his godfather's arms.
It was Harry's final day of vacation before school was set to start again, and it was a busy day at Grimmauld place. It was a day full of chores, really, as work was continuing on the house to get it in good shape. There was cleaning and cleaning out. Organizing of old things into piles of keep, donate, and quarantine for dark arts concerns. Spells had to be performed on damage that could be repaired while lists had to be drawn up on what needed a total overhaul. It was a project that would take months or years, but Harry was glad to pitch in for his one day of visiting. And while there was no official Order business during his stay, Order members dropped in occasionally to say hello or pitch in. Remus was there the longest, as well as a brief visit from Tonks, and brief showings by a host of people Harry only vaguely knew of or didn't know at all.

And while it might not have been a vacation exactly, for Harry it was an exhausting and fun day. One in which he grew ever closer to his estranged godfather. Harry once again regretted not being able to see more of the man, and vowed once again to at least write more regularly.

That night would be his final night with Sirius before returning to Hogwarts on the train first thing in the morning. He was filthy and exhausted, but happy. He didn't protest at all as Sirius undressed him that evening for a bath, Sirius having already had his own before supper. Harry allowed the intimacy to happen, because it had been such a nice way to bond with the man the night before.

They chatted idly as Sirius washed the boy in the hot water. Harry spread his legs helpfully when Sirius' hand dipped down to wash his genitals, and to probe that finger inside him once again, the rough soapy cloth stimulating his hole. He gave a gentle moan as the finger dipped in and past his pucker. Sirius gave a small smile. “Do you not typically wash here, Harry?” he inquired.

“No, not really, just the outside.” Harry answered distractedly.

“I want you to clean this way on your own from now on.” Sirius instructed him. “It doesn't have to be thorough, but at least press one soaped finger in, do you understand, Harry?”

“Yes, Sir.” Harry murmured, as Sirius now pressed two fingers deeply into him, the rough flannel scratching along. After he withdrew, he finished rinsing Harry off as Harry relaxed in the tub, eyes closed.

Harry didn't even notice Sirius had gotten out the gear until he was instructed “Legs up.” in a gentle voice.
Harry opened his eyes and when he saw what was in Sirius' hands he pouted. “Do I really need another one, Sirius? We just did it last night.”

“I'm not sure what this silly aversion is that you have, Harry.” Sirius said patiently. “Didn't it relax and soothe you?”

Harry bit his lip and nodded hesitantly, unable to argue that it had done the job.

“Well then.” Sirius said as if that was enough discussion, and Harry reluctantly splayed himself with his knees hooked over the edges of the tub, as Sirius dipped his hand beneath the water to press in the oiled rubber plug.

When the long tubing was lodged inside, the warm water began its descent and Sirius began his deep massage of Harry's abdomen. Harry leaned his head back on the edge of the tub and relaxed into it as best he could. It did feel good, when he wasn't distracted by the steady swell of his flesh. He felt full, grounded, and deeply relaxed. And most of all, he felt utterly pampered to be getting all of this treatment from his godfather -- completely and utterly taken care of.

After the required resting period, he was again helped from the bath and dried very thoroughly before being helped to the toilet. He was surprised how much less mortified he was the second time around as Sirius held him and pressed firmly against his distended belly to work the fluid back out, rubbing soothing circles all the time. As usual, Harry was a weak and trembling mess by the end of it, barely able to stand on his own as Sirius cleaned him up and helped him into the bed.

When Harry was sat on the bed, Sirius pulled out Harry's chastity device and Harry frowned. “I don't go back to Hogwarts until the morning. Can't we do it then?” he asked hopefully.

But Sirius gave him a stern look. “You know as well as I that it'll be a rushed morning, Harry. No, best to do it now.” he explained, even as he was already removing the charmed ring that Arthur preferred and replacing it with the chastity device. Luckily, the mild discomfort of the evacuation had been enough to help Harry go soft again, so Sirius took advantage of the opportunity to lock his cock in securely, delaying on the rest of the chastity belt for just a moment. “Now hands and knees, Harry. I want to check how well you're recovering from your week of revelry with the family.” he said, and Harry turned tiredly onto his hands and knees to present his arse.

Sirius took out a mild healing cream and dipped a finger into it, pressing into the softly yielding hole as he inspected for any tears or redness. There was some slight irritation still, but nothing that was concerning. One finger became two as he pressed deeply into his boy and scissored his fingers to stretch him, then three as he continued to prod and pull. Harry relaxed into the ministrations, pleasing
him. He was such a good boy in spite of everything he'd been through. Sirius worked fingerfulls of the cream deeply into Harry to speed his recovery, and when he was full of it he cleaned himself off and finished up the chastity belt, giving Harry's bum a pat to signal it was over.

“I'm not about to fuck you tonight and undo all of that cleaning and healing salve.” he said with a small smile. “You get some rest and I'll wake you in the morning for breakfast before it's time to go.” Sirius said. He tucked his boy in and gave him a kiss on the head, and Harry was so exhausted that he was soon fast asleep.
Chapter 48

It was Summer holiday at last, and Ron and Harry were seated at the kitchen table with Arthur mid-morning on a Saturday while the rest of the house bustled with activity. The boys had come home the evening before, and the family had been up much of the night reconnecting. Now, Arthur sat down his two youngest for a serious talk.

“You're both coming into your age of majority this summer.” he said seriously. “That means you'll be adults by Wizarding standards, and it's high time you figured out what it is you'll be doing with yourselves. Now I know you're still uncertain. Your schooling isn't finished yet and I'm still head of this household for many years to come. But it's time for your part time jobs to become full time this summer as a test case.”

Ron and Harry shared a nervous, and somewhat sad look. Their summers were the absolute highlight of their time together. A time when the whole family worked less often than the rest of the year by design, so that they could all reconnect. Even with their part time jobs the year before (Harry two days a week and Ron one), they'd had plenty of time for relaxing pursuits. But apparently Arthur wanted them to have a taste of real adulthood this summer to prepare them.

“I've been giving it some thought.” Ron spoke up. “I think I want to eventually work with Fred and George at their shop, in product development.”

Arthur nodded. “And while I agree that's a fine possibility, your potions ability would need to improve a bit before taking something like that on. You've not yet completed your years at Hogwarts and you know your brothers still have to outsource the trickiest work. Thankfully for you, Professor Snape has been gracious enough to invite you back as his assistant this year, full time.”

Ron blinked in surprised at that. Evidently this was the first he was hearing of it, but he gave a nod of understanding. He'd done well enough working one day a week with Snape the summer before, and had learned a lot. He felt prepared to attempt the full five day week this summer.

“As for you, Harry, Mister Grundy has offered you a full time position in his brothel, although I remain dubious as to the psychological effect it may have on you to be a box-boy five days a week. I discussed my concerns with your godfather and he, even more so than me, has absolutely forbidden it. But I believe the root reason that you're so good at your job, Harry, is that you have a real, deep-seated need to help people.” he gave his boy a warm smile. “And to that end, you'll be working part of your week at Saint Mungo’s as an assistant. There's to be no special treatment to you, and a firm hand in discipline, and so I enlisted Madam Pomfrey's help in finding you the right person to study under. It's a witch named Madam Ferra Spindle. You'll work for Madam Spindle Wednesday through Friday, and yes you'll return to Mister Grundy for Mondays and Tuesdays.” he smiled indulgently as he saw Harry's excited grin.
“Brilliant.” Harry said, already eager to get to work. His dad had it right again -- he really did feel a calling to help.

“Additionally,” Arthur continued, “You're to spend more time this summer with your godfather. It's high time you two really connected as family should. You'll spend every Friday night through Sunday with him and come back to us Sunday evening.”

While Harry was thrilled to spend more time with Sirius, he was a bit reluctant to leave the family so often, especially with his new jobs taking up so much of his time. Arthur read the worry on his face and pulled him into his lap.

“Come here.” he soothed, rubbing his thumb along Harry's cheek. “I promise you'll get every inch of attention that you deserve, my Harry. And you'll be happy to note that Monday marks the one year anniversary of your chastity.” he said with a small smile. Harry's eyes lit up with interest. “That's right. There's to be no special fanfare about it. You did well, my boy.” He gave Harry's swollen bollocks a grope through his jeans and Harry groaned. The ache was deep and seemed permanent. “Are these nice and heavy?”

“Yes, Sir.” Harry said breathlessly, wishing the orgasm denial was over now.

“And this hard little prick.” Arthur said, unzipping Harry and pulling it out. “Just look at how red it's become, nearly purpling with need. But it's not good to retain this sort of fluid for too long for most species, I'm afraid.” he said with a reluctant sigh, releasing Harry and tucking him back away as Harry steadied his breathing and tried to rein in his arousal and pay attention.

“Come Monday, we'll remove the ring and you'll have the free ability to orgasm in the brothel for the duration of your work there, as you will every Monday and Tuesday, though I'll expect you to begin practising your own self control at home on Wednesdays through Fridays along with the rest of my boys.” he added sternly and Harry nodded his understanding. No more ring to help him keep control of his orgasms. They'd be saved for special occasions when he had permission. Though he couldn't imagine he'd have too difficult a time reinising himself in if he were going to most likely be forced to orgasm repeatedly two days of the week. “As I've said there will be no special fanfare about this. It is just a matter of maintaining your health, though I am certain it will be spectacular for you, and quite possibly painful to purge the accumulated ejaculate from such a long denial.”

He let Harry up from his lap with a sigh. “And of course while you're with your godfather on the weekends it will be up to his own discretion as to how he chooses to control your sexual habits.” he added.
“Well now. That's enough serious talk for the time being. We'll also have to arrange for Apparition lessons this summer for the two of you on top of your busy schedule. There is much to be done. But for now go and find your brothers and continue to enjoy your weekend. And welcome home, boys.” he said with a smile as he sent them away.
It took only moments to strap Harry in to his box and enclose him in the dark space but it couldn't come soon enough as far as he was concerned, and he groaned with relief and satisfaction as the first prick of the day lodged in his arse, causing his whole body to tremble with need and anticipation. His moans were soon stifled by a prick in his mouth as well, and he tried to relax himself to the rhythm of the fucking, but his whole body was too keyed up to truly submit to it. He was tense and trembling, desperate to finally relieve himself, but the cock in his arse was missing his prostate and nothing in the box ever touched his prick. The precum, however, streamed out of him continually as he waited for something to send him over that edge.

The first customer finished efficiently but it was with number two that Harry finally felt what he'd been wanting -- a brutal pounding that hit his prostate dead-on with every thrust. He was coming so hard he saw stars and the continual ache he'd learned to live with was now almost painful in its release as Harry screamed around the cock in his mouth, his throat milking it for his customer. Tears streamed down his face at the power of the orgasm rocking his frame and he was almost oblivious to what was being done to him, all he could think of was the wave after wave that assailed him. It seemed like it would never end.

That day, while a transcendent relief on the one hand, was also more painful than any previous day Harry had spent at the brothel. Being forced to come so continually was even more painful in a way than being forced to retain it. At first, he was shocked at how much ejaculate he'd actually stored inside of him over the past year, and the process of ridding his body of it was uncomfortable and exhausting as it was brilliant. As the day wore on, however, he realized that his stores were not infinite, and he began to experience dry orgasms at times, his body shuddering and attempting to expel cum that simply wasn't there. The feeling was sharp and unsatisfying, as well as relentless.

He was most grateful for when his body would sort of give up, going limp and almost numb in his bonds, completely uninterested in the proceedings any longer, unable to even maintain proper arousal. It was a relief to just be able to hang there in peace. But inevitably his body would perk up again and Harry was subjected to another round of painful shudders. By the time his long and exhausting day was over, he'd been coming dry for hours. There was nothing left to expel.
Coming out of his booth at the end of the day he wiped his face off with a handkerchief from his pocket that he'd learned to carry, and pressed his rubber plug into his arse to keep from making a mess, then pulled on his clothes and flooed home.

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When Ron arrived at Snape's lab, Snape was waiting for him bright and early as usual to get right down to business.

“The first order of business, Mister Weasley, is how we shall conduct ourselves this summer as opposed to last. Now that I have enlisted your services full time, we are much closer to a traditional Master/apprentice relationship and as such, certain duties fall to both of us. Do you have any idea what those duties entail?” he questioned.

“Er... discipline?” Ron guessed, for physical discipline had played a large part in their interactions the summer before.

Snape nodded. “Indeed physical discipline is one of the main hallmarks of an apprenticeship. But not only does it fall to me to ensure your proper discipline, but it also falls to me to see to your sexual needs, and you to mine, according to certain parameters. My duty to you is for your health and concentration. To that end, every Monday morning I will encourage you to relieve yourself. This will occur once per week, as per your father's agreement, so you need not seek his permission in this. Of course if you should come into heat at the time, we shall forgo it.

“These weekly releases are to ensure your physical well-being and your ability to concentrate on your work fully. They will not be emotionally intimate affairs.” He stated clearly, and continued when Ron had nodded his understanding. “Monday mornings will begin firstly, however, with a maintenance discipline, which will be maintained regardless of your behaviour. I am certain after years of helping you through your time at Hogwarts as well as your time working for me last summer, you already understand the need for such a routine.

“After the necessaries, we shall continue with your release, and then on to work for the day. We'll use the end of every day to mete out specific corrections for infractions if there have been any, after which point you will use the remainder of the time to clean the lab while I work on my notes at my desk. When you've finished your cleaning duties, you will see yourself out.

“Only Fridays shall deviate from this pattern. When you've finished cleaning the lab on a Friday you will then see to my own physical release. Again, this is not to be an emotionally intimate affair, such as you might share with your family. It is instead to ensure proper frame of mind, as an apprentice
who is subservient to his Master. To that end you'll crawl beneath the desk and release me from my
clothes, proceed to fellate me until I ejaculate while I continue to work, then replace me in my
clothing as is proper, and again see yourself out.

“Are these duties clear?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir.” Ron answered, still trying to process all the changes expected of him. His father had
agreed to this? Well, he supposed that it was within the parameters of a traditional apprenticeship,
and both Snape and his father were very traditional people. He only hoped that he wouldn't
disappoint either of them.

“Very well then. If you would come in to my office.” Snape held out his arm to lead the way, away
from the dangerous ingredients of the lab and to the man's desk in a small office to the side. “Please
remove your shoes, trousers, and pants.” he instructed, and Ron was quick to obey.

He was to drape himself over Snape's knees for this discipline, and was relieved that it was only to
be fifty swats on his bare arse with a ruler. He'd certainly suffered through much worse with this man
over the years, and was curious how painful the corrections would be for actual infractions, though
not in a hurry really to find out. When his bottom was nicely red and sore, Snape pulled Ron to sit up
in his lap, Ron's back to Snape's chest so he could lean back against the man as Snape clinically took
Ron's prick in his hand.

It was awkward for Ron, not at all full of the loving care he was used to, even as his father was
sometimes brutal as well. But his body responded at length to the stimulation, and as he resigned
himself to the inevitability of it and knew that this would come easier with time. The minimal hand-
job was enough to cause him to ejaculate, even if it wasn’t a particularly fulfilling orgasm. A wave of
Snape's wand and the mess was clear, and he was instructed to straighten himself up and join Snape
in the lab to work when he was ready.

For the most part, the work was just as he'd remembered it from the previous summer. Demanding
and exacting, but something that he knew how to do, and he'd had plenty of experience in meeting
Snape's exacting standards. All in all by the end of the day he didn't think that he'd done too poorly.

With about an hour left in the day, Snape called it quits for the actual work, and led Ron into his
office once more, where they reviewed what all they'd worked on during the day and what small
things over time had gone wrong. Content that Ron had understood where he'd gone wrong, Snape
had him lean over the desk with his trousers and pants around his knees, and brought out a willowy
cane to deliver twenty smart blows to the boy's cheeks. Hardly the worst Ron had ever had, but then
Ron had had a pretty good first day.
“Well done, Weasley.” Snape said, putting the cane away as Ron righted his clothing. “You may finish cleaning the lab and see yourself out.” he instructed, settling himself in to his desk to work on his notes and papers.

Ron trudged back out to the lab, fully focused on the new pain in his backside chafing against his clothes and admired the genius of the order of events as cleaning the lab was physically demanding labour. He was moving up and down and all about the place to put things back in order and was exhausted and a bit sore by the time he left, ready for supper and a long rest.

He could hardly imagine that he'd be doing this every day.

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That night Harry cleaned himself thoroughly in the shower, remember Sirius' insistence that he do so. He'd been cleaning himself quite carefully since his godfather's instructions over Easter, and always pressed one finger within his soapy flannel into his hole, no matter how tight and out of use it was otherwise, even with the quick shower constraints of Hogwarts.

Now with his hole gaping from his plug and a day of abuse, it was dripping with cum and lubricant and he could just imagine what his godfather might say about hygiene. He pressed two of his fingers in along side the soapy cloth this time, as deeply as he was able as he leaned against the shower wall, moving them in and out of his loose arse, the fabric scratching and chafing against his overly sensitive hole.

When he'd finished, Arthur was waiting for him in his room before bed. “Come here, my boy.” he said gently. “How was your first day back?” he questioned, pulling Harry down to sit beside him, still naked.

“It was fine.” he said with a shrug.

“And did you have a nice release?” Arthur smiled. Harry smiled sheepishly back.

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.” It really did feel good to finally be allowed to again. He’d certainly missed it.
Arthur reached a hand over to weigh Harry's now much lighter bollocks, and palpated them a bit to gauge Harry's reaction. Harry gasped a bit at their obvious soreness. “They'll be a bit tender for a few days, I'd imagine, but you should be back to normal in no time.” Arthur assured him. He inspected Harry's limp prick with the same care, encouraged to note that it was no longer an angry red, just a sort of dull red from residual tenderness, and it showed no signs of perking up after such a thorough workout that day.

“I've made an appointment for you Friday afternoon to see one of the medi-witches at Saint Mungo's.” he told Harry. “No, there's nothing to worry about. It's just a check up after such prolonged orgasm denial. I'd been encouraged by Madam Pomfrey for a while now to have you checked out and though I've assured her you'd have your release at the one year mark it is good practice to have a thorough check up regardless to be certain you've fully evacuated any old build-up.”

Harry simply nodded, taking the information in, and deciding that it was just one more thing he had to worry about this first week of his summer holidays. Suddenly the excitement over turning seventeen soon was beginning to wear off, as his days felt very full, and he was already very tired. Ron who'd grabbed the shower just after him was now coming back to the room as well, looking just as utterly knackered.

“Well, you boys get some sleep.” Arthur encouraged them. “You've both got busy days tomorrow, no doubt.” he said, and took his leave.

Harry and Ron fell into bed tiredly and wrapped their arms around each other, too tired to even attempt anything remotely sexual. They took comfort in one another nonetheless, and were soon fast asleep.
Chapter 50

Harry had to steel his resolve the second day of work at Mister Grundy's. It was something he'd not had to do before, always having been one hundred percent willing before. But now he knew what the pain of a dry orgasm was, and was a bit cautious. Still, there was no time to wait around for him to be mentally prepared. Business was business, and he was in the box within moments of his arrival.

Harry had to learn inner peace all over again. It didn't matter, he realized, whether he came or not. Whether the cock in his arse forced it out of him or whether his own cock remained disinterestedly limp. He was again grateful for the restraints that allowed him to continue through his discomfort and out the other side.

He was surprised to note that he did, in fact, regenerate ejaculate by the second day. He'd thought for certain he'd come so much the previous day that he'd not regain more for months. How could he? But the body's ability to recharge was seemingly limitless, and he found himself cumming into the banishment chamber beneath him in due time. Now, the occasional ejaculation was just another function of his body that he grew comfortable with. The box was hot and sweaty. Drool often ran out of his stretched lips. His throat would burn, his jaw would become sore, his arse would become tender. And now, he would also occasionally ejaculate. He'd get thirsty or he'd need to piss. And he'd have an orgasm, sometimes dry. He'd moan and he'd scream and he'd be okay in his quiet little box, and that was just part of what it meant to serve these men. Sometimes it just so happened that their fucking would force an orgasm from him, and that was fine. Healthy even, he realized. Hadn't his dad been telling him so? It was important for Harry to release pent up fluids, and so his spontaneous orgasms took on a different light.

When he finished his second day of work he was calm, and had come to an inner peace about his work again. He was sore and absolutely knackered, but he felt healthy and glowing, and satisfyingly drained. With pouting red lips and soft member, a plug lodged deep in his arse, he made his way home.

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Wednesday marked Harry's first day of his training at Saint Mungo's. Madam Spindle, it turned out, was an elderly witch with a face like gnarled tree bark and a disposition as hard as nails. She wasn't cruel or unfair by any stretch, but neither did she give anyone under her authority an inch -- that meant both staff and patients. Harry, as a new employee, was to start at the bottom and work his way up. And that meant he spent the entirety of his morning cleaning bedpans from room to room in the enormous hospital.

He realized as he worked that all the cauldrons he'd cleaned for Professor Snape through the years could never live up to a bedpan full of refuse. But someone had to do the dirty work, and if it weren't
Harry, it would be someone else. And due to the number of ailments that were sensitive to stray magic, it was a job that was typically done by hand, just as the Muggles would have done. Filthy work, but not impossible to get used to.

Harry had thought that perhaps the afternoon would bring a significant change to his line of work, and was pleased at first to realize that the bedpans were over with. But instead he found himself giving sponge baths to those patients that couldn't clean themselves, and who'd been there too long to be thoroughly cleaned with a simple charm. Again it was dirty work, and awkward. But Madam Spindle showed him dispassionately how to do the procedure and get on with it. And strangely, like his work in the brothel, Harry found himself growing content as he worked. By the end of the day he was feeling very good about what he'd done for others, and how hard he'd worked. He'd even learned a thing or two, and Madam Spindle seemed satisfied in her tough way with the results.
Chapter 51

By Friday, Ron was well pleased with himself. The week had been gruelling, but he'd performed
well, and every day thus far had been more or less a reflection of how Monday had begun. He hadn't
made any horrendous mistakes and he'd managed to find the energy reserves somewhere to keep
going day in and day out, from seven to seven each day.

Now of course would bring the final change to his routine at the end of the day, and he was a bit
nervous about it. Though Snape's treatment of sex on Monday was cursory and quick, now it was
Ron's job to fulfil his own obligations to his Master.

They went over Ron's mistakes as usual, and Ron received several swats to his arse with the cane for
his trouble. It was now a rosy scarlet from the week's small transgressions, but would likely heal
entirely by Monday morning. Really it was mild, all things considered, though it did smart. He
continued out to the lab to do his regular cleaning, a task which while laborious, he now had down to
a routine. And then came the point in the day when he'd normally see himself out, but he knew that
he had one more task. Glancing across the room he could see into Snape's office, where the man in
question was quietly working on his notes as he usually did at the end of the day.

