(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Going out with a bang~

-x-X-x-

“Glughk! Glughk! Glughk!”

The more things changed, the more they stayed the same. But then to be fair, while decades might be a long time for muggles and even some wizards or witches of middling magical power, it was barely a blip for Harry and his coven.

Saturated with their combined magic as they were, aging was a thing of the past and their lifespans had all been expanded quite a bit. This meant that Bellatrix, despite being in her late seventies, was still quite beautiful… and even more so when she was on her knees between his legs, bobbing up and down oh so dutifully on his cock.

They’re not alone, of course… in fact, the whole thing has turned into a bit of a party. Harry hadn’t intended it to… no, rather, he’d found himself caught a little off guard by a surprise party waiting for him after he’d finished up with the world leaders who thought they could get away with launching World War Three.

The plan was for him to come back to a small group of his women who were waiting to hear about how it went, but as it turned out… everyone was fairly certain they knew exactly how it was going to go. Indeed, they were so confident in him that they’d managed to sneak behind his back to all get together and create this little event.

The main hall of the Potter Mansion is filled to the brim with women in varying degrees of undress. All of the numerous offspring that Harry has had with said women have been sent away for the evening to the many family friends trusted with looking after them.

Most wound up with the Veela Coven, who are the only group not entirely in attendance right now. There are still some of course, like the Matriarch herself, but many are back in France.

And all of this… this victory orgy if you will, was planned by the woman currently between his legs. As Harry sits back on the rather silly, utterly ostentatious throne they'd conjured for him, Bella looks up at him with eyes swimming with adoration and devotion.

Chuckling, he reaches down and runs his fingers through her wild, untamed curly locks before shaking his head.

"You've outdone yourself, Bella. Truly you have."

This causes her to suck all the harder, moaning around his cock as she does so. Harry smiles and then looks away for a moment, admiring the gorgeous view he finds in all directions. Witches in differing states of undress, eating and drinking and making merry.

Those with more flexible sexualities are engaging in certain activities with one another. Meanwhile, others are sat chatting and merely enjoying one another's company in a more platonic matter. All of them are his women… all of them are waiting for a turn with him.

To be fair, they know he's good for it. By the end of tonight, each and every one of them will have been fucked at least once. Harry had handled over two hundred Veela at once… and he'd only gotten more powerful since.

Every single woman in this room is a mother to one or more of his offspring. He's impregnated each and every witch he bound at this point, some of them several times over. Hell, some of them are even pregnant now, in varying stages with hands on bumps and gravid bellies alike.

It is… a glorious sight to behold. And combining it with Bella's dutiful, masterful tongue work, Harry doesn't last much longer before he cums in her mouth. His pet moans happily while swallowing his seed, her eyes half-rolling up in her skull as she drinks down every last drop of his cum.

Harry grins as he watches her do so, and then grins some more when she pulls off of his cock with a pop, panting and clearly eager for more. However, to his surprise…

"Go, Master. The others await."

That gets a raised eyebrow from Harry.

"Oh? You've earned the right to have me first you know."

But Bella just grins and shakes her head, revealing her true desire.

"If I've earned the right to have you first… then I've also earned the right to have you last~"

Harry laughs at that, before slowly nodding and rising from his 'throne'. Bella moves aside, lounging there naked at the foot of his throne like the prize pet she is, waiting in eager anticipation of his return.

Meanwhile, Harry begins to mingle. He says hi to a few ladies… and says 'hi' to a few more. He talks, fucks, and licks his way through a few of the

many witches filling the mansion's main hall, before eventually coming upon a very… enjoyable view.

"O-Oh! Harry~"

Hermione Granger, shudders as she looks up at him… a hand buried in the golden-silver locks of one Fleur Delacour as the other woman eats her out. Motherhood is an exceptionally good look on Hermione. All this time has left her as a beautiful, mature, adult woman with ample assets from her multiple pregnancies.

Fleur is much the same, the both of them filling out quite nicely with every babe they'd borne for him. But Harry had to admit, it was Hermione who had impressed him the most, managing to make juggling motherhood with refining magical technology look almost easy somehow.

At hearing his name, Fleur pulls her head back from between Hermione's thighs and looks up at him with a grin, her lips smeared in the witch's pussy juices.

"Ah, Master… I've been preparing Mistress for you~"

Hermione blushes, but doesn't object as Harry moves forward with a grin, his throbbing erection in hand. Stepping past Fleur, he slides between Hermione's legs and sheathes himself inside of her in an instant. The brunette bookworm cries out as he fills her with his cock, while a moment later Harry feels Fleur's mouth and tongue on his balls as she dutifully sucks at his nut sack.

Groaning in appreciation, Harry plants one hand on Hermione's chest and the other in her hair. Gripping down tightly on her locks, he pulls her up into a deep, tongue-filled kiss. At the same time, he fondles her breast, playing

with the nipple he finds there while also thrusting in and out of her gushing pussy with wild abandon.

Hermione moans into his mouth, shuddering under him… and then squealing all of the sudden in a way that lets Harry know Fleur has decided to escalate things. Namely, by moving one of her hands up under Hermione and inserting multiple fingers into the brunette's ass.

Harry can feel Fleur's digits through the fleshy wall separating Hermione's vaginal tunnel from her anus, and groans his appreciation from the added sensation even as he fucks Hermione hard and fast.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

In the end, Hermione doesn't bother to fight it. She surrenders all she is with a happy little mewl and proceeds to wrap her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. They remain like that for the duration of their copulation, with Harry plowing into Hermione nonstop while Fleur acts the part of their supernaturally beautiful and extremely talented third wheel.

