

"You look beautiful," Harry murmured, his eyes roaming over the curvaceous form of his gorgeous girlfriend.

"You clean up pretty nicely yourself," Megan practically purred, looking him up and down.

Harry grinned at her comment and took her open invitation to check her out further. Her forest green dress robes clung to her like a second skin, covering everything, save for the generous amount of her substantial cleavage on display, yet highlighting everything. Her hair was loose, falling about her in dark waves that framed her pale, beautiful face alluringly. The color of her robes brought out the green of her eyes, and as he stared into them, he found himself wishing that they didn't have to go anywhere.

"You know, we could just skip this thing," Harry murmured, brushing her hair behind her ear.

"You know we can't, Harry," Megan chuckled. "Slughorn would be pissed, and isn't it nice having one year where your potions professor actually likes you?"

"I guess," Harry sighed. "I just can't help but want to throw you over my shoulder and drag you out of here like a caveman seeing you in that."

Leaning in, Megan whispered, "Who's to say that isn't exactly how I hope this night will end, Daddy?"

"Fuck," Harry rumbled, feeling his cock swell in his pants. *"I could have her up in my dorm and bent over my bed in mere minutes."*

"Honestly, you two," Susan giggled. "Unless you want to spend the next couple weeks cleaning out the greenhouses, you might want to cool down a little."

"Would Professor Sprout really object to a young couple looking at each other lovingly this close to Christmas?" Harry asked, sighing dramatically.

"She will if it leads to you doing it here in the common room," Hannah quipped, making Megan snort.

"We're not that bad," Megan insisted, making both of her oldest friends laugh.

"I daresay they're making fun of us," Harry chuckled, taking Megan's hand.

"It's only because we're insanely envious," Hannah smiled. "You two have what all of us want."

"You're so sweet," Megan murmured, leaning into Harry's touch as he wrapped an arm around her waist.

Her friends all saw Harry as the loving, ever so attentive boyfriend that he was, the guy who showered her with affection constantly and surprised her with little gifts and adventurous dates whenever he could, and that wasn't the first time that one of them had expressed that they hoped to have that kind of connection with someone someday. As

straight-laced as they were, she doubted that they'd have been so enthusiastic about the other aspects of their relationship.

She couldn't picture Susan absolutely worshipping a guy's cock while calling him Daddy, or Hannah letting her future boyfriend tie her up and fuck her within an inch of her sanity. If either of them had sisters, she definitely couldn't picture either one letting Harry do half the things they'd done with Hestia either. Just thinking about their wilder sexual adventures was enough to make heat bloom in her core and bring a subtle rosy tint to her, though not subtle enough as she felt Harry react immediately, pressing himself against her just enough for her to feel it without the others noticing.

"Do I want to know what's going on in that filthy little mind of yours?" he whispered, and she felt her pulse spike.

"Come," she said, stepping forward and keeping her hand in his. "The party awaits."

"Have fun, you two," Susan murmured.

The two of them made their way to Slughorn's office. Given his mission from Dumbledore, it was in Harry's best interest to attend the man's Christmas party and try to use it to develop a little more rapport with him, but he'd be lying if he said he was looking forward to it at all. He knew Hermione would be there, as, he suspected, would Ginny, but it would mostly be people who their professor had collected as trophy contacts over the decades, and he imagined it would be boring. Still, if he made an appearance and mingled a little, it might help him out a little, and it wasn't like it would be difficult to bring Megan up to the Room of Requirement afterward for a party far more to his tastes.

The moment he entered the potions professor's office, he couldn't help but gawk at it. Hangings of gold, emerald, and crimson had been draped across the ceilings and walls, making it look like a giant tent. The office had been enlarged as well, and even with that it was stuffed full of people. Some were students, but at least half of them were visibly older, members of the Slug Club who had graduated but whom their professor had kept in contact with. The man in question spotted him immediately; his face lit up.

"Harry, my boy, so glad you could come," Slughorn chuckled jovially, a mug of mead in hand. "Come; there's someone I want you to meet."

"I guess blue would have looked a little less Christmasy," Megan muttered, looking around.

It took Harry a moment to realize what she meant, and he snorted when he did. Three of the four houses were represented in the décor, though he doubted that Slughorn had that in mind when he did it. Grabbing a couple mugs of mead for himself and his girlfriend, he went to greet their professor.

"I hardly recognize the place," he chuckled.

"A subtle decorative touch," Slughorn replied in kind. "Harry, this is Eldred Worpel, the esteemed biographer, and his friend Sanguini. Harry needs no introduction, of course, Eldred, but this is his girlfriend, Megan Jones, another member of my little club and Gwenog's youngest sister."

"A pleasure to meet you both," Eldred smiled. "Mr. Potter, what a delight! I was just saying to Horace the other day that it is high time a proper biography of your extraordinary life went on the shelves. I would, of course, be honored to write it."

"Perhaps, let's wait until I graduate at least," Harry chuckled, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. "I fear it would be a dreadfully short book thus far."

"I doubt that, young man," Eldred chuckled, "but as you will."

"Meg?" a familiar female voice asked, and Megan whipped around quickly, her eyes going wide as she spotted who was there.

"Gwen?" she asked, smiling widely. "Oh, why didn't you write to say you were coming?"

Harry took her mug, and she pulled her eldest sister into a tight hug.

"Nice to see you again, Harry," Gwenog smirked.