Ron recalled well what his instructions were, and steeled his resolve. He slipped into the room while
Snapew continued to seemingly ignore him, and he crawled beneath the large desk between the man's
splayed legs as Snape allowed his thighs to widen a bit further in invitation. Above him, Ron could
still hear the occasional shuffle of paper or scratch of a quill. And in front of him, he could see the
man's crotch, waiting for service. He carefully pulled aside Snape's robes and undid the buttons to his
fly, fishing the man's partially erect cock from the confines.

Ron had sucked enough cock to know what to do, and though it was definitely a little weird to be
doing it with this man in this way, he got down to it, licking and sucking it thoroughly as it grew
quite hard. One of Snape's hands even came down to the back of his head after a time to guide him
and that made it easier somehow, though he understood now what Snape meant about it not being an
emotionally intimate affair. It felt like a sort of routine maintenance that had to be performed -- not
unpleasant or anything, but not profound either. Above him the sounds ceased as Snape thrust in one
last time, coming down Ron's throat and holding him in place as he released, then he let Ron go and
continued his work, as Ron could hear the tell tale signs of papers and quill once again above him.

He finished licking up any mess and carefully tucked Snape back away, righting his clothes, and
then crawled out from under the desk and let himself out without a further word between them. It
would take some getting used to, he thought, but he felt proud in his ability to offer his Master this
service as an apprentice. It reinforced the power balance between them and felt right.

And now, most excitingly, he had an entire weekend to rest. Though he was a bit saddened when he
realized that he wouldn't be doing so with Harry, as Harry would be off at his godfather's for the whole weekend. He'd have to find a way to reconnect with Harry better next week, he decided, in spite of their new, challenging schedules.
Chapter 52

Harry's second and third days were more of the same work at Saint Mungo's. Apparently he wouldn't be learning something new every day, he realized, as he had to prove himself to Madam Spindle and he still was quite low ranking and without any medical training. New tasks would take time. And at any rate, Friday he was let out early, because he still had his own appointment to see to. His father had arranged it all with Madam Spindle beforehand.

And so he found himself in a stark white room on a little bed, waiting for a man named Doctor Breems. Doctor Breems, it turned out, was a middle aged wizard with short brown hair and thick glasses. He had a pencil moustache and a constant sort of scowl.

“IT says here, Mister Potter,” he began reading from his chart, “That you've been in long term chastity of some sort? Unable to orgasm whatsoever?”

“Yes, that's right.” Harry confirmed, and saw the doctor make some sort of note. “But I've recently been allowed to er... come.” he explained uncomfortably, feeling his face heat up as he said it. This was a medical professional, he reminded himself, and he surely knew why Harry was here. There was no cause for embarrassment. The doctor only hummed.

“And do you feel you've fully evacuated any old discharge by now?” the doctor enquired, still not looking up from the charts.

“Er, pretty certain, yeah.” Harry confirmed, thinking of Monday and Tuesday at the brothel and the continual orgasms. He didn't know how anything could have possibly been left after all of that.

“Are you experiencing any pain?”

“Not really, no. There was a sort of ache I'd learned to live with, but after Monday it's been dissipating and it's pretty much gone now.”

“Very well. Please remove your lower clothing, Mister Potter.” the doctor instructed, pulling on rubber gloves and taking out a little jar of oil.

Harry did as instructed, and found himself being positioned on the little bed with his arse in the air, legs spread wide, while his chest, arms, and head were pressed down against the mattress. It was
certainly a vulnerable position but gave the doctor a full view of his interests.

“Let me know if you experience any discomfort.” he said monotonously, and began to handle Harry's bollocks with one gloved hand, palpating them, giving a gentle squeeze of one and then the other, stretching them away from the body and pressing the skin behind them with a firm thumb. It was awkward, and not exactly comfortable, but didn't hurt. He similarly handled Harry's soft cock, giving it a squeeze sometimes or a pull, retracting the foreskin and handling the head.

“Have you had any difficulty in achieving an erection or a release?” the doctor inquired, to which Harry mumbled a no. The doctor had now coated one of his gloved hands in some of the oil and was steadily seeking that erection with a dispassionate hand, again retracting the foreskin to check on whatever it was he seemed to need to check for.

When Harry was uncomfortably aroused in the man's presence, the man dipped a finger in the oil and pressed it into his arse, seeking out his prostate straight away, and gave it a firm press, causing Harry to jump in surprise. The doctor only hummed to himself, whatever that meant, and pressed two oiled fingers now into the hole and onto the prostate, rubbing and pressing with a mission. Press, press, rub, with firm, unyielding strokes directly over that sensitive bundle of nerves. Before Harry could even realize it was happening he gave a grunt and began to come on the bed beneath them where a towel had been placed, but the doctor continued his relentless mission until every single last drop had been drained from him and the doctor was satisfied. Even after Harry was totally spent, the man's fingers kept dragging across his prostate for a time as Harry shuddered and failed to expel anything further. His bollocks were thoroughly groped once again and then that was apparently that.

The doctor put away the oil and removed his gloves, directing Harry that he was free to dress himself and go. He was apparently in perfect health, and the doctor would be sending any further details of the exam to his guardians.

Harry awkwardly got himself dressed and left the cummy towel for someone to clean up, now with a new appreciation for that sort of work. Come next Wednesday, maybe it would be him cleaning up such a thing. It certainly wasn't that far off from a bed pan.

But instead of flooing home he picked up his overnight bag from Madam Spindle's currently empty office and made his way to the public floo to go to Grimmauld Place instead of the Burrow. He hadn't seen Sirius since the end of Easter holiday, and was excited to see his godfather again. It was only moments after the floo had gone off that Sirius emerged into the sitting room to embrace him in a warm hug with a wide grin.

“Harry! How are you?” He pulled him back to get a better look. “You're looking good.”
“I feel good.” Harry admitted to him. “I guess Dad told you I'm working two jobs this summer?”

“He did. Mister Grundy's and Saint Mungo's. They both seem to suit your personality. Are you enjoying the work?”

“Loving it.” Harry said with a genuine smile. “They're not too dissimilar jobs in a way. I guess you and dad know me well to pick those out for me.” Sirius steered Harry into the kitchen where supper was waiting for them, and they had a great time eating as Harry told Sirius everything he'd missed since his last visit. Some of it had made it into a handful of letters from school, but it was always difficult for Harry to remember to actually owl. And there was such a full week to explain as well. Sirius seemed particularly pleased to note that Harry was no longer in chastity of any sort, just as promised by Arthur, though he'd been restricting himself at home for the last three days, exempting the awkward doctor's visit.

The two of them stayed up well into the night, speaking of Harry's life mostly but also taking a tour of some of the work that had been done to the house. Tomorrow was to be a gardening day for the both of them, apparently. And before long, Harry found himself yawning, having grown used to a regular bed time what with his full time job. Sirius led him upstairs and toward the familiar bathroom, and Harry smiled.

“Come on, I think it's time for a bath.” Sirius said, pulling Harry's shirt off of him.

“I don't need you to do this for me, Sirius.” Harry said sheepishly. “I'm nearly seventeen.”

“And you're still my godson, and you still need quite a bit of looking after.” Sirius said with a tone of finality, and Harry was only too happy to give in to the coddling after such a long and strenuous week. He happily sunk into the hot water and allowed Sirius to lather up a cloth and begin soaping him. He was surprised how at ease he remained with the man, something fundamental having shifted between them that spring.

“Are you still washing yourself thoroughly?” Sirius asked him when he'd reached Harry's arse, pressing his own cloth-clad finger past the resisting muscle. Harry wasn't as loose as he'd been over Easter due to having a few days of inactivity, but he was used to doing this to himself, so the ring of muscle did give way.

“Yes. I've been careful to always take care of it since you told me.” Harry assured him.
Sirius smiled. “That's my good boy.” he said, working the soapy cloth in and out. “This routine, Harry, is something we're going to do together during your visits. Because I think it helps you to feel good, because it's good for our relationship, and because I think it's all the more important that you take care of your body with this brothel job.” Sirius told him, working a second finger into the tight muscle and chafing the sensitive rim with the rough fabric a bit. Harry gasped at the thorough cleansing in slight discomfort, and Sirius pulled away. After he'd finished, he reached for the now familiar equipment.

After Sirius' lectures about good hygiene, Harry was still a bit hesitant about the enemas but was a bit more accepting than ever before. There had been a lot of cum up there earlier in the week, he supposed. Now he felt the familiar press of an oiled plug, and the watched the tubing disappear inch by inch as Sirius worked, Harry's knees hooked over the sides of the tub as he continued to soak in the warm water.

Sirius massaged his abdomen as it began to distend and Harry cramped a bit in discomfort, still not entirely used to the odd sensation, but he gave himself over to the treatment. After all, Sirius had already decided Harry was to have this every weekend for the duration of summer. There was no point in fighting it, and he knew it was for his best interests.

He was made to retain the liquid inside of him for a good ten to fifteen minutes while it did its work on him, and during that time one of Sirius' hands continued to massage his swollen belly while the other drifted down to stroke his hardening cock. This was new. This was new and weirdly erotic. Harry relaxed into the warm water, still splayed obscenely to his godfather as the man continued to stroke him, and Harry gave himself over to orgasm, ejaculating over Sirius' fist though he'd just cum that afternoon at the hospital. Sirius gently milked out the last drops as Harry softened, and Harry felt all the more keenly the urge to evacuate his bowels in response to his orgasmic contractions.

Now that it was time, Sirius dried him thoroughly and helped him onto the toilet, gently massaging the boy's stomach as Harry purged. As always, the entire process left him feeling drained and a bit weak and shaky, although also relaxed and quite clean and empty inside. The orgasm only added to his hazy stupor, and he was feeling a bit fuzzy when Sirius finally led him to his bed.

There, Sirius ordered him to hands and knees just as on their last visit, and he gently worked a bit of salve into Harry that would soothe any chafing caused by the brothel earlier in the week, the daily washings, or the recent enema. The cream was slick and pleasant in Harry's hole, which Sirius worked open gently until he was three fingers deep and able to work a sizeable amount of the stuff within the stretched hole. Finally, Sirius tucked Harry into his bed and gave him a kiss on the head before sleep.

It would be the middle of the night by the time Sirius would finally join Harry in bed, and take his own pleasure, only slightly waking Harry up as he sheathed his hard prick in Harry's arse which was still partially stretched and slick from the cream. The boy simply moaned in his half sleep as Sirius
rocked gently in and out of him until he came as well, remaining inside his precious boy for much of the night, spooned together.

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Harry had a wonderful weekend with Sirius, but he also felt as if he'd missed out on prime summer vacation time with his family. He was desperate for affection from them Sunday evening when he returned home, soaking in what little attention he could before it was again his bed time. He let out a frustrated, tired sigh in bed that night.

“What is it, Harry?” Ron mumbled, curling his arms and legs more tightly around Harry who laid on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

“I feel like I barely have time with anyone here.” Harry complained. “If it's not the new jobs I'm with Sirius on the weekend, which is great, I'm not complaining. I just....”

“I know what you mean.” Ron confided. “We've barely had time for us.” he said, untangling himself a bit. With a bit of shuffling, Ron arranged the two of them in a familiar position, heads to feet so that they could gently suckle each other to sleep. Orgasms might have been forbidden at this time in this house, but the dreaded cages from Hogwarts were gone and there was no reason they couldn't smother each other in affection as they'd used to. Harry sighed contentedly as he sucked. He'd needed this, and apparently so had Ron. Neither one had felt quite so content in ages. Gradually, they drifted to sleep.
Chapter 53

When Harry returned home Monday evening, he felt as usual, pretty filthy and sore. He almost found himself longing for one of Sirius' special baths, special cleansings, and special salve. He shook his head in wonder at it. When had he come to actually desire such pampering? But alas, it wasn't to be. He cleaned himself as best he could in the shower, and was pleased to spend the night in Arthur's bed for a change as he took advantage of Harry's relaxed hole.

Meanwhile in Ron's life, he was much more comfortable with his sexual encounter with Snape the second week around, now that he knew what to expect. He could begin his week with a rosy bottom and empty bollocks and no reason not to pay attention to his work.

All in all, Arthur was pleased at how well his youngest boys were taking to their new schedule.

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By Wednesday, Harry was really feeling sore from his two days at the brothel, and was grateful for the reprieve of the hospital. He did his rounds with the bedpans and reported back to Madam Spindle for his next task, assuming as before it would either be more waste clean-up or more sponge baths. He was surprised to learn it would be something different, though no less gross. Today, he'd be learning his first real bit of medi-wizardry. Wound dressing.

There were several patients who had to have their bandages changed, who'd been damaged by hexes or potions ingredients or even simply normal means -- a burn or a spill, an infected gash. Potions and salves could do wonders, but not all wounds healed overnight. For some of the more serious cases, it would take a few days of treatment, and that meant someone -- today Harry -- would have to carefully remove the soiled bandages which were already covered with skin, slime, blood, puss, and all manner of potions ingredients. The wound would have to be carefully bathed with fresh water mixed with a disinfecting potion and often a pain killer. Then, using the quantity and type of tincture indicated in the patient's chart, redress the wound with the appropriate treatment and new bandages.

It was careful work, and unpleasant to look at and to smell for that matter. Besides which, Harry didn't want to do any further damage or cause pain to any of the patients, though he quickly learned that sometimes it was inevitable and unavoidable. The hardest part of the job, though, wasn't keeping compassion for the patient. That came naturally. It was keeping a strong stomach for some of the worst cases. He saw an auror oozing something black from half of his left flank that looked dreadful. Later, a potions experiment had raised what looked like some sort of boils to both a man's hands. A full recovery was expected, but for now the hands were out of commission, and weeping painfully.
By lunch time, Harry had fairly lost his appetite but forced himself to eat. He was grateful to return to
the sponge baths for the afternoon, and resolved to never give complaint about such easy work again.
He began to wonder whether all medi-witches were necessarily a bit demented to be able to do what
they did. And yet he couldn't help but want to learn to do more for the patients who were so needy.
He was in a sombre mood when he returned home for supper that evening, and was glad that Ron
seemed too preoccupied himself to have noticed.

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“I missed this.” Harry confided in the tub Friday evening.

“Oh?” Sirius asked casually, rinsing Harry's hair one last time, running his fingers through the
strands and along the scalp. He moved on to lathering the flannel and beginning to gently wash his
boy.

“On Mondays and Tuesdays mostly.” Harry continued. “After the brothel. I feel dirty. Not like in a
metaphorical way.” he clarified. “But you know, I'm actually physically pretty grimy by the end of it.
This is something nice to look forward to.” he said.

Sirius propped him up to get his back, then moved back around to get his legs and feet. “All of it, or
just the bath?” Sirius asked with a smile.

“All of it.” Harry confessed. “I never thought I'd think so, but it's nice knowing I'm getting
thoroughly taken care of by you on the weekends.” he said as Sirius' hand came round to wash his
cock, retracting the foreskin and gently rubbing around the head, dipping the corner of the flannel
under the foreskin to be extra thorough. Harry gave a bit of a shiver of discomfort, but at the same
time his cock began to fill a bit. Sirius smirked and let him go, moving his hand under the water to
wash Harry's bollocks, and then between his cheeks as Harry sunk further into the water, tilting his
hips up and hooking his legs over the sides of the tub as was their routine. Harry hummed
contentedly as he felt the soapy pressure at his hole and felt it give a twitch to allow entrance.

Harry gave a small pout of displeasure and a small whine at the discomfort of the rough cloth
penetrating him, but he made no move to tense up or back away, so Sirius continued cleaning his
boy thoroughly. Harry had just admitted he'd missed this, after all. When he felt that Harry was
sufficiently stretched, he retrieved the plug and oiled it, pressing it home as Harry gave a small
contented grunt and slipped further down in the water. Sirius was sure he'd never seen Harry quite so
bonelessly accepting of their routine, and he was deeply pleased.

The abdominal massage served two purposes. One was to ease the way for the water to deeply
penetrate Harry and with fewer cramps. But the second was a colonic massage, which would gently dislodge any refuse that had yet to make its way out of the boy. This would leave Harry feeling wonderfully light and empty at the end of their session, so Sirius never neglected to work his fingers in deeply and firmly against the boy's abdomen. As Harry rested with the water inside him, Sirius removed the long tubing, and then began to slowly stroke Harry's cock just as he'd done for him before. He recalled the previous summer and how reluctant Harry had been to be touched by him, and marvelled at the open submission before him now, Harry easily letting himself go as he came wetly into Sirius' palm.

After ensuring Harry was completely dry, Sirius moved Harry to the toilet and continued the abdominal massage there as Harry trembled with the exertion of expelling such a large amount of water and waste. When he was finally clean, it was time for the one final step.

“Mm.” Harry moaned as he felt the first dip of Sirius' slick fingers back into his pliant hole. “This too.” he said. “I've missed this part too. That feels absolutely lovely, you know, and I do get so sore after my work.”

“Well then I'll have to make sure I do a good job.” Sirius smiled, now working a third finger into the stretched hole, smoothing the cream deep inside. “You're always so tight again by the time you get here.” Sirius mused. “Even with that family of yours.”

“Hmm.” Harry hummed, loving the slow stretch as his arse accommodated Sirius fingers. The three dipped a bit further in, not yet fully seated within him, but he could feel the taut ring of muscle slowly giving way. “It's always been like that -- elastic, recovers quickly.”

“If you stretched it more often, you wouldn't get so twingy at first penetration -- at work, or by the enema plug.” Sirius explained patiently to him.

“I thought that my cleaning regimen helped with that.” Harry said, referring to Sirius' standing instructions that he press one finger's worth of soapy cloth into himself every day during his shower, a task which he'd been fastidious about for months now.

“Oh it does, certainly. But I'm thinking I might give you a plug to wear while at work on Wednesday through Friday. Just while you're on the job, then you're free to do whatever it is you normally do with the Weasleys. They might even appreciate the easier entry.” he smirked. “I'll send you with it and this cream to go with it. I want you to use the healing salve as lubricant for it to get rid of any damage more quickly, while still keeping you pliant.”

“Alright, Sirius.” Harry mumbled, feeling that Sirius' fingers had reached their full depth, and feeling
himself slip further into a puddle on the bed at the wonderful feeling of it. Soon he found himself tucked under his covers, and barely heard Sirius wish him a good night.
Chapter 54

Harry explored the plug in question for the first time Wednesday morning as he got ready for work. He'd just taken a bag with the plug and salve in it when he'd gone home on Sunday, and hadn't really bothered to look at it until the last minute -- now. What he discovered upon opening the bag was that the plug was absolutely enormous, both wide and long for a plug, though it had the familiar shape. It was made of metal of some sort, and was incredibly heavy in his hand. The tub of salve was sizeable however, so Harry set to work with his fingers first, trying to loosen and widen his hole enough to fit the monster inside. It took a good deal of salve to do so, but he figured that would only help him heal all the better as Sirius had intended. And in the end it wasn't an impossible task, as he was still a bit loose from two straight days of being fucked.

He pressed the thing home with a bit of a wince, and now knew what Sirius meant when he said that Harry had problems feeling twingy... as he felt just a bit of a twinge. Now the thing sat heavily inside of him, the base pulling outward slightly with gravity, making him hyper aware of the weight against his hole. He sat down on the toilet seat experimentally as he knew he'd be sitting now and again throughout the day, and nearly choked on his tongue as he felt the massive thing lurch inside of him, the base splaying his arse widely while internally it pressed against seemingly everything. Well, this was going to be an adventure.

Even walking down for breakfast was a bit of an experiment, as Harry had to be careful of his gait to make room for it. It was going to be an interesting three days.

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The plug was still seated in Harry for his bath that Friday night, Sirius was pleased to see. When it was time, he gave it a steady tug and watched Harry's hole stretch and give way around the bulbous head of it as he pulled it free. Now he was able to effortlessly press two fingers and half the flannel into the soft hole, bits of the healing cream washing free and into the bath. Harry sighed in relaxation and well he should. Part of the beauty of the cream when used in conjunction with the plug meant that the plug wouldn't cause any chafing, redness, or soreness as it was worn. Harry was stretched wide open now without any discomfort at all. Bill had even commented on it Thursday evening when he'd fucked Harry before bed. Though he'd not seen the plug, he'd loved how pliant and soft Harry's hole had been.

Now Sirius had to move up a size when it came to the rubber plug in the enema kit, but Harry just took it without comment. “Here.” Sirius said, moving Harry's own hands to replace his on Harry's abdomen. “I want you to learn to do this for yourself, Harry. Give yourself a treat now and then. I want you to press here and here, just as I do.” he pressed Harry's fingers into the swollen flesh, and felt Harry give an uncertain press himself, still obviously a bit uncomfortable about the situation when he was made to be involved. “Go on, that's it.” Sirius encouraged. “You know how it feels by now. Press more firmly, and smooth your hands over the swell. That's right.”
Before long Harry was an active participant as he gave himself the massage, both of Sirius' hands engaged in pleasuring Harry's cock and bollocks. The boy came to a shuddering orgasm in his hands, and it was time to get him out of the tub and dried off.

When it was time to evacuate himself, Sirius made Harry press his own hands against his stomach once more, encouraging him to stroke more firmly when it seemed Harry was uncomfortable with doing so. Sirius held the boy comfortably against his side the whole time, and smoothed his hair out of his face soothingly.

On the bed that night, Sirius was able to easily dip his three fingers into Harry's stretched hole, smoothing more of the cream into place. He went to bed beside Harry, fucking him to sleep, and loving how soft and accepting Harry's body had become.

It was Sunday night when Sirius sent Harry home with not only his plug and salve, but an enema kit of his very own, and instructions on how to do the task himself Tuesday night before bed. Harry was tremendously nervous, and even tried to talk Sirius out of the order until Sirius had to threaten physical correction, something he hadn't had to do in ages. That was enough to cow Harry's attitude as he gave a mumbled apology. Sirius once more reassured him that there was nothing to be nervous about. This was, after all, something Harry looked forward to on a weekly basis, and he would be fine.
Receiving an enema from Sirius might have been something Harry had grown accustomed to over time, but being expected to perform the act on himself was quite something else altogether. He drew a bath for his grimy and sore body that Tuesday night, and laid out the kit along the side of the tub with trepidation. He was intimidated by what he saw before him, but decided he would simply have to take it one step at a time. He needed to wash his hair and then his body, so he took his time in doing that, and tried to allow himself to actually relax and enjoy removing the sweat of the day.

