Summary

First in a series, all kind of pairings possible. Every chapter has its own title and story line. Mainly one shots, but a two chapter story could rear it's ugly head. Beware anything can happen, read my other stories and you know what I could be up too.... Tags and characters will expand as characters are introduced in other chapters.

Enjoy.

Notes

Lioness and her Snake...

Rose and Scorpius visit an unsuspecting Hermione, they have news...

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English is not my main language. So bare with me. Would love to know what you think, comments are welcome. No flames please.
"Rose__! Scorpius!" Hermione cheered as the pair flooed into her living room. The couple held hands as they set foot inside the warm but spacious room. Hermione immediately hugged her daughter. Giving Scorpius a nod. "I'm glad you two could make it for lunch! I know your schedules are overloaded, so come through to the kitchen!" Hermione beamed.

The couple followed her through the corridor into a large open white glossy kitchen. Hermione preferred Muggle interior too Wizarding old style antiques, she never failed too mention this when frowned upon by visitors.

Hermione gestured the couple to take place on the diner bench against the wall, she set the gable with all kinds of lovelies. "Tea, coffee or pumpkin juice Scorpius?"

"Coffee for me please!" Scorpius answered curtly.

Hermione walked over to her Italian coffeemaker, pressed a button and beans were crushed, water steamed and a stiff coffee dripped into a cup. Hermione placed it in front of Scorpius, her knee brushed against his, she saw his eyes narrow as they made contact. He had those same damn eyes as his father, same nose, same platinum blond hair, he inherited the fine bone structure from his mother, Hermione mused. His eyes piercing as Draco's, was it anger she saw? Hermione wasn't sure.

Scorpius snaked his arm around Roses waist and pulled her into him, he took his cup and sipped the scolding beverage.
Rose leaned into him, snuggling into his side.

Hermione sat across from her daughter and would-be son in law. She knew they were together two years last May, they lived together in London pursuing their Academic grades. Rose wanted to marry him right after school but Hermione had put a stop to that successfully. She wanted Rose to finish her grades first, but she couldn't prevent her from living with him. Somehow, Scorpius seemed to be too good to be true. Even now he had his arm around her possessively, he managed to make sure everyone knew Rose was his.

"So, you wanted to tell me something and it couldn't wait?" Hermione asked inquisitively, they asked her if they could meet for lunch at her home, Scorpius requested it, he didn't want to meet up for lunch in the city. Hermione had a busy schedule at work, being A Wizengamot Elder meant her caseload was more than full, but she took lunch and the afternoon off, she might as well profit from her day.

"Yes, well, you did state you weren't in a hurry, mother!" Rose said, she sounded nervous.

Scorpius pulled her closer still, as she gnawed her lower lip.

Hermione watched her daughter with growing anxiety, she gave off every alarm sign she could, Hermione felt a tugg under her navel.

"Mum, I'm__were expecting a baby!" Rose relayed, looking up to her fiancee.

"Uh, what?!" Hermione didn't hear it right?!

"Pregnant, mum, twelve weeks to be exact!" Rose smiled to Scorpius, who leaned down to kiss his girl sweetly on her lips as his other hand rested proudly on her belly.
Hermione started to count back, ending two weeks before the end of Hogwarts, Rose fell pregnant two weeks before graduation? She looked dumbstruck. Did Scorpius smirk just yet? Before downing the rest of his coffee? "And....and your education? Surely you'll disnish?" Hermione almost stammered.

"Well, Scorpius and I decided I would bring up our child first and then see about my degree!" Rose became angry at her mother, how was it that Hermione wasn't happy with her? "It's not that I need to work for money, Scorpius can provide as he earns whilst following an in houdse program at Malfoy inc." Rose finely added as she leaned back up to her husband to be, kissing him on his lips.

"No it's not like we need the money she'd bring in as a healer!" Kissing her back, staring at his mother in law to be. His eyes fixed sternly on her, warning her not to comment any further.

"Well, right!" Hermione answered. She stood up and leaned over to Rose, hugging her. "Congratulations then, baby!" She said as she held her daughters hand squeezing it too comfort her daughter whom she loved beyond anything. "Scorpius, congratulations on becoming a dad!" At nineteen she wanted to add, but swallowed the words.

"Thanks Mrs. Granger!" He said sweetly.

"Weasley!" Hermione added. "Weasley!"

"How about another coffee?" Scorpius asked sweetly.

"Yes, sorry, of course!" Hermione answered. Taking the cup, from his hand. She brushed his fingers as she took the china from him.

Another cup was filled as she handed it back, his knee brushing her thigh and his fingers bumping against hers as he took the cup from her.

Lunch was awkward to say the least, Rose seemed on the verge of breaking into tears, she snuggled deeper into Scorpius chest. "Now, now, baby, I think your mother is only shocked to hear she'll become a grandmother at: what is it, thirty nine?!" He asked mischievously.

"Yes, that's right Rose, I was preparing for you two to get married in October, let alone becoming a Grandmother! Rest assured, your baby will be very welcome, your dad will love it as well!" Hermione tried, but failed. The expression on Roses face was one of utter horror as her fathers name was mentioned. He loathed Scorpius with a vengeance, her mother was always the softer side of the pair.

Hermione had trouble swallowing her food, Scorpius acted like it was all in a days work, he elegantly swooped food on his fork, taking a bite from it, without as much as making a sound. Malfoy worthy, impeccable manners, austerity, breeding oozing from his pores.

Rose almost started to sniffle, blowing her nose with her handkerchief. "Scorpius will you take me home I'm tired!" She pleaded her boyfriend.

"Of course baby!" He gently spoke, dabbing his mouth with his napkin. "Rose still get's tired, the healer advised her to take plenty of rest!" Scorpius stood up, taking Rose by her elbow, helping her scoot out of the boot like sofa.

"Of course she should rest!" Hermione said with concern in her voice. "Please visit again, or will I see you both at the burrow?" Hermione gestured towards the living room.
Rose looked a bit green as Scorpius supported her. They both stood inside the fireplace as Scorpius uttered home and threw ash from the pot.

Hermione watched Scorpius and Rose disappear into the green flames. Scorpius eyes somewhat stern with her. She could see Rose loved him very much, her eyes fixed on her fiancee., his hand on her stomach, protecting their unborn child.

Hermione returned to the kitchen, cleaning up what was left of a rather depressing lunch, she so wanted Rose to have a career of her own, Merlin knew she was smart enough to succeed, unfortunately she inherited the mother hen qualities displayed by Molly. She was deep in thought as she waved her wand, her kitchen was tidy again, nothing reminding her of the visitors she had.

She didn't hear the feet coming, not until she felt hands coming from behind, snaking around her waist, cupping her breast, a hot kiss pressed against her neck. "Mmmmm, aren't you hot looking today!" The voice said, as fingers started to unbutton her silk blouse. Hermione groaned as the digits gently helped her out of her garment, the lips started to gently suck her shoulder.

"Don't, please, I'm not in the mood for this, shouldn't you be somewhere else?" Hermione closed her eyes. Ow, Merlin he was so skilled, tweaking her nipples, his other hand went into her skirt, disappearing between her legs, parting her knicker less puss.

"Mmm your cunt begs to differ my lovely slut!" The voice snickered. "You're so wet for me, I could smell you all through lunch!" Fingers went inside her puss, she was so slick and ready for him, his voice alone made her heart tremble and speed up, his lips on her pulse, preparing her for what was inevitable. "But, if you don't want it!" He said smoothly, retracting his fingers, wiping them on her skirt.

Hermione's heart jumped, "No, no, please continue, I'll be good!" She said without pause. She wanted his fingers back where they were.

Hermione felt him freeze behind her, his posture rigid, toned abs, pressing against her bare shoulders, he was so tall. She moved her hand behind her, feeling his groin, his member solid pressing against the small of her back. She massaged him, hearing his breath hitch as she cupped his balls through the fabric of his expensive trousers."Please, Scorpius, continue, I need you!" Her voice coarse with emotion, her son in law to be, the father of her unborn Grand child. His youth overwhelmingly present, as it overwhelmed for more than two years. Ever since he seduced her at the Potters hime, she came for Ginny, he stayed there during the Summer. After that fateful Summer he hooked up with Rose. Hermione thought that would be it. But it wasn't, every time he came over with Rose, their relationship blossomed, she would visit Hogsmeade, reserve a room there and he would come over, they would fuck and he'd leave again. They continued like this for two years, she felt utter and totally rotten about it, but couldn't leave him or he her alone. They loved each other, declared their love a couple of months ago, during Easter.

"Scorpius unclasped her bra, rolling her nipples between his fingers, kneading her swollen flesh, Hermione unzipped her skirt, letting it fall down to her ankles, stepping out of it, kicking it away, she stood there stark naked except her high heels, Scorpius loved those, he proclaimed so the first time, a mature woman in high heels, nothing sexier.

He walked them towards the dining table, the one he sat at moments ago with his Fiancee. He pushed Hermione head down on the table, kicked her feet apart, he unzipped his trousers, her ran his finger along her spine, her creamy soft flesh showing goose bumps. He traced her bones, admired her fine arse, he touched her pucker and down her moist cleft, lubrication gather on his dingers as he
pushed two fingers inside her cunt, lovely, she was such a wanton slut, she was like a bitch in heat. He heard her moan as he fingered her, she pushed her bum against his hand.

"Yes, Scorpius, give it to me!" Hermione panted, oh, Merlin, yesss, that felt good. She reached behind her back, grasping his engorged member, tugging it, pre cum against her buttock, his head protruding hsi foreskin, she could picture how it looked like, Scorpius dick was a sight to behold. "Come on baby, shove it inside, I need it! Mummy wants it badly!" Hermione begged her young lover.

Scorpius growled as Hermione's hand engulfed his member, he pushed her hand away, he lined himself up for her cunt and pushed into her slick folds.

"Yesss, Scorpius, fuck mummy! I want it, harder, deeper, faster!" Hermione screamed as he moved inside her, hitting her sweet spot over and over again. He had such a good stamina, he could go at it for hours on end, Hermione mused.

Scorpius felt Hermione's cunt enclose him, milking him as she came hard. He moved his hips so he could get there even deeper, he shot his cum as he felt like his heart couldn't keep up with the mature woman below him. He spent his juices, staying inside her, gaining his breath. He retracted his flaccid dick, scooped his Lady up and carried her to her bed room. He'd fuck her into the mattress until she was an incoherent mumbling mess.

Scorpius smiled as he looked up to Hermione as she squatted over him, impaling herself on him, she gently rolled her hips. Her breasts swayed as she moved.

"So you'll be divorced in a month then? Ms. Granger!" Scorpius chuckled. He almost gave her away during lunch.

Hermione leaned down, catching her lovers lips with hers, hitting his abs with her breasts. His dick in her puss felt glorious, he was huge, not like Ronald, he was measly built, she didn't know why she let him fuck her until two years ago, it didn't do anything to her, she couldn't recall him ever making her cum like the blond God between her legs, every move the young man made, made her squirm with delight.

Even now, she felt a slow sensation build up as his rod was lodged deep inside her, funny that. "So, Rose is fast asleep and doesn't expect you back, I guess her pregnancy is hitting her hard?! Huh? You should have told me!"

Scorpius smiled up to the beautiful woman who rode him like a pro. He watched her face as she built up towards another high. "Yeah, she'll sleep at least for two and a half hours, don't worry, she'll be fine!" Hermione started to bounce above him her breasts, thrashing around, they were so much heavier, veins started to show, he held them in his hands, weighing them pinching her sore nipples, he saw her eyes flinch. She bounced harder and harder, rocking her hips, he felt another wave come over him as he shot more semen inside her. Merlin she still had a lot to offer.

She crashed on top of him as she clenched her walls around his shaft, panting in his ears. She let him be inside her, she knew he liked that, he was possessive like that.

He kissed her head, moving his hand over her swollen belly. "So no one noticed it then?" He said huskily.

"No, the glamour spell prevents it, but I need to show it soon or it'll be a shock!" Hermione leaned up kissing Scorpius.
"Ow, feel!" Hermione said as she pressed his hand to the side of her stomach, "She's kicking, she saying hi to her daddy!" Hermione kissed Scorpius vehemently.

"Oh were having a girl?" He, slithered out of Hermione and leaned down, pressing his ear to where he believed his little bundle housed. He kissed Hermione's stomach lovingly, a thin layer and water separating him from his little girl.

"Yes, she's due in January, daddy!" Hermione informed him, she had her twenty week Muggle scan two weeks ago, Scorpius was on Holiday with Rose. She was angry with him for leaving her for two weeks to be with Rose. Unsuspecting Rose......."oh, huh, nooooh!" Hermione giggled, Scorpius kissed her stomach and went down between her legs, he started to show his appreciation for her, he'd always went down on her, tong fucking her puss. She moaned as he lapped her slit. She wanted to push him away, it was almost to much.

"Nuh, uh, my sweet slut, let me show our girl how much daddy cares for her mummy!" He went back down her sweet cunt, she tasted so fucking good, he didn't care he even lapped his seed from her, fuck all, see if he cared.

Hermione closed her eyes again, how funny was this, she was carrying Draco's grandchild, served him right for being such a self righteous git.

