

'It's just Christmas dinner. Eat, sleep, go home...'

This is the last place Harry wanted to be during the holiday. They could have been ANYWHERE else, but Ginny just had to insist that they spend one dinner with his... *family*.

Escape plans and all kinds of excuses were on his mind as he stepped into the spare bedroom Ginny had been given to get ready. Those plans were torn to shreds and thrown out the window as he stepped in to see his amazing girlfriend..

There, standing in front of the plain full length mirror was Ginny. *Somehow* having acquired the skimpiest, most indecent santa girl outfit Harry had ever had the pleasure of laying eyes on. Donning a cute little santa cap trimmed in white fur upon a waterfall of beautiful red hair, if he had stopped at just her head he would have fallen in love all over again.

Unfortunately, his eyes continued their sordid journey. Down her graceful, swan like neck straight into the drooping neckline of her scarlet red mini dress that squeezed and framed her globulous, milky breasts until they were almost *bursting* free. The whole dress hugged her curves deliciously, white highlights on the sleeves drawing the eye down to her frilly hemline that danced and swayed around her mouth watering thighs. Her upper half looked so gorgeous in fact, Harry *almost* didn't notice the knee high stockings and red 'Fuck Me' heels that made her spankable, barely hidden bubble butt jutt out salaciously for just about anyone to lay eyes on.

"W-wha-what on God's green earth are you *wearing*?" He blustered, glasses fogging up from his overheating flesh as she stood there and didn't seem to even register his tone.

"What do you mean? Your cousin gave it to me, said it was tradition for 'normal' girls meeting the family for the first time! Isn't it cute?" She giggled and gave a twirl, almost short circuiting Harry right there.

The thunderous crash of the door being slammed open cut off Harry before he could correct her, sending him a foot into the air in fright as Dudley Dursley himself leaned against the opening, menacingly.

There was no subtlety in his expression, a wolfish grin stretching his lips as his eyes raked up and down Ginny's figure, getting stuck on her cleavage as he licked his chops.

"Come on Freaks, dinner's almost ready and Mom's gonna have a fit if you're not down there."

Harry puffed himself up, ready to verbally tear his obnoxious cousin to pieces before Ginny's excited squealing heralded her *slamming* into him from behind, shoving him out the door as she steam rolled his objections.

The overruled Potter didn't take any notice of his girlfriend's sharply drawn breath as she tore through the doorway, assuming she had needed a desperate mouthful of air after all that yammering when *instead* it was due to Dudley's oversized palm crashing into her plush derriere as she shot past him.

Glancing back, all she saw was his calm, surprisingly charming grin and since her *boyfriend* wasn't saying anything, she just assumed it was one of those strange muggle interactions she hadn't really got the hang of yet and she smiled back coquettishly.

Finally navigating the stairs in her tall heels, Ginny arrived to the sight of a bustling dinner table with Harry's uncle standing to the side as his wife simmered in barely restrained irritation. The poor Weasley girl had the awful thought she had done something wrong when Petunia glared at her shapely body, but waved it off as the stress of cooking at the jerky gesture she was given towards a seat at one end of the table. Oddly enough, it was the seat nearest to where Vernon was sitting at one end of the table and Harry was all the way at the other end, on the *opposite* side. This was made exceedingly clear as everyone sat down to eat and Ginny found herself wedged between both beefy members of the Dursley family while her boyfriend was subjected to the hawk-like presence of his Aunt.

Dinner progressed as she would have expected from that point on. Harry's portion seemed a bit... plain? But neither he or anyone else seemed to have a problem with it so she just assumed it was normal, making a note of it for any future meals she made for him as she swallowed the admittedly delicious food and wine Dudley so helpfully kept her topped up with. Soon she found herself sufficiently flushed with a nice little buzz going through her brain, blind to Harry's discomfort as the Dursley men displayed the extent of their gentlemanly mannerisms.

"Here sweet cheeks, you're looking awfully warm over there! Have some more wine, your tits are almost as red as your dress!" Both men laughed uproariously at the comment as Petunia stiffly continued on with her meal and Harry stopped as if he couldn't quite believe what they'd said.

