“It’s done?” Rias asked, peering down at the shimmering water of the pool. It radiated such potent magic that she figured even a normal human would be able to sense it.

“About five minutes ago,” Hermione smiled. “How was your mother?”

“Her usual self,” Rias replied, trying not to dwell too much on what her mother had said towards the end of the conversation. “She thinks it will be time soon to inform the other devils of what you are.”

“Because of the Stone?” Harry guessed, and she nodded.

“You’re about to become very important in the Underworld, Harry,” Rias grinned, snaking her arms around his neck and staring into his eyes. “Mother thinks it will work best to announce what you are around the same time that we inform Aunt Minobella about what you can do.”

“That will, of course, be dependent on the…” Luna went to say, only to trail off with a gasp as she looked over at the stone.

“That’s…” Akeno went to say.

“It’s glowing,” Koneko breathed, peering down at the very yellow stone.

“It didn’t look like that earlier,” Ciri piped up.

“It looks like a very shiny citrine,” Hermione murmured. “We should send a message to Fleur.”

“She’s still in Kyoto,” Harry said, sensing her through her bond.

“I’ll send my familiar,” Rias replied. “That reminds me, we should get you all familiars soon.”

“There’s a special place in the Underworld we go for that, right?” Luna asked, having been excited about the prospect since Agrippa first mentioned it months ago.

“That’s right,” Rias replied. “Once we’ve dealt with this Excalibur business.”

“There have been some developments there we need to discuss as well,” Harry sighed.

“Oh?” Rias asked.

“Bishop Galilei might very well be not only behind this operation but also in Kuoh, too,” Akeno explained somberly.

“That’s why Kiba was flying towards his room as I teleported in,” Rias said, shaking her head. “Well, good. I’ve wanted to help him kill that son of a bitch for nearly a year now. In the meantime, though, I think we should test this pool.”

“Already?” Hermione asked, concerned. “I’m not...I mean we’ haven’t run any tests that wouldn’t involve…”

“What tests could you run?” Rias asked. “Other than having one of us take a dip and see what happens? I don’t sense anything dangerous in it, and I trust you to know what you’re doing, especially with you using that diadem.”

“I guess,” Hermione said, her breath hitching when Harry grasped her shoulders and kissed the crown of her head.

“Trust yourself, Mione,” he said softly. “We do.”

“Right, right,” Hermione replied. “This is just the most complicated thing I’ve ever done. I’m honestly amazed by how quickly I managed it. With the tarps up surrounding it, we have relative privacy.”

“We’re also high up on a hill and have rather substantial fences,” Harry pointed out.

“I’ll head in,” Ciri murmured.

“You don’t have to,” Rias replied, looking the ashen-haired girl in the eye as she waved a hand over herself and vanished her clothes. “I don’t mind you witnessing this.”

“If...you’re sure,” Ciri said, her breath hitching as she took in the sight of Rias’ naked body. *“Holy shit, she’s stunning. The sorceresses of my world worked extensively to make themselves look as good as possible, and none of them managed to give themselves figures like this.”*

The more she thought about it, the more she concluded that that was a matter of practicality, as she was sure that Rias’ breasts were more than a little heavy, massive as they were. The pale mounds sat high on her chest, in complete defiance of gravity, and as she stood there, basking in the looks she was getting, her large pink nipples hardened, making Ciri blush and look away. Harry noticed her reaction and grinned inwardly, sensing her obvious desire.

“She doesn’t mind you looking,” he whispered, staring into her rapidly darkening green eyes as she turned towards him in surprise. “None of us do.”

Ciri swallowed thickly, thinking not for the first time that Harry had to be the most attractive man she’d ever laid eyes on.

“I see,” she replied.

“Generally speaking, I do prefer women, but by the gods…” she thought to herself, looking away as she felt heat bloom low in her belly.

“So I just step into this?” Rias asked.

“Hera’s instructions didn’t go into detail there, and I get the sense she only wrote them down in case she needed to rebuild her pool, but the myths all say she bathed in it, so you might need to spend a few minutes in the water,” Hermione replied.

“Though, if you want to stay out here a while longer, that’s cool too,” Luna said, licking her lips at the sight of Rias’ perfect body.

“There will be time for that later,” the redhead smirked.

“I didn’t get to see Harry take your virginity,” Akeno pouted. “I will admit, I’m looking forward to correcting that.”

“I’d have brought you with me if I’d had time to plan it,” Rias chuckled, staring down into the shimmering water. “The sheer magical power within this is insane.”

“It half drained both Ciri and me,” Hermione said, “and her magic reserves are insane.”

“Oh, is the pool done?” Maria asked as she moved one of the tarps aside and limped in.

“What happened to you?” Harry asked.

“Ciri, I’m sorry for invading your dreams,” Maria sighed. “Mio punished me.”

“I just wanted her to talk to you,” Ciri winced.

“Oh, I didn’t mind,” Maria smiled. “A little pain can be fun, after all.”

“You and I are going to have so much fun together someday,” Akeno purred, and the little succubus licked her lips.

“What’s this about invading dreams?” Harry asked.

“An ability you’ll gain when you unlock more of your powers,” Maria replied, and Luna’s eyes widened.

“She gave you sex dreams?” the blonde asked, looking excitedly up at Ciri, who froze. “Oh, that’s so cool. Maria, you can tinker with my dreams anytime.”

“Noted,” Maria grinned as Hermione facepalmed.

“Do stay out of mine,” Koneko said flatly.

As Maria promised to do just that, not wanting to irritate the rook, Rias chuckled to herself and stepped into the pool, gasping as she felt its power envelop her.

“Rias?” Hermione asked, concerned.

“It’s...warm,” Rias said, letting herself sink down until she was floating.

“I think you might be physically incapable of drowning,” Koneko murmured, seeing Rias’ breasts float on the water, and they all snickered at that.

“The water’s warm?” Hermione asked. “With the chill in the air and the lack of heating runes, I…”

“It’s not that kind of warmth,” Rias replied, noting that the water was actually rather cool. “I just...it feels like the warmth you feel when someone special to you hugs or smiles at you and…oh!”

“Rias?” Hermione and Akeno asked at once.

“She’s okay,” Harry said, sensing what she was feeling across the bond as she went silent and let herself sink under the water.

