

### Chapter 3

Harry woke blearily to a loud ring coming through the house. It took his sleep addled brain a few seconds to realize it was the doorbell charm telling him someone was at the door. Groaning in irritation, he moved Daphne's arm off of his chest and slipped his shoulder out from under a disheveled head of pink hair. Rubbing his slightly numb shoulder, his hand came away wet. He snorted, realizing Tonks had drooled on him. Scooting down to the foot of the bed, he grabbed a pair of clean shorts and a t-shirt from his dresser and ambled down the hall while wiping the sleep out of his eyes. Half way to the door, the charm went off again, sounding far louder than he remembered it last time.

"Alright, alright, I'm coming." He yelled grumpily.

When he got to the front door, he cracked it open, squinting as the bright light of the sun seared his retinas. Blinking back tears, his tortured eyes eventually focused enough for him to recognize who it was.

"Blaise?" Harry said, just as he registered the sad, pained look on his face. "What's wrong?"

"Susan and I broke up. Is Daphne here?" He asked, trying to look over Harry's shoulder.

Harry sighed in annoyance. Sure, he felt bad that Blaise had broken up with his girlfriend, but did he really need to barge in on a Sunday morning to tell them about it.

"She's still in bed. Come on in and I'll go get her." He told Blaise, opening the door fully.

As Blaise trudged into the living room, Harry walked back to the bedroom. He hoped Daphne would let him go back to sleep while she dealt with Blaise. Feelings weren't something he was good at dealing with, especially when they were someone else's. Slipping back into the bedroom, he crept over to Daphne and gently shook her awake.

“Daphne, wake up, love.” He whispered.

She groaned and pulled the covers more tightly around herself, burying her face deep into the soft pillow under her head.

“Daphne!” He hissed quietly. “Blaise is here.”

“What does he want?” She groaned in a tired voice.

“He broke up with Susan and said he needs to talk to you.” He explained.

“What, why? I thought things were going good for them.” Daphne said, rolling over to face him.

“I don’t know, he just showed up.” He told her.

“We better go talk to him.” She said, sitting up and stretching her arms over her head and allowing the sheet to fall to her lap, revealing her perky breasts to his lecherous gaze.

“You can stare at my tits later. Let’s go check on him.” Daphne said, climbing out of bed to get dressed.

Harry sighed, knowing he wasn’t going to be getting anymore sleep this morning.

“Is everything okay?” Tonks asked, peeking open one eye.

“Yeah, our friend just broke up with his girlfriend and needs someone to talk to.” Harry said.

Tonks hummed and closed her eyes again, quickly falling back to sleep. Turning around, he watched his wife dress in a simple, long blue dress without bother to put on underwear, and followed her out of the room. When they got to the living room, they found Blaise sitting on the couch with his head buried in his hands.

“Blaise.” Daphne called out cautiously.

He looked up, his face radiating sadness.

“Susan and I broke up.” He said in a listless voice.

“I know, Harry told me. What happened? It wasn’t because of that weekend at the cabin, was it?” She asked, sitting next to him on the couch and rubbing his back comfortingly.

“No, she was fine with that.” He answered, shaking his head. “Things just weren’t working out, we’re too different. We both decided to just end things now and stay friends.”

“Isn’t that a good thing?” She asked, looking as confused as Harry felt. “At least you two stayed friends, right? It’s not like you had come huge fight or anything.”

“I guess.” Blaise mumbled. “I just, I want a relationship that lasts more than a couple of months. Every girl I date just seems to want to be with me for a bit of fun, and then they leave. Like I’m not good enough or something.”

“Oh, sweetie, that’s not it. You’re more than good enough. You just haven’t met the girl for you yet.” Daphne said consolingly.

Daphne tried for hours to talk Blaise out of his depression to no avail. Over the few days, Daphne became more and more concerned for her best friend when he didn’t seem to be getting any better. The final straw for her came on Thursday, when he refused to come see them for dinner, something they had done for him every night to try and cheer him up. Harry

thought they should just give him some time to get over it, but Daphne was adamant that they keep trying to help him. On Friday night, after they both go off work, Daphne made a Floo call to Blaise, threatening to curse him and drag him out of the house if he didn't come over. Even in his depression, Blaise wasn't foolish enough to ignore her. Daphne could be downright vicious if she wanted to. A few minutes later, he stepped out of the Floo.

"Right, we're going out to a club tonight, and you're coming with us." Daphne said, her tone firm.

"Daphne, I don't want to-"

"I don't care what you want. I'm not going to let you sit around feeling sorry for yourself all night again. Now, you can either come with us to the club, or you can refuse, I hex the shit out of you, and drag your unconscious body along with us. What's it going to be?" She asked, her arms crossed over her chest as she glared at him.