Ginny on the other hand was moving steadily towards being sloshed, finding their piggish comments almost as funny as they did while giggling tipsily at their odd muggle table talk.

"Oi, Dudley! You can't say that to a lady!" Vernon chuckled, leaning so close he could smell her strawberry shampoo as Dudley waved his hand.

“Nonsense Dad! Freaks can’t be ladies! In fact, I bet if I took a peek under this little red dress I could tell you just how ‘warm’ she really was!” He guffawed, dropping his sweaty hand down to clutch at her bare knee as Ginny sat there dazed and smiling, lost in the drink as the bigger boy began squeezing her thigh below the table.

Harry couldn’t even get up to **protest**. His girlfriend was too boozed up to realise what they were saying and his Aunt’s scathing glare was keeping him pinned down, left to stew in frustration and humiliated silence.

Things continued like this for the rest of dinner, with Ginny never having an empty glass and Dudley getting continuously bolder, moving his rubbing fingers to her sweaty inner thigh as she mindlessly began to squeeze his searching fingers between her silky soft legs.

Finally dinner ended and Harry let out a sigh of relief, only to feel his eyes widen in outrage as his Aunt stood up and pointed straight at his hated cupboard.

“You... You can’t actually expect me to SLEEP in there!?” He yelled, shooting to his feet in anger only to have his spine immediately bend in submission as Vernon also shot up, adding a meaty fist **slamming** into the table for emphasis.

“You’ll do what you’re *told!*” Petunia hissed venomously. “I don’t care how things are in your freakshow of a world, in civilized ENGLAND, young upstanding men do not stay in the same rooms as their equally freakish harlots, and you’re CERTAINLY not sleeping in the same room as my Duddykins!”

“Oh come off it Harry!” Ginny surprisingly chimed in, ignorant of his aunt’s disrespectful words and not understanding what was so wrong with sleeping in a basement bedroom, finding his ungratefulness awfully rude. “It can’t be that bad, just man up for the night and we’ll be home by morning!”

Attacked from both sides, Harry sullenly acquiesced to their demands, trudging into his tiny, nightmare fuel cupboard as Petunia matched his attitude on her way up to her own bedroom.

The Dursley men were left unsupervised however, sharing a conspiratorial wink as they each nudged their heads to the blissed out redhead in between them.

Even in her addled state, Ginny let out a startled squeak as she felt another, bigger palm slap down onto her bare and sweaty thigh, this time on the opposite side to the first as the Dursley patriarch leaned into her ear, hot breath sending goosebumps across her flesh as she instinctively leaned into his heat.

“Don’t feel too bad Ginny dear, that little four-eyes has always had a nasty attitude...”

His voice vibrated through her eardrum, making her eyes fall shut as she fell deeper into his husky tone, distracted from the feeling of her thighs being slowly widened until her knees were far apart and her tiny red G-string panties were on full display beneath her mini dress.

Lulled into an almost drowsy state, the only thing showing Ginny wasn’t asleep was the hot, steamy panting she was letting out as her head fell back, hat staying on her head as her massive tits began to heave in her tight dress with her nipples clearly poking through while she tried to defend her paramore.

“I-I’m so sorry about him, he’s usually far more *polite* than that...” She breathed out, hips unknowingly beginning to shift forward and back as she sought some sort of cure for her inflamed loins.

“Don’t be sorry on his behalf. He’s a nasty, troublesome, *useless* little brat. I honestly have no idea how such a cretin managed to land a babe like you. Getting his twiggy little fingers on a curvy bitch like this? He must have done something truly sinister, aye Dudley?” He prodded his son as Ginny’s blush turned incandescent.

