

"Run the tests again," Draco said numbly, and Astoria found herself too heartbroken to even glare at him.

It was the same thing he'd said the past three times they'd gotten these results from healers, neither of them wanting to believe it. Those previous times he'd said the words, his voice had been filled with rage and denial, certain that the healers had missed something and the answer they were giving him couldn't be true. Even to his own ears, they sounded weak this time, and he scowled at the sympathetic look that the healer gave him.

"Mister Malfoy, I'm so sorry, but I think that running any further tests at this point would be a waste of your time and money," Healer Avery replied. "The results are unmistakable."

"Is there nothing that we can do?" Astoria asked desperately, and the man sighed.

"Without knowing the specifics of the...magical binding in question," Avery replied, trying to keep his personal feelings about the cause of his patient's problems hidden. "I cannot say for certain, but I can say with confidence, as the other three healers you've consulted with did as well, that it is the problem. That faded mark on your arm tied you to a man none of us want to hear the name of, and when he died, I'm afraid there seem to have been consequences for those...connected to him. While I was waiting for the results to come in, I happened to hear from a colleague down in Brighton who had been dealing with a case much like your own and his conclusions were the same as mine."

"Probably Theo," Draco thought to himself, knowing that his old dormmate lived in Brighton.

"There are specialists I can refer you to whose focus is on more esoteric magical maladies, but that mark was a creation of soul magic, and that is by far the least understood field that there is," Avery said.

"So you have no idea what we could do, and you don't know anyone in the world who you imagine might know more," Astoria scowled.

"The specialists I speak of are researchers with the Unspeakables, Mrs. Malfoy," Avery replied, and she paled.

"My only hope for having children might lie with the Unspeakables?" Astoria croaked, her eyes filling with tears.

"I am so very sorry," Avery replied.

Astoria looked to her husband, a whirlwind of emotions swirling inside her, looking for any support she could find, but instead she found his grey eyes cold and hard, as though he were looking for something, anything, to blame.

"If he'd just stayed on the sidelines during the war," she raged in her mind. *"If he'd not actually taken that lunatic's mark."*

She took a deep breath and composed herself as they left the healer's office together, neither one speaking a word.

"I've heard of a healer in Paris with an impeccable reputation," Malfoy said as they walked numbly through the halls of the hospital. "Maybe he'll..."

"What?" Astoria demanded, glaring at him. "Give us an answer we actually want to hear?"

"Astoria..." Malfoy scowled.

"No, Draco, enough," Astoria hissed. "I understood getting a second opinion after the first time we were told that you...we couldn't do what we want to, and I supported you in seeking two more, but it's time to face reality. We're not going to find any solution if we keep hoping that some healer will tell us that the others were all wrong."

"What solution?" Malfoy growled, his composure breaking for a moment before he remembered that he was in public. "None of us ever knew what went into the spell *he* used to...bind us. There's no one alive who could tell us anything, and...Merlin, I need a drink."

"I'm sure Daphne will have plenty available," Astoria said primly and he swore under his breath.

"Astoria, I can't..." Draco went to say.

"You will," Astoria hissed, grabbing his arm and dragging him into a nearby alcove. "Unless you want to start telling people what's wrong, we need to give off the illusion of normalcy. With any luck, we'll find a solution, have a child or two, and no one will ever need to know about this unfortunate little hiccup."

"Forgive me if I'm a touch reluctant to see your bloody sister and...Potter right now," Draco scowled, and she sighed.

"I get it, I do," Astoria said, "but if we don't go, Mother will get suspicious, and I don't want her breathing down our necks."

"What the hell did they call us all over for, anyway?" Draco asked petulantly.

"I don't know, but Daphne's tone when she flooded me made it very clear that if we don't show up, she will make a scene that I don't want to have to deal with the next time I see her, and I really don't feel like dealing with that," Astoria muttered.

"Fine," Draco sighed, "but the moment we hear what they have to say, I'm going to pretend that I ate some dodgy shrimp earlier and we're getting out of there."

"Trust me, we both had that shrimp," Astoria said, and, despite everything, he smiled slightly.

The two of them apparated out, and Draco scowled, as he always did at the sight of his childhood home. After the dark lord died, the fines imposed on the families that had supported him were extensive. He and his mother had been forced to sell their manor,

and Potter, who came into quite the fortune around that time, bought it. That would have been enough of an indignity to suffer, but the fact that the two of them had each married a Greengrass girl meant that he had been forced to return to the manor he'd grown up in repeatedly over the past several years and see what his old rival had done with it. The peacocks his father had raised and been so proud of had apparently been delicious.

"Mister Malfoy, Mrs. Malfoy," Kreacher said flatly as they approached the front door, opening it for them. "The master and mistress are expecting you."

"Of course they are," Draco muttered, glaring down at the elf as he and Astoria walked in.

"Oh, she looks so much like you did as a girl, doesn't she, Cyrus?" Evelyn Greengrass cooed, and both Astoria and Draco stiffened, knowing full well what, or rather, who, she was talking about.

"Same lips and nose, certainly," Cyrus replied, his smile clear in his voice. "Of course that hair is rather different."

"I wouldn't have her any other way," Daphne sighed happily, and as the two walked in, they saw the blonde staring down at her daughter as her mother held her. "Red hair rather suits a Lily Potter, no, darling?"

"Red, blonde, purple, she'd have been perfect anyway," Harry smiled. "She's yours, after all."

"You had a little to do with that too," Daphne smiled.

"So, while I wouldn't mind if you called us all over to look at this adorable little bundle of joy, I assume there was more of a reason than that," Hermione said.

"Yeah, you sounded both frazzled and thrilled when you floored us earlier," Ron added.

"We have news," Daphne replied, "quite unexpected news."

"What? Don't tell us you're expecting again already," Astoria chuckled, only to go silent in shock when Harry and Daphne shared a look.

"Lily's only three months old!" Ron exclaimed, shaking his head as Harry rubbed the back of his neck.

"And around a month before her first birthday, she's going to end up with a couple siblings," he said, and that jolted Cyrus and Evelyn out of their shocked states.

"Twins?" they asked in unison.

Astoria and Draco both stood in frozen silence as the other four broke into cheering congratulations, feeling like they were dying of thirst whilst watching the other couple drown.

"You do know there are potions for this kind of thing, right?" Ron quipped, patting Harry on the back, and Daphne glowered at him.