The others all watched with bated breath, fully intending to pull her out if needs be, while Rias herself lost all sense of them. With her eyes shut, she found herself floating in an inky void, the whole world slipping away until she knew nothing but stillness and peace.

“It feels really, really good,” a much younger version of her said, smiling as Akeno looked completely enraptured by the sight of her. Looking down, she saw her own body, significantly less curvaceous than it was now, and quickly recalled the memory of her first sexual experience.

“Could you...show me?” the raven-haired girl asked, and Rias nodded, lying back and spreading her legs as she reached towards her sex.

The memory lasted for mere seconds before she moved on to another and then another, her entire sexual history playing out before her eyes. Each encounter she had with her oldest friend resulted in a strange feeling of indifference from the pool, as if it had the sentience to judge said things and didn’t mind them. That changed when they got to her first time with Harry.

Harry sat up and wrapped his arms around her, kissing her tenderly. Rias smiled at him and lowered herself down. The both of them gasped he slipped inside her. Rias was so surprised at the ease of the penetration that she slipped and took the rest of him in one long slide.

“Oh fuck!” she cried

She felt tears fill her eyes at the memory of her first time, the love she’d come to feel for Harry in the year since making her feel like her heart was going to burst, and the pool, which had started radiating a distinct sense of displeasure at the memory of her taking him inside her, changed its tune at once. The rest of her memories of sex flashed before her eyes, and as she got to the most recent one, she gasped, opening her eyes and wading back up to the surface. Between her legs, she felt a slight twinge as her hymen regenerated, and by the time she was able to look around at the others, she knew the process had finished.

“What happened?” Hermione asked.

“It worked,” Rias replied, flying out of the pool and drying herself off as she landed on the grass. “I am, for all intents and purposes, a virgin again.”

“A virgin who’s been fucked hundreds of times and knows it,” Akeno teased.

“I...oh, interesting,” Rias breathed, closing her eyes and thinking. “My memories of sex have been altered.”

“What?” Hermione asked as the others all looked concerned.

“They seem...muted somehow, and I have to think about how much I love you all to change that,” Rias replied. “I can’t say for sure, but I get the sense if any of our relationships were casual, I might have forgotten them entirely.”

“That’s...disconcerting,” Hermione muttered, staring down at the pool.

“In a way it makes sense,” Akeno murmured. “Hera’s really, really big on fidelity and would find the idea of casual flings distasteful. She’s quite unlike most of her pantheon.”

“She is the goddess of marriage,” Luna piped up. “That won’t affect most of us but…”

“Fleur,” Harry said.

“Fleur might well forget the men she took as lovers before she met you,” Hermione murmured. “I can’t say I expected this.”

“Well, no one else is going to use it until we know for sure that this lets us complete the master-servant vow,” Rias declared.

“Rias, I think it will,” Maria said, looking at her carefully. “You feel like a virgin to me, as much as Mio and Asia do. The next time you have sex with Harry, he will take your purity, and between that and the extent of the bond between you two, that should let you create the master-servant vow.”

“Is that all that’s required?” Harry asked.

“You’ll also have to ask for her absolute and eternal loyalty,” Maria replied. “I’d advise wording it like that exactly, and then she’ll have to swear that her body and soul are yours for eternity. Take her virginity at the exact moment she says that, and you should have a vow.”

“It sounds like a wedding ceremony only, even more romantic,” Luna sighed, and Ciri cocked an eyebrow at her.

“I think our definitions of romantic differ a little,” she thought to herself, though she was well aware by then that the blonde was a little unusual. “Well, I guess I’ll leave you all to that. Good luck.”

“You know, Ciri, I’m sure they wouldn’t mind if you watched too,” Maria said, grinning impishly, and Ciri froze as Hermione glared at the succubus.

“If you want to, we’d be happy to have you,” Harry piped up, earning looks of surprise from half of his lovers as he stared into the ashen-haired beauty’s eyes. Probing her mind for a moment, he caught sight of a memory he knew she shouldn’t have, one of him fucking Luna up against a wall, and grinned. *“Maria showed you her memories of me and the others, didn’t she?”*

“She did,” Ciri replied, her heart racing in her chest as she stared into his eyes and heard his voice in her head.

“That naughty little thing deserves a spanking,” Harry projected, making her whimper. *“My offer stands if you want to see the real thing.”*

Ciri was no blushing innocent; she hadn’t been for some time by then, and yet as she stood there, looking up at the sexual fiend openly tempting her, she felt a way she hadn’t since before she met the Rats.

“We love making new friends, and beautiful friends you take the bed are the best kind,” Luna piped up, floating over and resting her head on Harry’s shoulder as she smiled down at Ciri.

“Guys, let’s not make Ciri uncomfortable,” Hermione sighed. “I…”

“If you’re all willing, I wouldn’t mind watching this,” the otherworlder said.

“I have no objections,” Rias grinned.

“It’s not like that one hasn’t been watching us fuck for a while now,” Koneko shrugged, pointing at Maria, who grinned lasciviously at her.

“It’s just a shame Fleur isn’t back yet,” Akeno chuckled, wondering how the Veela’s visit with her mother was going.

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“A kitsune?” Fleur asked.

“That’s right,” Yasaka replied, sipping her coffee. “Apolline, this is wonderful.”

“Grand Pavois by Verlet,” Apolline smiled. “I have drunk almost nothing else since my husband introduced me to it decades ago. It should do the trick.”

“Maman has always liked her coffee strong,” Fleur chuckled.

“It’s just what I needed,” Yasaka sighed. “I’ve been working myself ragged these past few days.”

“What is it you do?” Fleur asked.

“I lead the local faction of Youkai, settling disputes between my people and looking out for their well-being,” Yasaka replied. “It’s a most rewarding position, and most of the time I am more than up to the task of handling everything that comes up, but sometimes it gets rather exhausting.”

“I take it your community is not unlike the magical communities throughout the world,” Fleur murmured.

“You’re correct,” Yasaka nodded, finishing her coffee and setting the cup down on her coaster. “There’s quite a bit of overlap between our communities too.”

“Hence why her daughter attends Mahoutokoro,” Apolline said.

“I was quite surprised when Kunou said that she’d met a Veela there,” Yasaka murmured. “We rarely get any of you in Japan.”

“I’m sure Maman explained how we all came to live her,” Fleur said casually, looking at her mother, who nodded.