When he finally reached behind himself with his flannel, he was still sloppy and open from work, so it was easy to press his digit inside and do some washing out. One finger became two, and he began to realize as usual just how messy it was up in there. He needn't wait until Friday, he knew. He would clean himself right now.

Harry dipped the rubber plug in oil and began to press it into himself, legs hooked over the sides of the tub as usual, and found that it wasn't quite so difficult to do. After contending with the metal monster last week, the smaller rubber plug wasn't so bad. But now came one of the more intimidating steps. Harry had never been quite comfortable with the amount of tubing that was fed into him, though Sirius had explained how to do it carefully, and shown him the mark of where to stop. Hesitantly, Harry pushed the first bit inside, and tried not to think too hard about what he was doing as he saw more and more of it disappear up inside of him. His hands shook a bit and he felt himself begin to sweat with worry.

He filled the enema bag with warm water from the tap and hung it to the side, within reach, and attached the tubing. then carefully released the clamp to allow the flow of water to begin and laid back against the wall of the tub as comfortably as he could, smoothing his hands over his growing belly to soothe the cramps away. He sighed. Yes, this was a nice thing to do for himself, he thought, and through Sirius' conditioning he felt his cock growing quite erect, in spite of its long day, in anticipation of its usual release. But no, Harry didn't have permission to come even if he would have been able to after a long day at the brothel. He ignored his cock and focused on pressing firmly into his belly to elicit that pleasure instead and gave a soft moan of appreciation.

When the bag was fully emptied inside of him, he carefully removed the tubing and began a ten minute timer. As he waited, he enjoyed his own touch, smoothing his hands over and around his stomach. Finally, it was time to get out, and he dried himself thoroughly as he drained the tub, smoothing the towel over his distended belly with a comfort he'd never had with it before. He sat himself on the toilet and pulled out the plug, and remembered not to simply allow gravity to do the work as he was more inclined to, but to continue the insistent massage as Sirius would have done. 

Dig and press. Dig and press. He was trembling by the time the last of it was out of him, but he was feeling cleaner than he usually did on a brothel day, and he smiled with pride as he realized he'd done the hardest bits.
Leaning against the sink he spread himself a bit awkwardly and dipped his fingers into the salve, working first one finger, then two, then three into his sore hole. He couldn't reach as deeply as Sirius could, but he needn't have worried. Ron was eager to thrust deeply into Harry's pliant hole as they drifted off to sleep that night.
Chapter 56

On Wednesday, Harry had his heavy plug pulling at his newly cleaned arse. It was mid afternoon by now, and Ron was helping Snape brew three tricky potions, all while Snape brewed an additional three others while he kept an eye on Ron. The Weasley household was quiet, miles away -- Bill in his bedroom catching up on curse-breaking correspondence, as Charlie puttered around in the kitchen uncertain whether he wanted something to eat. Percy and Arthur were at the ministry that day to catch up on a bit of work, while Fred and George were in Diagon Alley at their joke shop. At Grimmauld Place, Sirius was alone, trying to clear out the basement potions lab with little success.

And then, there was an attack.

Severus probably reacted first out of anyone, hissing as he gripped his left arm. A summons. Not now, he thought with irritation, glancing around the lab frantically. He waved his wand to cast a stasis charm on all six of the bubbling potions, though he suspected the interruption would cost him four of them. There was no time to dwell on it now and the Weasley boy, while competent, was not experienced enough to be left looking after it on his own. His wand flicked secondly to his door, locking the place up, as they were about to be gone. “Take the floo to the Burrow and stay there.” he said sternly and shoved the boy toward the fireplace as Ron gaped, trying to figure out what had happened and with dawning comprehension when he saw where Snape held his own arm.

Ron had known about the problems plaguing their world, of course, but both his father and the Hogwarts staff had done their best to keep the children sheltered from it thus far. He tumbled into his living room, Snape using the floo directly after him to a safe public terminal to Apparate anonymously from to join Voldemort and see what the hell he'd done now.

At the Burrow, Ron tumbled into his living room to chaos. Charlie had felt the Order coin warming his pocket immediately and had shouted after Bill who'd felt his as well. They were grabbing a few needed supplies when they caught sight of their younger brother in the sitting room. “Shite.” Bill grumbled. “You stay here, Ronald. Lock the doors and stay away from the windows. Keep your wand on you.” Bill directed, then left in a rush with Charlie to Grimmauld Place.

Sirius' house was quickly pandemonium as Order members flooed in from all directions. Bill and Charlie Weasley, Moody, Remus, Tonks, McGonagall, and still others. He'd run up the stairs from the basement as soon as he'd heard the floo rush twice in quick succession and knew immediately something was up. Tonks was dispatching information rapidly. There'd been a major Death Eater attack on the Muggles and the Aurors had been sent, which was how she'd come by the information so quickly. There'd been a fight, but she didn't know the results of it. She wasn't sure about whether or not there'd been pursuit, or if any Death Eaters had been caught or identified. The teams that were sent hadn't included her own. Nor could she vouch for the location of Kingsley Shacklebolt.
Meanwhile, the Ministry was in chaos as news of the event unfurled. Though Percy and Arthur had little to do with it, they rushed around like everybody else, desperate to gather needed intelligence on the matter, while Arthur worried himself sick over his family. Where were they? Were they safe? But he didn't have the time to be able to check on any of them.

And at Saint Mungo's, twelve injured Aurors ranging from mildly injured to seriously so were delivered, as well as seven incapacitated, highly guarded Death Eaters. Madame Spindle was one of the first on the line, and as such Harry found himself surrounded by an actual emergency after another slow day of mostly bedpans. He didn't know what to do, or where to stand, but responded as competently as he could to Madam Spindle's constant demands of him, to hold this, hand over that, fetch water, hold a man down as she set his leg and he screamed. It was chaos and Harry was a bit shell-shocked to see it, adrenaline fuelling his body and his mind blank.

It was well after Harry's usual leaving time when Madam Spindle realized the hour and the glazed look in poor young Harry's eyes, the slight tremble in his hands. “Let's get you home, Mister Potter.” she said in a stern but grandmotherly tone as she guided him to the floo. “There's not much else to do here now, and you'll be needing your family and some food in you, and a good night's rest. You just send an owl if you can't make it in tomorrow, young man.” she assured him. Customarily, she wouldn't allow days off like that, but this was a public crisis and she didn't know the state of Harry's extensive family. Even if they were safe and well, everyone was likely to be shaken up by this sort of day. She knew two of the Weasleys worked at the Ministry and she shook her head and sighed, calling for the Burrow and pushing Harry into the flames.

When Harry landed home, Ron was frantic. He'd been alone for hours and on edge. He was equal parts anxious and relieved when he finally heard the floo, and had peeked around the corner, wand in hand, and saw Harry. When he saw him, some of the tension left his shoulders as he ran to throw his arms around his brother. “Harry.” he sighed. “Where were you?”

“Work.” Harry said, trying to get his bearings. “Where is everyone? Was anyone hurt?” he questioned worriedly, as the last few hours began to catch up with him.

“I don't know.” Ron answered frantically. “Snape sent me straight home whenever it happened, whatever it was, and when I got here Bill and Charlie were taking off and told me to stay put. I haven't heard from the rest. Do you know what's going on?”

Harry quickly relayed any information he'd gathered throughout the day on the attack, which was minimal but more than Ron had. Soon, the flames flashed again as Fred and George made an appearance. Fred threw another handful of powder into the floo as George hugged his younger brothers. “Yeah.” Fred's voice could be heard as he stuck his head through. “Ron and Harry are both here, Sirius. You can calm down, we've got them.” he assured before cutting the connection. Sirius had been frantic about the status of his godson when the dust had finally settled. Fred and George had showed up a bit late to the party, as Diagon Alley had been pandemonium, and as their shop
hadn't had its own floo connection, they'd had to wait for the crowds to clear a bit to use a public terminal.

Soon Bill and Charlie were joining them, and only late into the night did Arthur and Percy make a final appearance. No one had eaten a proper meal, though Bill had been prudent enough to make sure everyone but Arthur and Percy had at least eaten something as they'd pulled bits of fruit and cold sandwich materials out of the fridge. Everyone was still filthy from the day’s exertions and no one was in their bed on time that night, and Arthur couldn't fault a single one of them. They sat for a long time that night in the sitting room, going over what all had happened in the world and to each other, and just generally sharing in affection and physical confirmation everyone was in one solid piece.

Everyone was late to bed that night, and Harry realized he'd left in the heavy metal plug well past when he should have removed it. He was a bit sore but too tired to tend to himself properly or have anything more than a cursory shower. Everyone had called off work for Thursday, though Arthur knew he'd likely make one brief round at the Ministry for information in the afternoon some time. Owls were sent to Madam Spindle and Professor Snape as Arthur called his boys out of their jobs as well -- Harry already had standing permission, after all, and he very much doubted that Snape would be in any fit state to do real work whenever he got himself free from Voldemort. The Order still hadn't heard from the man by the time Arthur had left Grimmauld Place, and his thoughts were with Snape and many others as he took to bed that evening, mind full of worries for those he cared about.

Arthur had thought he was alone for the night. He'd been last to use the shower, last to turn off the final lights, the house was quiet. But as he sat on his bed, exhausted to the core, Percy crept into his room cautiously, the door creaking after him.


“Just you, father.” he said quietly, crawling into bed and holding up the blankets to encourage Arthur to finally lie down, to join him.

Arthur sighed at the sweetness of his quietest boy. So many people misunderstood Percy, found him offputting in some way, but he was such a strong boy. They'd been the last ones out tonight, on the front lines of intelligence gathering for the Order at the Ministry. It was exhausting work, and nerve wracking. Now his boy turned to face him, nestled close. Percy pressed his lips to those of his father, and shared a languid kiss with him, opening his own mouth gently in invitation which Arthur took up, gently probing with his tongue as Percy moaned. It was kissing in this way that led them slowly, gently to sleep.
“Merlin.” Arthur grumped crossly, a bit overwhelmed by what was to be another busy day, after the chaos of the day before. The stress of the ordeal had thrown Percival, William, and Ronald all into premature heats. It was a natural reaction to a catastrophe, he knew, a need to reaffirm to themselves that they were safe and taken care of. But from Arthur’s point of view, it was a rather absurd quirk of nature, because a premature heat wouldn’t be much good at all in an actual emergency. It was rare that he had two of his boys to deal with even close to the same time, and now he had his hands full with three simultaneously.

Well, Percival would simply have to wait, he decided. Percy had the most experience with holding out, though his eyes did take on a bit of a desperate look when Arthur told him so that morning at breakfast when the revelations had been made.

That left Bill and Ron. Bill as the oldest should have the most self control, he decided, and took Ron off to his room straight away after breakfast.

Ron was overly affectionate as a result of the stress the day before, and Arthur had his arms full of him the moment they were on the bed, Ron kissing desperately and practically clinging to him. Arthur did his best to reassure his youngest, giving in and giving the boy what he wanted, but he sighed into Ron’s mouth as he failed for a third time to ease the boy away enough to get down to business. Having lost his patience, Arthur simply lifted Ron’s hips and thrust himself into the boy without preparation. Ron broke the kiss to moan deeply and fell limply into his arms, his mind immediately flooded with reassuring pheromones that sent him into a submissive state.

It was awkward to raise and lower Ron’s hips as he was being absolutely useless, and while usually Arthur would have taken a firmer hand, Ron trembled in his arms with the pent up nerves of the day before and Arthur took pity. He did his best to soothe his son as he moved them together gently. And by the end of it, when they’d both finally released, it had been by far the gentlest heat of Ron’s life. Nevertheless, he could feel the same sense of calm and rightness settle into his bones as they cuddled afterwards.

The afternoon was dedicated to Bill, though he asked immediately for something more forceful than Ron had wanted. “I want to use the box.” he said immediately, and Arthur scowled. The box was pretty serious, and not used often.

“William.” Arthur said waringly, concerned about whether this were the appropriate venue for such
a thing. But just as Ron's needs had been special that morning, Bill's were special now. Arthur sighed at the desperate look in his eyes, the pleading he saw there. “All right. Brace yourself against the dresser.” Arthur directed as he pulled a wooden box out from under his bed. Will got into the familiar position, hands braced on the dresser to the side of the room and arse thrust out, feet planted firmly.

Arthur dug through a host of toys and torture implements. Nothing creative today, he thought. But perhaps the cane, in spite of a lack of infractions. He began caning his eldest son, not holding a single stroke back, fifty of his best. Bill simply sank into the pain, crying out at it until he was sweaty and his eyes pricked with tears by the end.

Now, as Bill stood on unsteady legs, trying to keep himself together, Arthur plunged forward, fucking into Bill roughly with none of the gentleness he'd used with Ron. Bill had indicated he needed to feel it, he needed something to ground him in the moment, and for Arthur to take the weight of responsibility from his hands. Arthur was quick and brutal, Bill soon splattering his cum across the wooden dresser before him, his arms still struggling to hold him in place. When Arthur had shot his own load, he pulled out and pulled Bill roughly to the bed, flinging him onto his hands and knees as he grabbed a small leather paddle. Bill whimpered when he saw it but obediently spread his legs as Arthur went right for his bollocks, beating out another round of cum as Bill sobbed brokenly. But not once did he struggle to move away from it, his stance wide and welcoming even as he called out in pain.

When Bill had completely lost his erection for some time and was nothing but a whimpering mass, Arthur relented. It was over. He pulled his eldest into his arms and soothed him as he recovered from the ordeal -- both today and the day before, both ordeals in their own way.

“It's over, Bill.” Arthur assured him, meaning both the pain and the chaos. “It's over, and we're all here, and we're all fine.”

“There are too many of us.” Bill complained helplessly. “The whole time Charlie and I were at Grimmauld, I wondered if Ron was safe at the Burrow or if it was vulnerable to attack, and wondered where Harry was and if he was still safe at the hospital, and where were the twins and why hadn't they flooed to Grimmauld yet. And I knew you and Percy were at the Ministry but I had this awful feeling in my guts the whole night, until I saw you both again.”

Arthur simply carded his hand through Bill's hair, having had similar concerns himself, and the previous night certainly hadn't been the first time, nor would it be the last. “That's what it means to be an adult, Bill.” Arthur said simply. “Just wait until you've got your own son one day. It only gets worse.” he gave a weak smile, and Bill snuggled closer.

Well, they were together now and they were safe, Bill assured himself once again. He would cherish
that information every day that he had it.

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Arthur took pity on poor Percy and pulled him into his room late in the night, not wanting to make him wait until morning. He needed reassurance just as much as the others. But true to his nature, he was the easiest heat to satisfy -- just a quick and dirty fuck, efficient and to the point, and Percy shuddered in his release. Arthur decided to keep him in his bed for one more night for being such a sweet boy, if nothing else.

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Friday was spent with all of the Weasleys except for Ron in Grimmauld place, planning for the Order. Ron was left home alone that day, and the Burrow was worryingly quiet with everyone else absent from the usually noisy abode. But Arthur was adamant that Ron not be involved in the Order in spite of the fact that he was now technically age, had been since March, and Ron couldn't go to work because Snape would be at the Order meeting as well.

Harry, Ron thought, was the lucky one, as he got sent to work as per usual. Harry, however, wasn't so enthusiastic. It took all his effort to put the over-large plug in his arse, as he'd neglected to all of Thursday on his day off. Now it sat heavily inside of him and tugged uncomfortably. Maybe he hadn't used enough of the salve? And there it was -- the twinge. He sighed.

To add to that, he was a bit jumpy to be in the hospital again where all the action had taken place, though by Friday it was quiet as usual once again. All the patients were stable, and Madam Spindle had him doing bedpan duty all morning to keep him away from any of the remaining cases, and taking inventory on storage cupboards all afternoon. He knew what she was doing, but was grateful for it in a way. He was simply emotionally exhausted, and wanted a moment to get his feet under him again. He had a lot of thinking to do to decide whether he was really cut out for medi-wizardry, when he'd reacted so unpleasantly to a real emergency. He did want to help people, but wasn't keen on having a heart attack in the process of it.

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By three o'clock the arduous Order meeting had finally come to a halt. People had things to do, and one of the first of those things was that Snape sent for Ron to come to his lab for the final four hours of the day. Ron was ecstatic to be allowed back to work after being alone so long and having something to direct his attentions. Finally, his feet were firmly under him again, as they disposed safely of four of the six potions still under stasis charms, and managed to rescue the remaining two.
He had no real infractions to account for at the end of the day discipline, but Snape gave him a few swats with the birch to keep routine and sent him out to clean the lab. Finally, he sank gratefully beneath the desk and thanked Snape properly for letting him come in at the end of the day to help.
Harry landed at long last at the now quiet Grimmauld Place and was relieved to find it had cleared out. He wasn't sure what he was going to do with himself if the meeting that he was banned from had still been going on. He sighed tiredly.

"Is that you, Harry?" Sirius called from the kitchen, and Harry went to greet him there. Sirius was at the sink, up to his elbows in soapy water as he worked to clean the myriad of dishes that had been used while there were guests at Grimmauld.

"Hey, Sirius." Harry said with a tired smile, coming up behind his godfather to wrap his arms around Sirius' middle and rest his face against the man's back.

"I suppose it's been a long few days." Sirius commiserated. "What did you do at work today?" he questioned.

"Bedpans and supply cupboards." Harry said with a smile, pulling out a chair to sit on as he was dead on his feet, then grimacing as the plug pressed uncomfortably inside of him. Sirius caught the look on his face, having been looking to him when he'd answered.

"Injury?" Sirius asked with concern, as he set aside the last of the dishes, drying his hands on a tea towel.

"It's just that metal plug you're having me wear." Harry dismissed. "I didn't wear it on Thursday, didn't think to since I was home all day, and I was in a bit of a rush this morning so it's possible I didn't use enough salve or didn't work myself open long enough." He shrugged. "It's not really a big deal. I've had worse just from a shift at the brothel."

Sirius' face turned stern. "Harry, that plug isn't meant to be taken unless you're already a bit loose from the previous day. You're going to cause just the type of pain we're hoping to avoid." he admonished. "Come on, up with you and into that bath right now." he insisted, though it was normally time to eat supper. "You can eat after you've washed. I want to see what you've done to yourself." he said in exasperation.

Harry wanted to protest but knew it would be useless so he trudged up the stairs, trying to hide his awkward gait that spoke of his discomfort.
“Did you at least do your routine Tuesday night?” Sirius questioned.

“Yes!” Harry was quick to defend himself. “Every last step of it, thank you very much.”

“Well there’s something at least. I’m proud of you, Harry.” he squeezed Harry's shoulder, and those words banished all of the irritation Harry might have felt. Sirius was proud of his accomplishment, and it warmed him to the core.

Sirius had a naked Harry lean over the edge of the sink while the tub filled, as he pulled out the heavy metal plug and tisked in irritation. He prodded the reddened flesh as Harry tried to hide a slight wince. “Look at this.” Sirius admonished. “All red and irritated.” he shook his head and sighed. “Just how much of rush were you in this morning? And what were you thinking skipping a day?”

Harry didn't have a good answer for either of those questions, so he wisely kept his mouth shut as Sirius ushered him into the tub.

The probing finger this time was cursory, and the enema gear did not make an appearance. “I'm not about to use that rubber plug when you've gone and irritated the entrance to that degree.” he said sternly, and Harry's heart sank. It was their special time! And now it was unravelling. Hardly any washing, no hand job, no enema, no massage. He was quickly feeling terrible for the problem he'd caused, and it was really starting to sink in that he'd have to take much better care of himself in order to meet Sirius' expectations of him.

Morosely, he climbed onto the bed, arse in the air, as Sirius uncapped the tub of salve. In this part, at least, Sirius didn't skimp. It was their longest session yet, as he was very slow and gentle to stretch the sensitive ring of flesh. He was even more careful to thoroughly rub in copious amounts of the cream. Harry was upset to realize that Sirius probably wouldn't fuck him that night either, but content for now that his probing fingers felt absolutely delicious after his day. He was only now starting to remember that his arse shouldn't have felt sore like that. Oops.

Soon enough, Harry was dressed and back in the kitchen, far more comfortable than he had been when he arrived. He didn't even feel as tired as he had, and he bustled around to help Sirius put together some supper, mostly an array of reheated leftovers from the previous days of feeding so many guests. It was a comfortable end to an exhausting week, and Harry marvelled at the ability of his caregivers to always know just what he needed.
Chapter 59

When Harry walked in to Mister Grundy's on a Tuesday morning, he expected things to go as they always had. But instead he met a somewhat distressed looking proprietor, wringing his hands. “Ah, Potter. Just who I wanted to see. You see, our number thirty four's come down ill, and we haven't got any takers on replacing him yet.”

Harry was still getting used to the special jargon used at Grundy's brothel. All of the booth boys like Harry were anonymous, both to patrons and to each other. Thirty four wasn't an identity of an individual, but rather a type of service. Harry knew that what he did was considered to be a “number twelve”, and that special requests like a particularly tight or loose hole, or one with extra or less lubricant were sometimes asked for. He wrinkled his brow in confusion. “What's a thirty four?” he asked.

“Ah, that would be a willingness to ingest urine, or to be urinated within from behind.” Grundy explained in a businesslike clip. “I know that your father won't have you subjected to any number of things he perceives as dangerous, but there's really no risk whatsoever for these services, especially as we screen the health of all the clientèle. It's really more about the staff's willingness to be subjected to it. We're always short-staffed over the summer, people taking vacations and all. We usually only have the one thirty four on staff, you know, and with him being out of commission well, it's put me in a bit of a bind. I've already had two staff members turn down the opportunity this morning though it does pay extra. It all comes down to personal tastes I suppose.”

Harry wrinkled his nose in distaste at the idea of it at first. He wasn't keen on drinking urine, but if it went up his bum... well, was it really any more disgusting than the numerous cocks and their cum that were up it? And it was a Tuesday, his night that he'd already scheduled for a self enema, so it wouldn't be any trouble to clean it all out at the end of the day.

“Would it be every client?” Harry asked hesitantly, wanting more information, and he sighed inwardly when he saw Mister Grundy's eyes light up with hope.

“No, no. Not at all. Really it's not the most common type of client we receive, though it's not unheard of either. I'd say a third to a half of your clientèle would be interested in it if you agreed. You are interested then?” he prompted, looking a bit less worried by the second.

Harry just knew he shouldn't have opened his mouth, but now his instinctive desire to please kicked in. He couldn't imagine Arthur or Sirius would mind if he did it, as it was completely unharmful, or else Mister Grundy wouldn't have even asked. He knew that Arthur was his guardian, and Arthur had already outlined strict boundaries when Harry had begun working there. Apparently urine was never put on that list.
“Really, it's the drinking of it that worries me. What would I be expected to do?”