“Yeah, Yeah! You got it in one pops. I mean, look at these tits!” Dudley growled, meaty fingers reaching up to cup and roll one glorious orb as Ginny moaned and tried to brush him off of her, unsuccessful as he carried on uncaringly while her teeth sunk into her plump bottom lip. “Busty sluts like this don’t end up with guys like *Harry!*”

“That’s right my boy!” Vernon nodded authoritatively, sending a deep shock through Ginny’s system and making her eyes shoot wide open as he waved away all attempts at subtlety and straight up cupped her barely covered, dewy mound.

“I-I-I think we should all be heading off to BED!” She squealed and moaned her protests, eyes fluttering as Vernon gave a shark like grin and began to rub *harder*.

“I don’t think so *sweetheart...*” Vernon’s lusty growl sent new fire between her legs as her hairs stood on end. “In fact, from the way you’re staining *my* furniture, it’s really my job as the last real man in that brat’s family to make sure he’s treating you right!”

Ginny began to mumble incomprehensibly as she was dragged to her feet, confused and horny as Vernon’s big hand pressed between her shoulder blades and forced her to bend at the waist, tits spreading out in a wave of flesh on the table as she moaned in protest and her fat ass stuck out behind her. The bottom of her sinfully

red dress was rising up over her ass cheeks and exposing her juicy pussy lips that were doing their best to swallow her soiled G-string *whole*.

Standing directly behind her, Vernon ignored his son eagerly jumping to his feet and making his way around the table, too enamored by the ginormous globes of ass flesh sitting in front of him, clapping his hands aggressively on her cheeks and making her squeal as he played them like bongos.

“I mean, really? Why on earth would you come to dinner dressed like a stripper if you didn’t want us sampling the goods?” He hummed, molding and spreading her ass cheeks before releasing them to crash back together, wobbling rebelliously as Ginny’s legs flexed in her heels and her eyes shot up to stare at Dudley with betrayal written across her features.

“Dudley? You told me this was how *all* muggle girls dressed when meeting their boyfriends family!” She cried.

Both men let loose a hearty guffaw at her accusation, grinning down at her as she lay there and mindlessly pushed back into Vernon’s strong hands.

“Look at that Dudley, I guess all Freaks are morons! The women are just sluts on top of it!” Vernon chuckled as Ginny’s cheeks jumped in his grip.

The only Weasley daughter certainly didn’t do anything to disprove that statement, just now noticing the mightily growing bulge in Dudley’s trousers as he parked his crotch right in front of where her face rested on the table.

Dudley noticed *her* though, as her eyes turned glassy and she licked her lips in arousal before giving a surprised shout of pain, feeling Vernon’s playful manhandling turn aggressive as his playful smacks turned into swift, stinging slaps against her mountainous backside, dying her skin a bloody red as she wiggled and squirmed enticingly on the table.

“What do you think, Dudders? About time we got to checking if ‘*Harry’s*’ been treating this bitch right?” He pondered mockingly, not even waiting for his son’s eager nod as he began dragging Ginny’s sodden string panties down until they hung off one ankle.

The girl in question didn’t even put up a fight, so plied with wine and teasing that she couldn’t even figure out if she *wanted* to get away while her tongue peeked out as she gave a hearty moan when the cool air brushed over her now completely exposed pussy lips, practically *dripping* from her arousal.

“Aww yeah, look at that filthy little cunt! That’s the trick to telling with red heads Dudley my boy, they’re all whores in need of a *good, deep, Dursley* fucking! Just need to get their panties off to prove it to them!” He chuckled as he began fiddling with his trousers, Ginny giving a high pitched whine and a shake of her hips as she recognised the sound of a zipper being undone behind her, only to be ignored as the Dursley leader started stroking himself in fond remembrance.

“I mean really, Dudders. You should have seen that four-eyed runts mother! Her son turned out a complete fucking disappointment but *she* was as sexy a bitch as they came! Big, fat tits you could motorboat for days and an ass you could bounce a brick off of.” He stroked himself a little faster, wetly slapping his dick head off of Ginny’s opening as she yelped and bounced her ass needily. “Now that cunt was a real challenge, not like this ditzy whore. She was awfully uncertain too, until I got her in the back seat of my car while we were driving to meet up with our partners for dinner. Screamed and bucked like a hellcat! But by God did Lily take dick like a pro, never felt a pussy quite that nice since... Fucked her ragged and gave her to James with my cum dripping down her leg. That’s why we didn’t just dump the brat at the orphanage, you know? Gave her such a hearty helping of creampie I honestly couldn’t tell if he was mine or not!”