"I figured you had met," Slughorn murmured. "By all means, enjoy yourselves, and if there is anyone here you'd like to meet, don't hesitate to ask me to introduce you."

"I won't," Harry nodded.

Slughorn left, while the biographer and his very pale companion made their way to the refreshments table, and Megan took her mug back from Harry.

"It's good seeing you again, Gwenog," Harry smiled. "That game against the Catapults must have been a treat to watch. What was the final score, four hundred to one fifty?"

"Four ten," Gwenog corrected. "We bloody crushed them! Merlin, it feels good to do a team that isn't the Cannons."

Harry laughed at that. Gwenog's excitement was palpable and infectious when she was in a good mood. He'd met the famous Quidditch player a few times by then and found her to be just as good company as Hestia. She was at least as hot, too; something he tried not to think about. While Megan and he had slept with Hestia a few times since that first threesome on his birthday before last, she'd made it clear that other women were out of the question, and he assumed that included her other sister. That didn't mean that he'd have hesitated for a second if his girlfriend offered, though.

As a beater, Gwenog had to be in even better shape than most Quidditch players, having the most physically demanding role in the game, and it showed in her powerful physique, something which her sleeveless black dress robes showed off well. A couple people he knew owned posters of her in her Quidditch uniform, and he'd thought more than once that her powerful thighs could crush a watermelon, something that he would have deemed a risk absolutely worth taking if he were single.

"Not to mention winning the Battle of Wales," Megan grinned.

"That's always fun too," Gwenog chuckled. "So, how have things been around here this year?"

"Not as bad as last year," Harry replied, not really wanting to get into the specifics of this year's madness.

"Aye," Gwenog scowled. "Well, I was hoping to talk to you two actually..."

"Harry, hi!" Hermione exclaimed, and never had the word hi sounded more like help before.

"Hey, Mione, you look lovely," Harry said, his eyes reflecting his concern.

"Thank goodness," Hermione sighed. "Hello, Megan."

"What happened?" Megan asked.

"I took Cormac as my date," Hermione replied, "and he has the manners of a troll."

"Why in the world would you..." Harry went to ask.

"Not really important right now," Hermione muttered through gritted teeth.

"You're Hermione, right?" Gwenog asked. "I'm Megan's sister."

"Oh right, she and Hestia mentioned having another one," Hermione murmured. "Sorry, but I'm blanking on your name just now."

"Not a Quidditch fan," Megan added, and Gwenog barked a laugh.

"No worries," she chuckled. "Gwenog Jones. You want me to have a word with your date? There aren't many blokes out there willing to challenge a woman who bashes balls for a living."

"You're a beater, I take it," Hermione murmured, and Gwenog was again amused by how clearly the younger witch had no idea who she was. "Thank you, but no. I'd just like to keep away from him for a while."

"Actually, I have something better in mind," Harry grinned, subtly flicking his wand into his hand as he spotted the tall, irritating Gryffindor.

"Harry," Hermione hissed.

In the crowded room with Megan, Hermione, and Gwenog in front of him, no one noticed the silent spell as he cast it. The itching hex produced no light either and took effect immediately. Cormac went ramrod straight and still as a statue before looking distinctly uncomfortable.

"What did you do?" Hermione asked.

"Itching hex," Harry replied quietly. When she went to respond, he added, "That was as much for me as it was for you. He's been an intolerable dickhead all year."

"Nice," Gwenog snorted as she watched the seventh year rush off to find a place where he could scratch his back in peace.

"At least now I can enjoy the party," Hermione sighed. "Thank you."

"Any time," Harry chuckled.

"What did you want to talk about, Gwenog?" Megan asked.

"Actually, it can wait," Gwenog murmured. "The headmaster didn't actually give us slug guests a definitive 'bugger off by' time, so come find me when you're ready to go."

"Okay," Megan replied, furrowing her brow in confusion.

"We might as well let Slughorn introduce us to a few more famous people," Harry sighed.

They continued to mingle, meeting a few more people that their consummate networker of a professor was proud to know. He'd assumed that the man's reason for building ties with his most prominent students was to make use of them down the line, in true Slytherin fashion, and that seemed to be the case, but he also just seemed to enjoy being able to say that he taught such illustrious men and women. Just as the man finished introducing them to the drummer from the Weird Sisters, a sudden scuffle outside drew their attention. Harry's hand went to his wand on instinct as it got louder, and a moment later, Malfoy appeared, being manhandled and forced forward by Filch.

"Get your filthy hands off of me, you damn squib!" the blonde hissed.

"Found this one lurking around outside," Filch growled, his usual general malevolence on full display. Harry often wondered why exactly he was kept around, as the house elves were more than up to task, of keeping the castle clean and seemed to hate...everything, but in this instance, he found that he could enjoy the man's dickishness just a little.

"What's going on?" Slughorn asked, rushing over to them.

"He claims that he was invited," Filch replied.

"I was crashing, alright?" Malfoy spat out, and Harry furrowed his brow. He knew his long-time school foe long enough to know when he was lying, and he certainly had been just there.

"I'll see Mister Malfoy out, Argus," Snape said silkily, his dark eyes glaring down at his fellow Slytherin.

"Yes, Professor," Malfoy nodded, his voice laced with a surprising degree of contempt.

"Shall we?" Megan asked under her breath, and Harry grinned at her, taking her hand and leading her towards one of the doors.