“She did,” Yasaka replied. “She explained what you had become as well.”

“I hope that’s not a problem,” Fleur said, her voice taking on a slight edge.

“Fleur,” Apolline hissed.

“I have no problems with devils,” Yasaka replied. “Our peoples have worked together in the past, and there’s never been any great enmity between us. Who is this man you followed here? Kunou has mentioned more than once that your sister speaks of him often.”

“I’m sure,” Fleur sighed. “His name’s Harry Potter, and he is the most wonderful man I have ever known. We met as competitors in a tournament he was forced into last year and became quite close over the course of it, eventually falling in love.”

“And he’s married to another?” Yasaka asked, curious.

“One of my best friends,” Fleur nodded. “She’s also a lover of mine. We Veela have rather different ideas of sexuality and relationships than most humans.”

“We youkai do as well,” Yasaka smiled, looking over at Apolline’ who licked her lips. “I was always going to seek out a new non-human resident in my city to get to know them, and having Kunou alert me to a new friend of hers just sped up that process.”

“You’ve been most welcoming,” Apolline whispered, making the other blonde grin. “I…”

She trailed off, paling as she saw a familiar bat-like creature fly in through the window.

“Get back!” Yasaka hissed, jumping to her feet, and Fleur immediately flew in front of her.

“Don’t!” she exclaimed, looking over at the bat who transformed into her humanoid form, looking warily at the angry kitsune. “She’s a friend.”

“Then why did you suddenly grow terrified?” Yasaka asked, back down and resting a hand on Apolline’s knee as the older Veela shivered.

“The last time I met Rias Gremory’s familiar over there, it was not a pleasant day,” she replied. “She helped save us when our old house elf went mad.”

“You seem to be doing well,” the familiar murmured. “Mistress Rias wishes me to inform you, Fleur, that the stone is glowing yellow.”

“Already?” Fleur breathed, excitement filling her. “I’m sorry, Maman, but a time-sensitive project I’ve been working on has reached a new phase, and I need to tend to it.”

“You’re leaving already?” Apolline asked, irritated.

“If I had arrived on time, we’d have been able to talk far more,” Yasaka murmured, ghosting her fingers over the back of her lover’s hand. “It was nice meeting you, Fleur.”

“And you, Yasaka,” Fleur smiled. “You’ve helped my maman a great deal in the last few months, and I’m grateful for that. We’ll have to speak more another time.”

“Indeed,” Yasaka nodded.

“Wait, this project of yours…” Apolline murmured and Fleur nodded.

“Soon, I hope,” she said. “Take care, both of you.”

“And you,” Apolline replied, excitement filling her at the idea that the Philosopher’s Stone might actually be completed soon.

As Fleur disappeared within a ritual circle, Yasaka turned to her and said, “If you’re hungry, I could show you this wonderful seafood place I’ve loved for years.”

Apolline smiled at her, once again thankful that she’d met someone as kind and caring as she was in a time when she really needed a friend.

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“So, I’m guessing that orgies are just the norm around here,” Ciri murmured as she sat down and looked around the large bedroom. “I swear that bed could fit twelve.”

“Which gives us plenty of room for future friends,” Luna beamed.

“Typically, yes, though in this instance, it’s going to be more of a widespread voyeurism thing,” Hermione murmured, looking over at Ciri and smiling. *“Even with her interest in Harry and her questions earlier, I didn’t think she’d jump in this quickly. I guess in future, I’ll just have to trust his incubus instincts when it comes to gauging what women are comfortable with.”*

Maria sat next to the ashen-haired beauty, her gaze firmly fixed on Harry and Rias as they kissed languidly on the bed.

“I honestly didn’t think that training a fledgling incubus like this would be so much fun,” she thought to herself. *“I can sense that he’s already more powerful than he was when we started, and we haven’t gotten him any additional partners yet. If the vow works as I hope it will, that should enhance him all the more, and if watching this makes a certain interdimensional traveler too tempted not to be seduced by him, we might have a real party on our hands here.”*

She side-eyed Ciri, barely resisting the urge to giggle when she saw how hard the girl was trying to look nonchalant. She couldn’t fool her, of course, as the lust rolling off of the other girl in waves was unmistakable to a succubus. While irritated that she’d gone to Mio over what she did, she didn’t mind too much, given that it had given her a chance to give her sister lurid descriptions of just what she’d shown her.

“I want him, and until he’s strong enough, I’ll weaken him if we fuck, so I just need to fatten him up a bit more,” she thought to herself. As Rias vanished his clothes, she shivered and thought, *“Speaking of fat...by the Demon Realm, that’s a thick fucking cock. He’d tear me apart in the best way.”*

“Holy shit,” Ciri breathed, her pussy drooling as she took in the sight of Harry’s muscular form and the absolute weapon standing proud between his legs. “You didn’t alter him at all.”

“Nope,” Maria replied, popping the p. “That prime piece of pussy pummeling perfection is absolutely real.”

“I love alliteration,” Luna sighed. “Would you like to try him, Ciri? I promise he’ll fit inside you, though he will have to stretch you out a lot.”

“I sometime swear you’re part succubus,” Hermione chuckled, shaking her head fondly at the blonde.

“Fleur once called me the most Veela-like human she’s ever met,” Luna sighed, shaking her arms over her head. “Coming from her, that’s quite the compliment.”

“I imagine that Rias’ message has reached her by now, so she might come by in time to see this,” Akeno murmured. “Of course, if it works as we hope it will, it won’t be the last one.”

“Far from it,” Luna sighed. “Hey, Hermione, if you could do this without the collaring and punishments, would you be willing then?”

“I’ll consider it,” Hermione replied, watching intently as Harry moved on from Rias’ lips and started kissing a hot trail down along her neck. *“The idea of some magical curse making me submit to anyone, even someone I trust absolutely, didn’t appeal to me in the slightest, but I love him with all my heart, and I am already his, body and soul, so if I can reach that*

state while skipping the others, that wouldn't be so bad, especially when it could enhance his power."

"Oh, fuck," Rias sighed, gently scratching Harry's scalp as he sucked on one of her pebbled pink nipples. "I'll never tire of how that feels."

"I'll never tire of doing it," he chuckled, switching to her other nipple as he kneaded her magnificent breasts.