Both Dursleys found this to be the height of hilarity, almost bringing tears to their eyes as Ginny hissed at the feeling of Vernon hooking his fat purple helmet into her drooling honey pot. Her fear was quickly swept away by the other Dursley at the table, who had just unhooked his own gargantuan trouser snake to dangle it in front of her nose and make her nostrils flare as she inhaled his manly scent.

It was almost like a tennis match, both men trying to one up each other by drawing her focus to their own thick throbbing cocks. However, Vernon soon scored first point by pushing the first few inches into Ginny’s blooming pussy and making her yelp in pain as she grit her teeth.

“Fuuuuuck~ you juicy little ginger cum rag! The Freak must be fucking *tiny* if you feel this god damn good!” He hissed.

Ginny quickly started clawing at the table, dragging her nails across the wood and bucking like a mare as Vernon’s hefty gut weighed her down and he slid himself ever deeper, unrelenting as she stretched and cried out at his monster length.

Finding her whorish moans annoying, Vernon’s famous temper soon began to spike and punishing slaps rained down on her back and thighs. Even leaving bright red welts across her flesh didn’t get the message across though and it only made the masochistic Weasley even *louder*.

“For fuck sake, Dudley! Would you shut the bitch up before she wakes the whole damn neighbourhood!?” He barked at his son.

Vernon didn't have to say it twice, a sharp **SLAP** across the cheek making Ginny gasp and open wide for Dudley to place a brutal thrust of his abnormally large shaft into her slobbery, squelching mouth and begin pumping away at her molten face hole.

Her jaw creaked and her lips felt like they might split but she was in far too deep at this point. With every burning inch that forced its way into her pussy, Ginny soon found the pain replaced by pleasure. With the grating attack from behind and Dudley's manly cock smell assaulting her nose the youngest Weasley really didn't stand a chance.

Soon she was choking herself on the muscular boy's veiny rod, gagging and spluttering as he bashed against the back of her throat and rode her sloppy, licking tongue. Her eyes watered as she gagged but not even once did Dudley feel the brush of her teeth, only her wet mouth suckling on his massive bitch tamer while she was jerked back and forth across the table's surface by Vernon's persistent hips. Her bobbing head movements soon dislodged her Santa hat over her face, making Dudley groan at the erotic sight of just one teary eye looking up worshipfully from the brim of her cap as she stretched her lips lewdly around his dick.

That one eye instantly rolled back in ecstasy as Vernon finally crashed against her cervix, resting deep in her clenching fuck tunnel while she drooled from both holes on *both* Dursleys balls. Vernon had his head thrown back at her tight heat, nuts pressed up against her thighs as he looked back down and spread the globes of her ass to expose his throbbing length slathered in her pussy cream while she squeezed him rhythmically, her asshole winking cheekily up at him.

“Yeeeeeah baby, that's it! That's that dirty, Potter girl kitty. Taking it from those shaggy headed weaklings makes it feel ten times better, right Dudley?”

Vernon looked up from Ginny's stunning rear just in time to see his son gripping the ginger's head and *squeezing* his cock down her choking gullet. The Dursley patriarch couldn't be prouder, watching his son put those Dursley genes to good use putting unfaithful bitches in their place, no matter how much they choked, snorted or pushed back against them.

“You fucking know it Dad! The ugly little skank isn't even fighting back, she's too busy trying to lap at my balls while I punch against her stomach!” He laughed cruelly, getting a chuckle out of his old man as Vernon gripped her hips and braced himself.