"We do, though, as we learned this time, if your potions ingredients aren't kept properly, they can go off without you knowing it," she muttered, and Harry winced.

"It turns out the runic matrix in our herb preservation cabinet wasn't working properly, and we didn't notice until it was too late," he said. "It was only when aconite root started growing mold that we realized something had gone wrong, but by then..."

"Well, you two are going to have your hands full soon enough," Evelyn smiled. "If you need any help, don't hesitate to reach out. That's one of the lovely things about having children while your parents are still young enough to be of assistance."

Astoria recognized that subtle barb for what it was and clenched her fist until her nails pricked her skin. Her mother had been dropping hints since Lily was born that Astoria should at least be thinking about having children too, and while part of her wanted to scream her problems at her, she still didn't want the news to come out just yet.

"Astoria?" Daphne asked, looking at her strangely, and the brunette blinked.

"Sorry, Daph, I'm feeling unwell," she replied. "Congratulations, you two, really."

"I'm feeling a little queasy as well," Draco piped up. "Did that shrimp we had earlier taste at all funny to you, Astoria?"

"I didn't think so, but I'm beginning to wonder," Astoria said flatly.

"Just in case, we should probably get home," Draco muttered, placing his hand over his stomach and trying to look physically unwell. "I'm sure the baby has given your elf enough work without us adding to what he needs to clean up. Congratulations, Daphne, P...Harry."

"I hope you feel better," Harry replied, watching as the pair rushed outside as quickly as their feet could take them.

"What in the world was that about?" Cyrus asked in concern, not believing the shrimp story at all.

"I have no idea," Evelyn replied in kind as Daphne stared after her sister and brother-in-law, as intrigued as she was concerned.

"So, do you two know if you're looking at boys or girls yet?" Ron asked.

"It could be one of each," Hermione added.

"Not yet," Daphne replied, resting a hand on her soft belly lovingly. "We can't wait to find out, though."

Harry yawned as he carried a freshly changed Lily into the nursery ten months later, smiling as he caught sight of his gorgeous wife feeding the twins. Little James and Roslyn each had their lips wrapped around one of her nipples and were drinking from her like it was their last meal. Her golden hair lay sprawled out across the back of her rocking chair, moused and unbrushed, as they'd both been woken suddenly by the cries of three babies in need of them. Her blue eyes were tired, the bags under them seemed darker than the day before, and there were pink marks on one side of her face from how she'd been pressing it into her pillow. Despite all that, there was only one word that came to mind as he stared down at her.

"Beautiful," he breathed, and she rolled her tired eyes.

"Oh piss off, I look like hell," Daphne muttered, and he chuckled, setting Lily down in her crib and walking over so he could press his lips to the crown of her head.

"If you're hell, then I should start being a much worse person," Harry replied, furrowing his brow. "I think that made more sense in my head."

"It still sounded sweet," Daphne sighed, wincing when James gummed her nipple hard. "Why can't you be more like your sisters?"

"Still too rough?" Harry asked, sighing when Lily started crying again, clearly hungry now.

"I suppose I shouldn't be surprised," Daphne snarked. "He is you in miniature. I pumped some for her last night and put it under stasis charm in the drawer there. I'd feed her myself, but I don't have three of them."

"I can handle it," Harry smiled, grabbing the bottle and bringing it to his daughter's lips as he carefully picked her up. "You never complain when I'm rough with you."

"That I enjoy entirely too much," Daphne muttered, "hence why we have three children under a year and a half."

"You did say you wanted more than two," Harry quipped, and she gave him a glare he was sincerely glad couldn't actually kill him. "You do look beautiful, by the way."

"I'm not having any more for at least a couple years," Daphne muttered, smiling at the sheer warmth and sincerity in his voice.

"Three at least," Harry nodded, turning to look as Kreacher popped in.

"Master Harry, Kreacher found this just outside the door," the house-elf said, holding out a letter, and he furrowed his brow.

"Read it to us," Harry said. "My hands are a little full."

"As are mine," Daphne yawned. "Who's it from?"

"Astoria," Kreacher replied. *"Daph, Pansy and I would like a word with you whenever possible. Could we come by tomorrow? Astoria."*

"Pansy?" Harry asked, and Daphne shrugged.

"Your guess is good as mine," she muttered, not having seen her old dormmate in over a year. "I'll have them over today. It's not like I need to go anywhere, and you'll be away at the ministry, so I could use company capable of basic speech."

"Kreacher's still here," Harry joked and the house elf rolled his eyes.

"Shall Kreacher write your replies for you?" he asked.

"Tell them both to come around ten," Daphne replied. "The ceremony starts at ten thirty, yes?"

"If Voldemort had really wanted to win, all he would have needed to do is say that the ministry would still be begging me to attend things like this years after I killed him," Harry grumbled, and she giggled.

"Well, that would have required some strategic thinking on his part, and we both know he really, really sucked at that," Daphne replied, making him smile.

Falling in love with Daphne Greengrass definitely hadn't been something he saw coming during the war, obsessed as he'd still been with Ginny then. Learning that she had turned to Neville for comfort while he was out searching for the Horcruxes had been hard, but that was nothing compared to what learning that she'd gotten pregnant did to him. He swore he just sort of stalked around in a daze for six months after that, and he honestly didn't know what sort of state he or his life would be in by now if he hadn't bumped into the gorgeous blonde in Diagon Alley. His old seeker reflexes kicked in as he saw her falling back; he caught her before she hit the ground and found himself just staring into a pair of sapphire blue eyes more beautiful than anything he'd ever seen in his life.

"Earth control to Major Tom," Daphne smirked, and he shook his head, realizing that he'd spaced out.

"Ground control," he corrected her, and she rolled her eyes and shook her head.

"But the guy's in space...oh never mind. I still say half the things muggles come up with make no sense," Daphne muttered. "Where were you anyway?"

"I must have been in space if I didn't notice you put the twins in their cribs," Harry said, sulking slightly as he saw that she'd pulled her nightgown back up over her shoulders.

"You can see them anytime, you big baby," Daphne laughed, pulling it down until she'd exposed her chest again.

"I am the luckiest man alive," Harry smiled, and she felt her insides flutter at the heated look he gave her as he set Lily back down, her bottle empty and her eyes fluttering shut. "I was thinking about when we met."

"When you first acknowledged me, you mean," Daphne teased, pulling the straps of her nightgown back up and he winced.

