Harry's bed creaked and thudded against the floor. He was breathing hard, with sweat running down his body. But he wasn't stopping.

"Mm. Mm. Mm."

The quiet moans were barely audible over clapping flesh and the sounds of the struggling bed, but Harry heard them anyway. At first, Wednesday's near silence when they fucked had thrown him off. After multiple nights of hot exhausting intercourse, he was getting used to both sex and his goth roommate's quirks.

He didn't have to use legilimency all the time anymore. He'd memorized Wednesday's weakpoints and kinks, exploiting both to fuck her mercilessly. Right now, he had his hands around Wednesday's narrow waist, pulling her body back into each of his thrusts.

As he got close, he went for the perfect climax. Wednesday's hair had been pulled out or her usual twin tails as they fucked, and Harry grabbed the dark mess. He pulled sharply, pulling not just Wednesday's head back but actually dragging her whole torso up. Her hands came off the bed, reaching back to squeeze his hips for support.

"Scream," Harry said.

Wednesday let it all out, howling. Her orgasm moans always sounded suspiciously like a woman being murdered by a knife, but Harry found them hot anyway.

Wednesday's pussy spasmed around him, dowsing his dick with her juices. Harry gritted his teeth and pulled his dick out of her, cumming on her back right above her cute little butt. Breathing hard, they both dropped onto the bed. Less than a minute after she came, Wednesday's face was back to being expressionless, although she did look more worn out than usual.

"Your sexual stamina is better than I expected," Wednesday said. "I thought you would be the kind who finishes when it's barely started."

"Wow, thanks," Harry said.

"You're welcome," she said. "Continue to exceed my expectations."

Harry decided to get an early start.

He snatched his wand from nearby and cleaned Wednesday's back, then rolled on top of her. His dick plunged back into her, making Wednesday's big eyes bulge. Her moans started again, accompanied by the thumping bed, kicking up a loud enough set of noises to emanate through the walls. The dormitory was built out of thick stone, but there was a limit to even these walls. Not that Harry and Wednesday cared, embroiled in their steamy sex as they were. They fucked

a while longer before passing out in the same bed, as they had every night since their first steamy session.

LINE BREAK

"A shapeshifter?" Harry asked. "You're sure?"

The day after the telekinetic kid (who Wednesday said had been named Rowan) was disemboweled by a monster in front of them, the boy had shown up again. There was talk of him being expelled, but no one knew for what, and he'd been hostile and uncooperative as he gathered his things to leave. It had been odd, so Harry hit him with a tracing charm and Wednesday sent someone she trusted to chase him. The results had been fascinating.

"It was principal Weems," Wednesday said. "I knew she had a shifty expression. I hoped she was a murderer. Unfortunately, this will have to do."

"Uh huh," Harry said. He was getting better at ignoring his roommate's tendencies and quirks, although he couldn't tell if that was a good thing. "I've run into a shapeshifter or two in the past. The question is, why is she covering up a student's murder instead of investigating it? That's a little bit worse than the teachers I've had in the past."

He and Wednesday were sitting in the corner of the commissary (Nevermore's name for its cafeteria). Like everything else about Nevermore Academy, it was a bleak and colorless place. There were always clouds blocking the sun, and the outdoor courtyard full of tables was permanently damp. Harry and Wednesday sat in the very corner of the place, up against a stone wall.

Wednesday wasn't exactly popular, and Harry hadn't made many (any) friends since arriving at the school, so he expected their solitude to last. Instead, the brightest girl in the whole commissary suddenly walked up to them with her food.

"Hey!" she said. "This is new!"

She immediately sat down and started eating like it was nothing. Harry looked between her and his roommate, and was shocked to find Wednesday's glare a little bit less hostile than normal now that this girl with blond hair and highlights had arrived.

"So… since when were you two getting along?" the girl asked.

"Since he choked me," Wednesday said. "It's a wonderful icebreaker."

"Hah! Ahaha…" The blond girl's laugh trailed into uncomfortable chuckles as she tried to figure out if that was a joke. She turned to Harry.

"Enid Sinclair!" she said. "I'm kind of Wednesday's bestie. You're her roommate, right? Harry? It's nice to meet you!"