"You have been rather obsessed with my breasts since that first night," Rias sighed. "The pool made me go through all my memories of sex."

"I was so completely out of my depth that first time," Harry chuckled, kissing his way down along her flat, toned belly.

"You still blew my mind," Rias grinned, spreading her legs wider as Harry reached her hairless mound.

"If I'm taking your virginity again, I'm going to need to make sure that you're good and wet for me," he grinned, breathing deeply and feeling his cock throb at the heady, intoxicating scent of her arousal.

"I'm already soaked, but if you want to be extra sure, I won't complain," Rias chuckled, gasping when he licked her slit from her entrance to her clit with the flat of his tongue.

"He actually does that?" Ciri asked. "I thought men were allergic to the very concept."

"Maybe the ones not worth fucking," Akeno replied. "Harry's practically addicted to the taste of pussy, and with his Parseltongue abilities…"

She trailed off, shuddering at the thought, and Ciri furrowed her brow at her in confusion. "Parcel what now?" she asked.

"You didn't show her that, did you?" Luna asked, looking at Maria, who grinned. "Harry's got a unique ability to speak to snakes, and when he does it, his tongue vibrates."

"Vib…" Ciri went to ask, her eyes going wide as saucers when she heard Rias scream.

"YES!" the crimson-haired beauty squealed at the top of her lungs, her back arching off the bed and the thick thighs clenching around Harry's head.

Sure enough, though it was drowned out by Rias' pleasured screams, Ciri could hear the faintest hint of hissing as well, and she felt her heart hammer in her chest as she watched one of the most beautiful women she'd ever met experience ecstasy the likes of which she could barely fathom. Her orgasm went on and on, making her eyes roll back into her head and her body develop a sheen of sweat that practically made her glow, and after a solid minute of that, the ashen-haired woman couldn't help but question it.

"Um...how long does that last?" she asked. In her world, orgasms were fleeting things, wonderful, and sometimes really intense, but nothing like what she was watching here.

“Until he stops speaking parseltongue,” Koneko replied, munching on popcorn she must have summoned while Ciri was entranced by Harry and Rias. “First time he did it to me, I thought I was going to die.”

“I was doing you a favor, giving you the preview that I did the other night,” Maria cooed, grinning impishly at her. “You’ll thank me someday, after you give in to the temptation.”

“I am sometimes reminded that we are all genuinely creatures of sin,” Hermione chuckled, looking over as Harry finally relented and let Rias fall back, a panting, sweat-soaked, mindless mess. He was dripping wet, his face, neck, and chest covered in her fluids from when she squirted on him, and the brunette felt her mouth water, wanting nothing more than to clean up the entire mess with her tongue.

“Ready?” Harry asked, grinning down at his wife as he licked his lips.

“That’s the closest...I’m ever getting...to heaven,” Rias panted, still out of it, and he chuckled, kissing her forehead.

“Take your time, luv,” Harry whispered.

“She’ll need to be in her right mind when she swears herself to you or it won’t count,” Maria said. “Let her recover first and then you can begin.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded, only to look as the door to his room opened, something only one person outside it could have done just then.

“I hope you’re not too tired, ‘Arry,” Fleur said as she walked in, only to stop as she saw that most of the people in the room were clothed and sitting around.

“The pool restored Rias virginity, and she and Harry are going to do the vow when her brain starts up again,” Luna explained. “Parseltongue.”

“Ah,” Fleur nodded, pulling the yellow stone from her pocket. “When you’re done, ‘Arry, we can bind this to you with our blood and then finish it off.”

“It is ready then?” Harry asked. “Fantastic. Luna, could you go get one of the Argent Energy cells?”

“Don’t take Rias’ virginity until I get back,” the blonde said, flying out of the room.

“Ciri, this is a most pleasant surprise,” Fleur purred, sitting next to the ashen-haired beauty.

“They offered to let me watch and decided to take them up on it,” Ciri replied, shivering as the other blonde stared intently at her.

“Tres bien,” Fleur grinned, already looking forward to exploring Ciri thoroughly once Harry had seduced her fully. *“He won’t be the only green-eyed one in our relationship anymore if she joins in fully.”*

She'd come to quite like the girl they'd unwittingly dragged in from another world since they met and thought she was beautiful, so she'd be more than happy with that, if it happened.

"Oh, hi, Fleur," Rias sighed, chuckling as she sat up and stretched her arms over her head. "I love you, Harry."

"Love you too," Harry smiled, kissing her softly. "Back on Earth?"

"It did feel a bit like I was floating in space back there," Rias grinned. "I'm ready."

"Got it!" Luna announced as she flew back in, setting the argent cell on Harry's desk.

"Harry, focus on the bond between you two until her collar appears," Maria instructed, and he nodded, smiling as he saw the familiar crimson choker appear on Rias' neck.

"This will be the last time we see this, huh?" the redhead asked, touching it gently. "I must say, as much as we've had fun with them, I'm not going to miss the punishments."

"I don't need the contract to drive you mad with lust," Harry rumbled, and she shivered, feeling her insides clench needily at his words.

"Now, I want you to line yourself up with her, but don't push, not even the tip, until I say so," Maria said. Once he was in position, she added, "Ask for absolute and eternal loyalty, and the moment she says that her body and soul are yours for all eternity, push inside to the hilt."

"Rias, will you vow your absolute and eternal loyalty to me?" Harry asked, and she smiled at him.

"Such a silly question," Rias smiled, cupping his cheek. "You already have it; already have me. I am yours, mind, body, and soul, forever."

He felt his throat tighten at her heartfelt pledge, and without even looking at Maria to see if they'd done that right, he pushed forward, feeling the thin membrane he'd broken once before tear as he pushed inside her. She gasped and he kissed her, continuing to push forward as their tongues tangled in their mouths. She wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist, her hells pressing against him, and when his balls came to rest against her plump, round ass, he saw the glowing red light around her neck start to fade and gasped.

"Rias," Harry breathed, looking down at her in awe as the collar he'd seen form on her pale skin again and again since they first made their contract disappeared completely.

"Guess you're stuck with me," Rias quipped, and he laughed, his eyes growing misty as he saw hers fill with tears.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked, his voice barely a whisper, and she nodded.

“I barely felt it,” Rias replied. “Now, fuck me, Harry. *We have someone to perform for, after all.”*

“You want her too?” Harry asked mentally, and she snorted.