Hermione caught sight of them and rolled her eyes but said nothing. Most others would assume that the rather amorous couple was just sneaking out for a moment together, which suited them both perfectly. The second they were outside, he pulled his invisibility cloak out of his mokeskin pouch and draped it around them.

“Did you hear how Malfoy spoke to Snape?” Megan asked quietly as they rushed after the pair.

“Yeah, that was weird,” Harry replied just as quietly. “He’s always seemed to like the overgrown bat, as much as he likes anything other than the sound of his own voice, anyway. Something’s going on with him this year. I know he’s up to something.”

“I believe you, Harry,” Megan murmured, grasping his hand, and he smiled at that.

Ron and Hermione both thought he was off his rocker about Malfoy this year, and it was driving him spare. Having someone actually believe him was helpful in the extreme.

“It wasn’t me, okay!?” Malfoy hissed as they found him and Snape in one of the empty hallways. “Bell must have angered someone here. She’s been a part of the lion’s Quidditch team the whole time I’ve been here, maybe...”

“I somehow doubt that anyone, even among the contemptible fools who allegedly study here, would risk decades in Azkaban over school-level Quidditch,” Snape drawled. “You are taking unnecessary risks. I have sworn to help you by any means necessary, sworn a vow I cannot break. Use my expertise while you still can.”

“I don’t need your help,” Malfoy spat. “I was chosen for this task, I among all of us. I won’t have you stealing my glory.”

“Fool boy,” Snape spat, shaking his head. “You are in over your head and all alone, without...”

“I’m not alone,” Malfoy insisted. “I have help and a plan; a plan I know will work. It’s just taking a little longer than I thought it would.”

“Time isn’t something that either of us has in abundance,” Snape drawled. “He will insist on seeing some progress soon and...”

A noise behind them caught Snape’s attention, and his wand was in his hand before either of them could blink. A lumos charm made them both close their eyes, and they weren’t the only ones, as the newcomer hissed.

“Bloody hell,” Gwenog muttered. “The halls aren’t that dark, Snape, and I’m sure if your eyes are going, you’ll be able to brew something to fix them.”

“Jones,” Snape muttered, growling as he saw Malfoy take the opportunity to escape. “The headmaster allowed Horace to invite a number of people to his...party, but that did not give them free rein in the castle.”

"I was looking for my sister," Gwenog explained. "Have you seen her?"

"She's probably off making poor decisions," Snape replied, ending his lumos charm. "She's been rather good at that of late. Return to Horace's office."

"Fine," Gwenog muttered, turning and going the other way.

Seeing as Malfoy had already left and Snape was heading towards the dungeons, Harry and Megan went after the eldest Jones sister.

"Gwen?" Megan hissed.

"Meg?" Gwenog asked, whipping around. "Where the..."

"Hello," Megan grinned, poking her head out from under the cloak and laughing when her sister yelped.

"A bloody invisibility cloak?" Gwenog asked in shock.

"It's mine," Harry explained, poking his head out as he grabbed the map. "I solemnly swear that I'm up to no good."

"What?" Gwenog asked.

"Just a sec," Megan said, holding up a finger. "Is the way clear?"

"Yeah, the halls are nearly empty," Harry replied. "Snape's gone to the dungeons, and Filch is on the third floor on the other end of the castle."

"You said you wanted to talk, Gwen?" Megan asked. "We know a place where we could hang out if you want to follow."

"Sure," Gwenog replied.

"We won't all fit under this," Harry said, pocketing his cloak. "Come on."

"Wait a tic, is that a map of...holy shit, it shows you where everyone is?!" Gwenog exclaimed as he led them towards the nearest staircase.

"It's awesome," Megan smiled. "His dad and his friends made it back when they were here."

"Really?" Gwenog asked. "That's really cool."

"The fact that I have it at all is kind of amazing," Harry chuckled. "Filch confiscated it, and it was taken years later by Fred and George Weasley, who gifted it to me without ever knowing that I was related to one of the creators."

"That's hilarious," Gwenog commented. "It must have thrilled you to get your hands on something he made like that."

“Yeah,” Harry replied wistfully.

Megan placed a hand over his as they reached the seventh floor, and he smiled at her. The three of them soon reached the corridor featuring the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy.

“Merlin, I’d forgotten about this ugly thing,” Gwenog laughed. “Stumbled across it once and was just baffled by the sight.”

“He was called ‘the barmy’ for a reason,” Megan murmured.

“Why are we here, though?” Gwenog asked. “I figured you were taking me to the Gryffindor Common Room and was going to object.”

“There are two places in the school that never ended up on this map because my dad and the others never found them,” Harry replied. “One was the Chamber of Secrets, and the other was this. Mischief managed.”

As he stored the map in his pouch, he walked back and forth in front of the wall three times, picturing a replica of Jones’ living room, and grinned as the door appeared.

“Where the hell did...what the fuck?” Gwenog asked as he opened the door and she looked inside. “This is...”

“Not actually Mum’s and Dad’s place,” Megan cut her off, laughing at the look on her sister’s face. “This is the Room of Requirement. It can take the form of whatever you picture as you walk back and forth in front of the wall three times.”

“Holy shit!” Gwenog exclaimed, gawking as she looked around the room. “It’s a complete bloody replica.”