Wisely, in Harry opinion, Blaise decided to come along willingly. He ended up borrowing a set of clothes from Harry, since Daphne didn't trust him to come back if he went to his apartment to get changed. Harry dressed in a crisp, dark green button up shirt and black slacks, while Blaise dressed in dark blue shirt and black slacks. Daphne was wearing her favorite outfit, a tight, sleeveless little black dress that accentuated her curves beautifully and a pair of high heels. She wore just a touch of make up on her face, mostly around her bright blue eyes, with her golden blonde hair tied up in a loose but elegant bun. The dress was tight enough, and thin enough, that she refused to wear underwear with it, because she didn't like the way it showed though the fabric.

"Ready to go?" Harry asked as he stowed his wand in a hidden sheath stitched into the right leg of his pants.

They would be going into the Muggle world, so he needed to make sure his wand was well hidden.

"Yup." Daphne said, her ruby red lips quirking up in a smile. "You ready Blaise?"

Blaise shrugged, looking completely miserable. Daphne didn't show him any sympathy as she hooked her arm through his and dragged him towards the door. Harry followed behind them, walking down to the end of the drive way, where the wards ended. Standing behind them, he rested a hand on each of their outside shoulders and apparated away with a nearly silent *pop*. A moment later, they arrived in a secluded alley in London. Daphne, still holding Blaise's arm tightly, dragged him out of the alley and turned right down the sidewalk. It was only a couple of minutes walk to their destination, a dance club called Bewitched. While they were in a predominantly Muggle area, the club was owned by witch named Brenda Bell, Katie Bell's mother, and warded to keep non-magicals out.

As they approached, a large but wore looking bouncer eyed them closely. Seeing the amber tint to his eyes, the scars on his arms, and the dusting of gray hair, despite looking to be in his early thirties, Harry was certain the man was a werewolf. Walking passed Daphne and Blaise, Harry paid the cover charge for the three of them, and added in a ten Galleon tip for the bouncer. The man looked at him suspiciously for a second before his eyes widened in recognition. He stepped aside and motioned them in. Harry nodded to him as he, Daphne and Blaise entered the club. The moment the door opened, they were hit with a wall of sound and thudding bass.

The first thing that drew his attention was the large dance floor, crowded with young witches and wizard, many of whom he recognized. To the right, along half of the wall, was a long bar packed with patrons. There was a young, busty brown-haired witch tending the bar and smiling flirtatiously with the wizards that surrounded her. Helping her serve with drinks was a dozen glowing fairies, tiny naked women with clear pearlescent wings that flew up and down the length of the bar, pushing drinks in front of them. Along the left and back hand walls, in an L-shape, there was numerous, high-backed booths.

Harry led them over to the bar where they took seats on the stools. The bartender noticed them and let her admirers to take their orders. As she walked over, he noticed her outfit, a low-cut top with a bustier over top, pushing her breasts up and creating a bubble of cleavage that visibly jiggled as she walked.

"What can I get for ya?" The cute brunette asked, leaning on her elbows and nearly causing her breasts to bust out of her top.

“Three Firewhiskeys and a pitcher of mead.” Harry told her, throwing several galleons onto the bar.

“Comin’ right up.” She said, flashing him a bright smile before she walked off.

“This place is great!” Daphne said excitedly, taking in the sights and sounds around her.

“Yeah.” Harry agreed.

Despite his general dislike of crowds, he found that he didn’t mind it so much in this kind of setting. Even Blaise seemed to be coming out of his depression a bit as he checked out some of the scantily clad witches on the dance floor. Just then, six fairies arrived pushing their drinks.

“Thank you.” Harry said.

The two fairies closest to him looked up in surprise before giggling at him, their naked breasts bouncing with the movement. They both waved and blew him a kiss as they flew off.

“Love, your dick is bigger than their whole bodies.” Daphne said teasingly.

Harry rolled his eyes but smiled as he grabbed his Firewhiskey and downed it. Tilting his head back, he breathed out, a brief gout of flame shooting from his mouth. Next to him, Blaise and Daphne did the same. For several minutes, the three of them talked as they drank. Blaise seemed to finally start acting like his old self, and Harry was forced to admit to himself that Daphne had been right. A few times, Daphne caught Blaise checking out witches around them, but he refused to approach them whenever she mentioned it. Eventually, the thing Harry was most nervous about happened.

“Let’s go dance.” Daphne said to him.

Swallowing his nerves, along with a hearty amount of mead, he stood from his chair and followed her out onto the dance floor. At first, his movements were jerky and awkward, causing his wife to laugh. Once he relaxed, he actually started to enjoy himself, especially when Daphne stood close to him, her body rubbing against his as they moved. Over the next couple of hours, Daphne spent most of her time dancing with him and Blaise, their movements becoming more erotic as time and alcohol passed. Several times throughout the night, Daphne tried to talk Blaise into asking one of the girls he was checking out to dance with him. Each time, he refused, saying he wasn't ready for that yet.