“Like you even need to ask,” Rias replied. *“I can’t wait to see Ciri’s beautiful face between my thighs while you take her from behind.”*

“I doubt I’m ever going to stop thanking Luna for lending me that book,” Harry projected, making her giggle as he pulled most of his cock from her depths and thrust back in.

She moaned loudly, throwing her head back, and swore that felt even better than normal.

“That...that means it worked, right?” Fleur asked, smiling widely as she watched two of the people she loved most in all the world make love.

“It did,” Maria replied, paying close attention to everything she was sensing between them. “They achieved the vow.”

“Rias will never experience another punishment again,” Hermione murmured, seriously contemplating going through with the process now that the rules had changed.

“Luckily for us, Harry can still mimic the effects of the punishments at will,” Akeno said, looking at Luna, who nodded.

“I’d really miss them otherwise,” the blonde murmured, smiling widely as Rias started letting out sharp staccato cries every time Harry drove deep.

“Fuck, right there!” the redhead screamed, clawing at the bedding above her head. “Harder!”

Harry picked up his pace, watching as her massive breasts jiggled and rolled across her chest hypnotically. Leaning in, he captured one of her hard nipples with his lips, sucking it into his mouth, and started speaking Parseltongue against it.

“Oh, yes, yes!” Rias cried. “I’m gonna cum!”

“Already?” Ciri asked breathlessly, wishing desperately that she could reach into the leather pants she’d gotten when Fleur took her shopping a few weeks back and rub her throbbing clit.

“Oh, Ciri, you have no idea how much more intense everything is when you’re as full as she is right now,” Fleur purred. Leaning in, until her lips were right by her ear, she whispered, “Of course, you could if you wanted to.”

“Fleur’s right,” Akeno purred, floating over next to her and resting a hand on her thigh, making her gasp. “Some things just have to be experienced to be believed, and sex with a guy like Harry is one of them.”

“You’ll swear you can feel him in your stomach, and with a penis that big, there’s no spot inside you that he won’t be able to reach and hit however you like,” Luna added.

“I love you,” Harry whispered in Rias’ ear, so distracted by her that he couldn’t even feel the seduction going on across the room. “Cum for me, baby, I want to feel you cum around my cock.”

“Love...you too...I...HARRY!” Rias shrieked, cumming hard, and he let go with a grunt of her name, filling her up with rope after thick rope of his seed.

He could have held back, could have lasted far longer, but just then, all he wanted was to cum with her, and as the two of them writhed in each other’s arms, clinging to one another desperately, for a brief moment, he swore he felt like they were alone in all the universe. He pressed his forehead to hers, completely consumed by the love they were both radiating across their bond, and when he heard her crying, he started kissing away her tears as they fell across her face.

“Don’t cry, Rias,” Harry whispered. “I’ve got you.”

“I want your babies,” Rias whispered back, and he froze, staring down at her in surprise. “Not now, obviously, but after we graduate, I want you to fill me up with beautiful little Potters.”

“As many as you want,” Harry vowed, kissing her again as he pulled his cock out of her clinging depths.

Turning to the others, he saw them all staring, stunned, and he barely resisted the urge to laugh.

“Um, how will that work?” Ciri asked. “I mean, you’re all sharing, but...that could be a lot of children.”

“We’ll figure it out,” Rias yawned, stretching as she lay back and basked in the afterglow of one of the most intense experiences she’d ever had. Studying her many lovers and Ciri, she smirked when she noticed how they all looked and said, “Akeno, I know how you look when you’re seducing someone; have you been tempting Ciri here into taking Harry for a spin?”

“What am I a car?” Harry asked jokingly.

“A mustang, maybe,” Koneko quipped, and he looked at her in surprise. “Because of the horsecock.”

“Oh, I got that; I was just surprised to hear it from you,” Harry chuckled, making her blush.

“Living here among easily the most beautiful people I’ve ever met and knowing what you all do seemingly nightly has put more than a few ideas in my head, and watching this, I…” Ciri went to say, and Harry flew out of bed, landing in front of her and grinning as she immediately started staring at his turgid cock, still glistening with Rias’ juices.

“If you’re not ready, or you need more time, that’s fine,” Harry said. “I could actually buy a girl dinner first for once.”

“I think all she’s hungry for is sausage,” Maria quipped.

“Fuck me, it’s huge,” Ciri breathed. *“I swear he puts that fiend Geralt and I came across, who had gotten into a supply of lust potions, to shame.”*

She chuckled at that comparison, remembering how quickly her old protector had managed to slay the thoroughly distracted monster.

“That would actually fit inside me?” Ciri asked.

“He fits inside me, and you’re more than half a foot taller,” Koneko murmured.

“As much as I’d love to watch you fuck Ciri, mon amour, I have to insist, that we move onto the rubedo phase,” Fleur said, pulling out the Philosopher’s Stone. “Ideally, I’d like to finish this entirely so we don’t have to worry about it anymore.”

“You have a point,” Ciri murmured. “You’ve gone to a ridiculous amount of effort for this thing.”

“If we hadn’t, we wouldn’t have met you,” Luna said softly, resting a hand on Ciri’s and earning a smile from the other girl.

“The journal made it clear that the stone itself would cut you for this phase,” Fleur murmured as she handed it to him. “I’ve been handling it as gently as he could since I picked it up.”

“The cracks stopped deepening, but their edges grew sharper,” Harry observed, looking closely at the glowing stone. “Here goes nothing.”

He closed his hand around it, tensing as he felt it cut into his palm and finger, and he gasped when he felt it start to siphon blood out of him.

“Harry?” Hermione asked.

“I won’t have to worry about making a mess with this,” Harry muttered. “It’s a thirsty little bugger.”

“Just let me know when you’re ready for the energy,” Luna murmured, moving toward the Argent Energy cell.

“Actually, leave that there,” Fleur said. “We’ll set the Stone on the desk when it’s done.”

“Harry, you’re dripping,” Akeno breathed, pointing at the blood leaking onto the floor below, and he swore, carefully picking the stone up with his other hand as he cast a couple quick healing charms on his right.

“That was quick,” Hermione said, looking down at the crimson stone in his hand. “Is that what it looked like before?”

“It’s glow is gone,” Ciri murmured.