“Usually, I just go with my bedroom when we come here, but I figured you might be more comfortable somewhere else, and I wanted to see the look on your face,” Megan chuckled, reddening a moment later as she realized what she’d just said.

“Relax,” Gwenog chuckled. “You two have been together for two years now; I’d be a little worried if you weren’t bumping uglies yet.”

“Charming as ever, Gwen,” Megan said dryly, almost managing to do so without cracking a smile.

“As I’ve told your parents, I love Megan,” Harry smiled, wrapping his arms around her from behind and kissing her cheek.

“And I love him,” Megan cooed, reaching back to cup his cheek.

“Right adorable you two are,” Gwenog smiled. “I’m happy for you.”

“Thanks, Gwenog,” Megan said softly. “Now, what was it you wanted to talk about?”

"I have a little time off at the moment for the Yule break, and Hestia and I went for drinks the other day," Gwenog replied, sitting down on the arm of the replica of her parents' sofa.

"That must have been fun," Harry chuckled, knowing full well how his girlfriend's older sister could be after she'd had a couple.

"Oh, it was," Gwenog replied with a predatory gleam in her green eyes as she stared at him, which instantly made Megan tense. "Hestia's always a blast when she's had a couple drinks, and she gets quite chatty after she's had a couple more."

Megan gulped and went to say, "Gwenog..."

"Meg, have you lost your fucking mind?" Gwenog asked, glaring at her sister.

"For fuck's sake, Hestia," Harry grumbled.

"Gwenog, it's not..." Megan went to argue.

"Him I can understand," Gwenog hissed, pointing at Harry. "The three of us look so much alike it must have been like fucking twins, especially since Hestia's going to look like a teenager until she's forty. Every bloke's dream that is. You on the other hand, I can't get at all. You, have a good thing here, Megan, a guy who actually loves you, and trust me when I say that can be fucking rare. You don't want to fuck that up."

"I'm not!" Megan hissed. "What we did with Hestia, that was...it was going to be a one-time thing, a birthday gift for Harry, and then it just ended up being...really, really good."

"You offered to let him fuck your sister for your birthday?" Gwenog asked incredulously.

"How exactly did this even come up?" Harry asked, furrowing his brow.

"That's not important," Gwenog muttered, blushing slightly.

"No, I'd say it is," Megan grinned, sensing something she could use to get her sister off her back.

"We were discussing guys, okay?" Gwenog sighed. "Cocks specifically."

As Harry looked away, Megan's grin grew feral, and she stepped closer, asking, "Which one brought up the topic of size?"

"I did," Gwenog admitted. "I was seeing this guy who was reasonably big but absolutely shite in the sack and said to Hestia that he was living proof that size didn't matter. She argued that it totally does, and if you can get a guy who's both hung and great in bed, he can completely change your life, and then when I asked who she was talking about, she instantly clammed up. I kept needling, and imagine my shock when I found out this life-altering cock belonged to none other than our baby sister's boyfriend. I ask again, have you gone spar?"

"I really haven't," Megan insisted. "It's not like we're having wild orgies with all my dormmates or anything. For one thing, I don't think any of them could handle him, and beyond that, I know that this kind of shit can go poorly. It's just that I know I can trust Hestia. She's my sister."

"Well, at least you haven't completely lost it," Gwenog muttered. "I knew a woman who did this once, opened up her marriage, and it went really wrong. It started out with a threesome with her best friend, and then she and her husband had another one with another bloke, since that was her condition for the first one. Fast forward five years, and hubby's left her for the former friend, whom he knocked up, and she's still seeing guys who don't make her nearly as happy as he did."

"Again, you don't have to worry," Megan assured her.

"Yeah, Megan's made it very clear that we're never involving anyone else in our relationship, something that I'm perfectly happy with," Harry nodded. "Even things with Hestia I was content to make a one-time thing..."

"Wait, what?" Gwenog asked, blinking at him. "I figured, even if it wasn't your idea at first, that you'd at least be the one to push for more."

"Not at all," Harry chuckled as Megan stiffened. "Megan's the one who..."

He looked over at his girlfriend and, seeing the crimson blush on her face, trailed off.

"No bloody way," Gwenog laughed. "Is it genetic?"

"Huh?" Harry asked while Megan looked away, embarrassed.

"I had a roommate when I first moved out whose libido made the average Veela look like she'd been spayed," Gwenog laughed. "Lovely girl, but fuck, was she a slut. Had a rotation of guys she used to bring over all the time and, well, let's just say I never minded when she forgot her silencing charms..."

"Wait, you're into...at least hearing people go at it as well?" Megan asked. "Don't tell me you have a daddy kink too?"

It was asked as a joke, but Gwenog didn't reply, just blushing lightly instead, and Megan's jaw dropped.

"So that's all three of us then," she chuckled, and Gwenog looked at her in shock. "Clearly Hestia left out a few things."

"She did mention that he...really did it for her, but we didn't talk much about what you were into," Gwenog admitted. "Part of me is still trying to wrap my mind around you being into anything."

"I'm not twelve anymore," Megan snorted.

"No, you're not," Gwenog sighed. "Look, I just wanted to make sure that you were being careful and weren't playing around with something that might blow up in your face."

"I am," Megan assured her.

"Then I've said my piece, and I'll leave it at that," Gwenog nodded, standing up.

"You don't have to," Megan smirked, sitting back on the sofa and willing it to turn into a large, very comfortable bed as the room shifted around them.