"I still don't know how I spent six years in the same castle as you without once noticing you," Harry sighed.

"In your defense, I was flat as a bored, until I was fifteen," Daphne chuckled, "and you'd have only seen the serpent crest anyway."

"Teenage me was a fool," Harry smiled, cupping her cheek as he gazed into her eyes.

"Of course you were," Daphne replied coyly, "you were a teenage boy."

"Touche," Harry smiled. "You saved my life that day."

"I nearly took your life that day," Daphne chuckled.

"Your eyes were the first thing that made me feel alive after the war ended," Harry whispered, and her breath hitched. "Watching you march away, angry at me for bumping into you, that was more motive to do anything other than waste away than I'd had in a very long time."

"Watching you beg for my forgiveness was pretty funny," Daphne smiled at the memory, "and you're not the only one who was entranced by the other's eyes. Scruffy as you were then, there wasn't much else I could blame for agreeing to let you buy me lunch to make up for knocking me over."

"And soon enough, I learned how much I enjoyed making you beg," Harry rumbled, his face mere inches from hers and she felt a shudder go through her entire body.

"Kreacher, keep an eye on them," Daphne commanded. "Harry and I need to get ready for our day. Help me wash my back?"

"Anytime," Harry grinned, taking her hand.

The pair of them headed upstairs, confident that with Kreacher watching their children, they could take a half hour or so to themselves.

"Oh, thank goodness," Daphne sighed a few hours later as James finally quieted down.

Lily and Roslyn were being peaceful for the moment, but her son had desperately wanted her attention and cried until she picked him up and started gently rocking him. She heard the sound of someone coming through the floo downstairs and placed the boy down tentatively, holding her breath and not letting it go until she was confident that he wasn't about to start crying again. Ordering Kreacher to watch them, she went downstairs, curious why her sister and Pansy Nott of all people were waiting for her.

"Daphne," the brunette said primly, her green eyes locking onto her. "You're looking well."

"Pansy," Daphne nodded, looking over to Astoria. "Care to tell me what's going on?"

"There's something I need to talk to you about," her sister replied. "It involves Pansy here as well."

"Well, come sit down," Daphne replied, leading them into the sitting room and smiling when she saw that Kreacher had left a pot of tea and a few cups out as she'd said. "I'll be Mother."

"Yeah, that's the bloody problem," Pansy muttered under her breath as Daphne poured a little milk in each cup, and she cocked an eyebrow at her. "No sugar for me, thank you."

"I remember," the blonde replied, pouring the tea and adding a little sugar to Astoria's cup. "So, what's going on?"

"I'm not entirely sure how to answer that," Pansy replied.

"Daphne, Draco and I have been...trying for a few years now," Astoria said, making her furrow her brow.

"Years?" Daphne replied. "You hadn't mentioned..."

"I've always hated announcing anything before it happens, you know that," Astoria scowled into her cup, "and as it kept...not happening, he and I began to grow concerned."

"I...is it a lingering part of the malediction?" Daphne asked, feeling her heart clench. She'd been certain for years that the counter-curse Harry had found in the Black family library had worked and that her sister and, indeed, her entire bloodline was entirely cured, but if that wasn't true...

"That was my first thought too," Astoria replied, recalling the abject panic she'd felt at the idea that the cure hadn't really worked. "We saw healers, multiple healers, and the conclusion they all came to was that I wasn't the problem."

"So Draco," Daphne sighed, feeling a little guilty for feeling as relieved as she did. "Where do you come into this, Pansy?"

"Theodore is in the same boat," Pansy sighed, and Daphne's eyes went wide as saucers.

"Is it something related to the Dark Lord?" she asked, and Astoria whimpered. "Stori?"

"It's the mark," Pansy replied, blinking repeatedly to keep her eyes dry. "When *he* died for real, there were consequences for those bound to him by the Dark Mark."

"They're all sterile?" Daphne breathed, and the both of them nodded, their eyes growing misty. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

She was tempted to say, 'I told you so,' having warned both women that marrying their husbands would be a bad idea, but even in her tired state she couldn't bring herself to be that much of a bitch.

"Is there nothing that can be done?" Daphne asked.

"That's...why we're here," Astoria replied. "There is one thing that could work, but we would need yours and Harry's help."

"How could we help out?" Daphne asked. "Neither one of us is particularly knowledgeable about healing magic in general, much less really obscure and esoteric stuff. If you want us to speak to Hermione for you, I'm willing, but you could ask her yourself."

"We're not looking for healing help," Pansy replied. "We've spoken with healers and unspeakables from multiple countries now, and they've all made it very clear that whatever the Dark Lord did when he crafted his mark, the side effects of it are permanent."

"We need children, though," Astoria sighed. "House Malfoy needs an heir, and both houses Nott and Parkinson need heirs from her."

"We looked into adoption, but the laws regarding making adopted children the formal heirs of families they don't share blood with are nearly impossible to get around," Pansy replied. "Even if I wanted to change those laws, which I don't, that would be an uphill battle that would take years and might not work at all."

"How exactly can Harry and I help you then?" Daphne asked, and they both looked at each other conspiratorially.

"I reached out to Pansy when I realized that we were experiencing the same thing and we contacted a lawyer to see what our legal options were," Astoria replied.

"Neither of us wants to consider divorce, and, well..." Pansy trailed off.

"Will you both just spit out what you came here to say?" Daphne hissed, her limited patience finally spent.

"Hehehe," Harry heard as he returned home a few hours later. "Hahahaha."

"Daphne?" he called out, concerned. "Daph, are you okay? Seamus said he saw you in Diagon Alley earlier...chuckling to yourself."

"Hahahaha," Daphne laughed. "Come upstairs. I swear I'm fineahahaha."

"You didn't get hit with a laughing hex?" Harry asked, ascending the stairs and smiling when he saw Kreacher levitating his children in the air, making them all laugh more uproariously than their mother was just then. "Or take a dodgy potion?"

"I'm in the library," Daphne called out, and followed her voice, finding her seated amidst the many books that had come with the manor, looking down at a heavy tome in her lap and laughing. There were tears streaming down her face, and his concern only grew as he took in the sight of her. His wife had a pretty good sense of humor, but she wasn't one to just giggle like a lunatic at things. "I had to stop by the alley earlier to meet with Ben Locke."

"Our solicitor?" Harry asked, even more confused. "Why?"

"I had a quick...hehehehe...quick legal question, and he was kind enough to spare me a moment," Daphne replied, still barely able to contain herself. "I think I've been laughing off and on ever since."