Rose stirred, she had a good nap, she felt hand on the inside of her thigh, her eyes were still shut, she liked to sleep in a thin cotton slip, no knickers, he wanted it like that, he wanted to wake her as he thought it should be. Rose wanted too giggle as hot lips were pressed against her inner thigh, holy Cicere, that felt good, he must hit her erogenous spot, her juices flowed freely. She opened her legs for him.

"Mmmh, fuck baby girl, look at those swollen lips, pregnant pussies are so delectable!" He said as her scent wafted over.

Before Rose could react she felt a mouth on her cunny, "oh, nuh, ooooooh!" She wailed, thrashing, clawing at her beddings, a hot tongue swept over her clit, she came instantly, oh holy fuck, she was so horny, Rose never knew pregnancy did that. Someone definitely should've warned her. Luckily hi was good at making her cum, had done so ever since that faithful Halloween almost two years ago. She opened her eyes, watching a blond mop of hair between her legs, busy lapping her cum.

He looked up to her, a wide grin covered with a certain shiny substance. "Hey, Baby-girl awake then? How much time do we have until Scorpius returns.

"We have another hour and a half Drake!" He leaves me alone I'm fairly certain he has someone stashed away."

"But he doesn't suspect funny business then!" Draco moved up towards his lovers face, slowly kneading her breast, biting her nipple through the fabric.

"Oh gods no, he doesn't know, that I'm carrying another man's child, he won't ever find out that he will play dad to his brother!" Rose chuckled against Draco's lips. Cicere have mercy he was such an attentive lover. She was to be a Malfoy there was no other way to put it.
Happy Easter Egg Hunting.

Chapter Summary

Scorpius is dead set on finding the golden egg, he finds something else which makes him even happier.

Chapter Notes

Seriously smutty. Pairing you need to read it...... Sorry.

"Listen up your Grandad and I went to a lot of trouble hiding Easter eggs!" Grandma Molly looked around her unruly bunch, consisting of their sons, one daughter, spouses, a dozen or so grandchildren, with or without attachments, it was a recurring event, Molly really looked forward to it, having her close knit brood as she called them around her. She didn't think anyone was missing. Victoire pregnant with her third, Rose eight months into her first, almost nineteen years old, her boyfriend Scorpius flanking her. Well, who cared anyway she carried her with her third great grandchild.

"Wait for my signal and you're off, remember anywhere on the grounds and inside the house. On your marks, get set? Go!" Molly waved her wand.

The entire brood erupted towards different directions, Scorpius placed a kiss on his girl friends cheek, promising to uphold her honour and ran off, Rose waddled inside the house in search of the bath room.

Scorpius ran up the stairs and sped towards the first bed room, he was distracted by a pygmy puff who almost let him trip around the first corner, he picked it up and threw it aside, when he finally made it to the room he ducked under the bed and found a purple egg, he pocketed it and set out to search for more as the door swung open, "Oh, hello Scorpius you're all ready in here?" A soft voice said behind him, he was just crouched next to the bed side table, trying to look under it. He looked up from behind the bed, watching a mature lady step inside, brown glossy curls, a yellow sun dress, tight fitting bodice, flaring skirt, neat yellow high heeled peep toe sling backs. "Oh, hello Mrs. Weasley he smiled happily, the woman was a stunning picture, she wasn't even forty yet, she had some fine lines next to her eyes, but that was it.

"Did, they see you come in here?" Scorpius asked his almost mother in law.

"No, of course they didn't, they are busy trying to locate eggs." Hermione waved her wand sealing the door, sound proving the room, she walked around the bed, Scorpius was still on the floor, leaning on his elbow as she stood above him, resting her shoe on his chest, digging her heel in his black tee, it was a tight shirt, showing his abs perfectly. "You'd better take it off!" She demanded.

Before she knew it, his hand shot up, grabbing her calve, unbalancing her as she crashed back wards against the bed. He sat on his knees, holding her calve in his hand. "Who said, you could talk to me like this?" He snarled. "On your knees, slut!" He ordered her.
Hermione huffed with indignation but followed his orders. She crouched on all fours, her nipples stiffened as Scorpius flipped her skirt over her waist, exposing her buttocks. He slapped her arse with a pang, that would surely leave a red mark, Hermione groaned with pleasure, not that her husband would notice, he'd surely stuff his face and fall asleep before he made it to their marital bed.

"Oh, look at that, you were planning this huh?!" Scorpius snickered as he saw a nice clean shaven muff, Hermione's meaty lips, glistening with juice, she'd forgone knickers. Scorpius sat behind her, palming her arse crack with his hand, "Come mummy, lose the dress!" He silkily said to her.

Hermione stayed on her hand, unbuttoning her dress, sliding her arms out, her dress bunched around her waist, her breasts dangling down, exposed to the cool air in the bedroom, making her nipples tauten even more. She was hyper aware of the beautiful boy behind her, not really a boy, Gods when was he ever? He seduced her when he was fifteen, seeking her out in the burrow, he down right played on her vulnerability, telling her she was the most beautiful thing he ever saw, him hating Ronald for treating her poorly, she deserved so much more an attentive lover, him. He looked so much like Lucius, his hair style the same even his mannerism, at first she evaded his efforts, after all the boy was only fifteen, she convinced herself he was wise beyond years, which was a silly thing really, he always fucked her mercilessly, even when she wanted she couldn't give him up and now her daughter was pregnant by him, she wanted so much for her girl, but it kept him close, they would always be family now.

"You have such nice puppies!" Scorpius licked his lips, tracing her crack with his finger, circling her tight rosette, which moved, he traced her slit, resting his finger on her clit, she was so wet, lubrication stuck to his finger. He smiled to himself, she was such a wanton kitten. He gathered his long hair together, pulling out an elastic from his wrist, he liked his hair out of the way for what he was about to do. Scorpius positioned himself behind Hermione and smacked her arse once more.

Hermione winced, he had a mean streak, she knew it too well, "Has anyone told you, you resemble your grandad Lucius?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah, well I get that now and again!" Scorpius smiled, he leant down, he pulled her globes aside and touched her pucker with the tip of his tongue. The woman moaned, as he touched her sensitive flesh, he started to suckle her darker skin, pushing his tongue inside, his hand went between her legs, pushing his fingers inside her quivering slickness.

Hermione almost couldn't take it as her almost son in law, did the dirtiest thing she could imagine and it felt good, his fingers inside her cunt, his tongue in her back entrance. "Unph__" Hermione panted as he fingered her, corkscrewing his fingers, adding maximum pleasure to his onslaught on her senses.

It was rewarding servicing her, he knew when he saw her the first time all those years ago, he wanted her, he preyed on her. Making it clear he wanted to fuck her badly, her cheeks tinged red, she blushed like a virgin school girl, he felt powerful seducing an adult. Her arse was so delectable, tonguing her there deliciously forbidden, he retracted his tongue, gathered saliva and spit a nice blub in her rosette, he retrieved his engorged cock, hunched over her and pushed his dick in her intestines, slowly deliberately, pushing her glossy curls into the mattress, he pumped in and out, time and again, filling her to the hilt, his balls slamming against her messy wet cunt. He increased his pace, attacking her back side violently, he'd always tore her flesh in some way, seeing her walk unevenly afterwards was a reward on its own.

"Ohhh!" Her voice muffled by the bed spread, her dress disheveled, her hair streaked with sweat, her mascara runny, streaking her cheeks. She looked a right mess, Scorpius liked it like that, degrading her showing she had no say in the matter. He'd clean her up once done, he always took care of her.
“Scorpius kept on pummelling his lady, he was almost ready to finish, he retracted his dick, "Come here, bad mummy!" He growled at her, Hermione turned around, holding her mouth wide open for him to give her a facial. Hot spurts shooting in her mouth and on her face, nice, she looked like she was pounced badly. He wanked a few times for good measure, draining his dick. "Clean it!" He said. Watching Hermione lick his dick clean.

She tasted his saltiness on her tongue mixed with something earthy, she tasted herself on him, it wasn't her favourite but still.

Scorpius put his dick back in his jeans. He patted her head, he'd clean her in a few moments, taking a mental picture, he'd dream about this face until he could have her again. "Now, take care of yourself." He ordered Hermione. He made sure she didn't cum, watching her pleasure herself would do the trick, her beautiful face as she came by her own hand was breath taking.

A few minutes later as Hermione lay there panting, he retrieved the purple egg and gave it to Hermione, "See you next Thursday!" he winked at her and walked out of the bed room.

Hermione righted her clothes and stood by the door, peering out, the coast was clear, she vacated the bed room leaving it tidy and pristine.

"Fucking hell!" A voice uttered from inside the closet. "You're mother makes a nice cumslut!" The voice said.

It was dark inside the cupboard, but not dark enough to see a beautiful red head with her lips wrapped around a engorged dick, which accidentally shot cum as the owner watched Hermione being pummelled by Scorpius, it was simply too erotic.

Rose sucked the dick, cleaning it gently. She almost had her jaw locked, all this time she didn't dare to move, having her uncles dick in her mouth. Her knees were killing her, her belly felt heavy.

Her uncle helped her up, kissing her softly on her mouth, tasting his cum on her lips, she was so sweet, her lips delectable, her tongue worked wonders. "Come baby! Your uncle Harry will make you feel all better in a minute." He smiled against her lips, he palmed let his hand rest on her stomach, she carried his child, he prayed to Merlin it wouldn't have black hair. He went down on his knees and bunched her dress up, he kissed her nether lips and suckled her, she was so wet, seeing her boyfriend banging her mother had made her flustered, she was one bad kitty, Harry mused. Her cheeks reddened as his tongue went inside her, teasing her clit.

"Ooooh, uncle Harry, that feels ooooooh!" She screamed. Her mind blurred, she hoped her water wouldn't break.
Dream come true.

Chapter Summary

Rose spends Christmas holidays at her parents after graduating Hogwarts, she is studying to become a lawyer. Lying in her old room trying to catch some much needed sleep, she has a visitor surprising her.

Chapter Notes

Graphic sexual content and language. Somehow it needed to come out. No beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was quiet eerily so, Rose lay in her bed watching the moon shed it's illuminating light into her room. She opened her window previously, she shivered, lying almost naked on her bed made her body freeze a bit. Almost naked except a thin chiffon night dress, her nipples pebbled as the cold winter wind touched her skin. She was home for Christmas holidays, she graduated Hogwarts last Summer and attended Wizarding Law School. Her parents asked her to come and stay with them and Hugo for a family Christmas celebration, which she reluctantly agreed to, she wanted to come and stay a day and spend her days lazing around her chambers at University. But alas her mother insisted. In her spare time Rose worked for a large corporation, reading legal documents and draughting them. She liked it, going through stacks of paper with a fine tooth comb, immersing her self in legal lingo. Her brain was too big as it was setting it to work eased her overzealous grey matter, earning her a good buck in the process.

Rose fell asleep in her thin gown atop her bedcovers in the freezing night, her bed room stayed like it was when she attended Hogwarts, her mauve and gold dotted wall paper, her large four poster bed with white lace curtains.

Wind blew her window curtains open, a male figure entered the room, broom in hand, placing it next to the window sill. He stood next to the window in the shade, taking in his surroundings, glancing over to the bed, watching the youngish girl fast asleep on the bed. Her delicate form at peace, she lay hands folded under her head, her knees pulled together, her breast rising and falling with her breathing. Rose porcelain white skin almost giving off light a shrill contrast to her blood red tresses her soft pink heart lips shaped. A perfect serene picture an epitaphy of innocence. How he loved watching her, his trousers felt constricting as her perfect sized tits showed through the fabric of her nighty, her dusky areoles luring him, how he wanted to suckle her soft pink peaks.

Rose stirred, turning to her other side, a little bit of drool gathered in the corner of her kissable lips. Sweet she was such a baby sometimes, allowing him to fantasise another theme for their next play date.

The cloud in front of the moon disappeared, illuminating his platinum blond hair making it look like an angel ascended from heaven, in this case a dark angel. He took his silver tie from his collar, unfastening it with his slim fingers, he knew where he'd put it, allowing an element off surprise to his
nightly intrusion. He crept slowly and silently forward, placing wards on her room, warding off the
girls parents to his presence, soundproofing the room as he intended for her to make a lot off noise as
he invaded her body, he watched her shape eagerly not yet decided on what he'd do to her. One
thing was clear he'd blindfold her, heightening her senses. Yes he was adamant about that one, she
wasn't to see what he would do to her, invading her body was a certainty. Shoving his manhood in
one of three access points in her body, would it be a snug fit, a velvety inclosure or a muscle adding
another dimension swirling around his veins, they would all be perfect.

Her scent wafted over to him beckoning him, she was ill behaved he could tell, massaging a certain
part off her body trying to get to completion, failing at it miserably, her scrunched up face letting him
know she had gone to sleep without reaching her peak. Bad, bad girl, she knew better than acting
out. He walked over to her, slowly turning her over until she woke up and was facing her bedsheets,
held her down with his knee in her back. "Hey baby girl, wanna play?" It wasn't a question. He
placed his tie around her head, blindfolding her expertly, she wasn't to see what was coming. He
unbuckled his belt, taking it out its loops, folding them in his hands, the supple black leather felt good
in his hands. "Hands!" He demanded

Rose was barely wake as she complied, offering him her hands behind her back, feeling his leather
belt scraping her wrists, he bound them snugly behind her back, restricting her movement. She loved
it, he could do with her as he pleased, she wanted it, craved it.