Their amusement wasn't long lived, each becoming engrossed by the girl at their mercy. Vernon's laughter was cut off with a groan of pleasure as he began sliding himself back out of her ruined tunnel, luxuriating in her furnace like cunt as her juices poured out around his withdrawing length, only to come shooting out in a shower as he slammed back in dominantly to make her scream on Dudley's cock. His son was treated to the delicious vibrations of Ginny's screeching as Vernon began to pound away, hammering her depths and imprinting himself on her walls as her eyes rolled back and she orgasmed frantically with every thrust shooting pure electricity up her spine and into her brain. Her ass meat wobbled from his thrusts and tasted the clit tingling sting of his palms beating a tattoo against her rippling behind, enhanced by Ginny's toes curling in pleasure and her legs tensing to raise her entrance up and give him an even *better* angle of penetration.

Meanwhile, Dudley was contenting himself at the other end of his cousin's stolen girl, moaning and puffing as she gave him a sloppy blowjob that would make a prostitute cringe in sympathy, taking his entire length from the top of her stomach all the way back up to jam against her unreleasing lips only for him to plunge his way back down again. Her throat was taking the utmost abuse, but she didn't dare ask him to relent. Too entranced by the taste, too *mindblown* by the way his length pushed down her throat and shunted all of her other organs out of the way to make room for the thick fucking stud pipe sliding down her tongue.

Pushing back her hat showed him Ginny's cloudy, lust filled eyes as her beautiful orbs stared up at him in awe. It only made him want to corrupt her further, shoving his thumb against her nose and pushing it back until she resembled a pig snout to match her animalistic snorting as she was spit roasted between two hung bastards of the highest degree.

"Come on piggy, oink for this cock you love so much! You disgusting, cheating whore of a girlfriend. My cousins in the cupboard right now you know, curled up on the cold damp floor while you lie here taking the fucking of your life! Come on piglet, SQUEAL!"

She did. She squealed loud and proud as Dudley cleared her pipes and Vernon bruised her thick milky thigh with how hard he grabbed it only to raise it up onto the table alongside her, leaving Ginny to balance on one long heeled leg as the other was used to squeeze her pussy tighter for her boyfriend's Uncle's monster dick.

This new position sent colours she didn't even know existed shooting across her eyes, turning her vision to static as her soul almost left her body and her instincts took over. Ferociously she threw her ass back and her face forward, sucking Dudley deep while clapping her ass on Vernon's weaponized pillar of man flesh.

Finally, Dudley managed to yank himself free of the sucking cum pocket that was Ginny's mouth. His shaft was drenched in her spit, slimy and glistening as he bounced it between her eyes, leaving a sloppy slobber mark on her forehead to drip down her nose as she whined and begged to suck on him more.

"You want this dick, bitch? Prove it. Tell me how much better I am than Harry! Tell your boyfriend's cousin why his cock doesn't even come close to mine!"

Even as her nose nuzzled closer, brushing and sniffing at his base, Ginny didn't let the truth break free. Her teeth were grit and her eyes were clenched as she held back the words that so desperately wanted to break free, trying to preserve at least something of her loving relationship with Harry Potter.

It didn't matter though. A spectacularly brutal downward thrust of Vernon's cock against the bottom of her cunt sent Ginny into another universe of pleasure, stripping her of all conscious restraint until she sang like a canary.

"He's nothing to you!" Her eyes came back into focus, wild and desperate as she *threw* herself at Dudley's cock, always coming bare centimetres away. "He's absolutely nothing! He's tiny, a two-pump chump, boring, submissive, a coward, HE'S PATHETIC! YOU'RE JUST SO MUCH MORE OF A MAN! YOU DURSLEY'S ARE NOTHING BUT BIG DICKED HUNKS BUILT TO FUCK AND SPOIL WIMPERING LITTLE CUNTS LIKE ME! FUCK ME! LET ME SUCK YOUR COCK, SPIT ON ME, SLAP ME, SCREW ME UP THE ASS AND POUR YOUR DIRTY FUCKING SPERM STRAIGHT INTO MY WOMB YOU FUCKGHHHHHHHERRRR~"

Dudley looked up as Ginny's heartfelt, degrading confession was abruptly torn apart, only to laugh as he took in the sight of his father cramming an empty wine bottle up her dirty shit pipe.