Harry shook the hand that she offered him, only for Enid to grab the back of his hand too, shaking with both arms.

“Is she threatening you?” Harry asked.

“There is nothing she could threaten that would scare me,” said Wednesday.

“I was asking Enid,” Harry said.

“What? No!” said Enid. “I mean, she did say she would stab me if I tried to hug her again. There was that one time she mentioned suffocating me. I think she talked about locking me inside of an operational iron maiden. But those were jokes!”

“For now,” said Wednesday.

“We get along SO great,” Enid said. “I'm so glad you two are getting closer! It’s always good to be on good terms with your roommate. I really wanted one, but they put me in a single room… Totally disappointing! Anyway, what were you two talking about?”

“Murder,” Wednesday said.

“That someone else did,” Harry quickly clarified.

“While we watched,” Wednesday said.

“You aren’t helping,” Harry said.

Wednesday shrugged.

“Murder…” Enid swayed in her seat while looking lightheaded. “Did someone really die around here?”

Harry stealthily used his wand to keep her from passing out. He didn’t expect to find a weak stomach in this strange horror school.

“Don’t worry about it,” Harry said. “It’s probably nothing. The real big deal is that someone was willing to hang out with you, Wednesday.”

“You’re hanging around with me now,” she said.

Harry waved his hand. “Extenuating circumstances.”

“Should you be making fun of someone else?” Enid asked. She sounded confused, but not insulting. “People have been avoiding you since you got here.”

“They have?” Harry said.

Sure he hadn’t really made friends, people skirted around him in hallways, and no one ever invited him to anything, but he thought that was just what it was like when you weren’t famous. He’d been enjoying it, actually, to be completely honest. But Enid nodded.

“Yep! Totally avoiding you!” she said. “I think it’s silly, but there’s rumors that you’re a Normie. You know, someone without any kind of power. You aren’t

any of the obvious things, like a vampire or a gorgon. I don't think there's anything wrong about that, though! I mean, I'm a werewolf who's never transformed, so we'd kinda be in the same boat—"

"He's not a normie," Wednesday said.

"You've seen what he can do?" Enid asked eagerly. "Can I see? I promise I won't tell! I won't even write about it on my gossip blog! Or at least I'll make the post anonymous."

Harry didn't have to come up with an answer because of the arrival of a new group. They swept through the commissary like they owned the place. There was a black girl walking at the front with a buzz cut and striking eyes. They went straight for a table in the middle, and the two boys who were already eating there got up and left quickly.

"The Gold Bugs," Enid growled, completely forgetting about finding out Harry's secrets.

"Who is that?" Harry asked.

Enid spun toward him.

"You don't know Bianca Barclay?" she asked. "She's like, the NUMBER ONE at this school. She runs everything, wins everything. She's the best fencer—sorry Wednesday!—and she wins pretty much ALL the events that the school holds. That's her team for the Poe Cup. They're favorites to win… But if they win again, I swear I'm going to FREAK! Our team's really been putting in the work, so I think we can beat them this time."

"Poe Cup?" Harry asked while Wednesday raised an eyebrow.

"Haven't you heard?" Enid said. "You two are so out of the loop. It's a boat race! With no rules. You can do anything to sink the other people's boats. All you have to do is get to the end, get your flag, and get back. It's super fun!"

"Sounds like it," Harry said without any emotion.

"This year is our year." Enid stood up, leaving most of her food uneaten. "On that note, I should really go practice more! Our boat is almost ready. The trophy will be ours!"

She sprinted out of the commissary, leaving Harry feeling lost. She reminded him of Luna Lovegood crossed with Lavender Brown. He liked both those girls, so he wouldn't say he disliked Enid, but it was clear that she was a lot to handle.

"Besties, huh?" Harry asked Wednesday.

She looked away, crossing her arms.

"...yes," she said grudgingly.

Harry smirked. Cute.

LINE BREAK

Harry moved his hips as much as he could while laying flat on his back. It was rare that Wednesday wanted to be on top, but that's where she was that night, grinding her hips along his length. She had her hands on his chest, squeezing until her nails scratched his skin. It hurt a little bit, but Harry wasn't going to stop her. Compared to the cruciatus curse this was nothing he couldn't take, especially with the pleasant sensation of Wednesday bouncing on his cock to go with the pain.