Finally, between Fleur's mouth on his balls, her fingers in Hermione's ass, and Hermione's constant orgasms all over his cock, Harry can hold back no longer. With a loud groan, he proceeds to cum deep inside of Hermione, filling the beautiful woman with a thick, hot load of his cum.

With any luck, he'll have just bred her silly. Technically Harry could have just set aside luck and made it happen… but where was the fun in that? Life needed a little bit of spontaneity.

Of course, one might wonder what Fleur gets from all of this. As soon as Harry pulls out of Hermione however, the veela makes it obvious what

she's after. Diving back between Hermione's thighs, Fleur quickly and eagerly starts to suck his cum right out of the witch's cunt.

Slurping the magically charged seed that she loves so much from Hermione's pussy like there's no tomorrow, Fleur's eyes roll back in her head as she makes noisy sounds of contentment and satisfaction even through the muffling of Hermione's twat.

Harry rolls his eyes in amusement and affection alike, running a hand through Fleur's hair one last time before stepping away.

He continues on from the two and continues making his way through his numerous women. Some had been with him since nearly the start, like Aurora Sinistra. Some had joined him quite late indeed despite some early fooling around, such as Hestia Jones and Nymphadora Tonks.

But all of them are his women, no more and no less in his eyes than any of the others. Or at least, Harry likes to think that from time to time. The truth is, even in a world of equals, there are… differences. Some will always be… more equal than others.

"Minister Bones."

Amelia Bones blushes as he approaches, a smile on her face and a hand on her suitably pregnant belly.

"Master."

Harry grins and places a hand on Amelia's cheek, causing the older witch to lean into his touch oh so happily. Then, he uses a brief application of magic to reposition them. The end result? Harry is on his back while Amelia

is on top of him, already sinking down onto his cock inch by inch as he impales her asshole.

The Minister of Magic has held her position for quite a long time at this point… longer than any of her immediate predecessors. In fact, the last time someone held the position of Minister of Magic longer than Amelia Bones was all the way back at the end of the Nineteenth Century. A man by the name of Faris Spavin had lasted thirty-eight years, from 1865 to 1903.

Needless to say, Harry had every intention of making sure Amelia would last even longer. After all, why fix what wasn't broken? Him as Chief Warlock, her as Minister of Magic. Together, they were an unbeatable team… literally.

Their so-called political opponents were nonexistent at this point. Success bred success and after so damn much success for so damn long, any would-be rivals for their control had faded into the background. The Wizarding World had quite literally never been better, in no small part due to Hermione's magitech, which they'd proliferated through Magical Britain long before expanding to the rest of the planet.

There was always a chance for someone to fall through the cracks, no matter how good the system was… but that was precisely why Amelia had focused so hard on filling in as many of those cracks as possible over the past few years. She wasn't content to simply sit on her laurels and bask in her success… no, instead she demanded more from herself, and more from everyone around her at the same time.

Even without Harry's help, even without his interference, Amelia Bones would be the best Minister of Magic that the Wizarding World could have ever hoped for. In another timeline, they'd never gotten the chance to find out just how good they could have it with someone who actually cared in

charge. So in this timeline, Harry had no problem keeping his thumb firmly down on the scales.

As she begins to slowly ride him, groaning from the feel of his rock hard cock in her ass, Amelia looks down at Harry and bites her lower lip.

“Will any of them try anything?”

Harry blinks and then chuckles softly at that, his hands coasting across Amelia’s body, ultimately centering on her engorged tits. She moans and pushes her chest into his palms as he plays with them.

“Some of them already have, yes. I’m dealing with them as they put thoughts into action. I told them I wouldn’t punish them for hating me or thinking about coming after me or mine… but the moment they give the orders, they’re fair game.”

Back when they first met, Amelia might have taken issue with Harry’s somewhat… cavalier attitude towards dealing with such threats. There were laws and procedures and systems in place for a reason, after all. But that had been a long, long time ago. And if there was one thing that they both knew after all this time… it was that sometimes, procedures and systems didn’t work.

Harry picked up where those types of things left off. He was the end-all, be-all when it came to defending everything they’d built together. By this point, his power made Merlin look like a squib and his magical reach almost went all the way to the Moon.

This was victory… and it felt damn good. Sitting up, Harry wraps Amelia up in his arms, her pregnant belly pressing against his stomach as her breasts press into chest. Harry’s forehead finds Amelia’s forehead and he looks

right into her eyes as she moans, gyrating her ass around on his throbbing cock.

“I won’t let them hurt us or this world. No matter what happens, I will always stand in their way. You have my word, Amelia. Now… and forever.”

Shivering, Amelia nods as she looks back at him.

“Now and forever… Master.”

They focus on the pleasure of one another’s company after that, enjoying each other to the fullest extent before Harry has to move on again. He leaves Amelia to her rest, the pregnant Minister of Magic watching him go with a contented smile on her face.

Harry, meanwhile, continues on his way. There are so many women to get to… but he has all the time in the world now at least. There will be more threats in the future, but the timeline he came from, that doomed world where everything was lost… that’s gone now, completely and utterly.

Magic will not end. The planet will not be destroyed. Harry has made sure of it and will continue making sure of it for as long as he draws breath.

Eventually, he returns to Bella and the throne, saving her for last just as she requested. Sitting down once more, he smiles as the one who has been with him the longest, the only one to travel back with him in time, climbs into his lap and sinks down onto his cock.

When she offers him her tits while moaning happily, Harry leans forward and takes a nipple between his lips, sucking hard and making her cry out in ecstasy as milk soon flows from her teat into his mouth.

Truly, victory had never tasted so sweet.

-x-X-x-

A/N: Thanks for reading everyone! Be sure to keep an eye out for the first chapter of this story's replacement coming in just a few hours!