“Well, like ejaculate, we guarantee the customer that the receptacle will swallow. It tends to be done after a man's already had an orgasm at any rate, a sort of after-act that many men find pleasurable as they otherwise begin to soften. The key is to seal the lips and simply swallow determinedly, and there shouldn't be any mess. It only takes a moment to occur really, and you'll have your water available afterwards, as always.” Mister Grundy could see the hesitance in Harry's face and gave one last gentle push. “It really would help me out, Potter, and would only be for today if you decided you'd rather not repeat it.”

Harry sighed. “Fine, alright.” he agreed. He remembered what a challenge the brothel had been to him when he'd first begun working there, as compared to how routine it felt now. The physical demands were as difficult as always, but he'd become comfortable with the discomfort of it. Surely piss would be only one more small discomfort, and in the quiet solitude of his box, it would be easier to accept.

The first two men of the day turned out to be regular sorts. One in his arse, one in his mouth. When they'd finished, Harry waited on edge to see what else they'd do, to somehow prepare himself not to screw it up, but nothing else occurred. The second client to fuck him, though, remained in place a little longer than usual when he'd finished. At first Harry hardly noticed it, as he was preoccupied with the rather thorough fucking his throat was receiving, when he suddenly felt the strange warm trickle from behind. Holy shit, the man was actually pissing inside of him, his mind registered. It was warm and messy and mostly sluiced out when the man pulled away, dripping down his thighs. When the next cock penetrated him, it was with a supremely wet squelch and Harry shuddered a bit in revulsion. Number thirty fours were weird types, he decided.

Harry swallowed convulsively around the cock ejaculating in the back of his throat, but felt that rather than withdraw, the man let his slightly softened member pull back just to sit along Harry's tongue, and his brain caught up with him. It was going to happen. He carefully tightened his lips around the flesh so that urine wouldn't escape, and this seemed to be the signal the man was waiting for, as a steady stream of bitter liquid filled Harry's mouth. Instinctively, he wanted to cough or spit it out, but he closed his eyes tightly against the anonymous blackness around him and forced himself to swallow just as convulsively as he had moments before. This was no different than usual, he told himself. Just swallow, and swallow. And then the moment was over, and the man was gone, and Harry processed that he'd just drunk piss.

There was a rhythm to it, Harry realized after a few more customers. There was a certain pause and a certain subtle shift in position that keyed him in to what was expected of him, what was being requested and was about to happen. He'd been a bit concerned that he wouldn't be able to tell, wouldn't be prepared for it, but the cues were there. After a while, he didn't need to think much about what he was doing, just react, and that was how he preferred it. The worst part of the whole affair, as far as Harry was concerned, was that it made him a bit queasy to have drunk so much of the stuff.
At lunch time, Harry was forced to hover over his small chamber pot in an attempt to evacuate some of the wet mix of piss, cum, and lubricant from his arse. It was messy work, and he wasn't very effective. The sticky concoction coated his thighs and puddled in the box, and unfortunately he still hadn't reached his age of majority so using his wand to clean up a bit was out of the question. He focused instead on quickly eating the uniform grey gruel that passed for lunch, and did wonders to settle his stomach.

By the time Harry was at home later that night, indulging in his ritual cleansing in the tub, he found himself wondering just what else was on that list of things his father had said no to, and what was left under “maybe”.
Chapter 60

It had been weeks, *weeks* that Ron had been working for Snape, and he'd yet to make any significant, colossal mistakes. Which was a good thing, but it also meant that his “disciplines” had been fairly mild and routine. To add to that, his father hadn't kept up any sort of maintenance while at home either. He'd have thought he would have been ecstatic that the violence to his person had finally stopped. But he remembered all the earlier talks that his father, and Bill, and Harry had tried to have with him about what he actually truly craved. And now he was starting to go mad with it. It was like an itch deep inside, something broken and unfulfilled. He felt as if he wasn't being loved enough.

It was mid-July when he finally broke down, cornering his father on a Saturday afternoon when the rest of the house was busy, and Harry was again staying the weekend at Grimmauld Place. His father was sitting at the kitchen table leisurely browsing the paper alone, his tea having long ago gone cold.

“Dad?” Ron questioned uncertainly, not sure how to broach the subject.

“What is it Ronald?” Arthur asked, setting the paper aside and directing attention to his son who was acting unaccountably shy. Something must have been on his mind.

“It's just that... I'm not sure how to ask.” he said, prevaricating and shifting from one foot to another.

Arthur’s countenance grew more serious. “What is it Ron? Is there something wrong?”

“Not... exactly. I was just wondering if you.... That is, I was wondering if you could... spank me?” he asked, flushing scarlet as he made the request, and even then not feeling certain it was the right one. “Or you know... something.” he said lamely, and shrugged.

Arthur smiled slowly as he realized what it was Ron must need, and he was delighted that his youngest boy was finally beginning to mature, and come to terms with who he was inside. “Trousers off.” he said gently, and Ron sighed with relief, stripping hurriedly and lying himself over his father's lap as directed.

Arthur began swatting him with a steady rhythm that very much reminded him of Mondays with Snape at the lab. It made his bottom rosy and warm, and perhaps just a bit sore, but wasn't enough to really fulfil him. But how to specify? And what exactly did he want?
But Arthur was only getting warmed up. After Ron's bottom was a pleasant red, he spread Ron's thighs a bit more, exposing the tender bollocks hanging below and caressed them, then hefted them in his palm. He gave them a gentle slap and Ron jumped, his thighs instinctively closing a bit until he remembered himself and relaxed them outward. He intentionally made himself loose and receptive to his father now that things were getting interesting. Another small tap sent a jolt of pleasure deep inside of him. Tap, tap, tap. A steady rhythm was established, and the force increased until Arthur was swatting Ron's bollocks with the same force he'd done his arse, and Ron was making the loveliest little shrieks of pain, all the while his little cock was hard against Arthur's lap, leaking steadily. “Let yourself go, Ronnie.” he said in a soothing voice, all the while his hand rained down violence, and in just another few swats Ron was cumming wetly across his lap as he sobbed.

“There, there. Isn't that better?” Arthur cooed, unrelenting. Ron began to squirm to escape the punishing blows now that his orgasm had rendered everything more intense and painful, but Arthur simply tightened his other arm around Ron's lower back and hips, holding him in place as he continued. In a few minutes, another painful shudder wracked Ron's frame, more intensely than before, though Arthur was uncertain whether it was fully an orgasm or perhaps somewhat of a bodily revolt. No matter. In another moment, Ron hung limply in his arms, the fight gone out of him, his bollocks nicely tenderized and deeply red. Arthur continued as Ron grunted gently at the impacts, his limbs languid and relaxed as his mind swam in a sort of haze.

Arthur paused and inspected his work, hefting the swollen sack and giving it a gentle squeeze, then a bit of a tug. Squeezing, tugging, and stroking the painful appendage as Ron gently trembled at the sensations. Finally, Arthur turned his attentions to Ron's hole instead, and grabbed a nearby wooden spoon. It's handle was thin and would do nicely, as Arthur took aim and brought it down directly on Ron's hole, lighting him up with a whole new set of sharp sensations. He squealed and twisted but Arthur held him steady, having had some experience with these sorts of needs in Bill. Ron would thank him when it was all over.

Directly down the crack he smacked with his wooden tool and soon the pucker was bright red and winking open when smacked, as if wanting to be filled. Arthur smiled and indulged him, pressing two dry fingers into the unprepared little hole, which by now was on fire from the stinging blows. Ron began sobbing anew but submitted himself docilely to the invasion, hanging loose limbed and unmoving once more.

Arthur stroked his fingers lovingly over Ron's prostate, encouraging one final orgasm out of the weeping boy, and continuing the slow finger fuck until Ron's tears had stopped and he lay quiet and content. Finally, he pulled Ron up to straddle his lap and cuddle against his chest, his hand soothing down Ron's back.

“Feeling better?” Arthur asked knowingly, and Ron simply nodded his head against his dad's neck, still somewhat mortified to find that he occasionally craved this sort of treatment. But he felt calm now, and deeply contented, as he hadn't felt in weeks. Perhaps he'd have to ask for this again sometime, he thought, if it made him feel like this.
Harry's best birthday present on his seventeenth birthday was also Ron's favourite: they were both to begin Apparition lessons next Saturday. The boys grinned at each other excitedly. Ron had been dropping hints to his father since his birthday in March, but the man had simply brushed him aside, saying that he'd arrange it, and eventually Ron had given up his pestering, worried that he'd only get himself into trouble. But now the reason for the delay was clear: they would do it together, as they'd done everything else. Now both boys were officially of age and were about to learn one of the hallmarks of adulthood.

“Brilliant.” they breathed at each other wonderingly when they received the news, wanting to start straight away, but alas, they'd have to wait another two days. It was Thursday evening for Harry's small party, and in spite of the revelry at the Burrow, they still had early bed times scheduled due to their work the next day. Harry in particular was excited, as he'd been steadily allowed more duties, and now was changing nappies regularly in the maternity ward, a fair step up from bedpans as far as he was concerned.

The only bad thing about Apparition lessons, he realized with a sad lurch, was that it meant he wouldn't be able to see Sirius any longer that summer. The lessons would take up their weekends full time until classes started up again at Hogwarts, and even then they'd continue weekend classes for several weeks.

Harry sighed. He'd sorely miss the time with his godfather, but he supposed that he still would carry much of it with him. His Tuesday night cleansings were a ritual that he adhered to religiously these days, and he hadn't had any trouble with the oversized metal plug and healing salve for weeks. Now the heavy weight of it within him was a constant comfort, and he missed it when it was absent. It entered and exited his hole easily and his whole family had benefited now from the easy access and regular lubrication of the salve. He smiled thinking of it -- it had been a good idea. These little rituals combined with his thorough daily washings would remind him of Sirius and his care for Harry even when he couldn't visit the man in person. He'd miss the colon cleanses when he went back to Hogwarts, he realized, but he supposed he could still wear his plug daily, and perhaps it would make the chastity devices more bearable.

Seventh year. He was about to begin his seventh year, Harry realized. And while his work at both the brothel and the hospital were enjoyable, he didn't feel like he had any real future in either of them as of yet. Quietly, Harry envied Ron. While Ron wasn't entirely impassioned about Potions, exactly, at least he was getting a quality education with Snape, and knew he wanted to work with his brothers in their shop. Harry, on the other hand, hadn't learned much at all from Madam Spindle as far as he could tell. He'd assisted with a wide variety of things, but he didn't feel like he had the first clue on how to go about real medi-wizardry on his own. What was worse though was that he didn't know if he even wanted to. He was seventeen now, he realized, and an adult by wizarding standards, even if he did have a year left of school. Shouldn't he be thinking more adult things? Shouldn't he have his life in order?
Chapter 62

It was mid-November when as Harry exited his advanced potions class, Professor Snape asked him to see him after supper in the hospital wing that evening. Harry frowned in confusion but nodded, and caught up with Ron who was waiting for him. “What did he want?” Ron asked curiously.

“Don’t know, he didn’t say. Just that I’m supposed to meet him in the hospital wing after I finish supper.” Harry shrugged.

Unbeknownst to him, the Order had been busy, very busy, for the last several months. Or honestly, for the last several years. They’d known for some time the awful truth of Voldemort and the fact that he’d split his soul into horcruxes. They even had the magic number of such devices that they were likely searching for ever since Snape had lifted the relevant memory from Slughorn's mind the year prior. Since that time, Order members had been busy searching for and accumulating those horcruxes, and finding various creative ways to finally destroy them. There was only one problem: they suspected that one very important horcrux remained. There had been endless, painful debate about it, and all of the Weasleys save for Arthur had been barred from participating in those even more secretive meetings for one very important reason. They believed that Harry might carry a bit of Voldemort's soul within him.

No one, understandably, was happy with the hypothesis. It had been met with derision and scorn, the lot of them in denial about the possibility, but Snape had been gathering evidence for years with a scientist's dispassion, and he was highly suspicious that what he believed was true. He'd spent months of his free time trying to come up with a way to actually test for it, and had finally found an elegant spell to do just that, in a book about Divination of all things.

The spell was something to do with auras, and its primary purpose was something Snape couldn't care less about, really. The subject would glow with some colour, and it would tell something or other about their personality. The pertinent fact, however, was that every soul within the casting range would have a unique signature, and if a bit of Voldemort resided inside of Harry, they should have visual confirmation of it quite painlessly.

Of course if his suspicions were correct, they'd also face the difficulty in getting that bit of soul out, which was a bit more complex. Severus had turned to the subject that had always been there for him: potions. When one was in critical care, close to death, there was a potion one could use to temporarily detach one's soul from one's body. Usually the potion had to be spelled directly into the patient's stomach due to them being on the brink of death, which was tricky work in and of itself, though with Harry of course he could simply drink it. The severance had to be quick and done only when the medi-wizards in question needed more time to stabilize the body without the patient actually dying, before reviving them with reconstitution.
Of course, it was a ridiculously risky procedure, and was currently banned, but that didn't mean that Severus wasn't able to brew the potion anyway.

The hope was that if Potter ingested the potion, both souls would leave the body, and one could reintegrate them separately -- one into Harry, and one into a convenient corpse. They'd debated briefly whether Voldemort's soul (should they confirm it was even in the boy) could be placed in an inanimate object, such as the other horcruxes had, but Severus was certain that it wouldn't work. The reintegration spell was expecting a human body to be present, and nothing less should work. Failing to provide one could mean disaster: the soul could potentially possess one of them, or fly right back into Harry. The soul could simply float around in the ether as it had in Romania after the first war, until it happened upon an appropriate host. There would simply be no way to confirm that it had been destroyed -- and in fact Severus was fairly certain it couldn't be destroyed at all unless it was trapped in a physical manifestation.

And so, the corpse had been yet another snag in their plan.

But tonight, after painstaking preparations, tonight was the night. They had their divination spell. They had the soul severance potion. They had the reintegration spell and two powerful casters to direct it -- one for each severed soul. They had managed to secure a corpse through even more dubious means than getting the ingredients for the rare potion. And finally, the boy's father had been summoned to witness the event, in the case that anything should go horribly wrong. No one else in the family had been alerted to these final stages.

Harry slipped in to the hospital ward and abruptly slowed to a crawl as he saw all the adults gathered around, looking sombre. “Er, hello?” he asked nervously.

There was Professor Snape, Headmistress McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, Madam Pomfrey, and his dad. He suddenly got a very bad feeling.

“Have a seat, Harry.” Snape directed, gesturing to a bed in the midst of all of them. The bed next to his had the curtain pulled shut, and the rest of the ward was dead silent and empty.

“What's going on?” Harry questioned, sitting gingerly at the edge of the bed.

All of the adults were silent for a moment, communicating by looks, until Arthur stepped forward, taking Harry's hand. “It is possible, Harry, that when Voldemort killed your parents and failed to kill you, that he left a bit of himself behind.” he explained gently.
Harry recoiled with revilement. He suddenly felt dirty. “What?” he asked with growing concern, rubbing his arms as if to rid them of both the gooseflesh and some invisible taint.

“We're going to cast a spell now and it should be quite harmless, to confirm our suspicions.”

“Then why are we in the hospital ward?” Harry questioned his father who was doing the talking, but his eyes also flicked to all the myriad of other teachers around. If this spell was so harmless, why do it here, and with so many witnesses?

“Because, Potter,” Snape stepped forward, dropping a heavy, steady hand on his shoulder, “If my suspicions are correct, we're going to perform a very risky procedure on you in order to correct the situation. It is not something to take lightly, but I wish you to know that you are in the most capable of hands.”

Harry swallowed thickly and nodded his understanding, his voice having left him. His palms felt sweaty and his heart was beating a bit too fast, and he wished suddenly that Sirius were here as well. His hand clutched his father's in a death grip.

Without further ado, Snape waved his wand and cast the spell, and everyone in the room lit up with softly glowing gobs of light -- except for Harry, who lit with two. McGonagall gasped softly, Arthur's hand tightened on Harry's own, Pomfrey momentarily turned away, while Snape and Flitwick looked resolved and determined. It was they -- Snape and Flitwick -- that Harry turned his gaze to then. If they were going to attempt something dangerous on him, he wanted to be in the hands of those who looked least likely to fall apart. Snape in particular drew his gaze, as he'd become rather a family favourite with his growing tutelage of Ron the past summer. The man steadfastly met his gaze, and passed him a glowing green vial.

“I'd like you to drink this, Harry.” he said. “Do it all in one go if you can, and try not to worry. We've got you.” He said it with such resolve that Harry believed him.

Without further ado, Harry downed the lot of it.

Harry had felt the pain of *Cruciatus*, but this was worse. It felt as if he were being torn apart from the inside out, like every fibre of his being was being burned away. Bone rent from flesh, liquid fire engulfed his viscera. He let out a silent scream -- and there ended his memory of the event. Temporarily frozen as the essence of *Harry* left its mortal shell.
In the hospital wing, it looked simply as if Harry had collapsed the instant he'd swallowed, and Arthur had quickly laid him out safely across the bed, while Pomfrey monitored all manner of biological properties of the body, as well as kept time.

With Snape hovering over Harry and Flitwick over the corpse, they chanted in unison as they tried to sense and direct the severed souls from the nearby ether into corporeal form. It was easier said than done, and no amount of reading texts had prepared the men for how difficult the manoeuvre really was. Snape had a new appreciation for why this particular medical practice had been banned, if the horrific potions ingredients hadn't been reason enough.

Minerva all the while stood by at the ready to jump in with any sort of help whatsoever.

Harry's body had started seizing and he'd clearly wet himself, but Snape forced himself to ignore the chaos around him and focus on his one task -- making the boy whole again before it was too late, as Poppy worked frantically to keep the body stabilized.

Behind him, Snape heard an unearthly shriek come from the direction of the corpse, and then a dull thunk as Minerva sunk the sword of Gryffindor home. Flitwick threw up a shield charm just in time as the disturbance in energy rocketed out as it often had with the destruction of a horcrux. Finally, Snape seemed to have succeeded in wresting the boy's soul back where it belonged, and Harry gave a great laboured breath, coughing and turning to the side to begin to vomit repeatedly.

Around the metal plug Harry customary wore during the day these days, he'd also shit himself with watery stool which had managed to leak out a bit with the violence of the evacuation, while the rest was still retained painfully behind, cramping his guts further as he struggled to breathe and struggled to vomit. Whatever had been done to him, he decided had been very unhealthy indeed. His skin hurt.

All the while Arthur held him and pet him and it probably made him feel a little less pathetic, but only slightly. Arthur battled back tears that threatened to fall as he thanked whatever spirits were watching over that Harry had come back to him safely. He wasn't sure what he would have done had it been otherwise. The crisis that had loomed over him for so long during these discussions was over. The threat to his youngest son was gone.

Madam Pomfrey was running diagnostics rapid fire and saw a number of things that needed addressing. “Well if that's all, out with you.” she pronounced, and began to shoo everyone save her patient out of the ward. “Yes, that means you too, Arthur.” she said sternly, knowing that the man would only be further distressed until Harry was put back to rights, a task which she could easily now handle alone.
Chapter 63

When the room cleared, Madam Pomfrey pulled off Harry's glasses and began helping him remove his soiled robes and shirts. Then down to shoes and socks, trousers and pants. It was a bit of a struggle, but they got there in the end. She tisked as she saw the plug and the situation before her. “And whose idea was this, pray tell?”

“Sirius.” Harry croaked as he choked on bile, still leaning over the side of the bed and gripping the mattress in a death grip as he lay on his side, ready to further mess the floor or bedding around him.

“Well, it'll have to come out, I'm afraid.” she said as her gloved hand gripped it tightly and unceremoniously pulled it out. Harry's bowels gave a sickly lurch and he was mortified at the deluge of liquid waste that issued from him. To add to everything else, he was soaked in sweat, and uncontrollably trembling.

Madam Pomfrey sighed. Under normal circumstances, she might have used a handy **scourgify**, but after soul magic? She couldn't risk it. Harry would be isolated behind shields as soon as she was finished here, in a magic-free zone (barring the necessary diagnostic spells) for at least the duration of the night, and she'd assess his health again in the morning. She wanted his magical core fully stabilized before allowing any errant magic to interfere. Even now, she could feel a subtle static emanating from the boy as his magic was thrown as out of whack as the rest of his body, though thankfully not violently so. Well, small miracles.

She threw a few towels across the vomit on the floor and the waste on the bed. The elves would take care of it later. Poppy gave a sigh as she looked at the trembling, small boy before her. It had been quite a long time since she'd had to enact an emergency magic-free zone. She had to mentally review what all had to be done.

“All right, Potter, you've worked at Saint Mungo's this summer, haven't you?”

“Y-yes.” he managed, before another wave of wracking coughs.

“Then you know about the magicless ward. That's what we're going to do for you tonight.” she said in her business-like tone. “Your soul tonight was temporarily displaced from your body.” she informed him for the first time, and winced in sympathy as she saw the horrified alarm on his face. “You're fine now.” she reassured him. “And the crisis has passed. But as you might imagine, such a trauma can wreak havoc on the internal systems. You've lost all bowel control for the present, as well as bladder control. I'd wager you're totally incapable of standing if the struggle to get you undressed is any indication, and your magic is unstable.” She coolly reviewed the symptoms.
“This is all normal, and should correct itself by morning, but it'll be a long night, and possibly an uncomfortable day tomorrow. What say we get you as comfortable as we can in the meantime?” she asked rhetorically, as Harry nodded weakly. He felt wretched and vile, and was certain things couldn't be much worse as he felt his colon spasm again and something he was certain again leaked out of him. He swallowed with determination, trying to keep at least the urge to vomit under control, and took deep steady breaths through his nose. He had to close his eyes against a wave of dizziness.

Harry was so concentrated on these details that he didn't even notice that Madam Pomfrey had gone and returned already, a familiar enema kit in hand. How different things were now, not even a year after the first time he'd encountered the thing with her. He'd had so many more experiences with it that by now he welcomed the relief it would provide. If his bowels were going to spasm like this all night, he'd much rather be empty. Harry laid weekly on his side and pulled his knee up into the required posture as he endured the treatment silently, closing his eyes and welcoming the abdominal massage that accompanied it.

“I'm going to help you sit up now, Mister Potter.” Madam Pomfrey told him gently, easing him toward a bedpan. He nodded and mustered his strength as much as she could as she manoeuvred him over the pan enough to evacuate. He leaned into her as she palpated his abdomen, ensuring that everything that could come out did come out. When finally nothing was left, she propped Harry up against the headboard and moved the pan aside for the next step.