"Tuck your knees under you, I want your arse up." The youngish voice said.

Rose did as she was told, her arse was up, her nightgown rising up to her middle. The man behind her
surely had a good view of her bare pussy and pucker. She got them waxed a few months ago and
kept it bare at her Masters insistence.

"That's it baby girl, let your master see what a depraved slut you are presenting your fuck holes to
him. Eager much?" The austere heir chuckled at her glistening cunt, he sat behind her sniffing her
hands, her scent all over them. "You've been a bad little girl huh?" He firmly stated, letting his hand
collide with her round globe, a pang sounded to the soundproof room. "Do mummy and daddy
know they raised an ill behaving girl? I bet they don't. Maybe I should call them here and show
them how their princess was a bad little toy, Head Auror Weasley and Minister Granger-Weasley,
such righteous folk, they must be saddened, having a slut like you for a daughter, I bet they would
love to get rid of you. Do you know what I'll offer them to you off their hands to morrow, I'm sure
they'll jump at that chance huh?"

Rose listened to Scorpius degrading her, making her out to be this low and bad girl, it made her hot
and tingle, cum oozed from her pussy. She fingered herself earlier on, she lay in bed thinking about
him, getting turned on by the minute, rubbing her legs together didn't work, riding her pillow didn't
do it either, her nose was pressed in the smelly patch, she fingered herself relentlessly, she was on her
knees, going at it with both hand, but to no avail, she got worked up but didn't reach her peak. She
shouldn't even have tried, Scorpius put a spell on her so she couldn't reach it by herself.

"Spread your knees and open up your fuck holes", Scorpius patted her red globe, his fingers evenly
spread in red on her tinged skin. He watched the girl complying in and instant, her scent spreading
and filling the room, much to his joy. He ran his finger along her slit, she was like a bitch in heat,
coating his long digit with her honey. He ran his finger again alongside her slit, now dipping his
finger knuckle deep inside her. He could hear her stifle her moan as she pressed her head into her
pillow. She enjoyed it too much to his liking.

"You have gone ahead and started without me?" A low baritone voice said behind Scorpius. He
glimched over his shoulder. Draco Malfoy stood there by the window, hands folded over his chest, hid
legs rigid pressing his black booted feet firmly in the mauve thick carpet.

"She's ready father." Scorpius said reverently.

Rose couldn't help herself, she was dripping wet as she heard another person entered the room, the formidable Draco Malfoy her boss at the corporation she worked for. He drafted her in as soon as she started Legal School, it was his idea she should do it. He wanted her close under his scrutiny, keeping her in line, should she wander off.

"Nice little house Granger has got her self and her little family." Draco drawled, he unfastened his long black fitted coat, placing it on a white wicker chair, hiding the bear underneath it. He took his cufflinks from their cuffs, pocketing them, rolling up his sleeves as he walked towards the bed. His boy sitting next to their shared fuck toy, her arse perched up, her cunt glistening, the petite girl bound and blindfolded on her teen bed was a pretty picture. He looked around, seeing her childhood stuff, her books, stuffed toys and the posters on the wall making it all even more pleasurable, sullying the girl inside her parental house, the room she dreamed her little girls fantasies. He wondered if she fantasised being roughly brutalised by her parents arch nemesis. He guessed she would never have thought about it. Or maybe in her case she would have planned it meticulously. She was a clever little thing, perhaps it was the latter.

"Oh, look at this pretty picture." A third voice said, it was getting crowded in the girls room. "Christmas eve and we have two blonds and a dark haired sodomising a red, what else do you need to celebrate the most important Holiday of the year." Blaise Zabini stepped into the room.

Rose was to marry into the High ranked Slytherin family, literally, Scorpius would whore her out as all pureblood elitist did. Her cunt reserved for his dick only, it wouldn't do getting her pregnant by another, her puss could be used by all objects and his dick.

Lucius inserted two fingers in her cunt, rubbing her insides as he thrusted his fingers in and out, Blaise stood next to him and added his fingers, opening the girls cunt, stretching it.

Rose felt delirious happy, having two power full wizard giving her expert attention. She felt something building inside her womb, the man upped speed, thrusting their fingers in and out, Rose felt liquid squirt from her puss, covering her legs, she wanted to scream with bliss, but Scorpius muzzled her mouth.

"Oh, oops, we have a squirter, she made a mess huh?" Blaise smiled, he loved it when females showed their appreciation.

Rose panted heavily, stars swam before her eyes as she rode her wave.

"So, dad you're buggering her, I will be in her puss and uncle Blaise you will fuck her mouth, right?" Scorpius was in charge, letting his dad and Blaise join in the fun was his prerogative.

The three man gave Rose no rest, they used her at their will showing her no mercy. The next morning she felt like she was train wrecked, facing the train head on, she showered and looked at her blood shot eyes in the mirror, he body covered in welts and bruises, a bite over her breast, courtesy off one Scorpius Malfoy. She donned a black high collared sweater and black trousers, high black boots and made her way down the stairs of her parents house.

Hermione greeted her daughter in the kitchen, "Hi sweetie did you sleep all right?" Her mother sounded cheerfully. "Did you have sweet dreams?"

"Mmmmm" Rose acknowledged her. Dream come true she mused in her head, she ruffled her dark
red curls, careful not too expose her glamoured love bite on her throat.

She, Hugo and her parents had a quiet breakfast and opened up their presents.

They played some traditional Christmas games as Hermione prepared the Christmas celebratory roast, she had her work cut out for her as they were entertaining guests this afternoon, Scorpius Malfoy her daughters fiancée would be bringing his parents to share Christmas dinner.

The floo turned green as Draco and his family stepped into the large family room. Rose jumped to her feet and welcomed Scorpius with a kiss on his cheek. Nothing more as public affection didn't go down well with Malfoy's. Astoria quirked her brow at Rose's display. "Mrs. Malfoy, Sir?!" Rose welcomed them into their home. Aristocracy filled the room, their contempt dripping literally.

"Aaah, welcome to our humble home, Ron greeted them, his animosity vanished as he saw how happy Scorpius made his little girl, he couldn't wish for anyone better suited to her needs. The young man as smart as she was.

Sitting in the dining room eating Hermione's carefully cooked dinner, Scorpius stood up, scraped his throat; "Mrs Weasley, Mr Weasley, I love your daughter very much." He sounded and was sincere, the nights events playing in his mind, picturing her beneath him as he fucked her cunt, his father behind him as he fucked the girls pucker and his uncle Blaise beside on his knees, his fat dark cock shoved in her mouth, he pounded her hard, twerking her nipple, filling her with his semen. What a sight it was. "The thing is!" He went on. "I would like to ask your permission to marry her?"

Ronald looked perplexed, he was serious? "She's awfully young." He doubted if he should answer positively.

"Yes, but we are good together and have been together almost two years now." Scorpius, wanted to have her as his blushing pregnant bride at the altar in a couple of months.

Hermione looked up to her husband, giving him a short nod.

"Cannot see any objection, but treat her right she's my angel." Ron held his wineglass up for Scorpius to toast it. Which he did.

Angel all right Scorpius smiled at his bride to be, spread eagle on their bed, using her as he pleased, there was now ay he would forego her.

Smiles all around as Draco gave Rose a small wink, reminding her of her spousal duties.

"What the hell Draco!" Hermione fumed as she walked into his office a couple weeks later. "We agreed, Scorpius wasn't to knock her up before marrying her. She's ten weeks along now. She'll be showing on her wedding day." Hermione fumed.

"Hermione dear do step in!" Draco drawled. "It's what the boy wanted, a pregnant wife at the Altar." His dream come true, showing everybody what he could do, showing his fertility, him being the one who got her like that. Surely You understand? He's a Malfoy, it's what I did to Astoria and that's how it's going to be generation down to generation.."

"I still don't like it, it feels like a disgrace Draco."

"Well it isn't, not to us anyway. " Draco purred as he stalked over to Hermione. "You're just feeling
like your being left out of it, but daddy will make you feel better in a minute, on your knees and open up that pretty mouth so I can fuck it, you would like that very much huh?” Draco cooed.

Hermione sat on her knees opened her mouth to welcome Draco, like she had the past twenty years. He would show his appreciation and back her next legislation.

Scorpius marrying Rose could potentially be disastrous as he was Rose half sibling. She was glad Ron didn't know about her, little indiscretion and Draco for that matter.

Chapter End Notes

Reviews would be nice, do you want more of this kind of stories? Anonymous is fine, no flames please. Any mistakes let me know try and to correct them.
Man in suit(e)

Chapter Summary

Lily feels like a trainwreck, she had one hell off a night.

Chapter Notes

I saw this photo on tumblr a girl in the nude leaning over a table with roomservice dishes, it sparked my naughty plot-bunny, it went hay wire so to speak. Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oh, hello... You're a new boy....huh?" Lily opened the door leading to her executive suite. The face, delivering, her room service, vaguely familiar. "Please bring the cart in and set it up on the table by the window, she set a step inside the room. She felt his gaze on her body, yes she was aware she looked like a train wreck, hell she felt like one. Pulling her flimsy kimono a bit tighter to her front, she opened the door expecting her usual bell boy, the one who served her when she inhabited the room. Yes, yes, she came here often, she always looked like this, smudged mascara, red lipstick smeared on her porcelain white skin, her red hair disheveled. Her white chiffon kimono see through, it didn't bother the other one, but somehow this one didn't dare look at her, at least not obviously so. She sat on the bed waiting for the boy to set her table, she crossed her leg over the other and chewed on her nail, drumming her shapely knee with her other hand. She reminisced on what went on the evening, night and morning behind her. It was always the same, she knocked on the door, it was opened by her gentleman lover. He payed her an hefty amount to keep him company, or rather for him to fuck her into oblivion. They had this arrangement going on for, what was it? A year? She wasn't sure anymore, they didn't do anniversaries, he fucked her every two weeks, come rain or shine, she could only tell if he was in a foul or good mood, it could be either. Last night he was in in a bitter mood.

He opened the door to the suite, showing her in by gesturing here come hither with his finger. "Little Pottergirl." The words he used, she grimaced even when she knew that's what the allure to her presence was. Yes she was Harry Potters daughter, it was a burden to bare that name, her lover usually making her forget her precious standing in life.

She donned her black silk slip, her black stockings, garter and suspenders, wearing her black Mac and high heeled stilettos. He bought most of her clothes, he was specific about what she should wear.

His grey cold eyes glistened a bit mischievously as she set foot inside the room. He watched her unbuckle her coat, discarding the expensive item on the floor behind her. He closed the distance as he closed the door behind her. His index under her chin, peering into her emerald green eyes, the same ones her dad has.

"Have you made a decision?" He asked. His eyes set in thunder mode, he had a hellish day today, his wife had been a right bitch today denying him what she was obliged to do, cater to his every
whim, but she feigned a head ache, he walked out and owled his Mistress demanding her presence, it wasn't their fortnight but she reluctantly agreed to it. So there she was, he would pay her double what was owed. She could afford the shoes and bag she so desired. Muggle accessories mind.

Lily looked deviantly up to him. She nodded, yes she made her mind up.

"What's it going to be little flower?" He hissed in her ear. "Show me your hip."

Lily pushed him gently aside, swaying her hips showing him her black silk clad bottom. She stood by the bed, leaning her knee on top of the black silk beddings, sticking her hip out. "You have to come look if it's the decision you wanted." She spoke huskily, her head leaning back, her green eyes fixed on his grey stromy ones.

"I do hope its satisfying." He answered as he strode over. "Loose the slip, little flower and show me..."

"Are you okay Miss?" The young man interrupted her train of thought.

"Uhm, yes why wouldn't I be?" She answered him truthfully. She knew why he asked, she looked like a rape victim, smudged lipstick, mascara leaking down her eyes. Yes she cried so what, her lover ravaged her beyond, making her teary eyed, withholding breath did that.

"Well, you don't look OK."

"The bell boy answered as he set the table for one.

"Do you always pry into the clientele's business?" Lily arrogantly answered the boy.

She stood up from the bed and walked over to the window, standing behind the curtains, looking out onto Muggle London. She had stood here with her lover last night as he fucked her arse for all to see, she allowed him to fuck her there, it's what he liked most, her tight cock pleaser, he called it, fitting like a warm sheath around his enormity off a cock. She remembered when he fucked her there for the first time, it hurt like hell, she cried when he did it, no he demanded she let him, he payed extra for it. She had her hands on the glass as he pounded into her, he was gifted with his hip action. He was an old man but still not geriatric enough to be rusty in that department.

"No, I don't like to pry but your face, you weren't raped?!" The bell boy said timidly, his face worryingly.

"Thanks for worrying, but no, I wasn't raped, some women enjoy this, I'm sure a boy like you wouldn't understand." The words left her mouth venomously, more so than she intended but he somehow got on her nerves, making her feel cheap. Her eyes went to the bed stand, money was left there, a huge amount.

The bellboy followed her eyes. "Oh, you're getting paid?"