Harry was dancing with his beautiful wife, his hands resting on her wide hips as she ground her full ass against his erection. She had torturously kept him aroused most of the night, and it was getting to the point of being painful. When she spun around, she straddled his thigh, her dress riding up nearly to her hip as she ground herself against his muscled leg. Harry held onto her ass as she rubbed herself on him, her thigh pressing against the erection straining his pants. Leaning down, he kissed her on the lips as he groped her round cheeks. Daphne purred against his lips while continuing to dry hump him in the middle of the dance floor. When breathing became an issue, they pulled apart, and Harry pulled her towards one of the booths. Looking over at the bar, he caught Blaise's eye and waved him over. Sitting down, Daphne leaned against his side, hugging herself to his arm.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard when we get home." Harry whispered into her ear.

Daphne smiled at him seductively as she dropped a hand into his lap and rubbed his throbbing cock through his pants. Harry growled playfully at her, which caused her to laugh at him.

"What's so funny?" Blaise asked as he sat down across from them.

"Apparently, I'm making Harry frustrated." Daphne said with a giggle.

"He's not the only one." Blaise muttered.

"Oh, am I making you frustrated too?" She asked innocently.

Slipping her foot out of one of her heels, she stretched her leg out under the table and pressed to sole of her foot against Blaise's crotch. Daphne let out another giggle, while Blaise gave a grunt as her foot moved back and forth.

"I guess so." She said smugly.

Blaise narrowed his eyes at her and tickled her foot. Daphne gave a bark a laughter as she pulled her foot back quickly.

"You know, since you caused this, we should make you fix it." Harry threatened.

"I'll make it up to you, I don't want to go home just yet." Daphne said with a pout.

"Who said anything about going home?" Harry asked.

Taking out his wand, he cast a series of charms in rapid succession. The air in front of the shimmered as his illusion spell took hold, showing anyone outside looking in an image of the three of them talking and laughing. The seconds spell he cast was a Compulsion charm, ensuring that no one looked too closely. The charm was Muffliatio, just to make sure no one on either side of them was listening too closely.

"Here?" Daphne asked, her tone a mixture of excitement and incredulity.

"Yup." Harry said, shrinking the table with a wave of his wand and tucking it out of the way.

Unbuckling his belt and unzipping his pants, Harry took out his cock. The head was a swollen, angry red as his length jutted into the air. Daphne looked around nervously to make sure no one had noticed before looking back at him.



“I can’t believe we’re doing this.” She said in an awed tone as she dropped to her knees in front of him.

Wrapping her hand around his shaft, she stroked him a few times before opening her mouth and wrapping her lips around his head. Harry hissed in pleasure as her hot, wet mouth enveloped his cock, his hips bucking unconsciously. After hours of being teased, finally getting some relief felt incredible. As Daphne bobbed her head up and down, Blaise sat down next to him and fished out his own erection, jerking it leisurely as he waited for his turn.

“Pull down your top.” Harry told her demandingly.

Letting go of his shaft, she continued to bob up and down on the top half of his length as she pushed the straps of her dress off of her shoulders and down her arms. With her big tits hanging out in the open, she pushed down further, taking his entire cock into her mouth and down her throat, and held him there for a few exquisite seconds. Pulling off of him, she took a couple of deep breaths while shuffling sideways to kneel between Blaise’s legs while one of her hands kept stroking him. As she bobbed her mouth on Blaise’s length rapidly, Harry reached over and groped on of her breasts as her hand continued to stroke him. Unsatisfied with her pace, Harry wrapped his hand around hers, making her grip him tighter and move faster.

By the time she moved back over to him and took him back between her succulent lips, Harry was on the verge of climaxing. Letting go of her breast, he grabbed the back of her head and guided her rapidly up and down his shaft until he came with a grunt. With the extended teasing he had suffered, when Harry came, he unleashed a massive load of cum into her mouth. Daphne swallowed furiously as he filled her mouth with a torrent of cum, some of it leaking through the seal of her lips and dripping down his shaft to his balls.

“Daphne.” Blaise called in warning.

Harry’s climax had barely finished before she pulled her mouth off of him and moved back over to Blaise. The moment she wrapped her lips around his head, Blaise jerked his hips up, burying his cock straight down her throat. Holding her head in place, he started thrusting his hips, ruthlessly fucking her throat at a bruising pace. Fortunately for Daphne, he didn’t last long. After less than a minute, he held her head down, his length deep in her throat as he came with

a grunt. The first couple of bursts went straight down her throat before his hands relaxed and she was able to pull up. Harry watched her throat bob as she swallowed repeatedly a few times. Finally, his orgasm ended and daphne was able to suck in a gasping breath.