"Huh...what?" Gwenog asked, whipping around and staring at her in shock.

"Uh, Megan?" Harry asked.

"You never said how your little argument with Hestia ended, but I can assume that you weren't entirely convinced," Megan purred, looking up at her eldest sister. "I'd say that size absolutely matters, at least for me. I know I'd never be satisfied by anyone who couldn't stretch me out completely like Harry can. If you're not sure, I'm willing to let you find out for yourself if you're the same way."

Harry's eyes widened at his girlfriend, who grinned at him, her knowing look making it very clear that she knew he was just as attracted to Gwenog as he was to Hestia. His reaction paled next to the famous beater's own, though.

"You're serious?" she asked incredulously. "What did we just go over?"

"I told you I trusted Hestia with Harry because she's my sister," Megan replied coyly. "I've had people mistakenly think that I have only one sister, but you've never been the one they didn't know about."

Gwenog just blinked at Megan as Harry chuckled and wrapped an arm around her, saying, "In her defense, you did just spring the idea on her out of nowhere, something she and I have in common, by the way."

"Oh, are you saying you object?" Megan asked teasingly, and Harry grinned before looking over at a still-stunned Gwenog.

She had the same dark hair and green eyes as her sisters. Her nose was slightly wider, being more like her father's, and she was a couple inches taller than Megan, but other than that, they were quite similar. He'd seen enough of her in her Quidditch uniform to know that she was just about as *gifted* as them too.

"Definitely not," he replied.

"You're bloody mad," Gwenog laughed, shaking her head.

"That wasn't a no," Megan purred, stroking Harry's rapidly hardening cock through his pants. "I know you, Gwen, well enough to know you must be very curious just how good he'd have to be to have both Hestia and I so obsessed with him."

"Curiosity killed the cat, sis," Gwenog replied, her eyes glued to his growing bulge as she felt heat pool in her core.

"The pussy, at least," Megan giggled, and Harry groaned as much at the pun as the feeling of her rubbing his cock. "I can see you need a little convincing, so here you go."

Grabbing her wand, she spelled Harry's clothes off and grinned as Gwenog gasped.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed. "You're as big as my bloody bat."

"You're such a bad girl," Harry hissed as Megan wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft.

"I guess you'll just have to punish me, Daddy," Megan cooed, making him throb with desire as she slowly stroked him.

"You...actually fit this inside you?" Gwenog asked, walking forward in a daze.

"Every chance I get," Megan replied giddily. "If you aren't interested, then I'll walk you back to Slughorn's office, then come back here and have my daddy fuck my brains out until I'm a limp, sweaty, cum-drunk mess, but if you are, then come here and give him a kiss."

"I swear you were still into dolls like last week," Gwenog muttered, and Megan laughed.

"Harry's so much more fun than a silly doll could be," she chuckled.

"Such high praise from my loving girlfriend," Harry snarked, and she quickly turned around and kissed him softly.

"You know you mean the world to me," Megan whispered, earning a smile from him.

"You're really okay with this?" Gwenog asked.

"Like I said, Gwenog, I trust you," Megan replied. "You wouldn't try to steal him away from me, would you?"

"Of course not!" Gwenog replied.

"Then I have no reason not to," Megan replied, crooking a finger inward and beckoning her to come closer.

Gwenog shook her head at the bizarre situation she'd found herself in. When Hestia had first told her about what happened between her and Harry, she'd been shocked and annoyed. Not so much annoyed with Hestia, who she determined was too drunk to be worth chewing out anyway, but with Megan for risking a relationship that seemed to be really good for her. The knowledge that they were keeping their adventures limited to Hestia made her a little less concerned than she had been. Just as she figured that she'd leave it there and have a frank follow-up with Hes, Megan sprung this on her.

Looking at Harry, she could absolutely see the appeal. He was good-looking, if a great deal younger than the guys she usually went for. With his strong cheekbones, sharp, square jaw, and pouty lips, he was already leaning towards being handsome and would only improve over the next few years. He was tall and well built, with years of Quidditch and far more dangerous adventures having helped him develop a rather lean, muscular form.

“Do you really think you can handle me, stud?” Gwenog purred as she sat down next to him. “I’m not that easy to please.”

Harry smirked at her provocation and cupped the beautiful older witch’s cheek. Slipping into dom voice, he said, “You say the word, and I’ll make you Daddy’s good little girl just like I did your sisters.”

“Holy fuck,” Megan whimpered as Gwenog’s jaw dropped and the heat in her core became sweltering.

“Shit, you’ve got the voice down at least,” she chuckled, rubbing her thighs together to try and relieve a little of the pressure as her panties grew soaked.

“Say the words, Gwenog,” Harry grinned.

“Show me how you got my sisters so hooked on you, Harry,” Gwenog purred, and he pulled her in for a searing, hot kiss.

She could admit that he was good at this, at least, and when she brushed her tongue against his teasingly, he responded just how she wanted him to. His kiss was demanding, dominating, and as his tongue danced with hers in her mouth, she moaned into his. She heard Megan moan next to her and wondered if her surprisingly perverted little sister was masturbating to the sight of them yet.

“Oh no you don’t,” Harry grinned wickedly as he broke the kiss and turned to his girlfriend, seeing her with her hand between her legs.