Lily sauntered over to the money, took it in her hands and caressed it, yes it was a huge sum. A bag and shoes and then some. It wasn't about the money, it never was, it turned into some kind of ritual where he would pay for services rendered, she would do it for free, her lover knew that, he said he loved to indulge her. She put the money in her purse.

"I finished setting the table." The bell boy said softly.

Lily sauntered over to the money, took it in her hands and caressed it, yes it was a huge sum. A bag and shoes and then some. It wasn't about the money, it never was, it turned into some kind of ritual where he would pay for services rendered, she would do it for free, her lover knew that, he said he loved to indulge her. She put the money in her purse.

"I finished setting the table." The bell boy said softly.

Lily sat down on the chair, she whinged as her bottom was sore. 'Ouch' Pain shot through her lower back like lightning. She stood up again, she would stand up and eat, she left her pain potions at home.
"Can I assist, you look like you're in pain." The hotel employe said. The beautiful girls face scrunched in pain, made him feel uncomfortable. As she stood up her kimono fell open, putting what was on over on full display, not like the thin robe hid anything. He got a good look at her perky breasts and waxed pube. She had a very nice set of titties, she was wafer thin, her legs long and thin as well, she had room between her thighs. He had trouble not to gawk, she was so thin.

"Do you like what you're seeing, huh?! Well take a good look, this is what a slut looks like." She was deliberately cruel. She caught his wide eyes, roving her thin form. Yes she lost weight, so what, her ribs were showing, well, worry did that.

"Let me see you hip!" He demanded.

Lily pulled her slip over her head as her lover drew closer, revealing her hip. He asked her something and if she agreed it would be on her hip.

He towered over her, he was so much taller, his lean body pushing into her, his fingers went down to her hip, his fingers traced the lettering. 'Property of Draco Malfoy.' It said in fine swirly silver and dark green lettering. He sat down on his knees to get a better look.

Before Lily knew his mouth went over the letters, suckling her flesh, sending shivers to her soaked cunt. "Nice, very nice, my Little Flower." His breath caressed her wet flesh. "I'm glad you came through. No others for you but me, I've bought an apartment for you, It's al ready in your name." He went on kissing her hipbone, his hand opened her legs, her knee resting on the bed, the other standing beside it, he moved to the inside of her legs, keeping on kissing her firm white skin, he went to her apex, pushing his finger inside her wet slit. "Oh, so wet for your 'Daddy' your sugar daddy, your owner, he moved under her, prying her nether lips apart, he delved in hungrily. "Ohh?!" He never was this gentle with her. Lily looked down on her lover, h closed his mouth over her cunt, taking her nub between his teeth, her fingers dug in his silver hair, he looked vulnerable down there. He didn't do vulnerable, never, ever. The lettering in her hip shifted something. His tongue went inside her, he sucked her juices hungrily, the sensation made her quiver with anticipation. Her chest started to heave as his onslaught continued, bringing her to her peak. She wanted to push him away. But he didn't let her, grabbing her belly and arse, he went on well after she orgasmed, taking her to another high and another. He made her cum three times. She felt her knees growing weak, if wasn't for his firm grip she would've toppled over.

When Draco was done lapping her juices he gently lowered her to her back on the bed. He started to undress, placing his clothes on the sofa against the wall.

Lily stared at him, riding out her wave, her hooded eyes, telling she was still in the midst of it all, squirming her legs together, trying to ad friction, making it a long ride home. He was still well built forty three, he aged gracefully, he removed his shirt, showing his toned abs and pecs. He dropped his trousers and silk boxers, his proud member swaying in front of him, his erection standing tall and mighty. "Turn around." He told her as he walked closer, he took his belt from his trousers. He put his knee beside her hip, he put his hand on her arse cheek. "You have to eat more, my little Flower, your flesh is decreasing, I want it wobbly." He observed.

Lily nodded she knew she had to put her weight back on, but she couldn't stop vomiting." Every time her meal came back out of her mouth she felt ecstatic. It empowered her, her hold on him strengthened.

'Pang!!' His hand landed on her back. He admired the red print on her back.
Lily gritted her teeth, that stung! She hissed between her teeth.

Draco soothed her skin with his hand, he sat next to her, he slapped her other cheek, leaving another print, he again soothed her buttock, running his palm over the red mark, he went between her cleft, rubbed her cunt lips, slipped a finger inside her increased juice. Yes she loved it the little depraved slut. He took her hand and tied them together behind her back with his belt. He went on slapping her butt, alternating buttocks and massaging her cunt, he could feel she went into her peak as her cunt tried to suck his fingers in, trying to milk them like it was his cock. It was the way nature functioned, her cunt ready to squeeze his precious juice from his body. Alas they were just his fingers. "You know you aren't allowed to cum huh?!" He sneered at her. His eyes grabbing her gaze as she looked heatedly back at him. The little slut came three times already. He stood up admired his handy work, he stood up his protruding head in full glory, dripping pre cum.

"Sit up." He told her his next move, he watched Lily squirming back to the head board, her hands still behind her back, making her movements a bit more difficult. He liked her scrambling body, "Eager much?" He smirked as she nodded. "You want Daddy's cock in your hungry little mouth?"

Lily nodded. Yes, Gods yes, anything to make him stop slapping her butt. Her back hurt as she sat down on it, the soft covers did nothing to soothe her.

Draco put his knees on either side of Lily's frail form, making sure he wouldn't crush her, he put his thumb against her bottom lip, wiping her lower lip, smudging her red lip stick on her cheek, now that would be pretty sight, having her eager mouth around his throbbing length, he sat up, his pelvis in perfect place, the tip of his cock pressing against her mouth. He watched her pink little tongue dart from her mouth as she sampled his slit, the tiny drop of pre-cum landing on her tongue, beautiful, a tiny pearl like a small jewel. What a pretty sight for sore eyes.."Show daddy your appreciation my little slut." He encouraged her. "No open up and take my cock like a good little cum slut." He smiled down at her, guiding his knob into her open mouth, keeping her head in place as he pushed in all the way. He tangled his hand in to her red hair and kept her close, making her nose push against his v-line. Her green eyes bulged as she gagged around his cock. Tears were staining her cheeks as her mascara came along for the ride down those beautifully freckled porcelain cheekbones.

Lily inhaled through her nose as her gagging reflex set in, her first instinct to pull away from whatever was lodged against her windpipe, if it wasn't for her daddy holding her firm in place. Her mascara stained her cheeks, she'd admire it in her mirror later on together with her smeared lipstick. A selfie would be the right thing to take, her high cheek bones, white skin and freckles would surely attract audience with certain kinks. Her brain fuzzed as oxygen came in sparsely through her nose, his pelvic area pushing against her organ.

Draco slowly let his dick slide back and forth in his pretty slut's mouth. Her mouth firmly around his length, his ball slapping against her jaw. Oh, yes this would do for now. He rocked his hips back and forth, back and forth. He could happily do this forever. He pulled his cock back, thoroughly covered with her spit, which made a nice drool line towards he breasts. He could feel her nipples poke his thighs.

"Turn around an lay on your stomach, my sweet." He ordered her.

Lily did as he asked. She felt him pull at the leather around her wrists, her bum lifted from the covers, he slid his knob through her overly wet slit, he lubricated himself as he eased into her arse. "Ooooooh, fuuuuuuck that hurts." She moaned.

Draco had forgone going into her bum hole making her muscle tighten again, it felt good as her sheath closed around his cock, he gently rocked in and out until she adjusted to the pain and then went into pounding mode, hearing flesh slap around flesh. His hands went from his belt up her back
around her throat, he held her head firmly down into the covers, almost squeezing the life out of her. He came as her body spasmed around him sending her into an oxygen deprived frenzied orgasm. He pulled out, his cum dribbling from her stretched hole. Nice.

Lily moaned as she came down from her high, she slumped down into the mattress. Her body ached, Draco undid her wrists, she shook them beside her hips, trying to get blood back to her numb fingertips. She turned around, dazed and like she lived in slow motion. Her body buzzed with ecstasy and fright. She felt like he almost gone to far choking her, she really feared he squeezed the light from her brain, she felt like she floated.

Draco looked at Lily as she turned around, her hazy eyes, her pupils dilated, small pinpricks on her eye whites. Oh fuck yeah he almost did it, he almost killed her, he felt a huge surge of electricity flow through his body. He panted heavily his heart rate still on the on and up. He wanted to roar with power. He the ultimate Dragon ruling over life and death. He watched the frangible slender body next to him, her eyes shining with love? He slumped next to her, entangling his fingers with hers, bringing them to his mouth kissing her fingers softly.

"You cannot do that ever again, Daddy, you might hurt the baby....." Lily whispered softly.

"You what?" He looked at her startled.

"You might hurt the baby." She smiled.

"You never?" He sat up again, touching her stomach. "You should've said, I would have been more careful."

"I wanted it like this one more time." Lily turned to face him, her hand on his face, her other caressing his hand on her tummy. "That's why I've dropped weight, I can't seem to keep it in." She chuckled. "Are you happy?"

"I....uhm, yes well, I guess, so you have another little Malfoy in there?" He spluttered.

"Ah, hah." Lily nodded wickedly. "Now, will you give your baby mamma a kiss.

"Oh I'll give you something else and all, my sweet little breeding mare." He leaned over her, kissing her sweetly on the lips, moving over her body, nestling between her legs, positioning between her slick cunt and pushed in, he wanted to be near his little boy. Her legs clapsed around his waist, locking her ankles behind his back, he sat upright on his haunches as he rocked his hips, he watched her sweet face, her hooded eyes as he made love to her. Her sloppy cunt making those slurpy wet noise as he drove into her, he pulled her to him as she sat on his hips, he held her to his chest, kissing her neck. They were one now, she was his property al right.

He ordered her a healthy breakfast to be delivered when he was gone. Now she stood here at the window as she reminisced him taking her again and again and again, showing her off against the London skyline, she saw how he felt like he was on top of the world, having her carrying his child.

"Aren't you going to eat?" The bell boy behind her said.

"Uhm, I'll give it a try, Lily said as she walked towards the table. Her kimono fell open again, she put her hand on her stomach, she did that often nowadays, she couldn't believe her luck, falling pregnant on her first try. She wanted this baby, the one she made with her doting lover, her more than handsome silver blond beau.

"Well?" She watched the boys face morph from square into angular and pointy features, sandy brown to silver blond. The bell boy was a poly juice. Scorpius appeared.
Lily’s breath hitched. He wasn’t supposed to be in the country.

“Surprise!” He whispered as he kneeled before her. Kissing her knee and inner thigh, she opened her legs for him, he trailed his lips to her sweet pussy. "Let me say hi to my baby." He smiled before he went to kiss her nethers. He latched on to her nub. "Hi, baby...." He whispered. He ate her eagerly out, her legs over his shoulders.

Lily’s toes curled as he brought her to her peak. She showered and washed herself thoroughly, never imagined in a million hours he’d come over.

"He doesn’t suspect a thing?" He asked when he was done. Cum on his nose and chin.

"No, he doesn’t. You can marry your pureblood and keep me on the side, you’ll have to watch your dad dote on your son, but it’ll be worth it huh?” Lily was so content with herself, they would never know she played them both. It was good to be Lily Potter, temptress and kept woman. Her dad would hate her for having a baby out of wedlock. Wait until the baby’s born with Malfoy traits, she smiled to herself, that would shake up things nicely.

Chapter End Notes

Deep me a line when you enjoyed it as much as I did writing this.
Chapter Summary

Hermione is at a party at her new job, Draco cannot leave well alone.

"Now this is what I call a party." Hermione heard his voice whispering in her ear. Feeling his breath on her sensitive flesh. She felt shivers run down her spine towards, well uhm, you know down below. She hated when he did that, talking in her ear, standing closely behind her, his groin pressed into her buttocks.

The reception area was packed with people, he had to stand close, but this was ridiculous, she begged he'd behave himself.

Alas she begged but he wouldn't, never, he had no regard for her feelings whatsoever. She dearly hoped he wouldn't embarrass her.

"So that's the boss huh?" He motioned to the company director standing a few people away from them.

"Yes, Draco, now shush!" Hermione said to Draco. In vain, it would turn out, everything she had to say was useless, he never listened.

"So glad you decided to wear the dress I picked for you." He continued in a soft tone.

"Did I have a choice?" Hermione almost huffed.

"Mmmmm, no, not really, but it's a good choice you agree, no?!" He smiled against her lobe.

Hermione wore a short black form hugging cocktail dress, a low plunging back, halter top tied behind her neck. She wore no bra, didn't need one as her breasts were perky and firm.

"Admit it, you like wearing a revealing dress, you want everyone to see how perky your puppies are. Ow, you like that huh?"

"No, please Draco, stop it!" Hermione hissed through clenched teeth. Her nipples tautened as Draco made crude remarks about her breasts.

"Why would I? You like it." He scoffed. Watching her boss across the room, catching the man's gaze as he looked in their direction.

"You're a little slut, you're getting off on this, I can smell you. Hell I bet anyone standing near is getting a whiff from your sappy little slit." He went on delivering his vile words. "They all know you're a perverted little slut." Putting an emphasis on the letters 's'. Hissing in her ear turned him on, feeling her shudder in front of him.