"That was what, three hours ago?" Harry asked.

"Honey, sit down," Daphne giggled. "I swear in a minute you'll understand. Astoria and Pansy came by earlier with some terrible news, and I swear that's not what I'm laughing at."

"What is it?" Harry asked, concerned.

"Draco and Theodore Nott, and indeed, it would seem, all marked Death Eater men, were rendered sterile after Voldemort died," Daphne replied, and his jaw dropped.

"What?" Harry asked. "Oh. Daphne, I'm so sorry. Astoria must be devastated."

"She and Pansy had both known about this for a while, so while they were, they had come to terms with everything and moved on to...hmhm...finding solutions," Daphne replied, struggling not to laugh again.

"What about their solution is so funny?" Harry asked.

Down the hall, Kreacher was watching three cackling babies float through the air, and he had to admit that it was nice having young children around the house again.

"HAHAHAHAHAHA!" Harry's roaring laughter reached them, and he scowled as all three of them were startled by that. Silencing the room, he directed the babies through the air in different patterns, and soon they were giggling and crying out in wonder again.

"What was that about?" he couldn't help but wonder, figuring that he'd find out eventually.

"You're not serious," Harry laughed, and Daphne cackled, crying from how hard he'd gotten her laughing again.

"By right of conquest, you have a unique legal right to breed them," she giggled. "I checked with Mister Locke, and after he confirmed it, he showed me where in the legal code it is. It's an ancient law that hasn't been used in centuries, but it's still on the books, and if Astoria and Pansy had your children, they could legally be considered Malfoys and Notts. Pansy would require one in her own name too."

"Wait, wait, wait, you don't...Daphne, are you just...this is a funny thing in theory, right?" Harry asked. "An archaic bit of law that's funny to think about."

"It is hilarious to think about," Daphne replied. "It would be even funnier to act out."

Harry blinked at her in confusion. "Is this a test? Because you know I don't want anyone but you, baby."

"Harry, you know as well as I do that when we do that particular bit of roleplay, you always play the professor," Daphne grinned.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Because I can't stand Draco Malfoy and Theodore Nott," Daphne replied. "I hated what petulant, immature children they both were the entire time we were in school, I hated what worthless bullies they acted like when neither one was ever anything special with a wand, and I hate the fact that we would have been in the same house together if Malfoy hadn't been such a world-class dickhead. I also love Astoria, and I was quite fond of Pansy back in the day. We drifted apart after I tried to warn her against marrying Theo, which doesn't do the man any favors with me, by the way. They want children; you could give them children, and their husbands can't. You can't tell me that the idea of cuckolding Draco and Theo doesn't appeal to you."

"I am more than a little wary of the idea of having either of them raise children that are mine," Harry grumbled, and she grinned.

"I was looking over the specifics of the law in question here, and you would actually have quite a few rights regarding their upbringing too," Daphne replied, "and of course, if Astoria and Pansy became as addicted to fucking you as I am, I'm sure they'd be more than happy to see things your way anyway."

"Daphne, I understand that you hate Malfoy and Nott and that you love your sister and used to count Pansy as a friend, but I also know that you're as sleep deprived as I am, and I don't think you've thought through every part of this," Harry said, not finding this nearly as funny as he did when it was just theory. "I would have to fuck them for this, since I doubt either one would consent to something as muggle as in vitro."

"What?" Daphne asked. "Look, Harry, it isn't as though we haven't...talked about this kind of thing before."

"As fantasy, something to turn each other on when..." Harry went to argue, and she kissed him hungrily.

"The thought of letting you fuck another woman of my choice turns me on so much it's insane," Daphne whispered against his lips. "You're so good, and I'm so lucky, and watching you drive someone else as wild as you drive me, showing her how lucky I really am, and overwhelming her with such mind-melting pleasure that she'd beg me to let her have another taste would be fucking hot."

"You'd regret it," Harry breathed, voicing the fear that made him reluctant to even fantasize with his wife about this very often.

"If it was someone I felt threatened by, maybe," Daphne replied with a grin. "If Hermione were single, I wouldn't want to risk her, given how much longer you two have known each other, and I'd never let you touch Weasley, given that history, but Astoria and Pansy...you barely even tolerate the latter, and my sister is just me with smaller tits and darker hair. If you say no, they're screwed, and I genuinely don't want to hurt them like that, but if you say yes, well..."

"You feel threatened by Hermione and Ginny?" Harry asked in surprise, and she narrowed her eyes.

"Generally no; I mispoke there, but I wouldn't want you to sleep with either one," Daphne replied. "Tell me you'll consider it at least. All four of us will enjoy it, I promise."

"I, as you noted, don't particularly care for Pansy," Harry replied, and she snorted.

"Yes, but you haven't seen her arse, either," Daphne replied. "You could bounce a galleon off of that thing back in school, and I doubt it's any less magnificent now. Bend her over and work out every bit of frustration she induced in you back when we were young."

"We're still young," Harry chuckled, and she grinned.

"You know what I mean," Daphne purred, reaching down and palming his length through his pants, making him hiss in pleasure. "You have no idea how much it will turn me on if you say yes, or what depraved things I'd be more than happy to let you do to me. You haven't had my arse in a few weeks."

"I'm surprised you let me have anything else after our potion failed last time," Harry snorted, and she laughed.

"As much as I really don't want to get pregnant again, I do like being able to sit down now and then," Daphne quipped. "Will you consider it at least?"

"I can't believe you're twisting my arm to try to get me to fuck your sister and your old friend," Harry muttered.

"Nothing about your life has ever been normal, love," Daphne replied. "Why would your wife be?"

"You do make a good point there," Harry said. "Alright, I'll consider it, but I'm not promising anything more than that. Now, tempted as I am to take you up on that offer right now, I haven't heard anything from the kids in a few minutes and..."

"Kreacher probably silenced the room, but yes, let's go check on them," Daphne replied and the two of them rushed out of the library to make sure all was well.

"It just had to be Potter," Draco sulked as he watched his wife check herself in the mirror for the tenth time.

"Well, yes, it did," Astoria replied. "The Dark Lord's the one who decided to bumble his way into a self-fulfilling prophecy, dooming himself and so much more in the process."