“Daddy,” Megan whined, though the sparkle in her pale green eyes gave away her delight.

“You sprung this on me just like you did with Hestia,” Harry rumbled. “Summon a chair in the corner.”

Megan whined but did as he commanded, her legs quivering as her arousal threatened to overwhelm her.

“Now strip for me,” Harry ordered, and she got out of bed quickly and tapped her dress robes with her wand.

The laces holding the robes together came undone and slowly pulled them down along her pale, toned body. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and her large, full breasts spilled out the moment they could, the hard pink nipples standing as a clear sign of how much she was into this.

"I don't think I've ever seen her this obedient," Gwenog chuckled, openly admiring her sister's body.

"I know how to make her a good girl," Harry smirked. "Her inner brat always comes back eventually, though."

"You'd be bored if I were a good girl all the time," Megan grinned, letting her panties slip down along her long legs. "You love punishing me, Daddy."

"I do," Harry admitted, looking her up and down. "Now you're going to sit in that chair and watch me fuck Gwenog until she screams. If you're very good and don't cum the whole time, you'll get a reward."

Megan let out a shuddering breath and nodded frantically before rushing to her seat. As she spread her legs to give them a good view of her little pink pussy, Gwenog couldn't help but think that that seat was going to be flooded before long.

"You've made some very big promises, Harry," Gwenog said challengingly as he turned back to her.

"I always keep my promises," Harry grinned, kissing her again.

She melted into his embrace, and he pushed her back onto the bed, his hands ghosting teasingly over her curves. She shivered at his gentle touch, knowing that he'd likely be anything but gentle soon enough, and smirked when she noticed him reach for his wand. Her dress robes disappeared a moment later, and Harry pulled back, letting out a long, slow breath as he took in her body.

Her breasts were the smallest among her siblings, owing to her extreme fitness routine. Where Megan and Hestia were in good shape and toned, Gwenog was built. Her arms were thick and strong, owing to her workout routine and a lifetime spent bashing bludgers as hard as she could. Her breasts, though about a cup size smaller than Megan's, were still full and very perky, capped by large pink nipples. As Harry's eyes trailed lower, he noticed her strong abs and licked his lips.

"You like?" Gwenog asked, running her fingers over the well-developed muscles. "Guys tend to either love them or think they make me look mannish."

"You'd have to be insane to think you look in any way mannish," Harry chuckled.

"I don't disagree," Gwenog grinned, spreading her legs wide and revealing her bare mound.

Her labia were fleshy and pink, dewy with her arousal, and Harry's mouth watered at the sight. He sank his fingers into one of her thick, muscular thighs and heard her breath hitch.

"Fucking hell, you're gorgeous," he breathed. "You look like you could crush a watermelon with these."

“Worried about your head?” Gwenog quipped, wondering how he’d respond to that.

“Not at all” Harry rumbled. “I have been known to live dangerously, after all.”

She snorted at that, and he kissed her again, his muscular body pressed against hers as he ground his massive cock against her slick nether lips. She gasped at the feeling, wondering just how much he was going to stretch her out when he pushed that thick length inside her, and he buried his face in the crook of her neck, peppering it with kisses. He cupped her breasts, kneading them as he nibbled on her earlobe, and she let out a low, breathy moan.

“Lower,” Gwenog sighed. “Hestia made you out to be some absolute god with your tongue too, which I couldn’t believe at all.”

“Really?” Harry asked, capturing one of her pebbled nipples with his lips, making her gasp.

“I didn’t date a guy who even knew what my clit was until after I graduated,” Gwenog muttered. “You’re hot, rich, and hung like a horse, and I refuse to believe Megan’s been lucky enough to find a boyfriend with all that going for him who can also eat pussy.”

“You have no idea,” Megan laughed from her chair, and Harry didn’t even chastise her for speaking up, being far too focused on her sister’s challenge.

He moved down from her breasts, licking a trail through her abs, and paused at her bare mound. There wasn’t the faintest hint of stubble between her legs, something that surprised him, honestly, given her demeanor. She must have regular use of depilatory charms, and he wasn’t about to complain at all. The heady scent of her arousal made his mouth water as he buried his face between her powerful thighs, planting hot kisses all over her smooth skin. She sighed and grabbed his head, trying to move him closer to her dripping cunt, but he just chuckled in amusement and continued to avoid it.

“And I thought guys who couldn’t find my clit were annoying,” Gwenog quipped, only for her breath to hitch as he brushed her little hooded nub with a feather-light flick of his tongue.

“Patience, luv,” Harry murmured, his eyes alight with mirth as he looked up at her. “I’m going to make you scream my name in a minute, but for now, I want to take my time.”

“Someone’s confident,” Gwenog said, challenge clear in her voice.

Harry responded by giving her a long, slow lick across her entire pussy, making her shiver. Sinking his fingers into her muscled thighs, he held her steady as he started lapping at her folds, his long, dexterous tongue dancing across her heated flesh. She gasped, and her grip on his head tightened as she held him to her, little whimpers of approval spilling from her lips as he proved that he did at least know what he was doing. She still had no idea what she was in for, but he was content to take his time, letting her intoxicating fluids coat his tongue as he went.

The nights he’d spent fucking Hestia with Megan had taught him that each woman appreciated different things, and he also wanted to learn what exactly made Gwenog tick.

Pushing two fingers inside her, he groaned at how tight she felt and swirled the tip of his tongue around her taut little pearl, which had poked mostly out of its hood by then.