"Dra..." She almost moaned. Juices were flowing drenching her crotch. He was in control of her bodily fluids, making her dry mouthed, staining her black knickers white, drawing blood through her skin with his tongue.

"You're boss is coming nearer. He needs to check his newest asset. The girl with her big brain, pretty
"He never..." Hermione tried to defend her honour.

"Mmm did he introduce you to the board of directors as a girl with a good head on her shoulders, good with numbers? Then yes he told them you would give head and having numerous men, taking out their dicks, going , and more, inside your sappy little slit." He taunted her.

Hermione felt dizzy, she could almost picture the board members going down on her, impaling her as they spread her on the board table. It made her quiver with anticipation.

"Oh, look he brought his little wive along, he's going to introduce you two." Draco squeezed her bum.

"Oh hello Hermione. May I introduce you to my wife, Georgia Nott." Lucius drawled. "Georgia, this is my newest asset in Malfoy holdings."

The women nodded to each other. "Glad you and Draco finally made an appearance." He almost snorted, his cool silver eyes approvingly raked her form.

"Would you please follow us to our board room, I have gathered our entire board of directors, they would love to welcome you informally into our midsts. Draco will you entertain your stepmother whilst we conduct our meeting, shouldn't be more than an hour." Lucius offered Hermione his arm as they walked towards the double dark wooden doors.

Hermione glanced back wards, Draco smiled as he lead his young step mother towards another flute off champagne.
This is how it is.

Chapter Summary

Nothing better than an after glow and the prospect of getting a good pounding yes?

Chapter Notes

A little plunny that needed to come out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So this is how it is.

I'm laying naked spread across his bed, I'm still basking in my after glow. It's delicious, I can tell you that much. Do you know that feeling when you're ravished down to the core? No shame, yes your puss recognises what I'm saying huh?! *winking*

Not more than a few minutes ago he was on top of me, pushing his throbbing dick inside my needy cunt. He hovered over me his eyes dark mercury filled with lust, telling me I was his dirty slut, to be honest I am. Damn proud about it? Hell yes. Who wouldn't be when said white blond god was filling you with his cum. I squirm my legs together feeling the sticky substance oozing from my gaping fuck hole. Watch him go into the living room, his tight buttocks making me want to bite them, maybe I will when he comes back.

So I've been thoroughly fucked all ways imaginable, he's good like that, he knows how too satisfy his witch. Myeah I know, I like to boast. Oh fuck me his cum spills on the duvet, I trace my slit with my fingers, his semen clings to my index, I bring my finger to my mouth and taste our combined juices. *purring*

"Here babe here's your water." He hands me my glass filled to the brim with water. I watch his cock sway in front of me, he's hard again, he told me once he always gets hard seeing me, it makes him uncomfortable sometimes when we're in public, he makes sure I'm relieving him off his problem whenever the opportunity arises. Which isn't a task at all, believe you me.

I turn around placing the glass on the bed stand, I want to roll back over but he sits next to me, preventing me from turning, he places his hand on my buttock.'

"Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose, you are a tease, you know that huh?!" He whispers in my ear, he caresses my behind, his hand slips between my thighs, his fingers ghost over my throbbing slit, he eases a finger inside.

Oh, fuck me, that's good. I trie to wriggle, allowing him better access. I lean on my arms, lifting my bum up.

"What do you want baby, do you want your daddy's cock in your tight little bum hole?" The platinum blond hisses in my ear.
"Oh yes please daddy, fill me with your cock, baby needs it desperately." I bite my lower lip as I glance up to him. I know he can't resist that.

"Because you asked so nicely I'll give my princess what she desires." He smirks that snakish grin off his. Which in turn I can't resist. He spreads my but cheeks, presses his cock against it and slides in, I feel pain as he wiggles in, it always hurts when he goes there, but the pain eases off and it feels glorious having him there, I feel wicked. He once told me his wife thinks it's vile. Oh I forgot to mention this? Oops.... Yes he's married and silly little me, I'm his mistress, have been a couple off years now ever since I turned eighteen, would've wanted it before but he didn't do minors.

"You're tight baby, it doesn't hurt does it?" He murmurs. He lovely like that always looking out for my well being except he's married an wonder divorce her. I call her, 'her'. I hate 'her' with all the fibres off my being. We can never be together as husband and wife, not even when our baby will come into this world in two months. Ah, yes I am carrying his child. He's so happy about and so am I our lovechild.

"Draco please don't be gentle I want you to stick it to me." I urge him I want to feel how much he needs me. He comes by every month now he tells his wife he has business to attend to in New York. I'm living here now so no one will connect the dots an unmarried Rose Weasley having a child. Which will be a boy and platinum blond. That's how it is going to be. Me plain old boring Rose, living the kept woman life separated by an ocean from her family and lover, but a baby to boast. He'll provide us with everything we'll need except a name for our unborn boy.

"Mmmmfuck yessssss, Dracoooooo" Oh fuck me that was good, I wriggle my bum as he pulls out, my battered behind tingles.

"Honey I need to run, I'll probably swing by before the baby will be born." He says as he makes for the shower. He's leaving for his wife......me? I'll lay here in bed contemplating my shitty life until he comes over to fuck me again.

Chapter End Notes

I love to hear what you think.
“Honey, will you hold my flute I need to go to the little ladies room.” Hermione handed Ron her flute. This party was boring, Morgana knows she tried to behave, she really did.

Ron watched his beautiful girl friend make her way through the crowd. One way to survive these shindigs was with her, his bubbly very gorgeous girl friend. Merlin knows he wanted to marry that woman, but he knew better than asking her. Yes she was the studious book worm or appeared to be when others watched her, but they didn't know what a minx she was inside the sack, his cock twitched thinking about how she would take him in her mouth when they arrived home, how she laved his flesh with her tongue, swirling that sweet muscle around his knob. His cock throbbed heavily. He watched her sway her hips slightly, her high heeled brown leather boots, making her strut her perfectly sculpted arse inside her wrap around dress. He needed more champagne.

Hermione pushed through the crowd, it was hot in here, two much people crowded in the space. She waved at Harry and Ginny, said hello to Neville and Luna. “Yes, we definitely should do lunch this week she said to the dreamy blonde.

Her blather killed her, so much champagne, the only way to endure these gatherings, her mind clouded as the champagne was heady, she tried not too giggle. Bubbles made her giddy. Pushing the rest rooms door inwards, she almost stumbled in. Gods they should really dim lights in here, she groaned inside her head, squinting her eyes. Waving her wand, dimming the lights a notch, so much better.

She took the right door, cleaned the rim, Merlin knows what transpired here. Pulling up her tan coloured dress, squatting over the seat, she didn't do knickers, she loved to play naughty like this. She let her blather go with a sigh, the door next to her closed, she could hear a belt being undone, the toilet seat pulled up. A bloke then? She heard him releasing a steady stream, they were synchronising piss. It made her laugh.

“Funny?” The male answered her giggle.

Oops she didn't mean to laugh out loud. She finished pulling paper from the toilet paper drying herself.

She washed her hands, checked her make up in the mirror, she leaned over a bit, her mascara smudged a bit. Leave it to Ron not to tell her she resembled a goth.
“Well, well, who would have guessed I was in a pissing contest with Granger.” A platinum blond head emerged from the other door.

Hermione watched Draco lean against the door frame, hands folded in front off his chest.

“Yeah, well champagne does that.” Hermione removed the smudge under her eye.

“So Weasel, let's his sassy girl wander off on her own?” He pushed away from the door, he swaggered over, checking the delectable girls arse. Well rounded , her dress clinging to her skin, she wore some clever invisible knickers or maybe nothing? Who knew? He moved behind her.

“Malfoy?” Hermione watched his eyes turn a darker grey.

Draco pushed his nose in her hair, resting his hands on the sink, boxing Hermione in.

“Malfoy?!” Hermione was taken aback.

“You smell nice, Granger……” He nuzzled the sweet spot under her ear. Yes nice indeed.

“What are you doing?” Hermione tried to push back.

“What does it look like sweet girl?” He placed a kiss on her shoulder.

“Malfoy??” She felt him place his hand on her arse. It mad her tingle and hitch her breath.

“So, no knickers?” He had his hand on her arse before he knew it. He couldn't resist feeling her up. Her arse practically begged him too.

“Malfoy? I’ll let it slide if you remove your hand this instant!” Hermione shot him daggers in the mirror.

“Are you sure you want me to?” He moved his hand further down, gods she smelt good. Placing another kiss on her shoulder, he could see down her cleavage, no bra. Just kill me now. She was a saucy minx. Before he knew it he had his hand under her dress, pressing against her very juicy cunt.

“You're wet down there.” He pushed a finger inside her, she almost swallowed his finger. Oh fuck that felt good, she felt good. She should be angry at him for violating her like this, instead she move her legs, allowing him better access.

“Does your boyfriend know how you open your legs when someone other than he has his finger inside his girls cunt?” Draco watched Hermione grip the sink with her hands, her pupils blown wide open as he curled his finger deeper inside, her juices practically running down his hand. Dare he insert another. Yes he dared.

“Oh?!” Hermione panted, he added another finger and another. She gripped the sink, standing on her toes, providing him a better angle.

Draco felt her shift her hips, he started to move his fingers, fingerling the beautiful woman softly, he watched her nipples harden. No bra, Gods this was his luck wasn't it. Who knew prude Granger would be this wanton? “So wet huh.”

Hermione nodded, his fingers in her cunt, rubbing her so deliciously, she licked her lips, his long finger working her expertly. She felt her orgasm build inside her. Being inside the rest room, hearing the buzz outside, it was such a turn on.

Draco fingered her lazily, he licked her throat, peppering her with small kisses, his cock impossibly
hard in his trousers. Watching the woman's face as he went on with his onslaught, she loved having his fingers inside her, she panted, hearing her small gasps turning him on like nothing else. Her dress came loose, showing her rosy hard nipples, his other hand went inside her dress, covering her breast with his hand, fuck her breast was perfectly shaped to be held inside his hand. He retracted his hand, sliding up, he pushed a finger up her arse.

“Oh, my gods?” Hermione squealed.

Draco felt her muscle tighten around his finger, he pushed his middle finger alongside his index.

“Ouch, ow…” Hermione’s face contorted, it hurt and mad her come in one go. “Oh, gods.” She panted.

“Mmmm, sweet girl you like this huh?” He felt her orgasm around his fingers. He pulled her to his chest, walked them towards a toilet cubicle. He closed the cubicle behind him with wand less magic. He scissored his fingers in her arse, widening her to take him.

Hermione felt him adjusting her back side, it was sinfully good, her cunny twitched. She didn't even find it in herself to object being dragged into the cubicle. She loved how he manhandled her, grabbing her hair. She heard him unzip his trousers, again.

He spit in his hands, rubbing his knob, more spit so he would be lubricated enough to impale her, he nudged his head at her sphincter, pushing in slowly but surely.

Hermione cried as he went in, it hurt as fuck.

“Shhhhhhh, my sweet girl, you don't want to have a baby, right?” He cooed.

“Nuh, uh…” Hermione answered him, she didn't want a hindrance tagging along.

Draco, bucked his hips, he grabbed her hair more tight, he wanted her to feel all of it, he rutted her back side frantically, his dick so hard from fingering her, he was sure he wouldn't last. He pushed her face against the tiles, he licked her face for good measure. He grunted as he spilled himself inside the delectable bushy haired woman. He pulled out, leaving a trickle of cum behind. He admired his work, scourgified. his dick, tucked himself back inside his trousers.

Hermione wanted to clean herself. Draco stopped her, “Leave it, I want you to feel it up your arse when you walk out of here.”

Hermione chewed her lower lip, contemplated his order. She adjusted her dress, looked at her self in the mirror before reaching for the door. Thoroughly shagged, she looked liked she was well fucked. Was she ever.

The door opened. Ron came in just as she wanted to leave. Her eyes grew wide, she forgot about her long term boyfriend. “Hermione wait for me at the cloak room, I need a word with Malfoy.”

Hermione looked back at Draco, she tried really hard no too run, she hastily made her way to the entrance. Merlin, he was going to kill Draco, she was sure of it.

A good ten minutes later, Ron appeared offering his ticket to the receptionist, he waited for his coat.

Hermione died a few deaths as he offered her, her coat like a true gentle man.

“Are you all right Ron?” She looked at him, his face was as placid as it could be.
“Why shouldn't I be?” He gave her a kiss on the lips, offered her his arm, which she gladly took.

Draco exited the rest room, he adjusted his tie, his hair as usual, impeccable. He smirked, he had fun again. Hermione was such a tease. The galleon in his pocket felt like he earned it. He’d tip the girl at the cloak room for taking cate of his coat. Telling Ron he shagged his girl up her arse, collecting his betting money in exchange, life was just so good. He let Ron lick his fingers, showing him he fingered Hermione a bonus

He glanced around the room, the party was winding down, Harry winked at him, ah yes Ginny, another bored house wife he would have, making her way over to the toilets. He waited a minute and went after her into the tiled room.

Chapter End Notes

Review are lovely so are kudo’s.
The Depravity off it all.

Chapter Summary

Harry brings his pet out to play.