“This is a catheter, Mister Potter.” she explained. She'd really had to dig in the back to even find the kit, as normally if a patient needed help evacuating urine a spell was simply used. There were so many muggle devices they'd never be free of in such cases as this. “Are you familiar with the concept?”

Harry sighed, and nodded. He actually had seen the catheters and the accompanying bags of piss one single time at Saint Mungo's. He'd been stationed in the magicless ward on bedpan duty, and a handful of patients also had to have their urine bags exchanged. Now, he couldn't care less about the weirdness or discomfort of the procedure. He was wet and sticky and simply wanted to get clean and stay clean in a nice warm bed for the night. Really, someone might have warned him this was coming.

Madam Pomfrey removed the school chastity device and disinfected Harry’s groin with a sterilized wipe, then slowly and carefully inserted the lubricated hollow tube into Harry’s penis, attaching it to the long tubing and a receptacle for any further urine that reached his bladder. While she worked, she took pity on the fact that Harry had to lean over the side of the bed again to dry-heave. He'd already brought everything up but his guts were rebelling.

He'd been rearranged to a relatively mess-free portion of the bed, though all around him was bodily...
refuse. He was tucked up on one corner out of the way, back propped against the headboard. Finally, the medi-witch fetched a basin of soapy water and a sponge and began cleaning the boy up in earnest.

To Harry, nothing had ever felt more wonderful, and he had a new appreciation for the work he'd done for others over the summer, though admittedly none of them had been in such wretched shape. He was even given a glass of water to rinse out his mouth a bit and spit into an empty basin, though brushing his teeth would wait until he wasn't in danger of simply throwing up again. Still, it helped to get rid of a bit of the taste.

Finally cleaned, Madam Pomfrey helped him make the absolutely excruciatingly difficult move to a clean bed. When he was finally settled, the world was swimming and he was out of breath. That's when she chose to reveal that on top of all his other humiliations he'd be wearing an adult diaper for the night, just in case the colonic hadn't been enough, or if the catheter should come loose in his sleep. The tubing snaked out of the leg of the thing and the receptacle laid on the bed beside him, under the covers. A basin was placed on a low table within reach should he need to vomit again in the night, and he was heaped with warm sheets and blankets to help with his trembling.

With Harry curtained off in his own bed, she cast a ward to protect him from stray ambient magic, and finally allowed Arthur and Snape back into her hospital. Arthur went to sit with Harry for a bit and soothe the both of them, and Snape went to remove the twice-dead body from the far bed.

“How is he, Poppy?” Arthur asked quietly before joining Harry.

“You can go see him for yourself.” she assured him. “He's as comfortable as he's going to be for the night, and I'm sure he'd appreciate some looking after.” Before her now was not Arthur Weasley: Order member, but rather Arthur Weasley: Harry's father. He was worried and desperately in need to reaffirm to himself that Harry was finally okay. He would likely sit with Harry for the entire night, and she'd allow it.

Snape, however, finally took in the empty, soiled bed fully, for now ignoring the corpse in the bed next to it.

“ Bloody hell, Poppy.” he said with sympathy.

She waved her wand to banish the bulk of it, but the sheets and towels, and likely even the mattress itself were all still severely soiled. She sighed and began untucking the sheets, and piled the whole mess of it into an over-large laundry bag. The mattress was indeed soiled.
Snape moved to the other bed and untucked its sheets as well, carefully shrouding the corpse to be moved to a pyre once Filius had prepared it in the dark of the night. They'd float the body down the halls while the students were sleeping and no one would be any the wiser. They had after all gotten the thing in the castle through similar means.

When he finished with his simple task and had cleaned Gryffindor's sword thoroughly, setting it reverently aside, Snape moved to help Poppy in scrubbing the floors with disinfectant, unasked. There were some things that a *scourgify* wasn't good enough for, and hospital wings and potions labs often had that fact in common.

“An awful potion, that.” Poppy said to Severus as they worked. “And if I never have to see it again in my lifetime, that would still be one time too many.”

Snape nodded, as there was not much else to be said. Soul magic was deeply disturbing the majority of the time, even when like tonight, it was ostensibly used for good. “But now that the horcruxes are finally gone, it’s only a matter of time before we defeat him.”

“And good riddance.” Poppy nodded.
Chapter 64

It took Harry twelve days to fully recover from his physical ordeal. Twelve full days. He'd regained basic control over his bodily functions within less than twenty-four hours, thankfully, but he'd been both physically and magically weak and unstable, and had had to spend an inordinate amount of time in the hospital wing.

Twelve days might not have really seemed like much, but it was nearly two weeks, and it was certainly long enough to have a tremendous impact on his life. It was December now, and Harry had missed a tremendous amount of school work. He had been too weak to even read properly, and his magic had just healed enough to actually be used, but wasn't strong enough for prolonged practising yet. He felt like his school work was slipping through his fingers. He would never catch up at this rate. How had so much happened in just two weeks?

The chastity device which had been removed during his recovery was now firmly back in place, but there was no way in hell his plug was going back in without a struggle. With two weeks of no attention whatsoever, his arse had done what it always had and tightened up again. He hadn't decided yet whether to spend the time stretching with his fingers and cream again, or to save his energy and let his godfather handle it over Christmas. After all, it was only another two weeks until Christmas break.

Harry missed Ron desperately. Ron had tried to visit Harry as much as he could, but since his magic could interfere with Harry's recovery, Harry had been on his own most of the time. No sooner had Harry finally gotten leave to go back to his dormitory than Ron had entered his heat and had gone for that night as well. When they were finally reunited, it was good to have someone to cuddle with in the bed, but Harry was too exhausted by the end of the day to even properly enjoy that.

Snape watched the boy carefully for three days and saw the exhaustion the boy carried with him, how he picked at his food, and from what he saw in his own class and heard from the other professors he knew that the boy was struggling to catch up on his work. That was no simple spell that Harry had undergone -- it was soul magic. Two weeks, as far as he was concerned, was far too little time for recovery. That evening, he spoke to the Headmistress and together they floo-called Arthur and Sirius. It was decided then. The boy would be taken out of school early, to recover for two additional weeks with Sirius before the Christmas break. He could make up his work over break or in the new year when classes restarted.

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Sirius kept an arm firmly around Harry's waist as they flooed to Grimmauld Place, and he was glad he did because Harry's knees immediately buckled as he held on for dear life. He was pale and tired and although it was still early in the evening he just wanted to go to bed, though he was relieved to
“I really do appreciate this, Sirius.” he said exhaustedly.

“Now, none of that.” Sirius admonished him. “You're unwell, and you're my responsibility. I have a whole list of things here from Madame Pomfrey and Professor Snape in how I can aid in your recovery over these next two weeks. It's not exactly a spa,” he grinned, “but we'll see what we can do.”

Harry smiled tiredly in response, noticing that Sirius was leading him to the familiar upstairs bathroom. He sighed happily -- a warm bath sounded amazing. He was all too eager to rest in the hot water once it was prepared, and paid no mind to Sirius' meticulous washing of his body. He was also pleased to note that the chastity device, which he'd only had to contend with for three days now, was removed once again. Though even without it, his cock was only half interested in the proceedings. Lack of energy would do that.

Harry gave a grunt of discomfort and wiggled around slightly as the soapy cloth breached his tight hole. “A colonic tonight, I think.” Sirius said simply, and Harry made a slight face. Colonics, while sometimes pleasant, always left him feeling shaky and drained. Tonight he was already shaky and a bit queasy.

“Must we?” he asked with pleading eyes, but Sirius' expression was firm.

“That's not all, young man.” he said sternly. “You haven't been eating.”

“I'm a bit queasy.” Harry admitted. “I just can't seem to eat much before feeling unsettled.”

“At any rate, I've been given a special nutritive potion with digestive soother that you'll retain tonight, after we empty your bowels with the colonic.”

“Two enemas?” Harry whined. “And I have to retain one?”

“Best get used to it.” Sirius said, already easing the long tubing up into Harry's body, the plug stretching his unyielding hole wide. “It'll be our routine every day for these two weeks. I intend to see you healthy again.”
Once the tubing was fully within Harry, Sirius released the clamp on the water and massaged Harry's belly as his colon began to fill. Harry had forgotten just how full one of these enemas was and he gave a whimper of discomfort partway through, but Sirius just continued his massage, determined to do what was best for him. With his other hand, he slowly worked Harry's cock until it began to erect, bit by bit. It was reluctant, because Harry was so tired and his body was in so much discomfort at present, but Sirius thought it an important step.

It didn't matter how long it took -- he let Harry lie in the tub retaining water until he at long last had a feeble orgasm and ejaculated into Sirius' hand.

“There now, that wasn't so bad.” Sirius said, helping Harry to stand from the draining tub, as he towelled him thoroughly before helping him to sit on the toilet and relieve himself. The steady abdominal massage made the process quicker and a bit more draining as Harry resigned himself to the treatment. Finally, when Sirius was satisfied he was completely empty, they moved into the bedroom where Harry laid tiredly in the bed on his side, one knee raised up as Sirius instructed.

Again the plug, again the long tubing, and his guts felt annoyed at him for filling them up again so soon. This time, two potions were mixed thoroughly in the solution -- a nutritive potion, and one to ease any intestinal distress. In five or ten minutes, Harry would feel any queasiness or cramping vanish. In spite of his pregnant belly full of liquid and tight plug, Harry found himself relaxing into the bed as any final discomfort faded away, and he drifted off to sleep.
Chapter 65

The next day, Sirius woke Harry up later than normal but early enough that he wouldn't ruin his sleep schedule completely. He immediately helped Harry to the bathroom to relieve himself of his enema on the toilet. Harry groaned in discomfort as he was finally allowed to evacuate, helped along by pressing hands in his gut. What a way to start the day -- already shaking and weak. He couldn't believe how well he'd slept in spite of all of that water. He'd been so thoroughly asleep, he wasn't sure whether Sirius had even shared the bed with him or not.

Finished with the evacuation, a piss was next, then brushing his teeth. He was about to go back to the room to get dressed but Sirius wouldn't let him leave the bathroom until he'd jacked Harry off and caused him to ejaculate -- no small task considering he was still uncomfortable from the enema and hadn't even had breakfast yet. When he'd finally cum, he was positively light-headed from all of this treatment, and had to be helped back to the room to be dressed in a soft wizarding robe, comfortable and with nothing under it. It was just as well, he wanted a lazy day.

The one other item, however, that Sirius insisted Harry wear was a butt plug. Harry was thankful he was still relatively loose from the plug he'd worn all night, and so it didn't take too long for Sirius to lube and stretch him for a familiar weighty metal plug.

So dressed, the duo made their way down to the kitchen where Sirius prepared Harry some porridge that would be easy enough to eat, and some weak tea. “I expect you to eat everything on your plate unless you'll quite literally be sick.” Sirius warned him as Harry struggled through the first few spoonfuls.

“Yes, Sirius.” Harry answered dutifully.

“What are we going to do today, anyway?” Harry asked curiously as he was finishing up his food.

“First, the dishes.” Sirius answered, as he was already starting to wash his own things as Harry finished up eating.

Harry rolled his eyes. “I meant after that.”

Sirius grinned cheekily at him. “You'll spend an hour in the garden either walking or sitting and taking in the fresh air and sunlight. Then a therapeutic massage. After that, you'll be allowed to read quietly in the sitting room until lunch. After lunch, it's a nap for you. Then we'll talk and play games
until dinner. Then it's a bath and to bed.”

“You make me sound like a complete invalid.”

“You are a complete invalid, or did you not notice you'd had your soul ripped out of your body?”

“Alright, well there was that.” Harry conceded. “Sirius?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Are they able to get You-Know-Who now?” he asked cautiously. He knew that his father and godfather didn't like him asking about such matters too much.

“It'll be taken care of.” Sirius assured him. “Don't worry yourself about it.”

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Between sitting at the breakfast table, sitting in the garden, walking in the garden... Harry's arse was really getting a workout with his metal plug. When he stood, he felt gravity tugging it against the rim of his hole, grounding him. When he sat, he felt it pressed deep inside of him, stretching him wide and nudging his prostate. He was fairly relaxed but very aware of his arse by the time Sirius declared they should go in for Harry's “therapeutic massage”.

Apparently, that meant stripping off his robe and lying face down on a couch in the sitting room, as Sirius methodically doused him in oil and rubbed out any possibility of tension in his body. Harry felt himself turning into a puddle beneath Sirius' hands. Only after Sirius had already been working on his back for some time, did Sirius touch his wand to the plug with a whispered word. Gently, the plug began to hum and vibrate inside of him, and Harry gave a moan.

“What's that for?” he questioned.

“Your insides are just as important as your outsides, Harry, or did you forget? This is part of the massage.” he explained, and continued his work, ignoring the softly humming plug as it teased Harry to hardness as he shifted around to straighten his cock beneath him, dripping slightly onto the couch.
After some time, Harry was made to turn and Sirius began massaging his front. Harry's cock and bollocks weren't neglected exactly, but Sirius didn't dwell on them either. For once, he wasn't driving Harry toward orgasm, even as Harry was swelling with need. “Ah,ah. There's a time and a place for that, Harry.” Sirius warned as Harry gave a thrust. “Right now you're to be relaxing, and that means letting the plug do its work to relax your hole. I've finished the external portion of the massage but it looks like you've still got another twenty minutes to lie quietly and let the vibrations do their work. Lie still, relax, and focus on your breathing. I'll be back in twenty minutes to stop the vibrations and you can get dressed again then and read your book.”

It was absolutely maddening to lie still for those twenty minutes when he felt that vibe pulsing deep in his guts, against his prostate, but Harry did his best. His precum dripped steadily but he ignored his pulsing cock and relaxed into the heady sensations within him. He really was very relaxed at the moment -- Sirius had done an excellent job. Not a muscle in him was sore or tense. Finally, ages later, Sirius returned and put a stop to the maddening vibrations, although the plug still sat heavily inside of him.

Sirius cleaned up any mess with a wave of his wand and helped Harry to shrug on his robe again and pick out a book. Then he was left to sit quietly and read for pleasure for the duration of the morning. By the time lunch rolled around, Harry was surprised that he was growing a bit sleepy in spite of doing almost nothing all day, but was pleased to note he did have a bit of an appetite.

It was soup for lunch, and a roll. “I expect you to eat all of it.” Sirius told him firmly as he had at breakfast, and Harry was pretty sure he could get down the soup without too much trouble. “Afterwards, it's nap time for you.”

“I'm really not an infant, Sirius.” Harry said with a sigh, embarrassed by how tired he was of late. He just wanted to get back to his normal routine, and he knew that as he took time to recover he was just getting further and further behind in school.

“No, you're recovering from an injury.” Sirius said with waning patience.

“I don't really need a nap.” Harry tried. “I could maybe get started on some of my reading assignments.”

“You're not to do any school work at all over these two weeks, Harry. We've been over this.” Sirius said sternly.
“But --”

“Not another word, Harry James Potter.” Sirius said firmly. “You finish your soup, and then we'll have a little attitude adjustment before your nap.”

Harry wasn't sure what exactly that meant but he knew it didn't sound good. Now it was a struggle to finish the bowl of soup as he worried about just what Sirius had in mind. And he still didn't want a nap.

When Harry had finished eating, Sirius let him use the toilet before meeting him in the bedroom. There, Sirius sat waiting on the edge of the bed. “Robe off.” he instructed, and Harry reluctantly removed his robe, feeling vulnerable now standing naked before his godfather and not knowing what would come next. “Over my lap.” he instructed, and now Harry had a fairly good idea what would come. He swallowed thickly. He really hated punishments. He realized he was being argumentative but he couldn't seem to help himself.

Sirius stroked his buttocks as Harry made himself as comfortable as he could, draped like this. “Now I realize this is difficult for you, Harry, but you'll just have to let others look after you. It's not for you to worry about what's best. You've been through an ordeal and I realize you might have some pent up emotions you don't know how to deal with. Now is a safe space to let out those emotions.” he soothed, then he began to steadily slap Harry's arse, building strength until Harry at long last let out a choked sob and began to cry.

“That's it, Harry.” Sirius soothed, even as he continued to spank the boy with hard blows. “You let it all out.” Normally, Sirius would end a punishment when the boy had begun to cry, but now he knew he had to let Harry have his catharsis. Who knew how long the boy had been bottling this up? He wasn't normally argumentative like this -- clearly he needed a firm hand to take control.

At length, Harry's crying petered out, and he was left taking shuddering breaths. Sirius pulled him in to cuddle and wiped his wet face, helped him to blow his nose. “There now. Feel better?”

Harry nodded sheepishly against Sirius' neck.

“I think it's time for a nap, then.” Sirius declared, and suddenly Harry realized he was utterly exhausted. He'd been a bit sleepy before lunch even, and with the warm food in his belly and the now thoroughly warmed arse and release of emotions, he was ready to sleep. His hole twinged where the plug had been spanked into him.
Harry settled tiredly into the bed as Sirius drew the covers over his naked body. “I’ll be back in an hour to wake you, and then we can have some quality time together.” Sirius promised him, pressing a kiss to his head. Harry was already drifting off to sleep.

When Sirius woke Harry that afternoon, Harry was already feeling tremendously better, emotionally, and a bit perkier physically as well. He put on his robe again and they headed down to the sitting room to play various games, and catch up on chit-chat. Sirius broke out a magical photo album at one point and a whole photo box full of mostly unlabelled photographs that he was in the process of cataloguing properly. “Most of them are probably relatives of mine.” he said, “Though I’m not sure about the majority of them. Cross-referencing with some of the labelled ones can help sort a bit of it out, and Andromeda Tonks has been a great help.”

“It's brilliant.” Harry said simply, watching the moving figures with rapt attention. Magic would always captivate him, and knowing that these people were a distant part of his family in a way made them all the more interesting to look at, even if most of them weren't related to him by any blood.

Time flew by, and before Harry knew it, Sirius had them heading into the kitchen to start supper. It was a meaty stew, it turned out, that Sirius had had simmering on low heat for hours. The house was full of the smell of it, and Harry's stomach rumbled in appreciation, though he was uncertain how he'd actually handle the heavy fare. Though Sirius didn't give him that much, it was his biggest struggle yet to get it all down. If he'd been in the Great Hall, he would have left some of it behind, but under Sirius' watchful eye Harry had to force himself to get through it.

Full and sleepy from the meal, Harry didn't take much prompting to get on with bath time, and was relieved to be rid of the heavy metal plug for the first time all day. The relief didn't last long of course as Sirius explored him thoroughly with sudsy cloth, and then got out the familiar kit. He had said that the enema schedule would be daily for the next two weeks. Harry eyed it forlornly, still remembering how uncomfortable he'd been the night before.

It was a bit easier the second time around, though, as his body remembered the familiar sensations. And thanks to the “massage” earlier that day, Harry was able to cum in his godfather's hand more quickly than he had the previous night. By the time he'd evacuated himself and brushed his teeth, moved to the bed, Harry was thoroughly drained of all energy.

Sirius worked the long tubing back into his docile godson and began the flow of potion infused water, deep inside the boy. Harry sighed sleepily and had begun drifting off before the flow had even finished. Sirius smiled at the sight of the sweet boy with the protruding belly. It was a touching sight. He stroked Harry's hair gently to ease the boy further to sleep, and at long last removed the tubing, leaving the plug sealed off tightly for the night.
Harry's second day with Sirius was much the same as the first had been -- Sirius had set up a recovery routine. The only differences to the previous day were 1) He was expected to eat slightly more food, 2) During his massage, the vibrations of his plug were set to slightly more intense than they had been the day before and 3) Harry was able to cum more readily and strongly than the day before, both times Sirius had gotten him off. All in all, Harry was beginning to feel a bit better with every passing day. His third and fourth days proceeded similarly. He wasn't as tired any longer, and the colour was coming back to his face.

It was on the fifth day that the routine changed again, slightly. The massage proceeded as always -- his back was done first while the plug hummed away with moderately deep vibrations, causing him to sigh and moan with arousal. He'd turn and Sirius would do his front, cock and balls and all, though never enough to actually relieve Harry of his arousal.

As Harry laid on the sofa, utterly relaxed, Sirius stopped the usual vibrations of his plug and slowly worked it out of him. This was different, so Harry paid attention to what was next. He sighed pleasantly when he found it was fingers next, as Sirius pressed two oiled digits deep inside of him. Whereas the last twenty minutes of his massage would be spent lying still and relaxing to his vibrating plug, this time Sirius gently stroked him inside, stretching him gently and adding a third finger before long. Sometimes he'd give a firm massage to Harry's prostate, and sometimes he'd back away to stretch Harry's hole gently, or to probe more deeply, or simply gently stroke in and out.

Harry's thighs shook with arousal and he groaned at the decadent treatment. He longed to be able to cum, but Sirius had told him that just as he was required to relieve himself in the morning and at night, it was also beneficial for him to experience arousal without release. He'd have an easier time in the tub that evening if he let his bollocks fill now.

And so by the end of his massage, Harry was sweating and trembling with need, but Sirius simply instructed him to put his robe back on and his plug back in and to sit quietly and read until lunch. Harry was sure he stared at his book for a full twenty minutes without seeing a thing on the page, but eventually his erection faded and he was able to get on with it.

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It was the eighth day of Harry's recovery, and Sirius had just fucked Harry for the last twenty minutes of his “massage”. Harry was breathless, and had had to resort to the use of an enchanted cock ring to keep from cumming. Now he was likely to be erect for the rest of the day. Sirius thought the look suited the boy. The pink flush was back in his cheeks and he took the heavy metal plug back in his arse with ease.
“Reading time.” Sirius announced as he slipped back into his clothes, casting a cleansing charm on himself casually. Harry more slowly struggled to put his robe back on, dying of unfulfilled arousal. “And then I think this afternoon after your nap we’ll get out the Christmas decorations and put some up.”

“Really?” Harry asked with excitement, his face lighting up.

“You seem strong enough to do some decorating.” Sirius conceded. “After your nap. Which is after lunch, which is after you spend some time reading quietly.”

Harry huffed a bit. “Really, Sirius, I’m feeling much better now than when I came here.”

“And that's for a reason.” Sirius insisted. “The program is working.

Harry rolled his eyes good naturedly but picked up his book obediently and began to read.

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Days eight through twelve, Sirius had shagged Harry at the end of his massage therapy, so Harry was a bit surprised when on the thirteenth day, Sirius was back to fingers up his arse instead of cock, especially since he was still wearing his enchanted cock ring which now only came off of him when Sirius expressly wanted him to ejaculate in the morning and during his bath at night.