Having gotten what he wanted, the youngest Dursley gave the feral ginger pig just what *she* wanted, clamping his hands onto her skull and slamming his rod back down her throat as she spewed spit and her cunt erupted in fem-cum at the surprise glass buttfucking, groaning and almost seeming to drop in and out of awareness as Vernon pumped and twisted the bottle around in her anal tract.

"I guess that'll do slut. Can't expect much from big titted, whorish *freaks* I guess!" He laughed.

Ginny quickly lost all energy in her body, simply laying there as she was pummeled on both ends and Dudley squeezed her skull harder. He didn't say a word, moaning and grunting before his length began to widen on her rampantly licking tongue. The Weasley girl didn't even widen her eyes as her boyfriend's cousin began pumping a river of cum down her throat, jet after jet shooting down into her stomach until there

was no more room to take and it began rising back up her throat to explode from her nostrils, glazing her lower face and clog her airways.

Feeling him pull free with a disgusting ***schlorp***, horror began to crawl its way up her trembling spine. Even dazed and blinded with jizz, Ginny could see that he was still hard. He hadn't softened in the slightest! A loud moan of misery pried itself loose from her coated, gunk filled throat as the wine bottle was pulled from her clenching asshole and she realised just what kind of delicious torture she was in for.

Vernon pulled his own unsatisfied prick from her gaping pussy, not letting her sit empty for long as he tugged her upright on shaking legs to spin her around and slide back into her cunt from the front. She had no strength left and her violator was forced to lift her legs up himself to wrap around his obese waistline, only her outstretched tongue translating her moans to let them know how much she was *loving* the feeling of sinking down to the base of his mighty dick meat.

She moaned even louder as she felt Dudley sneak up silently behind her and begin hot dogging her bruised ass cheeks, grinding against her crack and grunting as he bathed in her warmth and smooth skin. Her moans turned to choked pleas, silent and breathy as she had no more will to fight against the inexorable push of Dudley's thick cock helmet against her uncooperative asshole, the testing jabs sinking him past the entrance and giving him confidence to **RAM** the rest of the way up her asshole.

That certainly got a reaction, drawing deep from Ginny's soul to let her scream at the horrific double stuffing of her ass and pussy, somehow not waking Harry or Petunia as she was mercilessly crushed between the blubbery strength of Vernon and the beefy muscle of Dudley.

She tried her best to scramble free, scratching at Vernons back and beating him with her heels as she howled and cried like an injured animal. The only time she shut up was once Vernon tired of all her noise and wrapped his meaty fingers around her delicate neck, squeezing her throat and cutting her off into abrupt silence as her tongue waved and dripped onto his flabby shoulder.

"Finally! Just sit tight, *stay* tight, and take our dicks like the cock hungry whore you are, you got that you little red headed fuck puppet!?" Vernon growled straight into her ear, which twitched in a show of attentiveness.

The Dursley men wasted no time, soon picking up a nice rhythm of pumping in when the other pulled out, sawing away at Ginny's inflamed holes as her face slowly changed colour and her struggles slowly ceased. That meant nothing to the Dursley's however. After all, they were the only ones who could feel how she

tightened and almost tried to rip their dicks off at the base, wringing and twisting them deep in her depths and fighting *not* to let them go.

While Vernon contented himself with the beautiful colours of her suffocating face as he gently eased his grip to keep her awake and alive, Dudley was reaching around to finally tear down the ragged front of her dress and latch his hands onto those big, red, sweaty melons on her chest. Relentlessly he twisted and pulled on her nipples, bruising her tit meat and leaving deep red finger marks as he massaged and bullied her breasts into submission until both men were grunting and moaning at just how tremendously *tight* she had become with the added abuse.

“Fuck, I thought Lily was good, but you’re a one of a kind, huh slag? Even the Potter town bike wasn’t *this* much of a masochistic bitch!” Vernon cried as Ginny choked and cried, tits jiggling and her ass bouncing between them.