Daphne had taken great delight in explaining years ago how, if Voldemort hadn't been such a paranoid nutcase, he could have avoided ever triggering the prophecy and quite possibly won. Draco ground his teeth together at her words, feeling more powerless than he had back in those terrible days under the Dark Lord's control. He knew that he needed an heir, being an only child, or he risked the family name, Wizengamot seat, and fortune, what little was left of it, getting lost to history.

The idea of having a child appealed to him on other levels too, but if he were being honest, he'd have let go of that dream entirely if not for what he stood to lose. With an heir, even one created through means he could barely think about without growing furious, he could leave his name and seat to someone and instill in them his values. He just wished that he didn't need to turn to Harry bloody Potter of all people for it.

"Draco, I..." Astoria went to say when the fireplace flashed a bright green and Pansy and Theodore stepped through.

The dark-haired man looked terrible, his skin paler than normal and his eyes tired and unfocused, as though he'd either not slept at all the night before or already started drinking.

"Hey...hic...Draco," Theo slurred. "I brought whiskey."

"That answers that," Astoria thought to herself, looking to Pansy, who looked disgusted.

"That sounds great right about now," Draco muttered, summoning a glass from the cupboard, and Astoria sighed.

"We'll be back later," she muttered, taking Pansy's hand.

"Possibly tomorrow," the dark-haired woman said through gritted teeth as she watched Theo pour Draco what could be called two fingers of whiskey if the bartender was Hagrid. Grabbing a handful of floo powder, she tossed it into the fire and hissed, "Potter Manor."

Astoria followed suit a moment later, and Draco downed a mouthful of whiskey, clenching his eyes shut.

"It was Malfoy Manor once," he lamented.

"You ever wish the Dark Lord had stayed dead the first time?" Theo asked.

"Every day," Draco muttered, remembering what life had been like before Voldemort came back. "If I had any other option..."

"Tell me about it," Theo slurred. "I...hic...I wish my father had just had a bastard or two that I could use as my heir instead."

"I actually asked mine if he had," Draco sighed, and Theo looked at him in surprise.

"You went to Azkaban?" he asked.

"Feels like I'm there as is," Draco muttered. "It turns out Mother's the only woman he ever bedded. I wish he'd been less loyal."

Even as drunk as he was, Theo knew better than to voice his theory that Lucius only ever having sex with one woman didn't mean he was loyal to said woman at all.

"Can't even ask mine," he sighed. "It just had to be Potter."

"That's what I said!" Draco exclaimed. "Fucking Potter."

"Fucking Potter," Theo concurred.

Meanwhile, the two women hoping to start doing just that arrived in the sitting room of the manor.

"I remember when this was the Malfoys'," Pansy muttered. "I used to dream of being the lady of this very house."

It said something about how Astoria felt about her husband in that moment that she didn't even react to the other woman reminding her that she'd dated him in their teens.

"Same," she replied. "How drunk was Theo?"

"Today, for him, not that bad, actually," Pansy sulked.

"It's gotten that bad?" Astoria asked.

"Ever since we both finally accepted that there were no good solutions to our problem," Pansy replied. "I can't even give Theo the excuse that Draco has, that he was all but forced into taking the mark. He did it willingly right after Dumbledore croaked."

"Draco wanted nothing more than to be marked by the Dark Lord growing up," Astoria sneered. "It was only after his idiot father ended up in Azkaban and Voldemort turned his ire towards him that he realized it was a bad idea."

"Idiots," Pansy muttered, more thankful than she'd ever been that her mother cautioned her to limit her support for the man's cause to words more than anything.

"Indeed, though I hardly want you thinking about said idiots tonight," Daphne purred as she practically glided into the room.

She was dressed in a white gown that looked almost sheer and which shimmered in the light of the candles, casting the room in their warm glow. It showed off her curvaceous

figure, still softened and somewhat thickened by her back-to-back pregnancies, well, revealing that she was still exceptionally beautiful. Daphne had always been beautiful, and motherhood seemed to have only enhanced it, much to Pansy's envy.

"Daphne, they're still our husbands, no matter how irritated we might be with them at the moment," Astoria said.

"Not tonight they aren't," Daphne grinned, walking over to them. "I see you two got the gowns I sent."

"I will admit, this is utterly gorgeous," Pansy smiled, looking down at how the green silk dress she was wearing clung to her every curve, showing off everything while covering all of her skin from the neck down. "You've always had good taste."

"You have no idea," Daphne grinned, looking over to Astoria and appreciating how her dress showed off her hourglass figure, only somewhat less curved than her own. "Did you two follow my...instructions?"

"Embarrassing as they were to read, yes," Pansy muttered. "You'll forgive me if I don't volunteer to let you check."

"I trust you at your word," Daphne replied.

"Why was that necessary?" Astoria asked.

"After the first time we were intimate, I started removing all the hair between my legs, and Harry's grown rather used to it," Daphne replied. "He's a very...giving lover, and I quickly grew mortified at having so much as a single hair in the area."

"Giving how?" Astoria asked, and Daphne grinned.

"He's quite fond of watching me come undone on his tongue," she replied, and Pansy snorted.

"You enjoy that?" she asked, and Daphne looked at her like she had three heads. "Theo tried it once, and I practically kicked him away; it was weird."

"Draco does it now and then, but..." Astoria went to add, and Daphne shook her head, grabbing one of their shoulders in each hand and ushering them towards the stairs.

"Trust me, girls, you are in for a treat," the blonde said, and Pansy rolled her eyes.

"Is that why you're actually doing this for us, so we'll finally believe you?" she asked. "I assume she still brags regularly about what he's like in bed."

"Any time we're alone and she has even half a glass of wine," Astoria muttered.

"I'm doing this because I care about both of you," Daphne replied. *"And I hate your husbands."*

"We are grateful, Daphne," Astoria sighed. "Aren't we, Pansy?"

"I need at least two children, so yes, thank you," Pansy replied. "I'll also admit that Potter isn't exactly bad on the eyes. He was scrawny back in school, but..."

"He's anything but scrawny now," Daphne grinned as they reached the top of the stairs. "Oh, before I forget. You'll want these."

She reached into her moleskin pouch and pulled out two bright red potions.

"What is it?" Pansy asked as she took one from her.

"Stamina potions," Daphne replied. "You'll need them, trust me."

"We're about to have a foursome with your husband," Pansy muttered. "Shouldn't he be the one who needs help?"

"You've never had sex with him before," Daphne replied. "Trust me when I say, those things will help. There's also something in there to help boost your fertility, just for the hell of it."