But unlike before, Sirius didn't stop at three fingers. Harry sighed as he stretched to accommodate four, feeling very full indeed, and he was sure he knew where this was going. After long, careful minutes, Sirius was wrist-deep in his godson, gently forming a fist and pressing an inch in, pulling an inch back. Harry gave a gentle grunt but otherwise his body remained relaxed and comfortable. Sirius smiled. He looked absolutely angelic like this.

He knew by Harry's throbbing erection, his trembling thighs, that if it weren't for the cock ring Harry would have cum by now, possibly multiple times. But that wasn't the point of a massage. It was to work out any tension left in the boy’s body, and now his hole was nice and relaxed around Sirius' fist, as he worked his forearm more deeply into the boy. Arthur would be so pleased when Harry returned for Christmas break. He twisted his fist around against the boy’s prostate as Harry groaned.
After a few moments of that gentle thrusting, the time for the massage was up, and Sirius gently extracted his arm and cast a cleansing charm on Harry. Harry was lying boneless on the sofa, legs spread and arse gaping. Sirius had to size up his plug to an even larger size. Incredible. He recalled how normally Harry could barely manage the previous size. It was beautiful what some regular care and attention could do for his boy.

Plug firmly in place, Harry languidly sat up and dressed himself again, feeling almost drugged from the experience. It took no coaxing to get him to sit and read quietly this time. He felt relaxed and fuzzy all over.
Chapter 67

When Harry tumbled out of the floo on the first day of Christmas break he was teeming with energy. “Dad!” he said happily and moved to hug the man, dropping his trunk on the floor. Arthur swept Harry into his arms. The boy looked marvellous -- he would have to thank Sirius for his good work. Harry was full of energy and rosy cheeked with good health. Arthur could feel that under Harry's casual robes he wasn't wearing a stitch. Without further ado, he relieved Harry of his clothing just like the rest of the family.

Bill thudded down the stairs. “Did I hear the floo?” he called. “Harry!” he grinned, pulling Harry in for a hug. Percy and Charlie were close behind, the twins, Ron. Soon everyone was talking and greeting each other as Arthur set about getting some snacks and tea for the lot of them, and they all moved into the living room.

Bill let out a low whistle when he caught sight of Harry's backside. “That's one serious plug.” he stated.

“Oh, that.” Harry said with a shrug. “The last two days of my treatment Sirius had worked up to fisting me.” Harry's eyes lit with excitement as he sought out Arthur. “Happy Christmas, Dad. You can have at me as vigorously as you do the rest.”

Arthur's eyes burned with desire for his youngest. Sirius had of course told him about Harry's recovery routine, and he knew that Sirius had planned to work up to fisting. Arthur had thought it would be good for the boy, and indeed Harry seemed to be in high spirits and full of life and energy now. He'd come so close to losing his boy and now Harry was the picture of health and vitality.

Harry did indeed feel wholly recovered from his ordeal, and was extra excited when Arthur removed his cock ring and proclaimed that everyone in the family had free reign to cum as they liked over break. And though he'd gotten used to the constant enemas at Grimmauld Place, he was glad for the reprieve.

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It was mid-afternoon when Arthur finally got some alone time with Harry. He had the boy alone in his room, and had Harry waiting on hands and knees on the bed as he slowly worked the enormous plug out of his arse. Harry sighed with relief, his hole still relaxed and pliant. Harry had already taken two loads in his arse that morning -- one from Ron and one from George, along with several down his throat.
Arthur put a small dab of lube on the head of his cock, no more than he'd use with the rest of his sons when he was being generous. He lined up with Harry's slightly gaping hole and pressed forward with an ease he'd never felt before, not stopping until he was fully sheathed. Both sighed at the sensation of it. Arthur had been a bit worried that he really would still have to be very careful with Harry, but he could feel from the ease of penetration that he truly could take Harry as he wanted, at last. Gripping the boy's hips firmly, Arthur let loose, ploughing into Harry with abandon as Harry screamed with delight at the pummelling. This was certainly different from the gentle fist-fucks Sirius had given him.

Harry groaned and gripped the sheets tightly, holding on for dear life. This was far harsher than anything his dad had done with him before, far beyond what he'd imagined it might feel like. It was certainly more than what he was accustomed to at the brothel. But he was loose, and with the potions he'd been retaining, the training from the plug, and the stretching Sirius had done, Harry was ready. His arse was still lubed from his plug and from his brothers' cum, and Arthur's cock slid easily in and out as he pummelled Harry's insides.

Harry shuddered with orgasm, only a small amount of ejaculate issuing forth after his earlier cums that day. Most of this ride was about enduring, or dry-cumming. While his body struggled, however, Harry was deeply moved by the experience. He'd always wanted to just be another one of the boys in this family, another one of the Weasleys, and his basic biology had always set him apart. This was the closest he'd probably ever come to the experience Ron and the others went through every heat.

As if sensing his need for it, Arthur jerked Harry off harshly as he fucked him, causing the over-sensitized boy to shudder and sob as his body struggled to cum again. Finally, Arthur came deep inside of his youngest boy, holding his hips firmly with one hand while continuing to jerk him off roughly with the other. When Harry finally softened, he released the poor abused cock and pulled out of his boy, pulling Harry in to cuddle in his arms.

Arthur stroked Harry's hair gently as Harry recovered from the ordeal, and he slipped the heavy plug back inside of the abused arse. “If you'd like, before the new year I will allow you to work at Mister Grundy's for one day with the well-endowed clientèle.” Arthur said at length. “It would normally be perhaps against my better judgement, but you're as prepared as you'll ever be, and you'd have time to rest and recover before term started again. Besides, I'm aware of your desire to take on some of the more selective clientèle. I am well aware of the urine-fetish day you served.”

Harry's eyes lit up with delight. “Really? Just how large are the well-endowed clients?” Harry asked excitedly.

Arthur's face became serious. “One day.” he warned. “And they range from regular men with large cocks, to all manner of creatures like myself. There are also part-trolls, part-giants, part-demons, the
occasional small centaur...."

“Centaurs?” Harry asked with some concern.

“There will be a firmly established upper limit to the size that I permit to penetrate you.” Arthur said firmly. “I won't have you injured or stretched permanently. After your day at the brothel, that'll be enough of plugs for quite some time while you shrink back.”

“Okay.” Harry said with a grin, already excited for his next adventure. “Thanks, Dad.”

“Happy Christmas, Harry.” Arthur said fondly.
It was the day after Boxing Day. Harry was sweating with nerves as Arthur negotiated with Mister Grundy at length. Special papers were drawn up. Harry had been required to subject himself to a variety of differently sized dildos while Arthur hummed and hawed and marked things down in the contract. Harry had been excited about his special day at first -- and he still was, really -- but now he was nervous as well. It was becoming abundantly clear to him that there really were things at this brothel that were beyond his ability to cope with, that could really harm him. He was tremendously grateful to his father for protecting him from as much of it as he could. Though there were certain risks involved in Harry's day today, even with the extensive paperwork. The dildo sizes were only examples of men that Harry could encounter, but since the brothel wasn't going to measure every client exactingly, clientele would instead be divided by species for the most part, within which there was a certain range of sizes involved.

Arthur had already spent time that morning stretching Harry beyond capacity and using some sort of special lubricant on him. Now, Harry was finally led to a part of the brothel he'd not been in before, though the set-up was the usual as far as he could tell. As he was strapped into place, he noticed that there was a rest for his head and no hole for blow jobs. Today would all be larger clientele, and it would be all about his arse. He began to sweat again. The next thing he noticed was that the standard lubrication charm was even more aggressive than usual, and he was positively dripping with lube. Apparently there was some sort of special healing salve mixed in with it, though Harry couldn't feel the difference. And Harry had been reassured of all the various extra monitoring charms that had been placed on his box for his safety, though such reassurances were anything but reassuring.

Finally, Arthur pressed a kiss to Harry's head, and stepped back. “Five hours only.” his father told him. “I'll be here for you at lunch and you can begin your recovery.”

“Okay, Dad.” Harry said, as Mister Grundy began to close up the box around him.

“Arthur you know I shall take the utmost care of your boy.” Grundy assured him, and Harry was shut into darkness then, behind the silencing spells where he could hear nothing. He relaxed into the bench and felt a bit more at ease in the quiet, small space. He closed his eyes and focused on his breathing, waiting to see what would happen.

The first cock of the day was enormous by normal standards, and caused Harry's eyes to widen as it pressed steadily into him, but he wasn't alarmed by it. It definitely wasn't bigger than his father, and it wasn't nearly as aggressive as Arthur had been the other night. So while it was large, he knew he could take it. He was still safe, and he felt his heart slowing back down from its slight panic bit by bit as the anonymous man fucked him.

The next cock was actually smaller than the last, but with weird nubs all over it. It had to be some
sort of creature, though Harry couldn't begin to guess what. While the nubs weren't sharp or
anything, they definitely were stimulating and he found himself moaning into the silence as his arse
was thoroughly reamed out, his sensitive hole becoming acutely sensitized. It was obvious why this
man wasn't considered one of the regular clients, Harry thought.

After man number two, there was a lull. Not all men were above average, obviously, so there
wouldn't be as many clients in one day as Harry was used to. When he felt the third man lining up,
Harry was almost bored with his wait, and wasn't sure what the big deal was about taking these men
with his arse being stretched as well as it was of late. That was when he felt just how tremendously
large the head was at the entrance to his arse. His eyes snapped open in the darkness and he gasped
with the shock of it. That cock was massive. His dad had agreed to this?

Harry began to sweat and tremble in his bonds as the man pressed himself forward in short jerking
thrusts, bit by bit impaling himself in Harry. Harry kept expecting for some alarm to go off, some
safety ward to kick in because surely he couldn't fit this inside of him. He began to scream as the
man finally rammed home, and Harry saw stars. Once fully seated, the man wasted no time, and was
absolutely brutal. And why wouldn't he be? He'd paid top dollar at this brothel for someone who
could accommodate his unusual size, and Harry was it.

In the box, Harry's fists clenched at the bench he was strapped to and he screamed hoarsely with
each pounding thrust. Surely he would bleed. Surely he couldn't survive this. His guts hurt, and he
was positively splitting open. By and by, his screams gave way to silent tears as the pain crested and
became transcendent. Harry was the cock, the cock was Harry. When the man finally shot his load, it
was almost an afterthought to the main event. Harry lay gasping in the box for a few minutes, feeling
wide open and utterly bereft. But he'd survived it. And no one had come to rescue him, meaning that
the safety alarms hadn't gone off, meaning that he wasn’t actually damaged in any way, as difficult as
that was for him to process. His mind swam in a sort of haze as he tried to wrap his thoughts around
that fact. He'd endured that experience, and it hadn't harmed him.

Minutes ticked by, and it was another ribbed-for-his-pleasure customer next. Because what Harry
really needed after the monster cock was something rough in his hole to inflame everything anew.

In five hours, he'd only had eight customers, but Harry was absolutely wrecked when Arthur came to
get him. Harry hissed as his dad probed at his hole with fingers, inspecting for damage. “Well, it
looks as if you've managed to survive it.” Arthur surmised. “Still with us, Harry?” he asked gently,
stroking Harry's hair.

“Mm.” Harry mumbled, feeling very tired and very sore, in a way he'd never been before. He
wondered if his arse would ever return to normal.
Once Harry was free of his bonds, Arthur scooped Harry up in his arms and carried him to the floo, taking him home. Once at the Burrow, Harry's brothers were all around to inspect the damage and comment on it but Arthur shooed them away, taking Harry to Arthur's own room for safe keeping while he recovered. But first, the bathroom.

Arthur drew a bath and poured in a healing potion and a calming potion while Harry soaked in the hot water. Arthur also wanted Harry to take a muscle relaxant potion orally, and once that was done he began to gently wash his boy. “Did you enjoy yourself?” he asked the boy as Harry relaxed to his ministrations.

“I don't know if enjoy is the right word.” Harry said at length. “But I'm glad I did it, if that makes sense.”

Arthur nodded. “I knew you could never be satisfied with being merely average. Now you've had this experience and I'm sure you'll seek out many others. Once you've had some time to process it, you'll know more about yourself and what you want out of life.” Arthur's hand dipped down to Harry's crack, and he began to ease two cloth-covered digits in and out of the sore, distended hole as Harry winced. The potions helped, though, and since Arthur was reluctant to use any sort of enema while Harry recovered, he tried to be careful but thorough in his cleaning now.

“It's bed rest for you, Harry.” Arthur told him sternly as he helped Harry out of the water to dry and use the loo one last time before going to bed. He carried the boy to his room and put him to bed with lots of extra blankets, and made him take some Dreamless Sleep for good measure. Within moments, Harry was out like a light.
Spring had sprung, and two healthy young boys bounded into the Burrow to be greeted by their brothers. Graduation had been absolutely exhilarating, and was prefaced only days before by the final defeat of Voldemort by the members of the Order. Harry and Ron were on cloud nine, and nothing could be better in their lives. They'd graduated, and now they were full fledged adults in the wizarding world. It was as nostalgic as it was exciting.

Everyone was there in the Burrow again. Even Fred and George had come by from their apartment above their shop to stay the weekends for the duration of summer, in order to be with the family more often.

There was more good news following Voldemort's defeat as well. Bill had indeed married Fleur the previous summer in a quiet exchange of marriage contracts by owl, and Bill had made the long trek to France a few times in order to impregnate Fleur, after which point he'd left her well enough alone. Now, just a few days prior he'd received word of her successful birth of triplets: two girls named Victoire and Dominique, and a little boy named Louis. Bill was overjoyed at the news of his success. In just two years, the boy would be totally weaned from Fleur's care and sent to live with the Weasley Clan. Until then, Bill would have nothing further to do with the DeLaceours, save for the occasional letter.

“I heard you've got yourself a job, little brother!” Fred grinned as he pulled Ron in close for a hug, George snuggling up from behind.

“With Professor Snape, no less!”

Ron grinned as he cuddled in to the twins. “Yeah.” he was a bit proud of it actually. “I start on Monday. It'll be a lot like last year, really, not much difference. He's decided to keep me on as his apprentice. The only real difference is that Dad doesn't get much say in how things go any longer, and I know Professor Snape's a stickler for discipline. If I do a full two years of apprenticeship starting now, I could work for your shop later as a professional Potioneer instead of you having to contract out some of the trickier bits.”

“Brilliant.” the twins said simultaneously.

“What about you, Harry?” Bill asked as he gave Harry an affectionate grope.
“I'm going back to Saint Mungo's on a full time contract this year to learn to heal through sex magic.” he said with a proud smile. “I've already got some of the case files. Do you realize just how many injuries are sexual in nature, or require sexual stimulation to remedy? There's an older man about Dad's age I get to learn to fist Monday in order to relieve a magical block to do with his root chakra. And there's a little boy of twelve who got hexed at school, and well the specifics are a bit complicated but he's got to have at least eight orgasms a day for the next week and a half yet, and he isn't even ejaculating most of the time so most of them are dry. Those ought to be interesting to help out with.

“Then there are the hand jobs I'll give to longer term male patients who request it. Mungo's provides the service to relieve the tension as often as once per day if the patient desires it. After all, they provide food and rest and medications -- why should sexual health be any different? And the male coma patients have to have a weekly prostate massage in order to discharge built up fluids so I've got that duty as well.”

“That's really brilliant, Harry.” Bill enthused. “It sounds like you've really found your calling.”

“You're not going to work at the brothel any more?” Charlie asked curiously. “Dad had said you were brilliant at it.”

“No, I think I'll stick to family for now.” he said with a small smile. “We had our chastity devices removed for the seventh years for the last month of school, and Dad's let me take up buggering Ron regularly again. I've permission to cum at will while Ron's got to wait until he gets special permission from Dad. Plus I'll be continuing to visit Sirius over the weekends like last summer, and I'm sure I'll get plenty from him. Not to mention you lot.” he grinned.

Even now, Harry was wearing a heavy metal plug in his arse under his clothes, his cock hard and bulging at his trousers, the absolute picture of health. He'd taken up the habit of once weekly enemas that last month of school, ignoring any attention he got from his dorm-mates if they caught him at it. He'd matured past that now, and knew how to properly take care of his body in a way that made him feel good. Every Friday night was an enema night, and his metal plug was a near permanent fixture in his life. It made him feel grounded and secure, and it also allowed for easy entry by Ron or any other member of his family. He'd asked Madame Pomfrey just to be sure that it was safe for him to wear that often, and as long as he fingered himself thoroughly each night with his salve it was all perfectly fine. And the enemas were positively encouraged, so long as he retained one through the entire night once a month, containing a special restorative potion. Ron had gotten used to cuddling up to Harry with his slightly distended belly, and loved to rub soothing circles into it.

The little group moved from kitchen to sitting room, where Arthur had Percy laid out on the sofa, sweating and panting in desperation. Ron and Harry blinked in surprise at what they saw, but the others were used to the sight by now.
Arthur worked Percy’s bollocks roughly, tugging and tugging at them as Percy groaned in pain at the stretch. He’d always had relatively low hanging bollocks to begin with, but lately Arthur had gotten it into his head to really challenge Percy and stretch them further. Now, the testicles were pushed low in the sack, and a series of metal rings encased the rest of his sack, keeping it stretched and straining. Arthur tugged them just a bit lower as Percy let out a pained sob, and he squeezed on another metal ring to keep the tension.

“There now, that’s better isn’t it?” Arthur asked in his no-nonsense tone. He smoothed his hand over the swollen sack, pressed out of the end of its metal enclosure.

Percy nodded. The pain was immense, but already he was calming down as the tugging stopped and he had a moment to breathe. His thighs trembled and he had an ache deep in his guts. “H-hurts.” he said in a quavering voice.

“Well of course it hurts.” Arthur assured him. “That’s just your body struggling to adjust to the new parameters.” He squeezed Percy’s sack gently but firmly and Percy groaned again. “We’ll give it another day or so before trying again. Just a few more rings and I think it’ll reach.” he said, surveying their work of the past weeks.

“Reach where?” Ron asked curiously, wondering what the goal was in all of this.

“Percy’s arsehole, of course.” Arthur answered. “When stretched sufficiently, we should be able to pull them behind and stuff them in. That way he can keep them stretched and crushed all day, all the while keeping his hole stuffed full. It should do wonders to keep him in a subservient headspace at work.”

Harry picked up one of the spare rings curiously. “They’re heavy.” he remarked, raising his brows in surprise at the considerable weight there was to one of the small rings.

“Of course.” Arthur answered. “The rings aid in keeping Percy stretched out but the weight does a lot of the work as well. They should weigh the sack down through the day as he walks around.”

“Won’t he have to sit on his bollocks then?” Harry frowned, thinking about the geometry of it. “The part of him that isn’t stuffed up his arse will be right where he’ll sit.” He shivered a bit. That wouldn’t be the least bit comfortable.
“I expect he’ll get used to it.” Arthur shrugged.

Ron, meanwhile, had moved forward to run his fingers over Percy’s stretched sack -- first over the column of rings encasing him, then down to the exposed, taut bollocks below. They were pulled tight and swollen and red. He gripped them and began to squeeze, eyes lighting up with delight at the power he wielded over his older brother as Percy whined in pain. “Brilliant.” he said softly.

“As you can see, the rings make the whole of it rather stiff.” Arthur pointed out. “It’s not very long by comparison to even a moderately sized cock, but it does mean you can fuck yourself on his bollocks quite nicely right now, if you don’t mind the ribbing from the rings.”

Ron was quick to divest himself of his clothes. “Have any of the rest of you tried it?” he asked, straddling over Percy’s hips on the couch.

“I have.” Bill answered, watching the proceedings with amusement. “Those rings really do leave you nice and sore, but I liked it and I expect you will too. Percy here screams through most of it -- says it pulls at him.”

“It does!” Percy defended himself. “Some of us aren’t used to having our bollocks jerked around.”

Ron rolled his eyes. “Don’t be a baby about it.” he admonished. He was certainly used to their father pulling his bollocks. He straddled himself over Percy’s hips, and then began trying to manipulate the blunt, soft bollocks into his tight hole without lube or prep. It was quite the struggle, and in the end required a lot of jamming of his fingers into Percy’s soft parts while Percy screamed out dramatically. Ron gave a grunt and shoved himself down the metal column as his own hole quivered and resisted the unusual intrusion.

Still, it was nothing compared to his dad’s monstrous member, so Ron was able to force himself down, moaning at the ribbing chafing his insides in the best way. He’d be rubbed raw by the end of this fuck and he loved it. “Dad, permission to cum from this?” he asked as he tried to work the angle of Percy’s sack to hit his prostate. Percy screamed as Ron punched his sack against his internal walls, the jolt of it making Percy want to throw up a bit.

“Afraid not.” Arthur refused sternly. “You’re an adult now -- you may as well keep practising some of that self control.”

“Yes, Dad.” Ron panted as he fucked himself on his brother’s bound bollocks. Every time he pulled
up, Percy let out a painful yelp as it jerked at his sack, and another yell when he thrust downward as it impacted the swollen bits just as well as a swat from a hand.

Ron wasn’t sure how long he could hold out, as the friction and rough surface stimulated him almost to orgasm. Only when he was panting from exertion and barely holding himself together did he finally pull off of Percy. Percy lay on the sofa in a similar state, his own cock hard and leaking. His bollocks had been red and swollen before and now as they were exposed again, they seemed even more tortured.

Percy blinked away the tears in his eyes. “Can I at least put a cool cloth on them?” he asked his father.

“Absolutely not.” Arthur said sternly. “We’ve been over this, Percival. Any sort of coolness will cause them to want to shrink up. We want them stretched out.” He reached down to inspect the new swelling. “We need to keep them supple and pliant. You can use some of the cream -- that’ll ease the pull on your skin.”

Percy looked pained and a bit desperate. “Do I have to use the cream, Dad?” he asked.

“You absolutely do. You need to take care of yourself, Percy.” he said, fishing said cream out of a nearby drawer. “Now go on. I want to see that you can be trusted to apply it yourself.”

Percy squirted some of the white cream onto his fingers and began rubbing it into his sore sack. Even just touching himself was painful right now, and he knew that with the thick cream he had to rub it quite firmly to get it thoroughly absorbed. He grit his teeth and saw to it. However, the rubbing wasn’t the worst of it. The worst was how after a few moments, the cream built up into a steady burn that after a minute felt like his skin was on fire and covered with ants. He grunted in discomfort and began to sweat again, and his hands shook as he continued the treatment. It did keep his skin supple and receptive to the stretching, but it felt like hell.