“Oh fuck,” Gwenog moaned, her thighs tightening around his head. “Merlin’s balls, Megan, you lucked out here.”

“I...know,” Megan panted, desperately trying not to cum as she teased herself to the sight of them.

Harry grinned proudly at her praise and curled his fingers inward, brushing them against her g-spot. Her hips bucked, and her inner walls fluttered around his digits as she cried out in pleasure, and he decided to give her a taste of what he could really do.

Pressing his tongue against her clit, he hissed, “*Cum.*”

The second he spoke the word in parseltongue and his tongue vibrated against her, Gwenog’s eyes went wide as saucers, and she let out a wordless, ear-piercing scream. Her strong thighs clamped around his head, and he grinned as she started writhing in pleasure under him. Holding onto her hips, he kept her steady as he could and continued to speak the language of the snakes against her pussy, drowning her in pleasure as orgasm after soul-searing orgasm racked through her entire body. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and by the time he finally relented, her powerful form glistened with sweat.

“Wha...wha...wha?” she babbled, panting for breath as though she’d just run a marathon.

Harry slipped out of her grip and licked his lips before planting a trail of wet kisses up along her flat, muscled stomach. He held the still-shaking woman tightly and worshiped her breasts as he waited for her to recover from what he’d just done to her.

“What the fuck?” she asked a couple minutes later, still sounding nearly mindless. “What the fuck was that?”

“Harry’s a parselmouth,” Megan replied, tearing her hand away from her overflowing cunt as she breathed deeply to avoid yet another orgasm.

“A...what...holy fuck,” Gwenog laughed, draping an arm across her face. “That is what people think is so evil?”

“I like to think that association was made by men who didn’t want their wives learning just how incredible it felt,” Harry chuckled.

Gwenog snorted at that before sighing and saying, “I think I can see how you’ve so entranced both of my little sisters.”

“Part of it, anyway,” Harry replied, wrapping a hand around his cock and stroking it gently.

“I want you inside me,” Gwenog purred, sitting up and wrapping her hand around it too.

"If that's what you want, then be a good girl and get on your hands and knees," Harry rumbled, smirking as he saw her eyes darken even further with lust. "I want Megan to be able to see your face the entire time I fuck you."

"Just like bloody Darcy," Gwenog mumbled under her breath, and Harry quirked an eyebrow as he thought that sounded familiar. "Never mind; just a character from a dirty book I read when I was younger."

"You didn't happen to give that book to Hestia by chance, did you?" Harry asked, recalling why the name Darcy sounded familiar.

"Yeah, I did, actually," Gwenog replied, furrowing her brow in confusion as Megan started laughing. "Why?"

"I'll tell you later," Harry chuckled.

Gwenog shrugged and rolled over before crawling around to face her sister, whose face was beet red as she shook in her seat. She was clearly holding herself right at the edge of orgasm, and the older Jones woman laughed at the sight.

"Have you been edging this whole time?" she asked.

"It's so hard," Megan whimpered, the slight smile on her face the only sign that she was enjoying herself at all.

"It will all be worth it if you can manage," Harry promised, as he brushed the bulbous head of his cock between Gwenog's folds, making her gasp. "If you're a good girl and can hold yourself back the whole time I fuck your sister, Daddy's going to make you feel so good as a reward."

"I'll be good, Daddy," Megan promised, nodding quickly. "I want to watch every minute as you ruin her for all other men like you have me."

"I'm a little harder to please than your girlfriend," Gwenog said challengingly, "or Hestia for that matter."

Harry just grinned at that and pushed forward, grunting as his cock popped inside her tight pussy. She was so bloody hot and soaking wet, but more than that, she was impossibly tight, and he groaned at the feeling of her.

"Fuck me, you're big," Gwenog muttered.

"You're so fucking tight," Harry moaned as he started fucking her with short, slow thrusts, trying to fit a little more of him inside her. "You're like a clenched fist."

"You want me to ease up a little?" Gwenog asked.

"Huh?" Harry asked, and the next time he thrust forward, she relaxed so much that he managed to sink three more inches inside her at once.

"Fuck!" Gwenog cried, banging her fist on the bed at the sudden stretch. "Can't say I didn't bring that on myself."

"What the hell?" Harry asked.

"All these muscles you can see on me, they aren't the only ones I've trained," Gwenog replied, squeezing around his length hard enough to make him gasp. "I can bust a grape with my pussy. Learned that on a dare from one of the girls."

"Holy shit, you feel incredible," Harry groaned.

"Could you teach me how to do that?" Megan asked, biting her lip as she saw how much Harry was enjoying himself.

"Of course," Gwenog replied, relaxing her inner muscles again as Harry thrust forward slowly, burying a couple more inches of his shaft inside her. "Shit, you're fucking thick."

"That stretch is like nothing else," Megan sighed. "I've been hooked since the first time."

Harry caught her eye and grinned. He felt lucky just to have a girlfriend as fun and loving as her in general before they ever hooked up with Hestia. That was a pleasure that he never would have imagined, and not only did it not end up being a one-time thing, but it turned out that she was willing to share him with her other sister as well. As he buried the last inch of his cock inside Gwenog's tight tunnel and groaned at how she squeezed around him, he wondered if he might ever be lucky enough to have the three of them together.