"What's got you in this kind of mood?" Harry asked.

"Enid asked a favor," Wednesday said. "She was in quite a mood. It was exhausting to deal with."

"Yeah?" Harry groped her chest, squeezing her small breasts. "What's wrong?"

"She complained that she has not been getting enough sleep lately, and now things have gotten worse, because she lost her copilot for the Poe cup," Wednesday said.

"That boat race?" Harry asked. "What will she do?"

"I agreed to fill in," said Wednesday.

Harry's eyebrows rose. "That's nice of you."

"It was not a decision made out of charity," Wednesday said. "Bianca Barclay sabotaged her competition. This was a tactical move on her part. She made a fool of me before. Now, I am going to make a fool of her."

"So it's all about revenge, and definitely not at all about helping your bestie," Harry said.

Wednesday's nails scraped him more sharply.

"I should not have told you that," she said.

Harry laughed, enjoying the feeling of her bouncing hips as Wednesday began to moan and scream, hurling her head back. They went at it for another hour, calling the night earlier so that Wednesday would have strength for tomorrow.

LINE BREAK

Harry sat with the rest of the spectators on the shore of the murky river, watching the boats preparing to begin racing. He was cheating a little bit and using a spell that magnified his vision through his glasses like they were binoculars. Using that, he could see something stunning.

Enid Sinclair was wearing cat ears, with whiskers painted onto her cheeks. The rest of her team was in matching outfits. That included Wednesday. Harry's roommate didn't have the whiskers, but she had pointy cat ears on the top of her head. All sorts of fantasies filled Harry's head, half of which Wednesday would murder him for if she ever caught a whiff of them.

"How in the world did Enid get her to wear those?" Harry muttered.

He supposed it showed how serious Wednesday was about beating Bianca. She told him about how she discovered Bianca's plot by accident when she was following the fake Rowan around. The resident queen bee had given Enid's vampire teammate a dose of garlic bread, causing an allergic reaction and taking her out. Wednesday filled in to get revenge; revenge she wanted badly enough to wear CAT EARS for in public.

Harry had to admit his heart was stirring to their cause. That garlic bread trick was the kind of thing Slytherin would've pulled to win the Quidditch Cup back at Hogwarts. He was of the opinion that if you really wanted to win, you should do it fairly to prove that you're the best. Sabotaging another team was like admitting that you were afraid of them.

He could see Bianca's team, the Gold Bugs, sitting on one end of the pier in outfits that matched their name. Another team was dressed as demented clowns, and the last team just had dark outfits. Harry spotted axes built onto the canoe of one of the teams, reminding him that this was definitely a "no rules" race like Enid said.

Principle Weems the shapeshifter gave a brief speech, then raised and fired a starter's pistol. The teams all took off.

The crowd cheered for their respective dorms. Despite himself, Harry started to get a little bit invested. It was reminding him of the house cup and Quidditch back at Hogwarts, with team spirit and all that. He could help out a little bit, couldn't he?

Hidden in the middle of the crowd, Harry drew his wand.

His glasses were still magnifying his vision, so he could see everything. He saw one of the teams use those as contraptions to slash at Wednesday's team, but the Black Cats all ducked. Off to the side, Harry spotted something even more interesting. A boy out of sight to the crowd's unenhanced vision dove into the water. Mid jump, a big tail like a mermaid grew over his legs. Harry heard about these. He was a siren, just like Bianca.

So that was Bianca's angle. It was tempting to sink the girl's boat right now, but Harry held back. Wednesday wanted to beat her fair and square, he wasn't going to take that chance from her.

Still, he could get rid of the extras.

To avoid using visible spells, Harry started with transfiguration. It was a little difficult at this distance, but he could still pull it off. The team that tried to ax the black cats found all their paddles gaining a new texture. The wood turned to scales as huge water snakes appeared. Two of the boys were bitten before all the snakes slithered away across the water. Their boat fell far behind the others since they had nothing to paddle with, taking them out of the race as they shouted with confusion.

Next, Harry focused on the clowns. As the snakes slithered away, Harry transfigured two of them into one enormous fish, combining them together to increase its size. The huge fish battered the bottom of their boat and capsized it. Just like that, it was down to the Black Cats and the Golden Bees.