Chapter Notes

A depraved tale, I seriously have no idea where this comes from, I hope you'll enjoy this, it was such fun writing this.

Really? Yes.....

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Are you comfortable my dear?” He asked the hooded woman.

She nodded her head, her hand firmly inside his arm. They apparated to their current location.

He could feel her light trembling as her fingers gripped his sleeve tightly. Bless her she was nervous. She didn't need to be she was the most perfect creature alive. The Manor House in front of them was enormous, white marble, stained glass windows, warm light peeking out from at least a hundred candles, it was a magnificent sight.

Her heels grinded into the pebbles, walking in those heels on these small stones a task.

“Come pet let’s get in, it is so much warmer i side.” His hand touched hers reassuring her all would be well.

He knocked the door onocker, alerting staff someone was outside. A small hatch opened, a eye peered out. “Password?” A grave voice sounded.

“Magificent, brave and naughty.” He replied.

The door opened with a creek, showing them a lavish entrance hall, a red plush loveseat placed under a exotic plant waiting for occupants graced the enormous room.

A masked girl wearing a feather boa up her arse greeted them, she asked for their robes, holding up her gloved hands.

He removed his robes, revealing a rather nice evening suit, laquered shiny shoes and a rather big grin plastered on his face, his pearly whites illuminating his face, his green be speckled eyes shining with mischief. He moved over to his guest, lowering her hood, red curled hair tumbling down, he unfastened the ribbons holding her cloak in place, he let the heavy black draping fall behind her shoulders. Her delicate white skinned shoulders bare as was the rest of her except for her black stilettos and leather cuff around her neck. She was a bit antsy, she tried to hide behind her companion. “Now, now, pet don’t be shy like that, we discussed this huh?” He turned towards her face, her upper half hidden behind a delicate lace mask, her stunning blue eyes, wide with shock. He
softly kissed her pink lips, he admired her boobs, flat stomach and her small thatch above her slit. A true red head, but he knew that, he coiffed the red stripe to perfection earlier on, he shaved her cunt like he always did, from the first moment he laid eyes on her perfect cunny, he knew he was the one to groom it to perfection. It wasn't the only thing he did to it, his memory served him well, making him hard inside his pants. Merlin she had this hold over him.

“A Mr Potter and companion.” Another voice greeted them.

Harry turned stepping away from his pet. “Ah Theo!” He smiled as he shook their hosts hand. He liked it when the hosts greeted him personally, it was only courteous if they did show him the respect he so deserved, being their saviour and all that. “Pet this is Theodore Nott our host.”

Theo offered his hand.

“You know what we discussed, courtesy and lick his hand, pet.” Harry placed his hand on her buttock. Such smooth skin, he'd love to put some black and blue stains on them, he gently caressed his pet.

She curtied and licked his hand accordingly, feeling Harry’s hand ease down and between her legs, God’s she was this wet huh? She trembled with excitement, these two powerful men and her standing here butt naked.

“I should take her in, she is actually very wet and excited.” Harry excused his ill mannered pet.

“Oh by all means take her inside, we have some lovely guests gathered inside, I'll try and catch up later.” Theo spoke softly, his eyes raking the delectable red head.

“Come pet.” Harry kissed the girl on her sweet lips, letting his fingers linger against her wet cunt before removing them. His fingers glistening with her arousal, licking them clean, his lips shiny with her cum.

They entered a darkened room, candles and a large fireplace giving off dimmed lights, dark green and silver plush sofa’s were placed strategically around the room, Persian carpets on the floor providing a well need softer surface as became obvious as Harry’s pet looked around the room. Various couples and trio’s, foursomes and more were engaged in more or less straining activities on said sofa’s and carpets. All sorts of sexual acts were taking place as well as people engaged in discussions, laughter, hisses and loud panting filled the room. Woman and man moaning and cursing as they enjoyed their debauchery. Her nipples peaked, something stirred down under, she felt hot flashes on her cheeks.

“Nice scene, huh?” Harry admired the view.

“Yes I guess.” She whispered in his ear. He told her she couldn't speak out loud, he didn't want them too recognise her voice. He didn't glamour her red hair, people could guess but not know who she was, her identity hidden.

He took her hand in circled the room, parading her long legs, her medium breasts swayed as he waved at other patrons, stopped to chat and drank champagne before finding him and his pet a seat near to the fireplace. She shivered, she got cold easily, her waif figure hinting she could do with some calories. He liked her stocky, she had more weight before but he felt her breasts became to heavy to his liking, he had her on a strict protein and vitamin diet, he had her checked regularly, she was in good health, his personal healer assured him she wasn't bordering on malnourishment.
He reclined on the sofa, gesturing her she should on her knees between his legs, Gods his erection was killing him, he was in dire need of relief. Her mouth wrapped around his knob what he needed.

Her back to the roaring fire warmed her cold skin, her master had found them a nice and heartening spot, he was so attuned to her needs, she really couldn't have found herself a better daddy. She licked her lips as she admired the bulge in his pants, she wanted his penis in her mouth desperately.

“Yes pet go ahead, take my rod.” She waited for him to tell her what to do, his pet luckily behaved today, he didn't need to spank her, which was a shame really, staining her white skin was a treat.

The red headed girl, pulled the zipper down, her hand went inside his trousers, finding the hole in his boxers, his silken skin impossibly hard as she wrapped her hand around it. Tugging his more than generous penis from it’s confinement, skin retracted and a small pearly drop resting inside it’s slit. She caressed his weeping cock with her thumb, making him grip the sofa, hissing with anguish.

He could have come right then and there, her innocent blue eyes gazing up expectantly, she licked her lips, wetting them so he could glide in easily.

“Good Gods.” He groaned as she opened her mouth, her tongue darted out as she leaned over him, still holding his green eyes. Slowly agonisingly so, she brought her tongue to his bulbous errection, it felt like she acted in slow motion. Her warm muscle tentatively probing his flesh. “Fuck, Pet?!!” He exclaimed as she moved her tongue under his cock towards his balls, her hand holding them gently, the tips of her fingers massaging him, her index finger resting against his scrotum, her pad moving towards his anus, she sometimes probed inside him, he’d let her massage his prostrate, but not tonight he couldn’t afford too loose himself like that. “Not there Pet, suck my dick, like a good little Slut.” He warned her off.

She did as he told her, taking his dick in her mouth, opening her oesophagus, she knew he wanted to see her drool, accommodating his entire length, he thought it was the sexiest thing, having her breath through her nose, she wasn't allowed to move for a minute while he petted her head, murmuring sweet words, letting her know she behaved like a good little Slut. She liked having his penis in her mouth assuring her she was his, it empowered her, having Harry Potters penis lodged in her throat, his knob hitting the back of her tonsils.

He gave her a small nod, she should go ahead and mouth fuck him. She proceeded, sucking his penis, moving it out of her mouth sucking her cheeks together, letting it fall out of her mouth with a plop, before opening wide agains, slowly sucking him back in. Her tongue swirling around his knob.

“Oh, fuck yesssss.” He hissed, she dad thing with her tongue again, he so loved her for it. He glanced around and saw a blond standing ram rod stiff in the corner caught his eyes, she looked at the scene longingly: Luna Lovegood. The slender peculiar thing as pretty as ever, her eyes dreamily swimming over to his green ones. “Luna little toy come over here.” He beckoned her over.

She made her way over skipping like she always did. “Hi Harry.” She kneeled next to him. She admired the red head as she swallowed her Master, drool trickling down her jaw.

“Would you be so kind to let my pet sit on your face?” He asked her silkily. He could have been a Slytherin, right?

“Yes Harry anything you want.” She lay down on her back, scooting between the red girls legs, she saw the girls pinky lips, she suckled Ginny before, but…… before her brain could react she was treated with a wet and sticky cunt pressed down, on her face. She stuck her tongue out and was greeted with a sweet smelling sensation, cum filled her mouth as she laved the girls flesh, she greedily took her reward. The girl had her lips pierced, a small lock was holding her lips together,
Luna could wriggle her tongue behind it, but couldn't go in deep. Harry had his Pet warded against intruders, Luna wondered why, Harry wasn't the possessive type.

The red head sucked vehemently on Harry’s dick as the dainty blonde sucked her clit, culminating in her having an unprecedented orgasm, almost choking on Harry’s semen, spit accompanied with spunk dribbling down her jaw as she rode her wave. “Oh, fuck, oh, fuck, ooooh.” She squirmed almost withholding air supply from Luna. She sunk down beside the petite woman, trying to catch her breath.

Luna got up, scrutinising the female who sucked Harry, before he could argue against it she grabbed the female by her chin and took her lips, kissing her, cleaning her of the combined fluids, sampling her mouth.

“Luna?!” Harry growled. “You’d better withdraw or you’ll have a problem sitting down the coming week.” He took the woman by her throat, his green eyes spitting venom. He was in charge who kissed who, it wasn’t her call.

“Yes, Harry I got carried away.” She bowed her head, hiding her eyes, she didn't want to give away her train of thought. She wasn't that good at occlumency.

Harry regarded the witch with scrutiny, luckily for her the red witch demanded attention.

“Daddy I’m done playing here.” She purred in her masters ear, suckling his earlobe. “We could fuck some at home huh?!” She played with his balls. “You know how I like Daddy’s penis inside me.”

Harry’s eyes clouded over, yes that was a good idea, he could leisurely fuck her, taking his sweet time. Bringing her back here another time. “ He tucked his dick back into his trousers, took his pet by her hand leading her towards the exit.

Luna watched the pair leave, her mind whizzed like crazy, that woman definitely didn't taste like Ginny. She stood back in her corner, contemplating her senses.

“What is bugging you love?” The male sex toy next to her asked her. He had taken his place next to her serving Hermione and Draco their lust spiel, Merlin they were a demanding couple.

“It is just, when was the last time Harry brought Ginny out to play?” She didn't ask him specifically.

“Mmm, come to think about it, I thought she didn't play any more, it is rumoured she has her boy toy and doesn't let Harry come close to her.”

“I thought as much.” Luna closed up, they weren't allowed to speak let alone gossip.

“Daddy, will you unlock my little girls part? They itch.” A little girls voice sing-songed from his bed room. Gods she was insatiable Harry eyed himself in the bathroom mirror, he quirked his brow, he washed her in the shower mere minutes ago, he liked her scrubbed thoroughly before taking her to his bed. “—’Minute my Princess.” He took a phial from the cabinet unscrewing the cap, downing the blueish liquid in one go, he felt the effect get a hold of him, his cock stood proudly, ready to perform a couple of more hours. He entered his bed room, the red headed girl waiting for him, lying down her arse up, holding her buttocks, she knew what he liked the saucy minx. He lubed up before he entered her tight little rim.

“Ooooh, uncle Harry that hurts!” Rose squealed. It was what he wanted to hear, he wanted her to play the virgin, he the bad uncle from hell, taking advantage of his niece. She played her part as did
Scorpius with her aunt Ginny. It made them a lot off money providing their services.

Scorpius claimed her cunt as his, he had the key to her lock. Harry grunted as he moved behind her, maybe she’d reward him by massaging his prostrate. She couldn’t wait before she and Scorpius managed his elder wand from him, they snatched the invisibility cloak a week before, her aunt and uncle were a depraved bunch, she and Scorpius merely playing their part.

Albus snatched the time turner of Hermione as Lily stole the resurrection stone from uncle Ron.

World domination followed.

Chapter End Notes

Bad huh? It had to come out....
Fantasy

Chapter Summary

There's nothing wrong with talking to each other, is there?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Do you think he would mind?”

“Mind what?” She sipped her coke.

“That you’re here?”

“Where’s here?”

“You know what I mean, here with me?”

“Oh that? I don’t think that he will mind. Do you want him to?”

“What?”

“Mind?”

“No not really, no, I don’t care.”

“So why ask?” She looks up to him. Her dark green eyes catching the light.

“Nothing really, I would mind. Having my girl sitting with another bloke.”

“I’m not your girl.”

“Yes I know and I hate that.” He scoffs.

“Mmmm, I bet you do.” She smiles, revealing her white teeth.

He looks at her rosy mouth, her plumb lips, her tongue darting out as she wets her lower lip. Her white skin, freckles scattered generously on her face. She’s absolutely stunning, she doesn’t seem to be aware.

“So we’re sitting here and you moan about not being my boy friend. What are you going to do about that.” She dares him.

“I would kiss you.”

“You would? And then?” She taunts him, she needs to know.

“I would slip my hand under your shirt and move my thumb around you nipple, it would peak.”

She gasps as she imagines him touching her breast. “—and…?”
“I would shove my hand down your jeans and finger your pussy. I think you’d be wet, hell I can smell you.”

“You would finger me?”

“Yes lubrication would come in handy as I plan on fucking you.”

“You’d fuck me?” She and her boyfriend exchanged soft kisses, he never touched her.

“So you fantasise about fucking other boys girls?”

“No I don’t.” Just you is what he meant, Gods he would like nothing better than having her naked, sticking his dick in her pussy, filling her with his cum, making her gasp as he pounds away inside her.

“You don’t? She’s surprised, his pupils are dilated his breath hitched, he cant bare to look at her. “I’m a virgin.”