“No,” Harry replied, looking at the stone closely. “It’s close, but Ciri’s right. It’s not glowing, and the one I handled did.”

“That must be where the Argent Energy comes in,” Rias said, floating off of the bed and towards the desk. “Shall we?”

Harry smiled like a fool as he rushed over to the desk, unable to help it. This was a project they’d been dreaming about for the better part of a year by then, ever since they first found the Omnilibrary, and here they were, at what was hopefully going to be the final moment of it. Everything they’d done to pull this off, from searching through Flamel’s journals to summoning the man’s spirit to sacrificing three of the fallen angels in the hopes of piecing the veil between them and the other universes to killing Pettigrew, had all let them to this moment, and it would either succeed, or it would have all been for nothing.

He set the stone down and picked up the energy cell, frowning when he felt the distinct evil nature of it. He’d not looked too closely at the cells before, just being content that they’d managed to get any, but as he held one just then, he realized how much it resembled the energy that those terrible monsters they’d come across in that world had emanated, and nearly laughed, realizing how the humans there had doomed themselves.

“The fools tapped into the demon’s own energy source and brought them in,” he thought to himself. *“That man we spoke to was right after all.”*

Shrugging, he carefully opened a hole in the energy cell with his mind and let it pour onto the stone, marveling at how quickly it absorbed everything it was given. They all crowded around, even those who hadn’t been thinking about this for months being curious about how it would turn out, and as they watched, the stone began to transform.

It was subtle at first, the jagged edges that had let it cut Harry’s hand smoothing out as the last remnants of the quartz crystal flaked off and fell to the desk. Pettigrew’s soul had become mostly physical over the course of the process, something that the Argent Energy was solidifying, and as the last flakes of quartz billowed out away from it, the glow it had lost when it drank deeply of his blood returned. By the time the energy cell had been emptied, that glow had intensified, and when he picked it up, he marveled at how smooth the crimson stone had become and the sheer power he felt emanating from it.

“It’s done,” Harry breathed, letting it rest in his open palm and turning to let the others look at it.

“You’re sure?” Fleur asked.

“We won’t know for sure until we use it, and we’ll probably want Flamel’s advice about that, but this looks and feels exactly like the real thing,” Harry replied.

“I have something for that, actually,” Hermione said, reaching into her mokeskin pouch and pulling out a pewter tankard. “This belonged to my parents, and while it might not be made of lead, I figured it looked close enough.”

“Are you sure you want me to experiment with it?” Harry asked.

“If they were still here and I told them we could turn this to gold, neither one would object,” Hermione assured him. “Flamel actually did jot down a few instructions in one of his journal, because he’d overheard people talking about how he must have used the stone and found their overcomplicated ideas hilarious. It’s apparently really simple for someone with a stone in hand to will materials like this to transmutate permanently. He said it was even simpler than transfiguration, though you need to focus on making the stone do it instead of making it transform yourself.”

“Or else you will just transfigure it,” Harry nodded, taking the tankard from her and closing his eyes to let him focus better on the stone.

“What about the Elixir of Life?” Akeno asked.

“That’s a more complicated thing, and we’ll probably want to ask him about that,” Hermione replied. “We will absolutely be experimenting with...oh!”

She watched, her eyes going wide as saucers as the tankard in Harry’s hand transformed before her eyes, going from simple pewter, dull from how long it had been since it had been cleaned and polished, to shining gold.

“That’s insane,” Ciri breathed. “You can actually turn any metal into gold with that stone?”

“We can turn any mineral into any other mineral,” Harry replied, opening his eyes and handing the golden tankard to Hermione, who took it, grinning from ear to ear.

“Mum would have loved this,” she sighed, smiling sadly when Luna hugged her.

“If the diamond market in this world is like the one in ours, you could totally destroy it by flooding the world with them,” Maria pointed out.

“I’m sure we’re going to have a lot of fun with it,” Rias replied, “but first, Ciri, I think you wanted something from my husband.”

“Maria here says that taking me could make you stronger,” Ciri said, smiling up at him as he set the stone down and turned to her.

“I know it sounds insane, but yes, it would,” Harry replied.

“Well, given the fact that I owe much of the peace and security I’ve found here to you, that seems like the least I could do in return,” Ciri said, and he chuckled, cupping her cheek and tilting her head up to stare right into her eyes.

“Is that really why you want to?” Harry asked.

“It’s been a...very long time since I last had sex, and living in this den of lust and depravity has made that all the more obvious for me,” Ciri replied, “but in truth, after watching what I just did, there’s no way that I wouldn’t want y…”

He captured her lips with his before she could finish that, and she moaned, swearing that his lips felt better on her than anyone else’s ever had. She returned the kiss hungrily, the heat in her core, which had ebbed a bit as they finished the Stone, flaring back to life at his touch, and when his tongue slipped past her lips, she let out a throaty moan that made her blush with embarrassment.

“There’s no reason the rest of us can’t have our fun while they do,” Akeno purred, undressing herself, Luna, Fleur, Hermione, and Koneko with a snap of her fingers, and they all grinned at each other.

“As Ciri said earlier, this is a very, very big bed,” Rias said, pulling Koneko in for a searing hot kiss and walking her back towards the bed.

Akeno and Hermione started making out, flying over to the bed, while Luna jumped Fleur, wrapping her arms around the other blonde’s waist and brushing her tongue against hers. By the time Harry let Ciri go and started kissing her neck, she saw a full orgy in progress over his shoulder and gasped.

“This is, as you said, more normal for us,” Harry chuckled.

“A first for me, though...not one I’m at all opposed to,” Ciri breathed, marveling at how gorgeous the women of his harem all looked as they crowded the bed. *“There isn’t anyone here I wouldn’t happily fuck, including the mad little succubus in the corner here.”*

“I’m still just observing,” Maria said before she could ask the question. “If you take requests, I would like to see more of that beautiful body of yours.”

“Well, if you insist,” Ciri murmured, and Harry’s eyes went wide when she vanished in a flash of green light, leaving her clothes behind to fall in a pile where she’d just stood. He felt tapping on his shoulder and turned to see her standing there, wearing nothing but a grin.

“Impressive,” he grinned, looking her up and down.