"You're so deep!" Gwenog moaned.

"Do you need a minute?" Harry asked.

"No," Gwenog replied, looking back at him. "Fuck me, Daddy, fuck me hard."

"Holy fuck, I love being me sometimes," Harry groaned, making her laugh.

He pulled most of his cock from her sweltering depths and thrust back in hard, sighing in pleasure as his hips slapped her ass. As he built up to a steady pace, she started rocking back on his length in time with his thrusts, practically bouncing on his cock from her hands and knees. That would have been great enough, but with the way she relaxed each time he thrust forward and tightened up each time he pulled back, effectively milking him hard, he wondered if he was going to last nearly as long as he was used to. She was cheating in the best way, but if her tastes were as close to her sisters' as they seemed, he knew how to cheat too.

SMACK

"Ugh...fuck, yes!" Gwenog cried as he spanked her. "Harder!"

He smacked her other cheek harder and kept his pace steady, wanting to pace himself as he fucked her. Her round arse was incredibly firm, so much so that it jiggled less than he

was used to, but that didn't make it any less fun to spank, especially when it elicited such beautiful cries of bliss from the older woman. Reaching forward, he grabbed her ponytail and tugged, making her scream.

"Fuck, just like that!" Gwenog moaned. "I can't believe you're a fucking student."

"Just wait...oh fuck...until you see how little of a refractory period he has," Megan whimpered, slapping her clit lightly as she built up to yet another climax she'd deny herself. "He fucked Hestia and me for nearly three hours the last time we were together."

"Merlin," Gwenog whimpered, and his hand cracked across her arse harder than it had yet.

"There's only one name I want to hear out of your mouth while I fuck you," Harry rumbled, and he felt her cunt quiver around him.

"F...fuck," Gwenog shuddered, clawing at the sheets as she felt pleasure soar within her.

Harry dug his fingers into her hips and slowed down slightly, feeling his orgasm approaching and wanted, to stave it off. He could feel that she was close too and wanted her to cum before him. He kneaded her firm cheeks, soothing the reddened skin, and fingers accidentally brushed against her winking arsehole. He felt her quiver around his length as he did and grinned before bringing his thumb to his lips, wetting it thoroughly.

"What are...oh shit, yes," Gwenog whimpered as she felt him push the first slick digit inside her vice-tight ass up to the first knuckle.

He grinned at that and pushed his finger inside fully, feeling her spasm around him as he did. Reaching under her with his other hand, he wet his fingers with the copious fluids dripping from her and started rubbing her clit with tight little circles.

"Oh fuck, don't stop, don't you fucking stop!" Gwenog cried. "Shit, you're actually gonna...I'm gonna...gonna...FUCK!"

The moment he felt her start to cum, he pulled his thumb out of her arse and grabbed her firm cheeks for support. She started bucking wildly as her orgasm thundered through her, and her pussy started squeezing him so tightly it was almost painful. Already at his limit, having been unprepared for just how different it was to fuck someone as strong as her, he let go with a roar, filling her to the brim with his cum. The two of them collapsed together, and Harry caught himself on his forearms to keep from falling on her.

"D...Daddy?" Megan whimpered, desperate for permission to cum.

"Come...here," Harry panted, smiling at his girlfriend. Leaning in, he whispered in Gwenog's ear, "Your little sister would like to clean up the mess I made inside you. Could she?"

This was a line they'd crossed with Hestia after that first time, and neither woman had objected much once she realized that the other didn't.

"Why...not?" Gwenog panted, shivering at the sheer taboo of it all and rolling onto her back..

Harry pushed himself up and pulled his still-hard cock out of her gaping pussy, grinning as he saw the river cum leaking out of her. He couldn't imagine that, given what she did for a living, she wasn't on the potion, but he'd check before she left. In the meantime, he had far more important things to worry about, like how hungry Megan looked as she gazed down at her well-fucked sister.

"Do it, and I'll make you scream, baby," Harry whispered in her ear, and Megan dove between Gwenog's parted legs, feasting on her pussy and slurping up his lad.

"This is...fuck me...so wrong," Gwenog moaned, burying her fingers in her sister's hair.

Harry parted her plump arsecheeks wide and grinned when he saw how incredibly wet her pussy was. Leaning in close, he brushed her puckered arsehole with his nose and started lapping at her soaked folds, greedily drinking down her juices. Already right on the edge, Megan braced herself for the mother of all orgasms to hit and almost laughed when she heard hissing.

"DADDY!" she squealed at the top of her lungs, cumming so hard she squirted all over his face.

"Holy shit," Gwenog laughed as she watched her sister convulse like she was having a seizure.

She thought the pleasure that had racked through her body had been intense, but what she watched Megan go through made it seem minor. Harry continued to eat her out, completely uncaring of how thoroughly he'd just been soaked, and it was only when she started to falter that he rose up and, after flipping her over, buried himself to the hilt in one thrust.

"Yes!" Megan slurred, sounding nearly mindless.

"Sit on her face," Harry commanded, and Gwenog shivered, obeying immediately and gasping when she felt her sister's surprisingly skilled tongue start pleasuring her.

As Harry pulled her in for another passionate kiss, Gwenog wrapped her arms around his neck and returned it hungrily. She definitely hadn't seen this coming when she decided to confront these two about what they'd been up to, and she doubted that it would happen again, but for this one night, she'd happily take all that they could give her.