Ron watched curiously, not having felt the cream before himself, but soon he was going to find out what it was like. “Let me see if you’ve done yourself any damage.” his father urged, bending him over the arm of the sofa to jab three fingers into his dry and chafed hole, rubbing roughly against the irritation. Ron let out a pained hiss, and his father grabbed the tube of cream again to coat his own three digits in it, pressing them back into Ron’s irritated hole. “This should help soothe any abrasions. You’ll be back in shape by dinner time.” he said, and then Ron began to feel the fiery itch spread inside of him.

“Oh, Merlin, it burns!” Ron howled.
“Nonsense. It’s simply stimulating.” Arthur dismissed. “It’s good for all of you boys to feel some different sensations once in a while.” As if to drive his point home, Arthur thrust his own hard cock into Ron’s painful hole, and didn’t react at all to the own burn of his cock. If anything, it only made him fuck into Ron harder as Ron screamed at the pain of it. Arthur had grown up with the cream though, so for him the burning itch to his cock was just an added feature of Ron’s quivering hole.

Finally, after a brutal pounding over the arm of the sofa, Arthur came into Ron and released him. It was all Ron could do to keep a hold on his own cock and not orgasm. By the end of the fuck, the burn had died down a bit, thankfully, and Arthur’s cum had done a bit to ease the sting of it.
Harry walked into the hospital room where the twelve year old boy waited with his mother, both of them equally distraught. Jeremy, because he hadn't had a bowel movement in a bit over a week and his mother because of Jeremy’s painful moaning as the boy clutched his stomach. “I see here on your chart that Jeremy’s having a bit of trouble evacuating.” Harry said calmly. It was important to keep a positive attitude and calm the patient, as well as the patient’s guardian in this case.

“He’ll be all right though?” his mother pressed. “He’ll be fine, Mrs. Landry.” Harry assured her with a charismatic smile, pulling out the enema kit from the cupboards. He was still only apprenticing at Saint Mungo’s, but he’d been assigned to take care of a routine colonic. He’d done this several times before, as well as had it done to him countless times. It wasn’t a big deal. “Why don’t you step out and we’ll give Jeremy as much privacy as we can?” he tried to make it sound like a suggestion, while ushering her out of the room. Her distress would only upset the child.

“All right, Jeremy.” he said once alone with the boy. “Let’s get your clothes off and take care of this. You’ll need an enema, a rather full one I’m afraid. But the good news is you’ll only need to retain it for about twenty minutes to get all of that ucky stuff out.” At least that was standard for cases like Jeremy’s. If he needed a second colonic, he’d have to retain that one for several hours, but the first one was usually effective and the diagnostic spells had been promising. Really, the boy had just mixed one too many gag candies and joke potions and had a negative reaction.

“W-will it hurt?” Jeremy eyed the enema kit worriedly with a trembling lip.

“Not at all.” Harry dismissed easily. It might cause some cramping but it was better to reassure a nervous patient. Jeremy continued to strip off and then sat hesitantly down on the bed, hands cupped over his genitals as if Harry had any care for them whatsoever.

“Lie down, please.” Harry directed, finishing up his own assembly of the kit. He helped arrange Jeremy on his side, one knee pulled up so Harry could access his bum more easily. “Have you ever been penetrated before, Jeremy?” Harry asked casually, slicking up a finger. The little rosebud arsehole looked virginal but one never knew for sure.

“N-no.” Jeremy answered nervously.

“Deep breath.” Harry warned, then unceremoniously slipped his finger into the tight orifice. It took a bit of pressure, and he knew that Jeremy was telling the truth. Harry wondered whether regular anal stimulation would help the poor boy relax more and have easier bowel movements. He’d bring up the possibility with the mother later. Even just one soapy finger at bath time would help loosen him
Harry dispassionately stretched the little hole as the boy whimpered. Then he pressed in the smallest rubber plug they had which still stretched the boy’s arsehole to its capacity. “That’s the hardest bit.” Harry told him. “Just try to relax.” He was glad Jeremy couldn’t see the length of tubing he fed into the plug, so that the enema would fill deep into his colon.

Finally, it was in far enough, and Harry released the valve to allow the warm water to flow into him. Jeremy let out a worried moan, but Harry just rubbed and massaged his hand into Jeremy’s abdomen to ease cramps and allow for more of the water to flow easily in. Soon enough, the boy’s stomach was stretched obscenely, made all the more prominent on the tiny frame. The boy sniffled and cried out quiet tears while Harry did his best to maintain professional distance and simultaneously soothe him.

When the water was emptied into the boy, Harry carefully extracted the tubing and sealed off the plug. The boy was miserable, his little cocklette still soft. Harry gently manipulated the plug as much as he could to rub against the boy’s internal walls, his rim, just touching his prostate now and then as it wasn’t a very large plug. His other hand continued to massage Jeremy’s swollen belly.

The whimpers changed in pitch from purely painful to painful and a bit aroused, and Harry was pleased to see that Jeremy’s little cock half erected. At least he wasn’t feeling utterly miserable any longer. And soon enough, it was time to help Jeremy to the nearby toilet to evacuate. To both their utter relief, there was a considerable amount of fecal matter expelled. Jeremy wouldn’t need the second colonic.

He was shaking and weak by the time he finished, and mortified at Harry’s prodding hands in his belly, forcing the last of the watery solution out and palpating to see if there was anything left that needed addressing. His face was tear stained and he was a bit sweaty from exertion. Harry helped him walk back toward the bed.

“Hands and knees, Jeremy. I want to check for any irritation to your hole.” he said, helping the boy into the exposed position. Harry poked and prodded at the irritated flesh, and then worked fingerfulls of cream into the tiny orifice that would soothe and heal any irritation caused by the whole ordeal. He grazed the boy’s prostate while he worked, and heard a soft sigh, feeling the boy’s body go a little more pliant at the direct stimulation. Curious, Harry pressed it more deliberately and worked a second finger into the hole, stretching it and penetrating more deeply, dragging his fingers over the little nub with each press. Jeremy’s little cock firmed up fully this time.

Now would be a good time to evaluate just what kind of ongoing treatment Jeremy could use to keep him sufficiently relaxed. Harry forced in a third finger as the boy whimpered at the stretch to his virgin hole, now spread wider than the little plug had been. Harry worked in more gobs of the thick,
white cream, and pressed his fingers in as far as they’d reach as he stretched him. He was pleased to see Jeremy instinctively widened his stance and arched his back to ease the stretch of it. With insistent rubbing, he finally felt the boy shudder and clench in climax, though he saw that the little cocklette didn’t ejaculate. So, he wasn’t quite that far along yet.

As Jeremy panted, wondering what had just happened, Harry pulled back out of him and helped him get dressed as if nothing had occurred. He’d definitely recommend that the mother enforce that the boy clean himself there daily with one or two fingers, but that was all. Actual sexual exploration could wait a few years.
Chapter 71

Ron’s arse was still sore from his maintenance spanking that morning, even though it was the end of the day. This year, the first real year of his apprenticeship with Snape, he’d learned that they’d perform that task daily instead of weekly. Every day they’d first perform the maintenance spanking, though Snape would still only jerk him off once per week as any more than that was considered excessive in an apprentice learning discipline. He’d also just had additional strokes to his hole for the mistakes he’d made that day. Now he found himself under the desk servicing Snape, another task to perform daily this time around instead of once a week. An apprentice was always to be grateful to their Master for the opportunity to serve and learn, and Snape was a traditionalist. Ron was learning as he grew that he was a traditionalist too.

He crawled on his knees to set to his task, and intoned “Thank you Master for your guidance.”, a phrase he would repeat every day, multiple times. After his spanking, after end of the day corrections, after his weekly hand job, before giving a blowjob to Snape. He would intone it after any verbal correction Snape offered during the day, and he’d intone it again before leaving the lab every day as well. Once he’d intoned the phrase, he got Snape off pretty efficiently, having had significant practice at this task the year before.

Once finished, Ron righted Snape’s clothes for him, then leaned down further to press his lips to each boot in turn. Then he was free to back out of the small space and leave the lab for the day, intoning his phrase once more at the door before making his way to the nearest floo.

When Ron got home, it was weird to realize that his dad wouldn’t be checking up on his work any longer. He truly was an adult in the world now, and the only one he had to please at work was Master Snape. In fact, he and Snape had had a talk about how their relationship still differed from the traditional structure in a number of ways, with Ron coming home all of the time to be with his close-knit family, and he planned to talk to his dad about staying over with Snape at Spinner’s End at least a few nights a week. Normally, for the duration of an apprenticeship, the apprentice would see to the Master’s every need outside of work as well. From cooking to cleaning, always staying attentive and mindful of his teacher. He wanted at least a small taste of that for himself.
Chapter 72

Percy carefully removed his trousers at the end of a long day, but he hadn’t been wearing underwear. Not with his bollocks still encased in this series of weighted metal rings. There was just no way to bend it into a set of briefs, and so instead he’d had to feed it down one leg of his trousers and was glad for the use of robes to hide any unusual bulge. He let out a soft groan at the ache that felt a permanent part of his body these past weeks. Stretching out bollocks was a slow process.

The hot shower helped a little bit to soothe him though he really just wanted to sit down. At least when he was sitting, the weight was off his bollocks. He resisted the urge to inch the shower toward cooler water, though his bollocks were tightly swollen and red. He’d made the mistake of using cool water once, and felt his sack try to contract against the rings. Not pleasant. Now, as he got out of the shower he spelled his groin dry since he couldn’t properly dry himself with the rings in the way. Then he reluctantly took up the burning cream that his father insisted he use at least before bed time, if not several other times throughout the day, to keep the skin pliant and easily stretched.

He rubbed it into his sore bollocks as gently as he could, though he had to exert some pressure to get it rubbed into the skin well enough. Percy was used to some pain in his bollocks from denied orgasms, but this was different from what he was used to and he felt himself tearing up a bit from the pain.

Just when he finished readying himself for bed, his father came in. This was a part of his training too. He laid down on his back atop the bed -- no covers, no sheets, and his father wanded him bound spread eagle, wrists and ankles attached to the bed frame and spread wide. Then came a strap over his chest, his hips, and around each thigh, ensuring he wouldn’t move an inch up or down throughout the night. Finally, Arthur carefully wrapped a soft rope around Percy’s bollocks and attached it to the foot-board, drawing it taut and putting a constant tension on Percy’s abused sack to give him a nice deep stretch in his sleep. He tugged on the rope gently, just a few more millimetres of tension. It was delicate work, but he was careful to go slowly and never damage any of his boys in the slightest.

Percy’s eyes were glossy with unshed tears, and he was breathing a little too rapidly, but he’d settle down. Arthur caressed the strained flesh and Percy groaned and shivered. “Not too tight then?” he checked.

“N-no, Sir.” Percy answered hesitantly, knowing that any other answer would probably be bad news. After all, he trusted his dad to know what was best for him.

“Good night then.” Arthur told him, dousing the lights with a wave of his wand. Percy wouldn’t be using any sheets for the night, but it was summer and the house was warm. So he took his leave, letting Percy rest peacefully.
Bright and early the next morning, Arthur crept into Percy’s room to let him up for the day. His body, which had been full of tension and strain at bed time had given up the fight and laid lax in its bonds. Percy’s mouth hung open slightly as he breathed slowly and deeply in his sleep. He looked positively angelic. And while the rest of him was relaxed and had accepted the pain of the stretch, his bollocks were pulled taut and straining still.

Arthur could see there was just enough room now to add another of the metal rings, so he released the rope and carefully snapped the metal ring into place to maintain the new stretch. Percy groaned in his half sleep, beginning to rouse from the manipulation. Arthur conjured the cream and began to rub it firmly into the swollen bollocks as Percy moaned, waking in pain.

“Good morning.” Arthur cooed to him as he rubbed his thumbs in soothing circles, digging one into each plump testicle.

“Morning, Dad.” Percy mumbled, blinking sleepily.

“How are you feeling?” Arthur prompted.

“Sore. Queasy.”

“That’s to be expected. I’ll fuck you before I untie you and that should settle some of the queasiness.” he offered, and Percy settled back down with a content sigh. His dad’s eleven inches would soon be pushing into him dry, and he looked forward to it. The one biggest benefit of this entire experiment had been the constant attention heaped upon him.

“Just two more rings.” Arthur told him as he worked. “And then I think we’re done with stretching.”

“Brilliant.” Percy answered, smiling slightly. It was all definitely worth it.
Chapter 73

Ron woke up, temporarily disoriented. This wasn’t his bed. In fact, this was a hard pallet on the floor. A thin, stiff mattress with a threadbare sheet and limp pillow. He blinked and saw the sturdy bed of his Master rising up beside him. Right. Spinner’s End. He spent Friday and Saturday nights here now, and his wand had just gone off under his pillow with a soft chime to wake him around dawn.

He silenced the charm and shuffled out of his pallet, arranging the sheet neatly before moving to the bathroom to have a quick, cold shower. There was no way for Snape to know what temperature shower he used, of course, but it was a matter of principle. Apprentices were only to use the cold water, and the more meagre supplies. He wanted for nothing, but he did have the rough, old towel instead of the plush newer one. And he only had one cake of soap for his body and hair alike. He showered hurriedly and got out of the cold water, then brushed his teeth. Finally, he dressed himself in a simple wizarding robe.

Then he crawled into bed with Snape and gently nudged at the man’s sleeping body until he could get at his cock. His own cock was hard and leaking slightly. It was only Saturday morning, and he’d not come since Monday, nor would he until the next. Right now, however, was about taking care of his Master’s needs and showing his gratitude. Snape woke to the pleasant attention and allowed himself release with a sigh.

Ron pulled away, rearranging Snape’s night shirt and sheets in a dignified way. “Thank you Master for your guidance.” he intoned, and then left Snape to rise and prepare himself for the day at his leisure. In the meantime, Ron saw himself down to the kitchen to see to their breakfast.

Back at the Burrow, Arthur nearly always made breakfast for the family, despite the fact that they were all grown men by now. When it wasn’t their dad, Percy was usually the next most likely to bother with it. It just was the way that it was. Percy liked cooking and was good at it. Ron had usually found himself assigned chores more along the lines of de-gnoming the garden, Bill had had to fix the roof more than once. But there was no room for claiming lack of skill or knowledge now. He’d learned to make a basic breakfast quickly, and he set about the chore with diligence now. Tea. Eggs. Toast.

By the time the food was ready, Snape had joined Ron in the kitchen, sitting himself down at the kitchen table to take his tea and eat in silence. He wasn’t much of a morning person, Ron had learned, and preferred silence until he’d finished breakfast at least. But it wasn’t a strained silence; the man was easy enough to get along with once you knew his ways.

Once breakfast had been eaten, Ron did the washing up while Snape finished his tea and read his mail, and then it was time for Ron’s spanking. “Over my knee then.” Snape instructed him, and
flipped Ron’s robe up to bare his arse. Ron’s cheeks were still rosy from their usual daily spankings which they’d been diligent about. Any discipline for infractions was limited to his hole, his cock, or his bollocks -- all three of which were in various states of healing at any given time. But now Snape set to warming Ron’s cheeks with the customary swats.

“Thank you Master for your guidance.” Ron intoned when Snape had finished. “What’s on the list for today?” he asked, taking Snape’s empty tea cup and washing it out as well.

“Diagon Alley for some shopping in the morning. Break for lunch, then housework. It’s all rather dull,” he added with a slight smile, “yet it must be done. And now I’ve a dutiful apprentice to carry my purchases and do all of the cleaning I don’t like.” he added cheekily. It had been decades since Snape had done his own apprenticeship, and he well remembered the hard work that had gone into it. He firmly believed that it had built character, and he intended to instil those values in his young ward.

Soon they were on their way to Diagon Alley, and again it was a new experience for Ron. He came from a boisterous family. Even when he’d been dragged along specifically to help his dad, he’d been loud and easily distracted, but the job had gotten done. Snape, however, had much stricter expectations of him. He was to be at hand and paying attention at all times, ready to offer help or be handed another package to carry. Ready to respond quickly to instructions if asked to do something. At the same time, he was supposed to be silent and out of the way. Out of sight, out of mind, in a way. Tools were meant to be unobtrusive. And above all, when he was with Snape in public, his actions reflected on Snape at all times, and so for the sake of his Master’s reputation he had to adhere to the new rules rigorously.

He looked forlornly at Fortescue’s ice cream shop, then quickly turned his attention back to Snape, sticking close behind as the man walked at his usual brisk pace, robes billowing. Being an adult, he decided, was slightly depressing. He didn’t even have time to stop by Fred and George’s shop and say hello. Working for Snape wasn’t bad, but he longed for the day in the future when he’d do all of the twins’ potioning for them, and be able to be with his family around the clock.

By the time Ron returned to his home Sunday night, he was absolutely exhausted. It was more mental than physical. An entire weekend seeing to Snape’s every need took its toll, especially since he hadn’t been around any of his family at the time. Even at Hogwarts he’d had Harry there with him every day. Ron couldn’t imagine how awful it would be for him to serve Snape in such a way every single day for the next two years if he’d been in a fully traditional apprenticeship.

“Are you ill, Ronald?” his dad asked when he saw him in the kitchen, just having flooed in and looking utterly exhausted.
“Not really.” he answered. “Serving Master Snape is just a lot more exhausting than I’d thought it would be. Part of it’s I miss everyone at home and part of it’s just the continual subservient attitude.” he confessed. “Not that I’m complaining, of course. I’m grateful for the apprenticeship. It’s just hard.”

“Hmm.” Arthur mused. “It’s certainly not what you’re used to, but then I’ve always been lax with such discipline for you boys. If anything, I think the two atmospheres are what cause you the most trouble -- switching between your subservience to Severus and your more usual place at home.”

Ron frowned uncertainly. “Really? I feel like if I had the full apprenticeship with Master Snape, 24/7, I’d go mad.”

“Nonsense.” Arthur easily dismissed. “It’s simply a muscle you’re not used to flexing. From now on, when you’re home I want you naked at all times. You’ll speak only when spoken to, and prepare every breakfast and supper when you’re home, do all the dishes. Doing all the chores for the household in addition to your full time job would be too much to ask, I think, but those should suffice.”

Ron opened his mouth to maybe protest, a pained look on his face, then he closed it again. “Yes, Sir.” he answered dutifully. He may be an adult out in the world, but at the Weasley household Arthur still ruled, and his word was law.

Quickly, Ron stripped off his clothes and went to his room to put them away while Arthur informed the rest of the household of the changes. When Ron came back down to the kitchen, he took over making the supper his father had already begun, as it was his job now. While he cooked, he could hear his brothers gathering and talking in the sitting room as they waited, and felt a pang of longing to be with them.

Soon enough, though, he announced to the family that dinner was served and everyone was glad to sit down to eat.

“Once you’ve finished eating, Ronald, I’d like you to slip under the table and service each of us.” Arthur instructed. “Oldest to youngest, if you please, and everyone save Ron has permission to relieve themselves tonight. I think we’ll all feel a bit more relaxed afterward.”

Ron felt tension drain from his shoulders and a smile came to his face. That was exactly what he needed -- a chance to reconnect physically with his entire family. He still wasn’t certain of his new
role in the household, but he was certain he’d love sucking everyone off. He finished his own plate hurriedly and set himself to work.
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Percy sat against his headboard, propped on his elbows a bit to watch as his father worked on him. His feet were planted on the bed and his legs spread wide for access as his father carefully removed each of the metal rings stretching out his scrotum. This was it. Today was the day they would test whether he were finally stretched enough for their purposes.

It was totally bizarre for him to see his sack hanging so low. Encased as it had been in the rings, there had been a bit of a disconnect in his brain that this was really happening to him, that he would look this way. But now he saw his bollocks hanging low, looking obscene next to his cock.

Arthur inspected the sack, tugging it and rubbing it, satisfied that there had been no damage. Percy let out a soft moan as his cock flexed, already hard from the manipulation. Now that the weight was off his bollocks, the skin wasn’t stretched quite so taut and some of the trapped blood could circulate better, though he was still aching and swollen. Arthur rolled the heavy bollocks in his hand, then began to steadily squeeze them in his fist.

Percy groaned in pain but his legs stayed splayed widely, still relaxed and accepting of it. Over these past weeks his pain tolerance had grown considerably in this area and Arthur was proud of the results. He kneaded the bollocks in his fist like a stress ball, palpating them and really giving them a workout.

“All right then.” he said, satisfied. “Let’s see to it then.” Arthur pulled Percy’s bollocks taut again, wrapping them back against his perineum and against his crack. Percy whimpered a bit at the stretch, but what really had him shouting with pain was when Arthur used his thumb to begin pressing the swollen sack into the dry, unprepared hole, stuffing them into Percy’s arse.

Percy’s hole twitched and quivered but the slippery sack didn’t want to press in, especially with how blunt and large it was. But Arthur was persistent, and this was the goal he’d been working toward. First one testicle popped through the tight sphincter, and then the other, as the hole closed again with the thick bollocks inside, the skin of the sack stretched tight against Percy’s body.

Percy’s thighs trembled as he was totally overwhelmed by the sensations. He had the familiar ache in his gut from the tremendous stretch on his sack, combined with the crushing force of his own internal walls. And he had the intrusion filling his arse as well as any plug, plus the unfamiliar heat of his own body encasing his bollocks.

“How does it feel?” Arthur questioned, smoothing his hand over the stretched skin of the sack.

“You’ll adjust.” Arthur reassured him. “Just as you’ve done so far. Now sit up and try sitting properly. You’re not used to sitting on your sack.”

Every minute movement jerked his bollocks around inside of him, causing his breath to catch, and when he carefully sat down on the stretched sack he groaned as the ache increased substantially, heat spreading through his groin. He groaned and winced.

“Best get used to it.” Arthur told him. “We’ve a busy day at the Ministry, and those wooden chairs aren’t very forgiving. A few last steps before you get dressed, however. First, I think you deserve a reward, and we’ll simultaneously get rid of this bothersome erection.” he said, and proceeded to work his fist over Percy’s cock with determination.

Percy moaned and clenched his fists in the sheets. It was so rare for him to have an orgasm to begin with, even even more rare for his father to simply work over his cock like this without pummelling his arse at the same time. It caught him so much by surprise that with the culmination of all the other stimulation he’d been put through that morning, he soon found himself cumming hard.

The shock to his system was tremendous. His arse reflexively clenched throughout his orgasm, absolutely crushing his tenderized bollocks as he screamed. And his bollocks drawing up to release yanked them against his sphincter as they struggled against the stretch. The pain was sharp and new.