She was easily the most compact and toned out of all of them, her arms, legs, and abs all showing off her athleticism. She’d gotten Asia to heal a few of the scars she’d had when she first arrived, but she still had a fair few, and he swore as he let his eye roam over her body, he was going to trace each one with his tongue. Her breasts were small and perky, her figure slender, and her hips slightly wider than he’d have expected. Between her legs lay a forest of ashen curls.

“Oh,” Luna sighed happily. “I hoped for a while we were going to seduce a girl with a bush.”
“Yeah, you’re...all shaven,” Ciri murmured, looking around.

“Veela naturally do not grow body hair, and the rest of them have willed themselves to do the same,” Fleur explained.

“One of the perks of devilry, as I explained when we got back, is that, over time, your body changes in accordance with your desires for it,” Rias grinned. “If you decide that you’d rather not grow hair below your head, you’ll get your wish.”

“If you could wait until after I get a chance to eat you out like this, I’d really appreciate it,” Luna said, so with such sincerity it made Ciri snort.

“I mean, that’s really going to come in handy otherwise, but I don’t dislike having hair covering my cunt,” she replied.

“I don’t mind that either,” Harry breathed, grasping her lower back and pulling her in close, making her gasp.

He kissed her again, grasping her arse as he walked her to the bed, and when she reached it and fell back, his rock-hard cock pressed against her belly, making her gasp.

“Fuck me, you’re huge,” Ciri marveled, still wondering how exactly he was going to fit all of that inside her.

“I’ll be as gentle as you need me to be,” Harry promised, kissing along her jaw before capturing her earlobe with his lips. “Though, I get the sense that gentle isn’t what you’re looking for.”

“It generally isn’t,” Ciri replied. “I might have enjoyed more gentle lovemaking had my life gone differently, but…”

“There’s no way of knowing,” Harry murmured. “I understand that sentiment well, wondering how different you’d be if the things that shaped you hadn’t happened.”

Ciri stared up at him, detecting the hint of pain in his voice, and sighed, feeling understood in a way she seldom had since the fall of Cintra.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” Luna moaned, grinding her dripping wet pussy on Fleur’s face as she lapped at her slit.

“Fucking hell, Rias,” Koneko whimpered, her entire body soaked with sweat and shaking as the redhead worked four fingers in and out of her.

“We know you can take the whole thing,” Rias purred, leaning in and nibbling on her earlobe. “You’re just so cute when you struggle to.”

“Luckily you...oh...always cum so hard for her,” Akeno moaned, her grip on the sheets tightening as Hermione started working the replica of Harry’s cock strapped to her waist in and out of her slit. “You’re getting better at that.”

“Practice makes perfect,” the brunette grinned. “Maybe later on, I can stick this monstrosity up your arse and let Harry take this perfect little pussy.”

“We...corrupted the hell out of you,” Akeno sighed.

“Poorly worded, but yes,” Rias giggled.

“Wow, this is…” Ciri went to say, trailing off as she looked around.

As the visions Maria had given her suggested, the man she was about to let fuck her and his many lovers all lived the sort of hedonistic lives that the wealthiest of the Aen Elle seemed to, and she didn’t know if it was just in her blood, but as she basked in the sheer debauchery she was surrounded by, she felt like she was going to get very used to that very quickly.

The succubus in question watched the orgy with rapt interest, most of her focus on Harry, as she tried to ascertain just how much he’d benefited thus far from the Master Servant Vow with Rias. He felt stronger, certainly, and the sexual energy rolling off of him in waves was definitely getting to her in a way that he hadn’t managed yet. As he kissed his way down towards Ciri’s pussy, she could tell that the ashen-haired beauty was already hornier than she’d like been in her life, just from being so close to him and reveling in his touch.

“You smell so good,” Harry breathed, slowly licking along a scar on her abdomen just before her hipbone.

“Oh, gods!” Ciri cried, squirming under his touch. “Just fuck me, Harry; I feel like I’m on fire.”

“I can tell,” Harry grinned, spreading her legs and leaning in close to her quim. “You’re already dripping. I’ll fuck you, but first, I want to taste you.”

“What did we...gah, right there...tell you?” Akeno moaned, rocking back against Hermione as the brunette fucked her hard. “He loves eating pussy.”

“So much,” Harry grinned, spreading her soaked curls with his thumbs and giving her a long, slow, teasing lick.

She gasped and mewled, throwing her head back and looking at the others. Fleur and Luna were still locked in a passionate embrace, their heads between the other’s thighs, and Akeno was a shaking, squirming mess as Hermione pounded her prone, having fallen forward, but it was Koneko who was the most surprised. She looked like she was in absolute ecstasy, moaning and screaming in pleasure as Rias fisted her, and Ciri felt her insides spasm at the thought, wondering just how intense that had to be. When Harry started circling her clit with the tip of his tongue, she cried out sharply, her back arching slightly, and when, a moment later, he sucked the taut little pearl into his mouth, her eyes nearly crossed at how good it felt.

“Oh, fuck, don’t stop; that’s so bloody good,” the former princess babbled, her nails digging into his scalp as she held him in place.

“Do it, Harry,” Hermione said. “I’d quite like it if she kept coming back, and nothing makes a girl want more quite like that.”

“Like whaAHHH!” Ciri shrieked, her vision going white as her orgasm hit suddenly and with almost violent intensity.

It was like nothing she’d ever felt in her entire life, pure, raw pleasure that coursed through her entire body from her head to her toes. Wave after soul-searing wave of ecstasy consumed her, turning her mind to mush. The orgy going on around her faded away, as did the room itself as she became utterly lost in the pleasure of it all. When it finally ended, all she could do was stare at Harry in awe, panting for breath and shaking like a leaf.

“Fuck...me,” Ciri panted, making him chuckle.

“Just to be clear, was that a request or a declaration?” Harry asked teasingly, and she sat up, punching him in the shoulder. He laughed at that and kissed her hungrily, grasping her by her throat and asking, “So how do you want me?”

“Let me...be on top,” Ciri replied.

“When you’re ready,” Harry nodded, lying down next to a panting Koneko and kissing her softly. “Have fun?”

“So much,” the nekomata sighed, sounding exhausted.

“More, more, fuck!” Akeno cried, laughing as she came again.

Hermione groaned and fell forward, burying her face in the other girl’s raven hair and inhaling deeply.

“Think I’ve reached...my limit,” she panted.