“Go figure, I want to fuck a girl and she’s attached and a virgin.” He kicks at a pebble.

“So what would you do if I said yes?” She likes this hypothetical game.

“I’d take you into the woods and have you up a tree.”

“You’d fuck me up a tree for my first time, that’s brutal.”

“I know.” He narrows his eyes. He fantasised about fucking her like the wood nymph she is.

“Good thing that were just talking then.”

“Yup good all right.” His cock rock hard in his trousers, he seriously needs to go and unload.

“Give Scorpius my kind regards.” James says as he walks away. He likes his little talks with Rose.

Rose stares at James, she feels her cunt clench, She wouldn’t have mind if he fucked her against that tree.

She sighs, tosses her coke can and follows her cousin into the burrow, she needs to get herself off in bed tonight. Merlin, the boy does not know how he gets her undone.

Chapter End Notes

Short, I know.
Something in the air tonight.

Chapter Summary

Draco and Hermione find themselves on an island, what to do.

Chapter Notes

@purebloodpony is the best Beta/Alpha one can wish for. Any faults you do find are on me....
(She’s got something amazing coming up be on the lookout for it)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The island was perfect this time of the year, the air warm filled with promise. Everyone who was someone was here enjoying what was on offer. Beautiful flowers blooming sending their exotic notes into the starry night.

“You know you are Beautiful,” Draco drawled. His eyes fixed on the dark browns in front of him. His finger traced the rim of his glass.

“Yes, well….. But do you think I am?” A slight agitation in her voice.

“You know I do,” Draco answered back.

“Then tell me.” Hermione’s eyes shot daggers at the infuriating blond on the other side of the table.

“No,” He quirked a brow.

“No?” She was flabbergasted, “But.”

“If you’re asking for it I won’t.” He lazily sat back, he was annoyed. Her begging for it wasn’t sexy.
The very epitome of beauty sat across from him. The thin organza dress clung to every curve, its plunging neckline revealing her cleavage was driving him mad. She had tamed the wild curls into a sleek bun. Highlighting the emeralds dangling against her elegant throat. Draco's eyes travelled downward to the dainty knee peeking out of the slit in her dress and back to the smoky brown eyes burning a hole through him. She was easily the most beautiful women in the room ……..

Draco looked around the room, he liked it here, so many prospects looming about, “If you’re bored dear then you might as well leave,” He knew he was.

“I’m not bored, I’m here with you.” Hermione leaned towards her beau. Gods he was so dashing. Draco wore the best suits money could buy, hell he could have anyone he wanted. She spotted at least three women who would go with him. His eyes strayed from her. She could tell he was the one getting bored. She bit her lower lip. And he huffed.

“You’d better leave my dear.” He drank his whiskey.

“Are you sure…..” She could feel the blood draining from her face.

“Yes, yes…..you go….maybe I will come later…..not sure.” His eyes locked on two women standing at the bar. Draco stood up, making his way towards the bar, his glass needed a refill.

Hermione picked up her clutch as Draco stood up. She all but ran from the bar. She could hear both woman and Draco laugh as she picked up her stole from the cloakroom.

Heading outside, the air was warm, the sky was clear dotted with stars. She sighed as she slowly strolled in the park behind the bar. It was busy as groups and couples were out admiring the plants and each others company.

Hermione had no eyes for anyone. She found a bench atop a cliff overlooking the sea. She closed her eyes, thinking back to what happened in the bar. She and Draco were, she was entirely unsure of? A thing, yes some-thing.

“Is this seat taken?” A voice said next to her.

Hermione looked up at the voice, a dark-haired man stood there. “No, it isn’t.” She answered. Taking in the stranger. Dark hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders, impeccably dressed, charming smile,
good teeth. She was a dentist's daughter, teeth were important.

“Such a pretty girl on her own?” He smiled at her.

“Yup.” She answered. Merlin that was really what he said?

“Shame,” He said again.

“Not that lonely now you’re here,” She leaned back, facing the darker haired wizard.

“You’re Hermione,” He asked.

“Yes, and you’re?” She wasn’t all that bothered about him knowing her name. She was one-third of the Golden, and she and Draco did make the international headlines.

“Oh forgive me, I’m Pjotr Illianov,” He took her hand, pressing a soft kiss on her knuckles.

“Nice to meet you Pjotr,” She answered softly. Nice indeed he was good looking and the total opposite of Draco.

“The stars are plentiful yes?” He said dreamily.

“Yes, I thought they were,” Hermione answered him truthfully.

“So where is your boyfriend?” He asked.

“I’m not sure where he is.” Hermione sighed, or rather she did! Seeing him talk to the two girls at the bar made her suspect what he was up to.

“Could I offer you my arm so we could take a walk?” Pjotr stood up holding his elbow so she could hook her arm in his.
“I suppose I could.” Her eyes darkened, he was rather handsome. Hermione stood up, took her stole in her other hand where she was also holding her clutch.

Pjotr glanced sideways, her breasts were barely covered by her dress, her creamy skin illuminated. He licked his lips.

“Lead the way Pjotr,” Hermione’s voice tinkled like bells.

“Don’t mind if I do,” He patted her hand with his other hand. His smile was devilish as he took her away from the park, leading her towards white marble steps leading down the cliff. “Do you mind walking along the beach, Hermione?” He asked as they neared the steps.

“Of course not Pjotr,” Hermione held on tight, her sandals were terribly high, she wouldn’t want tumble down these stairs.

Pjotr slowly descended the stairs with the pretty auburn haired witch. Her jasmine perfume washed over him as he pulled her close, his nose brushing against her hair, “You smell amazing,”

“Mmm, thanks.” Hermione mused as the wizard pulled her in to his side.

He could feel her breast against his upper arm as they walked, as it swayed and touched him.

They reached the latest step.

“So Draco Malfoy?” He said.

“I don’t want to talk about him.” Hermione unhooked her arm, and walked with her high heels in the sand, marching towards the villa’ in the tree line. She and Draco...

Hermione reached the first larger holiday home, above them a pool was situated against the rocks, steps leading up to them.
“Wanna go up?” Pjotr gushed as he stood behind her, his hand circling her waist as he pulled her to his chest.

Hermione nodded. Yes she wanted to go up. She shook the sand from her heels and felt the wards wash over them as they walked up to the first floor. As they neared the decked area, women’s giggles sounded distinct. “Ooooh, Drakey.....”

Hermione and Pjotr halted.

“Draco?” Hermione whispered, she could see him clearly through the well-lit sitting room. The glass sliding doors opened wide, showcasing all that was going on inside. Draco sat there on the sofa, his arms resting on the headrest, his head lolled back, mouth wide open, forming a perfect ‘O.’ He closed his mouth as his upper teeth grazed his lower lip. A low growl sounding deep in his throat, clearly enjoying himself. Stark naked, legs spread wide and between them...........

Hermione’s breath hitched, two heads bobbed below his waist as the girls......

“Mmmm, enjoying what you see Hermione?” Two hands went behind her halter top, closing over her breasts, a tongue licking her neck.

“Mmmm, that is nice.” She purred. Her eyes were drawn to the scene inside. Draco was serviced by the two girls Hermione saw inside the bar. They were equally naked, they both had their mouths on his...

“Oh fuck yeah,” Draco groaned.

Hermione felt her nipples pebble as Pjotr pinched them, her hands went behind her, finding his hard dick poking through his trousers, unzipping him, freeing what he had inside. Retrieving his hard-on she brought his hands down her dress, making him pull her dress up from behind.

“Fuck my arse,” She commanded.

“Mmmm, the Lady knows what she wants huh?” He licked her neck again.
“Yes, yes, stick it in all right.” Hermione panted as she leaned forward, holding a deck chair, feeling him prod at her tight hole. Moaning as he went inside her. Hermione’s eyes still locked on Draco and his visitors...... One was sitting in his lap, riding him, the other resting on the floor helping the pair along with her tongue.

Two sets of moans filled the night sky, both in and outside the building. Peaks were completed.

“Did you like my present?” Hermione asked her pretty blond lover.

“Mmm, they were all right,” Draco bit into his strawberry. “Yours?”

“All right,” Hermione smiled as her hand went to his crotch. He was hard again.

“Again my darling?” He kissed her on her lips.

“Yes again, as this is not our honeymoon.” Hermione winked as she leaned down, she adored cream with her strawberries.

“I love your mouth darling? But never ask me if you’re pretty again,” He was adamant. “Mmmm perfect, like that darling,” He felt her tongue swirl around...... “You are not pretty as you well know, my love.....You’re the most beautiful thing that has ever......”

His words were lost as the sea crashed its waves against the cliffs.

Chapter End Notes

It had to come out as I was reading this other fic the plunny jumped in my lap.
The sins of the father

Chapter Summary

Lily is getting ready to go to Hogwarts, the Potter residence is a hectic place to be. Ginny needs to see her daughter safely off for her last year. She does have a busy day ahead of her.

Chapter Notes

Purebloodpony is my awesome Alpha/Beta she has a new story out The Promised Child check it out.

Written for jamescun.

It was one of those busy mornings, frantic, having an seventh-year girl student leaving for her last year at Hogwarts wasn’t a small feat. Having said year running around the house like a screaming banshee was getting tiresome. “Mum where are my sheer black stockings?” Followed by: “Dad, where is your Marauders map?”

Harry answered from behind his Prophet!”Why does my little cupcake need a marauders map, you’re staying in your dorm after hours anyway?” He smiled as he looked at his youngest son.

“Firmly tucked away, dad,” Albus answered.

“But dad, my friends are in Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, and Slytherin is cold at night,” Lily sighed from upstairs.

“Your boyfriend not there to keep you warm huh?” James whispered from behind her as he stepped on to the landing.

“Ugh, what do you know anyway?” Lily raised her arms to the heavens as she felt steam coming from her ears.

Ginny emerged from her and Harry’s marital room, putting a finger against her mouth. Her eyes shone with mischief. Handing her daughter the forbidden map and the stockings she asked. “Here, don’t tell your dad, yeah,” Ginny hugged her daughter.

“Oh mum….. You’re the best,” Lily gushed.

Ginny looked at her daughter, she really was a mini-me. Straight red hair down to her hips, petite stature. Excellent Quidditch seeker reflexes like her dad.

Ginny’s old team were in talks with the young Potter trying to reel her in before the end of the school year.

“Be good though, your dad will have a heart attack if we get floo called by Minerva,” Ginny talked
sternly.

“Yeah, yeah, mum Scorpius has graduated a year ago anyway,” Lily chuckled.

“Mmm.” Her mother agreed. Yes, the Malfoy heir was a bad influence. “Is he coming to Kings Cross to see you off?” Ginny picked a piece of lint from Lily’s short sleeved blouse, she had a slight preference for more elegant clothes. Guilty by association.

Ginny knew the younger generation were privileged, no war, enough money to indulge. Yes, they were so lucky, fortunate indeed. Ginny sometimes forgot about the ordeals she had to endure when she was younger. Sometimes she could nourish her needs. Ginny mused looking with fondness to what she dared not call her favorite because that’s what Lily was, her favorite child. She always wanted a girl, make no mistakes her boys were lovely, but she wanted a girl.

“Mum.......M-U-M!!” Lily almost shouted. It was difficult getting through to her mum, she switched off so often. Her mum suffered in the war, Lily was aware, but please can we have an audience already? She was leaving today.

“Yes, sorry my Silver Princess.” Ginny smiled.

“Oh, mum don’t call me that, I hate it.” Lily rolled her eyes. Merlin and Morgana, why??

Kings Cross was as busy as ever, throngs and throngs of Holidaymakers, commuters and, magical folk all trying to squeeze into the large terminal. It grew increasingly difficult to enter the station without a Muggle transportation pass. Ginny escorted her daughter to the platform, the Potter males were too busy and said their goodbyes at the house at Grimmauld Place.

“Come, come, we’re late as it is.” Ginny pushed the trolly forward. Muggles were rushing past to their various lines, British rail or tube it resembled an ants nest, everyone knew where they were headed. Ginny showed her muggle Oyster card to the guy at the luggage entrance gate, she looked behind her as Lily followed.

“Oi, hello look there is my favorite redhead,” A man’s voice called after them.

Lily turned her head. Squealing delightedly, “Scorpy!! She ran towards the regal looking platinum blond, jumping into him, placing her legs around his waist, “You came,” Placing kisses on his face.

“Okay, calm down my sweet.” He laughed heartily, walking towards Ginny with the younger version on his hips.

“Ginny, don’t make a spectacle dear.” Ginny smiled. “Hello, Scorpius, nice that you came to see your girlfriend off.”

“Yes, well where would I be if not here to see my favorite redhead?” He smiled his pearly whites. His upper lip curled up with a sly smirk. Just like his dad could or his Grandad, it had the Malfoy trademark written all over it.

Lily climbed down her boyfriend’s waist, taking his hand in hers crawling onto his side.

Ginny smiled apologetically. Her daughter was enthusiastic, she had no other words for it.

Scorpius smiled down at his girlfriend, with a clear fondness in his eyes.
Erratic voices greeted them as the trio emerged from the pillar they came through. The platform was crawling with Wizarding families saying goodbye to their children.