Arthur hurriedly banished the mess, and grabbed the special chastity device he’d selected. Most cock cages relied on strapping around the bollocks to stay in place, but this one instead came with a belt to strap around the waist. While Percy’s cock was at its most deflated, he crushed it into the confined space and locked the straps in place. It was perfect. With his cock so small and his bollocks stretched back and out of the way, he was so smooth. There would be no bulge in his trousers today, that was certain.

Next, Arthur pulled an anal plug out of his bag. It was rather small, but it was also cruelly ribbed and nubbed with little bumps protruding on its smooth surface. He worked it into Percy’s arse alongside his bollocks, causing Percy to scream out at the intrusion jamming into his sore balls. And once it was finally wedged in place, the pressure and irritation were constant, crushing his testicles continually, and there was no lube to ease the way. Every shift of his body seemed to press a new nub or rib into his swollen sack.
Finally, Arthur set out a pair of lavender silk panties for Percy to wear under his clothes. “There now. With everything tucked neatly out of the way as much as is possible, these should finally fit you well enough to wear for a full day. I’m sure you’ll feel so much more attractive and confident knowing what you’ve got on under your clothes.”

Percy blushed as he pulled on the silky panties and saw how smooth he did look under them. There was a bit of a bulge, of course, but nothing like what would normally show if he wore something like this. He wondered whether he’d feel confident as his father had predicted, or slightly humiliated throughout the day. Either scenario would be enjoyable, though, so he supposed it didn’t make much of a difference. After all, he’d wanted something like this for so long.

“Perhaps if you really take to this, we’ll talk about stretching your nipples a bit as well.” Arthur mused. “Would you like that, Percy?”

“Yes, father.” he answered, his blush deepening.

Arthur reached out to pinch the little nubs. “Perhaps we’ll even pierce them.” he mused. “And I believe one can purchase slightly weighted piercings to tug at them throughout the day.”

Percy’s whole body filled with heat at the thought of it. He forced himself to concentrate instead on getting ready for the day.
“No, no, no!” the young thirteen year old sobbed from his hospital room. “I don’t want any more!”

“I understand you’re sore, Liam, but that’s what the orgasms are for. You were hit with a fairly nasty hex by your friend and the easiest way out is through. That means twenty four orgasms over twenty four hours. Look, we’re on sixteen now.” Harry explained patiently. “We’re well over halfway.” He did feel for the boy, of course. Even with the recovery time of a thirteen year old, asking sixteen orgasms in as many hours was a bit harsh. He saw in Liam’s chart that the last several had been dry.

Harry was only now coming onto his shift and was faced with a very distressed, very tired, and very sore boy before him. The first few times, at least, Liam had apparently cooperated and been able to bring himself off. But the last several had had to be administered by the hospital staff as the boy was simply too sensitive and exhausted to do it himself.

“Now, we can do this a few ways, Liam.” Harry explained. “You can bring yourself off. You can sit nicely while I do it for you. Or I can have you bound and do it for you. Which will it be?”

“I won’t!” Liam crossed his arms and stomped, acting much younger than his age as his lack of sleep and his physical ordeal caught up with him.

“All right then.” Harry said simply and waved his wand to banish Liam’s clothes to the ground. It was faster and easier than trying to wrestle him down and undress him. Liam screeched and tried to run for it but another quick spell levitated him up onto his bed again and bound him spread-eagle. This wasn’t Harry’s first experience with a runner.

Harry sighed, feeling some compassion for the boy as he threw a fit and struggled against his bonds. He would have preferred this be a lot more pleasant for the boy. Gently, Harry sat himself down on the bed next to Liam and carded his hands through the boy’s hair, shushing him. “Shh. It’s all right, Liam. We’ll take care of this now, and then you can maybe have a short nap, or a hot shower. Maybe something to eat. It says in your chart it’s been a while since you’ve last eaten.” Harry observed.

“Sod off!” Liam lashed out at him, though Harry just ignored it, reaching instead for the lube and coating his hand in it. There was no reason to tread lightly or work slowly. He grasped Liam’s hard little cock, already straining due to the effects of the hex, and began to stroke. Liam wailed with discomfort, feeling terribly sore already.
Harry worked efficiently, his wrist loose and grip snug. He did his best to tune out the complaints and focused on his task. After all, the sex magic ward was where he’d had his sights for some time now, and he was finally able to help patients like Liam every day. Unfortunately, children around his age were surprisingly frequent victims of just these sorts of hexes as they tended to circulate through boys of his age as they tried various nasty pranks on each other. This was the fifth such similar case he’d treated since the start of summer.

In the end, biology won out of course. Liam’s body went rigid and convulsed a bit as his cock failed to ejaculate anything yet again, all the while Liam sobbed brokenly.

Harry worked him through the last of his tremors, then finally stopped, pulling his hand away and releasing the bonds as he banished the mess. He tapped his wand to Liam’s chart to log the orgasm down and then pulled the still sobbing boy into his arms, rubbing his back. In spite of him being the source of Liam’s tears, Liam curled into him, desperate for reassurance.

“This is why you shouldn’t exchange unknown hexes with your mates.” Harry warned him, though he knew it would do no good. In spite of the number of warnings or consequences, the same number of children ended up in the hospital for something or other. “Look at it this way,” Harry said lightly, “you’ll have gotten more sex than any of your mates by the end of this, surely.”

Liam’s sobs hitched a bit as he tried to let out a weak laugh. Soon enough though, he’d pulled himself together, and was getting dressed again as Harry left to send for some food. Hopefully Liam would be able to eat and rest a bit over the next hour, because Harry would be back again to do the same thing over again. Several times by the end of his shift.
Percy sat on his hard wooden chair at the Ministry. He was the top administrative assistant to the Minister of Magic himself. First it had been Fudge, a tedious man who ran things poorly, though it wasn’t Percy’s place to criticize him. When he’d finally been found completely incompetent for the position, he’d been replaced in the last year with Kingsley Shacklebolt, whom he found much preferable. Though the man was no less demanding than Fudge had been.

“I have those papers finished for you.” Percy said as Kingsley entered the office. Percy shuffled them together, neatening what was already neat, desperate for approval.

“Thank you, Percival.” Kingsley said in his steady, deep voice. He took the parchments and set them on his own desk, certain they’d been filled out perfectly. “But for now, I think there’s something else you can do for me.”

“Of course, Sir. What do you need?”

“I’ve got thirty minutes to my next meeting. Plenty of time to let off some tension.” Kingsley explained. This wouldn’t be the first time Percy had helped him “relieve tension”. It was all a part of seeing to his every need.

“Oh. O-of course.” Percy stammered, rising from his desk to get into the customary position -- bent over his desk with his arse out and robes around his hips. He shoved his trousers down, revealing the lacy affair his father had dressed him in that morning.

He blushed vibrantly, his freckles standing out against his pale skin, as Kingsley surveyed the panties he pushed down with his trousers, revealing the glass plug peeking out. Percy hesitated, uncertain whether he should unplug himself, but Kingsley took the decision from his hands. He crowded in close, smoothing his large, warm hand over Percy’s pert arse. “Well, well. What have we here? New wardrobe, Percival?”

“Y-yes, Sir.” he answered. Kingsley knew all about how his family dynamic worked, so he had no need to explain any part of it.

Kingsley pressed against the plug idly as he removed the tube of lubricant he kept in Percy’s top desk drawer. The Weasleys might like a dry hole, but Kingsley preferred a smooth slide. He fished his cock out of his clothes and stroked himself to full hardness as he smoothed his hand over Percy’s
groin, taking in the astounding picture before him. His bollocks most certainly were pulled long and taut, stuffed in that hole. The sight of it, the feel, was perversely arousing.

“This is new.” he commented, though he’d seen the series of weighted rings the week before during a similar moment of down time.

“Y-yes.” Percy stammered. “Today is the first day.” he explained, trembling. He still felt tremendously sore, especially after sitting on the hard chair, with the hard plug. He tried not to reflexively tense as Kingsley removed the plug from his hole, each ridge and nub stimulating his tight rim.

Seeing Percy shudder, hearing him groan uncomfortably, Kingsley couldn’t resist pressing the plug back in again, and slowly drawing it out once more. He smirked as Percy’s thighs trembled. But enough waiting. He slicked his cock, curious to try out Percy’s new and improved hole. He pressed against the entrance and started to push in against the bollocks, forcing space for himself as Percy whimpered.

Everything was both soft and tight around him, even more so than a usual arse. Kingsley groaned with pleasure as he fully sheathed himself inside, making room where there was none to spare. He gave an experimental thrust and Percy shouted as his bollocks were crushed, jerked, and battered by the motion. Kingsley smirked a bit. Normally, he would have been worried about doing something like this to someone, but he’d known the Weasleys for years and knew that this was right up their alley.

Even now, caged as he was, Percy’s cock strained against its cage, wanting to erect but unable to do so. Kingsley let down his guard then, and began to really fuck into him. He’d been honest when he’d come into the office. He only had half an hour until his next meeting, and it had been a very stressful day thus far. He wanted to relieve some tension quickly and efficiently, and Percy was the perfect receptacle.

Percy grit his teeth and called upon his practised stoicism. Tears pricked at his eyes but he blinked them back, clutching at the edge of the desk and forcing himself to just accept the rough treatment. It was a struggle. This wasn’t the sort of pain he was practised in accepting, but he knew he could learn this just as he’d learned years ago how to endure the pain of orgasm denial, and so many other intense sensations. In a way, it was grounding to have a new ordeal to focus himself on. Somewhere in the struggle, a line of tension in his shoulders and back simply snapped, and he went lax, heaving a deep breath of relief. The ordeal hadn’t become easier, but a part of his mind and body had just decided that that was fine.

Kingsley noticed the change, though he wasn’t really surprised. Percy had always seemed to have a deep seated need to be used, a craving to be on the bottom tier of any hierarchy. He was desperate
for approval and praise, yet never seemed to be satisfied with himself. Kingsley had thought it sad at first, that there was something wrong with Percy’s sense of self worth. Now he knew that it was just a quirk of who Percy was as a man. He simply wanted to be the last in a group to be acknowledged, wanted to have to work for his validation. But when he’d really had to struggle first, and only then was congratulated, the man practically glowed.

Kingsley grunted and unloaded his cum into Percy’s arse, and unloaded a great deal of his tension in the process. He sighed gratefully and pulled out, wandung himself clean with practised ease. Before Percy could straighten himself up or make any sort of mess, he shoved the glass plug back into the abused hole as Percy yelped in discomfort.

“Well done, Weasley.” Kingsley said offhandedly as Percy righted his clothing, sitting back down carefully with a wince.

Percy looked a bit flustered and pleased all at once. “Thank you, Sir.” he answered, wanting to say that it was nothing, that he could have done better, that it was Kingsley’s right. But he took the compliment for what it was, and at any rate Kingsley was on his way out immediately afterward, without a backward glance.

Percy took a few deep breaths to steady himself, everything in his arse and groin twinging for different but related reasons. Then he deliberately refocused himself on his work, feeling grounded and content.
Ron curled around Harry’s body in their bed. It was a Sunday night. Ron had his Potions apprenticeship bright and early tomorrow morning -- after he’d made breakfast for the family, of course. He’d only gotten home from Snape duty just before supper, finishing cooking the large meal his father had begun in his absence. His duties lately seemed unending.

Harry had only gotten home from Sirius’ in time to eat. Things had changed between them since he’d become an adult in the world. Sirius had always maintained that he wasn’t gay, but Harry hadn’t thought about the distinction for a long time. Sirius had touched him, buggered him, on a regular basis. When he’d been a boy. And even after he’d reached his age of majority, he’d still been a student. But now that Harry was a full fledged adult with a job, there had seemed to be a shift, and Harry didn’t like it much at all.

Harry had been seeing to his own enemas and general maintenance for some time, so he supposed it wasn’t terribly strange that Sirius didn’t offer to help him any longer. But after a bit, he’d realized that the casual sexual touches had vanished as well. And Sirius never even hinted at wanting to do something explicit.

It had taken him a few weekends to realize the shift had taken place, and he’d asked Bill about it privately one day to see if he had any insight. That’s when Bill had told him that among Pureblooded families, it was typical that such touches peter off at adulthood. It just was the way it was. Adolescence and adulthood were considered different.

Now Harry laid snuggled against Ron, thinking about how much he didn’t like the change at all. Not only that, but there was no end in sight for his job. He loved what he did at the hospital, of course. But there was no Hogwarts coming at the end of the summer, or ever again. Just this, until he retired he supposed. Decades of the same monotony. His chest felt hollowed out when he thought of it. At the very least, he probably wouldn’t even get a break from it until Christmas time. It was July now.

Ron was having very similar thoughts, though he wasn’t sure he could dare voice them. He wasn’t to speak unless spoken to for the time being, as ordered by his father to help him with his apprenticeship and general attitude. Most of the time it didn’t bother him so much. But now, in the dark of his room, he wanted to ask Harry if he were having similar thoughts about their futures.

At least for Ron, there was an end in sight. He thought of it every single day. Just two years. Two years of this, and he’d be with his brothers in their shop. Sure, he’d have to be their Potioneer then, but he’d be with family, working in a joke shop. In his mind, his future then would be something akin to an unending summer -- the type of summer before this full time, gruelling work had kicked in. Not to mention that after those two years of his training, Bill’s son would be coming to join the family. It still hadn’t fully sunk in for Ron that Bill even had a son. The whole thing was utterly
surreal. But soon enough, there would be new blood in the Weasley Clan.

“Do you think it’ll always be like this?” Harry asked into the dark room, without consciously deciding to speak his fears aloud.

“Like what, Harry?” Ron asked tentatively, though he was fairly certain he knew what Harry meant, his mind having been on the same thing.

“Just... this.” Harry said vaguely. “I wonder if every day’s going to be about the same now until I retire. When do wizards even retire?” he wondered, worry tingling his voice. “In the Muggle world it’s somewhere in your sixties, but you all live so long here... a hundred, maybe?”

“Maybe.” Ron shrugged. He didn’t really know. Some wizards seemed never to retire until they died. Others who had money never seemed to work a day. It just wasn’t part of their culture to think about things in that way. “I thought you liked working at the hospital.” Ron said. “Sex healing was your passion or whatever.”

“I do like it.” Harry insisted. “I guess I just keep thinking there should be something more.” he said quietly, and Ron didn’t have anything to say to that. They lapsed into silence, and soon drifted off into an uneasy sleep, their minds full of the demands of tomorrow.

It was Arthur, of course, who noticed something was off with Harry. He was always very serious about looking out for all his boys, and adulthood meant very little to the dynamics of his family. He might not interfere with the boys’ careers very much, but he still had a lot of influence as head of house. Harry might not have the same needs and instincts as his other boys, but Arthur looked after his well-being just the same.

“Harry.” Arthur called Harry’s attention away from the game of cards he’d been playing with Fred and George that evening. “Can I talk to you a minute?” he asked. It was clear that “no” was not an acceptable response.

“Of course.” Harry said, frowning with concern at the seriousness written all over his dad’s face. Had he done something? He followed Arthur into Arthur’s bedroom. His hands went to the clasp of his robes, thinking that Arthur wanted to fuck him if they were here. It would be a welcome distraction, but Arthur simply shook his head slightly to indicate that wasn’t it. “What is it, Dad?” he asked.
“I’m wondering how things are going for you lately.” Arthur began, folding his arms across his chest as he leaned against the wall, taking up the dominant position for this discussion as Harry sat on the edge of the bed. “How are things at work?”

“Fine?” Harry answered vaguely, not sure what his father was getting at. “There was a man who came in today for a healing in his root chakra. He was depressed and grieving for his dead wife, though it had been a good year and a half and no improvement for him. Really sad.” he said, recalling it. “Any way, we did a standard energy-unblocking spell, and I got to fist the guy.” he smiled a bit remembering that part. The man had sobbed his release in its intensity, but he’d seemed light as a feather afterward. A total turnaround in his demeanour. “It really seemed to help.”

This was all well and good, but not really what Arthur was driving at. “I’m glad you’re finding the work rewarding.” he said.

“I am.” Harry assured him.

“However, I can tell that something has been off for you lately.” Arthur explained patiently. “If you can’t be honest about your own needs, I can’t help you to fulfil them.”

Harry shrugged a bit helplessly. “It’s nothing really specific, I guess. Just growing up.”

“Is it that you’re missing your Hogwarts friends?” Arthur asked curiously. Though it was only July, and he hadn’t anticipated the boys having any sort of nostalgia until September.

“Not really.” Harry admitted. “It’s more the idea of going back to Hogwarts in the fall, I suppose. I’ll never do that again. Just go on and on as I am now.” he said hollowly. “Things will never really be the same.” he tried to explain. “Not the summers, not Hogwarts, not with Sirius.”

“What about Sirius?” Arthur asked. “You were there just this weekend.” In fact, Harry had continued his summer tradition of visiting Sirius every weekend as before. He wanted to know what had changed with the boy’s godfather.

“Bill explained it to me.” Harry shrugged. “Purebloods just tend not to treat their kids the same way once they’re out in the world. Sirius isn’t interested in that kind of relationship any more. Really, I’m not sure why I am. I don’t have creature status like the rest of you. Maybe something’s just wrong with me.”
Arthur scowled, but there was little he could do about it. He heaved a deep sigh. “You get that thought right out of your head.” he said firmly. “There isn’t a thing wrong with you. Sirius just has his own ways, and there’s nothing we can do about it. But Harry, you must know that if you’re craving more affection, you can always come to the rest of us.” he said.

“I know.” Harry answered with a small smile. He’d been getting quite enough attention at home lately to make up for any loss with Sirius. He just wasn’t sure exactly what his new relationship with his godfather was.

“And let me tell you one more thing.” Arthur told him. “Things won’t always stay the same around here, you mark my words. Once your training is finished with Mungo’s, you’ll work part time in the summers like the rest of us, no doubt, so you’ll have that to look forward to. You know that Bill’s child will join us in another two years. And once little Louis is of a certain age, no doubt you’ll bond with Sirius over sharing use of him as well. All our boys will need our full attentions.”

“I suppose.” Harry mused. “I’ve never really thought about how the house will change once there’s a kid around to raise.”

“In fact,” Arthur said, eyeing Harry up, “I’ve been talking to Molly, and she thinks that having a few would settle her Ginny down into her own adulthood. Perhaps having a few of your own would do the same. I’ve been thinking for some time now about the possibility of mating you to bring some more human stock into the family as well.”

Harry wrinkled his nose. “Do I have to sleep with a girl?” he asked.

“You will if I have anything to say about it.” Arthur said in his no-nonsense tone.

“Yes, Dad.” Harry gave in with a sigh. Arthur always knew what was best for him, after all.

“I’ll see if I can’t get Ginevra into a similar contract as what Bill has with Fleur. She can keep the female children while you keep the male after two years. If we can get started right away, you might have some of your own brood joining the household at the same time as little Louis.”

It was surreal to think about, but Harry found himself smiling at the thought of it. Once he got past the necessaries with this Ginny girl, he’d have his own little tots running around the house to take care of. It made his work at Mungo’s seem a bit more tolerable.
“Now.” Arthur said. “I believe my youngest boy is in need of a sound buggering.”

Harry grinned widely, and once again reached for the clasp of his robe.
Louis, Al, and James shrieked and ran around the house while Bill kept an eye on them. Louis had just turned five that spring, and Al and James would as well in the fall. Later this evening, they were all going to sleep over at Uncle Sirius’ house, along with their cousin Teddy.

Harry flooed into the kitchen dressed still in his hospital robes. It was nearly time for lunch, and Arthur was puttering around the kitchen preparing something as usual.

“You’re home early.” Arthur commented.

“Half day.” Harry grinned. “And I’ve got off the rest of the week. Are Ron and the twins home yet?”

“It’s Wednesday.” Arthur rolled his eyes. “They’re not likely to close the shop early if they can help it.”

“I thought they were hiring help so they could be home more.” Harry whined a bit. They definitely saw more of Ron since he’d gotten his Potions certification several years ago, and Harry had had the easiest time modifying his schedule with Saint Mungo’s. But the twins were always arguing about how best to handle running the joke shop while still making time for family, and Ron had gotten swept up in it right along with them. And with the three of them having each other, there was very little pressure on them to actually solve the problem of when to see the rest of the family. After all, it wasn’t as if they were affection starved when they could run off to shag in the break room in the middle of the day.

“Well you know how Fred is.” Arthur shrugged. Fred always seemed to take charge of the business more than George, but he was also notoriously lackadaisical about how he ran his affairs.

“I guess.” Harry stripped off his robes and other clothes, hanging them on a peg to sit down at the table naked. Regardless of the children in the house, all other activities had continued on as usual, thus indoctrinating the next generation into the ways of the Weasley household.

Percy strode in from the orchard with a basket of peaches in his arms, having kicked off his Wellies at the door. Otherwise, he was nude save for his various piercings. Each nipple had a heavy ring, as
well as his cock was pierced with a Prince Albert. His bollocks were no longer shoved up his arse, but instead his flaccid cock was linked up to his perineum, a guiche ring connecting to the Prince Albert, thus painfully preventing any attempt at an erection. It was fun for now, though everyone knew it too would be a phase.

“Just set those on the counter.” Arthur called to him. “If you’ve got a minute this afternoon, would the two of you make sure the rooms are shifted around properly? The rest of the family will be here by Saturday and I don’t want a last minute scramble.”

“I’ll have a look.” Harry offered. He was fairly certain the twins hadn’t moved all their things in with him and Ron yet, though Percy had moved his own things up with Charlie and Bill days ago. In just a few days, Grandpa Weasley and all his uncles and cousins would be making the long trek from France for a visit. They hadn’t seen each other in years, and the whole family was excited to be reunited and to introduce the children to their long distance relatives.

“Boys!” Arthur called through the doorway to the commotion in the rest of the house. “Wash up and come sit down to eat!”

In just a moment, Bill strode in with one giggling, squirming boy under each arm while Charlie chased a third running child into the kitchen. The assembled family were in various states of undress from fully clothed to half naked to fully nude. It was perhaps unconventional in the rest of wizarding Britain, but it was their home and they were comfortable.

Soon enough they were all sharing sandwiches and soup, and Harry gazed on his sons with a sense of nostalgia and vague disbelief. When he’d joined the Weasley household all those years ago, he couldn’t have imagined it would lead him here. Now, he couldn’t wait to train the next generation in their ways.

Chapter End Notes

That’s it! That’s the end. This story was really just filth that I felt compelled to write. I could probably go on with it forever, but I feel the inspiration for this particular universe petering out and wanted to wrap things up and move on to the next project. Thank you everyone who has been so enthusiastic and supportive!

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