"Your husband knocked you up twice last year," Pansy hissed, "and our healers said we were fine. We hardly need help conceiving."

"It can't hurt," Daphne shrugged.

"Fine, I'll play along," Astoria chuckled, uncorking the potion and knocking it back.

"As you wish," Pansy sighed, doing the same.

They felt the viscous, surprisingly pleasant-tasting liquid slide down their throats, warming them as it went, and both let out gasps of surprise when they felt heat start pooling in their cores.

"Come, he awaits," Daphne grinned, practically dragging them along as they felt themselves growing warmer and warmer.

"Daphne, what the hell was in...oh," Astoria breathed, catching sight of Harry standing in the middle of the room, not wearing a single stitch of clothing.

"Merlin's balls," Pansy breathed, her eyes roaming up and down over him.

Both women had long believed their husbands to be attractive, the picture of pureblood excellence, and while neither one would disagree with that sentiment now, they couldn't say that either man held a candle to Harry. He was tall, they knew, having finished growing after the war ended, but what they hadn't known was just how fit he was. His shoulders were broad, his arms were strong, corded with muscle, and his abs were drool-worthy, but none of those were what drew the women's wide eyes.

"H...how?" Astoria squeaked.

"I told you he was big," Daphne grinned, walking over to Harry and kissing him hungrily while she wrapped a hand around his rock-hard cock.

"Yes, big, not...troll-sized," Pansy spluttered, and Daphne glared at her. "Giant-sized if you find that insulting. How the hell does that even fit inside you?"

"Very snugly," Harry rumbled, and both women moaned, feeling inner muscles clench and unclench needily, as though their bodies were crying out to be filled by the absolute stud in front of them. "Hello, Pansy, Astoria."

"I think we're a little past hellos just now," Pansy shivered. "Daph, you're really okay with us fucking him?"

"Oh, you have no idea how okay she is with it," Harry chuckled, and Daphne froze. Before she could say anything, he added, "Last night we..."

"Don't need to get into that just now," Daphne replied. "To answer your question, yes, I'm okay with it. Mother and Father are watching the kids, and we have the whole night to ourselves. I'll write to Draco and Theo later, letting them know you'll be back tomorrow, since neither one of you will be walking well later, trust me there."

"I swore you were exaggerating!" Astoria exclaimed, finally finding her voice again.

"About Harry? Never," Daphne replied. "Now, I think you two are rather...overdressed."

As she spoke that last word, the green silk gowns they were wearing dissolved, to their shock, leaving them both completely naked. Astoria gaped at her sister, while Pansy just rolled her eyes, not entirely shocked at that.

"Beautiful," Harry grinned, walking towards them as Daphne sat down on the bed, feeling her pussy soak her panties through already at the display. She'd undress later, but for now, she wanted to just watch her husband work.

"It's as big as my fucking forearm," Astoria breathed, her eyes locked on his swaying cock.

"I'd be concerned about whether or not my vagina would ever go back to normal, but it's not like your cock is the largest thing I hope will pass through it in the coming months," Pansy commented, and he chuckled.

"I never realized how lovely you are, Pansy," Harry said, grasping her hip and smirking when her breath hitched.

He slid his hand up along her side, tracing the curve of her narrow waist and cupping one of her pale breasts. They were sizeable handfuls, just a little smaller than Astoria's and cupped with the largest nipples he'd ever seen. He circled one of the dark pink nubs with his thumb, grinning at how she squirmed, and she grabbed him, pulling him down to capture his lips with hers. Astoria looked to Daphne in concern, unsure if kissing was allowed, and balked when she saw her sister sitting there with her hand between her legs, teasing herself through her dress.

"Really?" she mouthed, and the blonde just glared at her.

Feeling more confident, Astoria squeezed one of Harry's biceps, getting his attention as he let Pansy's lips go and looked at her.

"You're so strong," she purred. "I've never seen such muscles."

"I will admit, you do have a very, very nice body, Harry," Pansy breathed, running her hands down along his chest and feeling the grooves of his abs.

Harry grinned, well aware of the fact that part of their gawking came down to how thoroughly he eclipsed their husbands. Unlike the two of them, who had barely done any fighting in the war and had likely sat on their increasingly doughy asses in the years since, he'd fought for his life countless times and, once he stopped wallowing in self-pity afterward, developed a training regimen that built his body up far beyond anything he'd had back then, wanting to stay ready in case he or his loved ones were ever threatened again.

"I work out quite a bit," he said. "Have to stay in shape to keep up with that one."

"Oh, please," Daphne scoffed. "You fuck me until I pass out every time unless we're just having a quick shag. As you two are about to learn firsthand, my husband's an insatiable beast in bed."

"Merlin, yes," Astoria breathed, recalling every feverishly hot sex story her sister had ever told her after they drank together.

She'd been sure that they were complete exaggerations, being so unlike her own experiences with sex, but now that she knew Daphne hadn't been overstating his size, she had to wonder if she hadn't been more honest with her than she ever imagined possible. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down for a searing, hot kiss and moaned when he immediately deepened it. The sheer passion in his kiss amazed her, used as she was to her more restrained husband, and she quickly melted into his embrace. Knowing that Daphne was as into this as she clearly was set her mind at ease a bit, but she knew at least part of her state of relaxation was due to the fertility potion Daphne had given her.

Pansy whimpered and started kissing his neck, her overheated cunt drooling onto her thighs as lust consumed her in a way it hadn't in her entire life. She'd found Draco attractive back in the day, but if she was honest, she'd have to admit that his last name appealed to her more than anything, and the same was true of her husband. She'd never known the sort of animal attraction she'd felt since she'd laid eyes on Harry's nude form, and she wasn't entirely sure how to handle it. Reaching down, she wrapped a hand around his rock-hard cock and moaned.

"Merlin, my fingers don't even touch," she whimpered, staring down at his shaft in awe as he continued to make out with Astoria. "You're going to stretch me so wide."

"Only if you're a good girl," Harry rumbled, the line spilling out from sheer habit, and while he froze for a second as he remembered that he wasn't speaking to his minx of a wife, the way Pansy's green eyes darkened with unmistakable lust at his words made him relax and grin. Grabbing her throat and holding her just barely hard enough to make her feel him, he looked into her eyes and asked, "Can you be a good girl for me, Pansy?"

"Fuck me," Pansy breathed. "I'll be good; just fuck me until I'm pregnant!"