“That was beautiful,” Luna sighed, lying on her side and spooning with Fleur, who was lazily kneading one of her breasts while stroking her hair.

“You’ve gotten better at it,” the Veela sighed.

“I’ll...say,” Akeno panted, gasping when Hermione pulled the dildo out of her gaping quim. “Give me a moment...and I’ll repay the favor.”

“I should have realized that they didn’t all just wait for their turns on your cock,” Ciri chuckled, crawling over to him.

“We’re all lovers,” Rias smiled, moving behind her. “Join us more often, and you’ll get to enjoy all the pleasures that come of our arrangement.”

Ciri shivered at that, sinful images floating through her head so quickly that she actually looked over at Maria for a moment to see if she was messing her, finding the succubus utterly focused on Harry. Shaking her head at that, she hooked a knee over his waist and rested her hands on his muscular chest as she straddled him.

“Fucking hell, you’re going to break me,” she whimpered, feeling his long, thick length against her dripping slit.

“I won’t break you,” Harry said softly, grasping her hips and staring up into her eyes. “I’m going to fill you up completely and fuck you until you forget your own name.”

“It’s true,” Rias whispered in her ear, cupping her breasts and kneading them gently. “You’re going to feel him in places you don’t even know exist.”

Ciri gasped as she felt the redhead’s hand snake down towards her sex, her fingers tangling into her soft, blonde curls.

“I agree with Luna,” Rias whispered in her ear. “I like the bush on you. Move up a bit and I’ll line him up for you.”

“You’re a lot more...accommodating than most men’s wives,” Ciri quipped, making the redhead giggle.

“I would be less so if I didn’t get so much out of it too,” Rias murmured, picking up Harry’s cock and moving him into position. “There you go.”

“Fuck...you’re so thick,” Ciri breathed, feeling his bulbous head poke against her weeping entrance. “Can’t believe you actually fit inside the others.”

“Speaking as someone who just came so hard she forgot her own name for a second with a whole hand in her pussy, you have no idea how much we can stretch,” Koneko said dryly, and the ashen-haired beauty chuckled.

“You have a point,” Ciri murmured, taking a deep breath before pushing down. The air left her lungs in a sharp gasp as she felt his head pop inside her, stretching her open more than anyone else ever had. “Oh, gods!”

“Mmm, I’ll never tire of seeing him stretch another woman to her limits,” Rias sighed, looking down at Ciri’s pussy as she was stretched taut around him.

“So big,” the blonde moaned, whimpering when Harry reached up and cupped her breasts.

“Take your time,” he said softly. “I have absolute control over myself, so you don’t have to worry about me cumming or anything like that.”

“No wonder...you’re all obsessed,” Ciri whimpered, wiggling her hips and managing to take another inch of him into her tight depths.

“The size, the stamina, the vibrating tongue,” Fleur grinned. “It is a rare man who can satisfy a Veela at all, much less conquer one as you did me. How I didn’t know you were a sex demon sooner, I will never understand.”

“To be fair, we did think they were extinct,” Luna murmured, crawling over to join them.

“We can be forgiv...oh, fuck,” Hermione moaned, burying her face in the crook of Akeno’s neck as the other devil held her against the wall and pushed her strap-on inside her.

“You’re so bloody tight,” Harry groaned, leaning in and wrapping his lips around one of Ciri’s small, pink nipples.

“Holy shit,” the blonde moaned, feeling him slip even further inside her. “I...gah!”

She cried out in shock as she suddenly slipped, taking the rest of his cock to the root inside her, and as she dug her nails into his shoulders, he gasped, his world going black for a moment.

“I was right!” Maria exclaimed as Luna, Fleur, and Rias all looked down at him in alarm.

“Right?” Koneko asked, her eyes going wide at the sight of Harry’s horns growing slightly longer.

“You did just need one more lover for this,” Maria cooed, rushing over and looking down at him.

“What?” Harry asked, blinking in confusion. “I feel...warm.”

“So warm...fuck,” Ciri moaned, clenching hard around his invading length.

“You’ve unlocked more of your abilities,” Maria grinned. “Do me a favor and focus on your tail for a moment, imagining it pushing inside a woman.”

“Why would I…” Harry went to ask, his eyes going wide as saucers as he watched the tip of his tail transform into an exact replica of his cock. “You have got to be kidding.”

“Dibs!” Luna exclaimed, rushing over and hugging Ciri from behind.

“What’s going...oh,” the other blonde breathed as she looked over and saw what was dangling behind her.

“If you were more experienced with him, I’d suggest you go right for double-penetration, but as things stand, I figure he can just fuck me too,” Luna beamed. “Please, Harry.”

“Double...there’s no way that could be…” Ciri stammered, only to go silent as she looked around and saw the sheer hunger in the eyes of the others.

“Like I said, you have no idea how full you can be,” Koneko grinned, already imagining how intense that would be.

“Yes!” Luna exclaimed, pressing her cheek against Ciri’s back as Harry pushed his tail inside her as far as he knew it could go.

“You’re going to be able to fuck two of us at a time now,” Rias chuckled, brushing his hair out of his face and kissing him hungrily. “Such an absolute stud.”

Harry just shook his head at that, wondering what other abilities he was going to be able to make use of now.

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“Ah, I will never tire of the despair we inflict on those poor fools,” Gnarl sighed as he and Sirius returned a few hours later.

“Personally, I prefer the money we take from them, but whatever floats your boat,” the wizard replied, looking around the antechamber. “I wonder where everyone is.”

“Probably upstairs,” Gnarl shrugged, turning and cocking an eyebrow when someone started pounding on the door.

“Coming!” Asia called out, rushing down the stairs, only to stop as she saw Sirius. “Oh, you’re back.”

“Just,” Sirius replied, furrowing his brow in confusion as the heavy knocking continued. “That’s either one persistent salesman or someone’s in trouble.”

He signaled for Asia to stay back, and Gnarl called out a few dozen minions from the basement as he went to answer the door, finding a bruised and bloodied Xenovia holding onto an even more wounded Irina standing there.

“Need...help,” the blue-haired girl whimpered as Asia gasped and rushed over.

“What happened?!” the blonde exclaimed.

“Heal them first and then we’ll figure that out,” Sirius replied, drawing his wand and levitating Irina in, letting Xenovia limp in after.