“Hey Ron, Hugo!” Ginny waved to her brother and his son. Hugo was in the same year as Lily but placed into Ravenclaw, he was as studious as his mother.

“Oh come on Hugo, you’re late as always,” Lily rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, I wanted to get that sweet roll they do at that café,” Hugo tried to apologize.

“You always stuff your face Hu,” Lilly gave her mother a hug. Before levitating her trunk to the carriage, swinging her small bag around her shoulder. Leaning into Scorpius, her mouth closed over his, pulling him down for a heated snog. Releasing him with a questioning look, “I’m so going to miss you babe...” She sniffled.

Ginny looked dumbstruck at her daughter. She looked so small and genuine. “Oh come here and give your mum a proper hug yeah?” Ginny got teary-eyed, this was her going off to her last year, she felt old and drab.

She stood there waving at her daughter and her nephew goodbye. End of an era...

“Alright Gin?” Ron looked bored.

“Yes, yes, fine,” Ginny quickly replied.

Ron looked grateful at his little sister he really couldn’t spare the time as it was. Hermione was busy, being.....busy and he had to trod along and bring Hugo to the station when he really should be.....

“Okay bye then Ron,” Gods he was obvious. Ginny had no time for small talk with her brother, she had to go to the loo. Yes look at her makeup, hopefully, she had no smudges under her eyes, she really hated looking like Alice Cooper. Harry liked his Muggle Hard Rock.

“You are such a sexy lady,” A voice said behind her.

“Uhm what?!”

“Very...sexy...indeed...” A hand went under her skirt.

“Mmm knickerless, you saucy witch.” Fingers went inside her cunt, long elegant, knowledgeable, deft.

Ginny held the wash basin, as the blond behind her rutted her with his hand.

“Oh, fuck yeah... fuck Scorpius.” She panted as he curled his finger just right, hitting that spot that always did it for her. She stifled her moan as she gushed over his fingers. He always made her squirt. She let her orgasm wash over her. “Oh my goodness, Scorpius, that was amazing.” She took her wand from her purse scorgifying her legs and his suit. She had to face travelers.

“Mmmm can we meet for lunch, I need to stick my cock inside you,” Scorpius placed a soft kiss below her ear.

“All right my handsome, I’ll swing by your flat,” She turned her head meeting his mouth for a searing kiss.

“Fuck, you’re so sweet,” Scorpius murmured.
“I’ll see you back at your flat, sweetie,” Ginny reassured him.

“Can’t wait, baby,” He looked down on her biting his lower lip.

“I’ll blow your cock, and you can bugger me,” Ginny placed a kiss on top of his nose, before running out the door. Morgana and Faye, he was the best medicine if she was ever feeling old.

Ginny ran her hand through her hair as she got lost in the crowds of commuters and tourists. A big grin plastered on her face, she could feel his fingers lingering in her pussy. That was so sexy, he surprised her in the ladies at Kings Cross it wasn’t even eleven o’clock. She ran towards the Northern line, Northbound. She caught a seat in time. The train swerved up to Hampstead. Ginny went up the fast lift, her belly felt funny as it went up.

Yes, yes, she could have apparated, but she really didn’t feel like it. The sun greeted her as she emerged from the station. Her feet carried her to a black car waiting outside.

The car pulled up to a sizeable wrought Iron gate, opening as the car approached, extravagant as ever, the drive up to the estate was a lovely one.

“Mam,” The driver opened her door for her. Another servant waited to lead her into the house.

“Ginevra’ I’m so pleased that your here,” A familiar voice greeted her from the sunny breakfast room. “You better undress, my little slut.” The platinum blond ordered her.

“Of course Sir. As you wish,” Ginny unzipped her skirt letting it pool on the ground, unbuttoned her silk blouse, opening it. Hands came from behind her, pulling the shirt from her shoulders.

“Spread your legs and bend over,” The voice sternly commanded.

Ginny complied, bending over holding the expensive bust.

She felt fingers prod her cunt, long fingers, elegant knowledgeable.... lovely.

“Wet huh?”

“Yes Sir....” and oooooh, his dick went in deep.

“You have such a pretty arse, my dear,” He was always so complimenting.

He rutted her hard like he always did.

“When are you going to tell Scorpius he can’t keep on seeing your daughter Ginevra,” He asked in between ruts.

“Why should I be the one?” Ginny was annoyed.

“Why not? You’re having him hump you, so you’d better.”

“He is your Grandson......... So, you could Lucius.”

“And what tell him he can’t go out with Lily because... he is her half-brother. Or is he her uncle?” Lucius held her hips rather tightly.

She imagined her bruised hips as she went to Scorpius having him fuck her bum.
“He is her half-brother.... fuck you, Lucius. You should know....” Ginny gritted her teeth.

“Mmmm, I would know , wouldn’t I.” He kept a steady pace.

He ordered her to face the mantel watching her finger herself in front of the fireplace, “Such a pretty young thing,” He said as he drank his whiskey.

“You had your potion then?” Ginny inquired, she had places to be him being on mood enhancers wouldn’t do today.

“No, I’m all natural today my pet,” He mused as he drank his hard liquor. She did have a sweet little pink cunt. He had the pleasure of sampling it back when she was under his spell. At seventeen, make no mistake he wasn’t into underage girls. But he kept her imperious alive for several years.

“Now scoot, and say hello to my grandson,” His eyes darkened as he said, grandson.

“I will do no such thing.” Ginny wasn’t too pleased as it was, she had no time to take Muggle transport she had to apparate to make it too Scorpius flat.

She stood outside as she thought about her destination. She made it in time as she landed behind Scorpius pad.

He opened the door with a broad smile.”Come in baby.”

“Ooooh,” Ginny made her way towards his bathroom, bending over his toilet, emptying her stomach contents inside the porcelain bowl.

“Apparating while pregnant is never a good idea baby,” Scorpius held her hair. Smoothing her back with his palm.

“I know, but I was running late.”

“Come here rinse your mouth,” Scorpius was adamant.

Ginny did as he told her, he was such a dear. He took after his mother. Astoria was too soft for her own good, Draco always said as much.

“You have to get undressed, I haven’t got much time,” Scorpius said as he took her hand to his bedroom, “You will get that divorce right? I so look forward to having you and our baby living here.”

“Me too, love.” Ginny gushed as he went down between her legs, hooking her knees over his shoulders. “What happened to your blow job? You were looking forward to it,” Ginny smiled down at the handsome almost man between her legs. Twenty and hot, she loved the youngest Malfoy sincerely.

“I’m having a quick lunch,” He smiled as he started to eat her out.

Ginny leaned back enjoying having her pussy ravished, he knew where to stick his silver-laced tongue.

When he was done lavishing her with his attention, he cleaned his face.”Stay as long as you need, I’m meeting up with James,”

“Oh?” Ginny wasn’t really surprised her oldest boy, and Scorpius were close friends, they were in Slytherin together, same year and all.
“Don’t tell him hi from me,” Ginny chuckled.

“Mmmm definitely not………. Just yet, yeah?” Gods he wanted to marry her and telling James would end in a broken nose for sure. He liked his nose as it was.

“Now go, he will wonder where you’re keeping yourself.”

“I’ll tell him I spent my lunch between two gorgeous legs,” Scorpius kissed her on her nose.

“You will do no such thing,” Ginny threw a pillow after her beau.

She dressed and went for a glass of water in the kitchen. Walking through the bachelors minimalist interior. A photo caught her eyes. James and Scorpius were holding the Hogwarts Quidditch Cup. Red and blond hair. Two sets of grey eyes. James inherited his father's eyes.

Lucius would be furious with her for holding his son from him if he ever found out.

Those Malfoy men and their offspring.....you've got to love them...
Its all so quiet, until....

Chapter Summary

Ron is reading his Prophet, he is having such nice quality time alon in the house until....

Chapter Notes

Thanks my Beta
Urebloodpony for her Betaalrk she is awesome. Any faults are still on me.

Beware if you have triggers, if you read previous chapters and are up for anything then proceed, if not then this isn’t for you and step away now......

"It's Oh So Quiet"

It's. Oh. So quiet
It's. Oh. So still
You're all alone
And so peaceful until... Lyrics Björk.

Reading a paper in front of the crackling fire was bliss, no one bothering him. A butterbeer on the small table beside him. Bliss, utter, utter bliss... Ron shifted, making himself a bit more comfortable.

Green flames erupted signaling someone about to enter his living room, disrupting his quiet time. He sighed.

Long red hair emerging before a floral dress and small form showed itself.

"Oh, hello, Lily." He addressed the Redhead.

"Uncle Ron, hi." She wiped soot from her dress. Her blue eyes were shining up merrily.

"Auntie Hermione in?" She asked.
"Nope, gone for the weekend," Ron answered.

"Rose?" Lily tried, her eyes darting around the empty living room.

"Gone as well," Ron replied. "They left together for this spa, you know to get Rose ready for her wedding next week."

"Oh, yes, that's right." Lily bit her lower lip pondering his information.

"The spa, they invited, Roxy, Dominique, Victoire, Ginny all the other Weasley women and you for?" He put his paper aside.

"Oh, yes that's right, now I remember." Lily moved closer.

"Hugo?" She tried.

"Scorpius invited him, James and Albus for a stag do in what is that Muggle place called? Oh yes, Monaco?" Ron tried not to laugh.

"Your dad?" He, in return, asked a question.

"Daddy is off to shag his mistress." Lily moved closer.

"How are you not at the spa with the girls?" Ron licked his lower lip.

"I feigned a splitting headache, mum almost didn't go, I told her she could. That I would be fine." Lily rolled her eyes.

"Are you fine?" Ron asked.

"Mmmm, of course, I am." She slicked her hair back. "Do you want to feel how fine? Uncle Ron?" She moved closer. Taking his hand in hers, guiding it under her dress towards her cunt.
Ron touched her damp knickers, rubbing the gusset slowly. "Dripping wet, not so good It doesn't feel like it's alright."

"No?" Lily cocked her head.

"Not remotely." Ron felt her pussy lips under the fabric. "Take your knickers off so Uncle Ron can cop a feel."

"Oh, right." Lily hooked her hands under her knickers, bringing them down towards her knees. White cotton, girlie, just the way he liked.

"Remove your dress." Ron cupped his dick through his trousers, he was raging hard.

Lily Luna dropped her dress, exposing her naked form.

Perky bouncy breasts, a gap between her legs, red pubic hair, he adored a full muff. He placed his fingers between her legs again, she was soaking. He entered her wet cleft.

"Mm, this feels almost right. Open your legs wider, I need more……………….."

Lily did as he asked, opening her legs, the shaggy red-haired pushed his fingers inside, deep, pulling her towards him. He closed his mouth around her breast.

"Does this feel good then uncle?"

Ron sloppily let go of her breast, spittle threads separating her young flesh and his eager mouth. "Almost right." He pushed his fingers in deeper, adding another finger, spreading her eager cunt. So pliable, such an eager little slut. Coming running to Uncle as soon as she was left alone.

"How can I make better, Uncle Won?" She used to call him Uncle Won, as the R was difficult for her since she could speak. Uncle Ron and his lazy smile tickling her fancy when she turned sixteen, she flaunted herself to him on Weasley gatherings, which were there in abundance, there were so many of them. He the one to take her virginity the night she turned into age.

"Ride my cock, and we'll see if your feeling right." Ron unbuckled his trousers, his cock, jutted up proudly.

Lily Luna climbed on top of his lap, sinking herself around him. "Fuckety fuck, Uncle Ron you're so big." She moaned.
"Mmm, little Princess fuck yourself on my cock." He guided her hips towards his groin, her slick heat coating him nicely. "Ride me like you would a stallion." He loved feeling her little titties against his chest. Having her all naked on his dressed form. Her wild red hair, swinging over her shoulders like red silk.

Lily bounced away merrily, Uncle Ron was the best, she had forsaken Scorpius in favor of this red beast. He made her quim all sloppy even looking at her across the table at the burrow, knowing how big he was and her Auntie not giving him any.

Ron apparated them to his and Hermione's bedroom, or rather sleeping quarters. He would fuck the daylights out of his niece, spreading her open before him on his spouses' pillow, he would eat her out, cleaning his face on that pillow, instructing Hermione not to wash it. Smelling her scent as he fell asleep.

"Uncle Ron undress and come and cuddle." Lily Luna was so happy with herself, they could fuck all weekend, with everyone gone.

"I want to fuck your arse first, and then we can cuddle, my sweet little prissy."

Lily moved on all fours, wiggling her arse for him, spreading her cheeks.

Ron spat a large dollop of spit on her puckered hole, easing a finger inside her. Before moving to insert his dick. She swallowed him greedily as he fed her his cock. "Ooooh, Uncle Ron, so good." She piped with a small voice.

Ron started to rock his hips, pushing her head down into Hermione's pillow.

A crack sounded. Ignored by the couple too deep into their fuck-a-ton to hear it. As footsteps went up on the stairs, it was too late, Ron came hard inside his niece.

"Ron?" A woman's voice shrieked. "What?"

"Ginny?"

"Mum?"

"I wanted to ask if you knew where Lily was?" Ginny could not believe her eyes. "She wasn't feeling well...." Her lower lip quivered.

"Ron??"

"Why are you fucking our daughter?

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