Both men could feel their ends approaching, their thrusts losing all coherent and rhythm as they began pounding away carelessly, selfish in their pursuit of completion even at the expense of their precious ginger cock socket.

The second both men planted themselves up to their balls in her brutalised orifices, Vernon released her airways to let her breathe. This resulted in Ginny’s mind shattering completely, the sudden rush of precious air and the Dursley boys cock snot cannons firing deep into her womb and bowels until her insides were squeezed and bloated resulting in the greatest orgasm she would ever achieve, a fountain of pussy juice erupting along with their splattering jizz onto the floor as all of her muscles seized up and began to spasm, eyes rolled to the back of her skull as her walls massaged and drew every drop they could from the balls twitching blow her.

Her ordeal wasn’t over. Once they’d gotten all the pleasure they could from her lower holes they dropped her, Vernon using her hair to slow her descent until she was squatting with her shivering ass meat on her bright red fuck me heels, knees spread wide to show off her ruined flower and asshole as she sat there panting.

“We’re not done yet bitch. Get those tits up and sandwich my fucking cock...” Vernon grunted lazily, tired but determined to get his last load of the night off.

Her bones ached. Her muscles protested and her holes burned but Ginny couldn’t refuse him. Even as she panted and moaned in weariness she obeyed, grabbing big fat handfuls of her tits and even juggling them in her hands as a last temptation, unneeded but appreciated as Vernon stepped forward to slap his grimy shaft down in the cavern created by her cleavage. In a supreme display of balance she squatted there, clapping her breasts up his shaft until they slapped against his hanging stomach and dragging them back down to collide against his thighs. Up and down

the cycle repeated, not even losing beat as Dudley stepped forward to slip his own filthy cock between her swollen cock pillows for one last celebratory sucking.

Slowly, at a much more subdued pace than their previous bestial rutting, Ginny brought them back to life. Sucking and pumping she revved them up for one final orgasm, until they finally pulled back in unison and began stroking themselves right in front of her nose as Dudley smirked eagerly down at her.

“Here’s your last load of the night cunt! How about we make it one to remember? Take that disgusting rat nest you call hair and wrap it round our cocks, you adulterous ginger whore!”

His cruel words meant nothing to her. She was addicted, poisoned, forever cock drunk off the pleasure these men could give her. Even if it meant her precious hair, the hair her family was known for, the hair *Harry* loved so much! None of that mattered as she eagerly slipped her tongue out to hang free above her breasts as she took her hair and used her soft, dainty hands to wrap it around their repugnant, dirty dicks.

Dual wielding those girthy fuck sticks, Ginny stared them both down with a look of pure lust and hunger on her features, like she would die without them giving her their thick, nasty load. Their heads went back and they groaned as her strokes sped up, rapidly flying her palms up and down their massive lengths until *finally*, she managed to coax that last final load from them.

A squeal of excitement melded with Dudley and Vernon’s moans, heralding a shower of cum that rained down upon her flesh, streaking across her face, tongue, breasts and hair as she purred happily.

Finally they ran dry, cocks wilted and no more energy to spare on their night of torrid affairs, cheating and debauchery.

Vernon belted himself up and declared he was heading up to bed, completely nonchalant as the stairs creaked under his girth and he headed for the room he shared with his wife.

Dudley was left watching him leave, staring down at the slut licking herself clean before glancing around at the mess they had made of the dining room floor.

‘I’ll just make the freak clean it up.. And if he figures out what happened, well... I’ll just make him watch me share her around the boys.’

His joy at such a plan didn't translate to the real world, huffing a tired sigh as he reached down and threw Ginny over his shoulder as she burped cum, hiccuping and giggling at him manhandling her.

"Come on. You're sleeping with me tonight... Once we wash you up." He punctuated his decision with a sharp spank that made her coo as he began his heavy march up to his own room.

'Merry Christmas to meeeeeeeee~' Ginny sang, delirious in her own little Dursley stuffed world.

Suffice to say, Dudley didn't get much sleep that night...