"I should go first," Astoria argued. "I'm your sister-in-law; we're family."

"Why should that count as..." Pansy went to snarl.

"Girls, trust me when I say that both of you are going to pass out later, absolutely gushing his seed everywhere," Daphne purred. "Harry, bring them here and get them ready."

"They seem pretty 'ready' already," Harry grinned, "but..."

"A woman can never be too wet with a man like you," Daphne finished for him, watching with bated breath as he brought Astoria and Pansy to their bed.

They were both squirming, the fertility potion having helped boost their arousal significantly, and by the time they sat down on the bed, they were practically panting with need.

"Fucking hell, Potter, just stick it in me!" Pansy groaned, and he chuckled, kissing her again.

"I will," Harry replied, "but first, I want to taste you."

"I'm already dripping wet," Pansy grumbled, watching him sink to his knees. "I know you have a fucking monster between your legs, but surely I...ahh!"

She screamed as she felt his tongue brush against her slick folds, so turned on that it felt infinitely better than what she'd experienced the first time. Grabbing his head, she held him in place, squirming and moaning desperately as an unfamiliar pleasure racked her body. Each quick, light lick against her folds made her insides clench hard, and when he started swirling the tip of it around her clit, she thought it might actually kill her.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" she cried, barely able to think of anything else to say as the pleasure made her mind go numb. "Why is this so good?"

"For one thing, Harry knows what he's doing," Daphne grinned, "but more than that, you're aroused, which makes everything more sensitive. Show her why I'm really obsessed with your tongue, my love."

"Already?" Harry asked. "I figured I'd tease her a little more."

"This won't be the only time you fuck her, darling," Daphne replied. "Even if you knock her up here, she'll need more than one child. You can tease her next time, when she truly knows what to expect."

"What the hell are you...FUCK!" Pansy squealed, her back arching off the bed as her orgasm hit her like a freight train.

"That buzzing...is that..." Astoria stammered, watching the other brunette writhe in pleasure as wave after soul-searing wave of it thundered through her entire body.

"Parseltongue, sis," Daphne grinned, grabbing her wand and undressing herself with a wave of it. "One of my husband's greatest gifts. Had he been sorted into Slytherin, it's one I would have enjoyed nightly for years while we were still in Hogwarts."

"YES, YES, YES!" Pansy shrieked, her eyes rolling back into her head as things grew more and more intense.

"Wow, Daph, you look...really good," Astoria smiled, looking over her sister's body. The voluptuous blonde had already shed a good bit of the weight she gained while carrying the twins, and what remained sat very well on her, seeming to enhance her figure more than anything.

"So do you," Daphne smiled. "You're going to look so beautiful swollen with Harry's child."

"Daphne," Astoria whimpered, hating how the bit of guilt she felt at that only made her body feel hotter.

"Fuck...me," Pansy whimpered, spreading her legs as far as she could as Harry drew back, licking his lips.

The brunette was a quaking wreck, her face red and her eyes glassy and unfocused as she quivered and twitched in the aftermath of her orgasms. Harry grinned and slapped her clit with his cock, making her scream and sit up for a second before falling back. Astoria watched the display and wiped her mouth when she realized that she'd been drooling. She'd never seen anything hotter in her life than the way Harry looked as he lined himself up with Pansy's quivering quim, and she felt like if she didn't experience his touch soon, she was going to go mad.

"I thought you were going to taste me," she complained, and Daphne giggled.

"If that's what you want, sis, I can help," she replied, grabbing her wand. "*Levicorpus*."

Astoria squealed as she was lifted in the air and spun upside down. She glared at her sister, not knowing quite what she had in mind, only to go still as she found herself floating towards Harry, who chuckled.

"A novel use for that jinx," he grinned, grabbing Astoria's arse as she floated close enough for him to reach.

He pulled her in until her pussy was right on his mouth just as he pushed forward, sinking the first couple inches of his cock inside Pansy, and both women shrieked in shock and pleasure.

"Holy fuck, you're so big!" Pansy cried.

"That feels so good!" Astoria moaned, wrapping her arms around him and grinding her pussy against his mouth.

Daphne whimpered, openly touching herself at that point, and cupped one of her large breasts, feeling milk pool at the tip of her nipple as she kneaded it. She watched Pansy reach behind her head, clawing desperately at the sheets as Harry fucked her with short, slow strokes, burying a little more of his thick shaft inside her each time he drove forward, and grinned.

"Half his cock and she already looks completely overwhelmed," she thought to herself. "By the time Harry's done with her tonight, she'll barely be able to think about her husband, and as for my moaning, screaming little sister there, I don't think Draco's going to be able to compare much."

"Oh, fuck, don't stop!" Astoria cried. "Don't ever stop!"

"Mmm, you taste just as good as Daphne," Harry groaned, lapping at her dripping folds eagerly. "So did you, Pansy."

"You're so deep!" Pansy cried, wrapping her legs around his waist. "Fucking give it to me! I need to know how much I can take."

"If you insist," Harry grinned, pushing forward.

The last few inches of his cock sank inside her slowly, stretching her inner walls wider than they'd ever been stretched as he reached parts of her she didn't know existed. Pansy's gasping, mewling moans grew louder, her eyes going wide as she felt him brush against something inside her that made her see stars, and by the time she felt his hips come to rest against her ass, her whole body was shaking from the effort of taking him.

"Such a good girl," Harry smiled. "You took me so well."

"Swear...you're part...centaur," Pansy whimpered. "Move, please!"

Harry grinned, easing a few inches of his cock from her snug depths, and thrust back inside gently, making her gasp and whimper. He set a slow, measured pace to start with, letting her get used to his considerable length, and returned to feasting on Astoria's pussy. The other brunette moaned and cried, feeling herself soar towards her peak, and when her moving around made her hair brush against Pansy's throbbing clit, she moaned loudly.

Harry picked up his pace slowly, giving her plenty of time to get used to him. He'd not needed to be this careful in years, as Daphne was very, very used to size by now, but he remembered the early days of their relationship, when she'd wondered if he'd even fit, and acted as he did then. When he felt her sister's thighs start to clench around his head, he realized that she was close and pressed his tongue against her clit.

"Cum," he hissed, and she shrieked.

“YES!” Astoria screamed, writhing in the air as Daphne continued to hold her in place.