“Take me home, now.” Daphne demanded; her hooded gaze darkened with lust.

Fixing their clothes, Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her out of the club, Blaise following close behind. As soon as they set foot in the alley they had arrived in, Harry grabbed a hold of them and Apparated directly into his house. Clothes were taken off and left on the floor in a trail as they walked quickly to the bedroom. Daphne let out a squeal as Harry picked her up and tossed her onto the bed. Rolling her over onto her stomach and pulling her up onto her hands and knees, he thrust into her hot, wet pussy from behind. Daphne let out a low moan as she was filled, her tight walls hugging the length of his cock as he thrust back and forth. Blaise climbed onto the bed and laid down under her head. She bent down a wrapped her lips around his cock her head bobbing up and down in time with Harry's thrusts.

Daphne raised her head up and wrapped her tits around Blaise's cock, with the tip still trapped between her lips. Given the awkward angle, it was difficult for her to move and hold herself up at the same time. Harry grabbed her hips and rolled both of them over until he was on his back and she was straddling his waist, facing backwards. Pulling her back against his chest, he grabbed his cock and blindly fed it into her ass, getting a gasp from Daphne. Blaise crawled over to them and stuffed his cock into her pussy, filling her up and making her ass even tighter around him. Harry grabbed one of her breasts, groping it roughly and pinching the nipple, while his other hand slid down her body to rub her clit as both of them began thrusting in and out of her.

Gasping and moaning, Daphne writhed as she was stimulated from every angle. It was only a couple of minutes before she came with a scream, her walls tightening around the cocks filling her from both ends. Harry and Blaise she her no mercy as they continued fucking her, extending her orgasm and nearly causing her eyes to roll into the back of her head. Being on the bottom, it was quite difficult for Harry to thrust with any meaningful force. Blaise, on the other hand, was in a much better position, allowing him to plow into her at a decent pace. It wasn't a surprise to him that Blaise reached his orgasm before he even felt like he was getting close. Blaise pulled out of her dripping core and moved up her body until her was straddling her chest. He put his straining cock between her breasts and held them tightly around him as he fucked her tits.

“You going to cum all over my tits, Blaise? Are you going to cover me in it?” She asked teasingly. “Is this my punishment for being a teasing slut all night?”

Blaise didn't reply as he huffed while humping her chest. With a grunt, he came, jets of hot, white cum leaping from the tip of his cock to splash on her chin and neck. He pulled his cock out from between her tits and stroked himself, the rest of his cum landing in long streaks over her pale, full breasts. When he was finished and moved out of the way, Harry rolled Daphne onto her stomach and straddled her hips, pinning her to the bed with his weight.

“No, this is your punishment for being a cock tease all night.” Harry growled into her ear.

Harry pulled back until only the tip of his cock was in her ass before slamming back in with brutal force. Daphne squealed into the sheets, her fist clutching the bedding in a white knuckled grip as he railed her ass with a hard, fast pace. With her eyes shut tight, and mouth open in a silent scream, her body was forced into the mattress with each powerful thrust downward, causing her to bounce back up slightly on his cock as she rebounded. Blaise lifted her shoulder up just enough to slip his legs under her, leaving her face resting on his thigh. As Harry continued to ream her tight little ass, Blaise grabbed his limp cock and slapped it against her face.

Moments later, Daphne came again, screaming her pleasure as Harry continued to plow her ass and Blaise slapped his gradually hardening cock on her face. When her climax ended, Blaise fed his cock into her mouth, grabbing her head and moving her up and down his length. Harry panted heavily as he spiked his cock down into her ass, his hips slapping loudly against her round ass with each thunderous impact. With such a brutal pace, it wasn't long before Harry felt his climax approaching. Meanwhile, Blaise had his cock buried in her throat, holding her head still as he fed his cock down her gullet over and over. Right before Harry came, Daphne ripped her mouth off of Blaise's cock and screamed out her second orgasm, her ass tightening and flexing around his throbbing shaft. The tightening of her ass pushed him off the edge, his cock swelling and jerking as he filled her back door with streams of cum.

When he finished, he pulled out of her gaping hole, watching as a small stream of cum leaked out of her. Harry collapsed to the side and Blaise moved around and took his place, driving his cock into her loosened ass.

“My turn slut.” Blaise said.

Daphne moaned pitifully as he started fucking her just as hard as Harry had, jack hammering his length into her backdoor with brutal strength. Harry took the spot where Blaise had been moments before and guided his wife’s mouth to his cock as he took some time to relax and recover. It was going to be a long night.