Her pussy gushed in the air like a geyser, and her sister laughed out loud when she saw her fluids splash against the ceiling and start raining down on Harry’s head. He continued to eat her out, using Parseltongue to bring her from one mind-melting orgasm to another, all while fucking Pansy harder and harder, much to the brunette’s screaming joy.

“Morgana’s tits, I love your cock!” Pansy shrieked, clawing at the sheets behind her head. “Don’t stop! I’m going to...to...YES!”

Harry groaned, feeling her spasm around his pistoning length as her back arched off the bed, and while he could have held back, the point of all of this was to impregnate the beautiful women he was fucking, so he let go, filling her with rope after thick rope of his cum. She felt the warmth of it splash against the back of her tunnel and cried out even louder, feeling like she was going to drown in the sheer pleasure of it. He fucked her through her orgasm, prolonging her pleasure for as long as he could, and only when he grew too sensitive to continue did he pull out, leaving her gaping quim to spill his seed all over the sheets under her twitching form.

“Oh...oh,” Pansy whimpered, staring at the ceiling blankly with glassy, unfocused eyes.

“Let her go, love,” Harry smiled at Daphne, who canceled her spell, letting Astoria’s limp form slump against Harry.

He lifted her like she weighed nothing, turning her around and then slowly lowering her onto the bed. Pansy rolled onto her belly, still panting for breath, and Harry let out a low whistle as he saw her round arse sticking up at him.

“You weren’t kidding,” he said, looking at Daphne, who grinned.

“Mine’s...pretty much...as good,” Astoria whimpered, rolling over and trying to push herself up onto her hands and knees despite how much her legs were shaking. “Fuck me, Harry. Fuck me until I’m pregnant with your child.”

“Or children,” Daphne purred, and Astoria whimpered, imagining how she’d look carrying twins like her sister had last time. She crawled towards them, smirking at the sight of Pansy lying there, still save for her breathing, and rested a hand on her sister’s bare back. “Did you enjoy yourself, Stori?”

“That was the greatest thing I’ve ever felt,” Astoria admitted freely. “I finally get why you’re so obsessed.”

“It does make how you went from barely acknowledging his existence to practically planning your wedding overnight,” Pansy sighed, rolling onto her back and staring at them. “At the time, I thought you were merely being clever and tying yourself to the winning side in the aftermath of...everything.”

“What can I say?” Daphne grinned, wrapping an arm around Harry’s shoulders and staring up at him. “I’m a sucker for a guy with gorgeous eyes, a truly ruinous cock, and a vibrating tongue.”

“Speaking of sucking...” Harry smirked, and her breath hitched as she stared down at his glistening, still turgid cock.

“Tempting, but I really want to see you split my little sister in half, baby,” Daphne replied. “After you’ve seeded them both, I’ll happily suck your cock until it’s spotless.”

“Fucking hell, I’m a lucky man,” Harry rumbled, pulling her in close and kissing her deeply.

She moaned into his mouth, their tongues dueling for dominance, and reached down to wrap a hand around his cock so she could line him up with Astoria’s dripping pussy. Her sister gasped and moaned as she painted her fleshy pink folds with his cock, teasing her deliberately. Harry fisted his shaft, making sure that he was lined up, and then pushed forward, all without letting Daphne’s lips go for a moment. Astoria gasped, her eyes going wide as saucers the moment she felt him pop inside her, and she clenched her fists around the sheets until her knuckles turned white.

“Holy shit, you feel like a damn fist!” she whimpered, barely able to believe that her pussy had managed to stretch as wide as it had around his bulbous head.

Pansy sat up and crawled over, stumbling a little as her legs continued to feel weak, and as she sat down next to them, she laughed.

“Fuck me, you’re stretched so wide, your labia look taut,” she said. “No wonder I felt like I was shagging a bloody horse.”

“My Harry is deliciously equine, isn’t he?” Daphne purred, breaking the kiss and resting her head on his shoulder.

Her nails ticked his back, making him shiver, and she gazed down lovingly at his cock, watching as he sank inch after inch of the thick shaft inside Astoria. Unlike Pansy, who had still been somewhat tense as he first entered her, the younger Greengrass sister was completely relaxed, and he managed to bury his shaft inside her in one slow, smooth push, stretching her inner walls to their absolute limit as he conquered her inch by inch. She moaned and whimpered, burying her face in the sheets as she felt him fill her more than anything ever had, and by the time his hips came to rest against her ass, her legs were shaking badly.

“You took him so well,” Daphne purred. “Must be in our blood.”

“He’s so fucking big!” Astoria cried. “I feel like I’m being split in two.”

“That’s the best part, though, no?” Daphne grinned. “That burning feeling of being stretched so wide. I’ve been addicted ever since I first felt him fill me up.”

“Is that what you were hoping would happen to us?” Pansy asked archly, cocking an eyebrow at the blonde who gave her an almost comically innocent look.

“Hey, it’s not my fault that Harry has a unique legal right to fuck and breed you two,” Daphne grinned. “If you both end up deciding that you want additional tastes of what he

can do to you after you've had your heirs, well, I'm sure we could arrange something, provided you ask nicely."

Pansy rolled her eyes at that, hoping that by the time she had the two children she needed, she wouldn't be so hooked on Harry that she'd find that too tempting, while Astoria, stuffed utterly full by his cock, couldn't imagine in that moment that she'd ever not want more of him. She lurched forward, moaning as she felt him scrape against her inner walls, and cried out when he grabbed her hips and pulled her back onto him, striking a spot deep inside her that made colors flash behind her eyes.

"Fuck me!" Astoria cried, and he grinned.

"As you wish," Harry replied, his voice deep and rumbling, and she cried out when he started fucking her at a measured pace.

Daphne watched eagerly, feeling her cunt leak her fluids down her thighs and drip onto the bed below. This was even hotter than she'd thought it would be, and the look of raw desire in Pansy's eyes as she stared up at Harry made her insides flutter. They'd both want more, she knew that, and the thought of her sister and her old friend begging her for another taste of the pleasure her husband could give them was nearly enough to make her cum right there. Had Tracey had any interest in men, she'd have probably tried this with her ages ago, but she didn't, and this was even more fun anyway.

"I wonder how many children they'll end up wanting," she thought to herself, grinning wickedly at the idea of Draco and Theodore watching their wives birth whole broods of Harry's children. She didn't know the answer to that, but as she watched Harry pound her sister so hard that her plump ass started rippling and jiggling, making her scream and squeal in pleasure, she was very eager to find out.