Harry got nervous when both teams reached the island and the Golden Bees came back with a lead, like something had delayed Wednesday's team, but soon they narrowed the gap. Wednesday's team showed a trick of their own, with spikes appearing on the side of their boat, but they were pushed away before the attack could work. Something underwater was hampering them, trying to smash their boat against an obstacle. It was definitely the siren that Harry watched jump into the water.

They were prepared for that, too, however. Wednesday hit a switch in the boat and something happened underneath the water. The siren disappeared, something having happened to him, and Wednesday's team caught up right in front of the finish line. They rammed the Golden Bees and pierced their boat. Bianca Barclay was left to go down with her ship while the Black Cats pulled into shore, victors. Shaking his head ruefully, Harry found himself pulled along as his dorm mates celebrated their victory. Even Wednesday had a hard time escaping. She looked irritated, but Harry knew the truth.

She was smiling slightly. She was thrilled to have beaten Bianca… And Harry expected that to make tonight even better than usual.

LINE BREAK

"Wednesday?" Harry said.

"Speak," she said.

"So, you said you wanted to celebrate the Poe Cup win, which is cool. But why'd you bring her along?"

“Can I not be here?” Enid asked.

Harry hid his frown. “It’s not that. I just didn’t think this was really Wednesday's style.”

His real problem was that Wednesday hadn’t taken off her cat ears and outfit. When she wanted to go back to their room still wearing that, well, you can see why Harry got excited. He was still experiencing an intense biological reaction inside of his pants.

“I’m the exception to her rules!” Enid said. “She should hate me. But really, she loves me! It’s super cool. That’s why we’re besties—”

Enid stopped speaking without warning as they got to Harry and Wednesday’s room. She squeaked loudly, suddenly covering her mouth.

“Is something wrong?” Harry asked.

“No!” Enid said. “Totally nothing! This is you two’s room?”

Harry pulled open the door “Yes?”

“Cool!” Enid was blushing slightly behind her whiskers. “I’m just down the hall. Next room over. That’s super cool.”

She laughed a little bit too loudly.

“Wednesday, I think your friend is a bit crazy,” Harry said.

“Of course she is,” Wednesday said. “That’s the only reason I can stand her.”

Enid followed them inside, looking around the room. Their dorm was a story of two halves. On Harry’s side, an effort had been made to liven the room up, including flying a big Gryffindor flag and covering his dresser in knickknacks from his school days with wizarding knick knacks that wouldn’t stand out too much. Wednesday’s side of the room was all black and gloomy.

“I like your room, Wednesday!” Enid said. “It’s SO you.”

“So.” Harry crossed his arms and looked at Wednesday. “You’re the one who wanted to celebrate here. What did you have planned? If you say something about killing or cutting up anything alive, I’m out.”

Wednesday tilted her head. “What did you think I had planned?”

She gave Harry a harsh shove. She packed a surprising amount of power in that small body of hers. Harry stumbled back, sitting down heavily on his bed. Wednesday dropped down on her knees, grabbing his pants and starting to yank them open.

“Wait wait WAIT!” Enid was covering her eyes with both hands. “What are you doing? I mean if you were going to do THAT, why would you bring me?”

Wednesday yanked down Harry's zipper as she looked over her shoulder. "For you to help me of course. This seems like a perfect celebration to me."

"Wednesday!" Enid said, peeking between her fingers at Harry's dick as it appeared. "You're telling me to sleep with your boyfriend!"

"He's not my boyfriend," Wednesday said. "He's an acquaintance I have a beneficial pact with. He's the most exciting boy in the school. He's seen things much more horrible than anything this little teen prison has to offer. Doesn't that excite you?"

"I wasn't the one doing those terrible things," Harry hastily clarified.

"He killed someone," Wednesday said.

"In self-defense!" Harry said.

"So he's not your boyfriend, but you two are… having sex? Every night?" said Enid.

"How did you know it was every night?" Harry asked.

Enid squealed and squeezed her fingers shut again. Wednesday had grown bored, pulling Harry's pants and boxers all the way off of his legs. Eventually, Enid's voice emanated from behind her hands.

"I could hear it," she said.

Ah. Harry had thought about the noise he and Wednesday were making, but eventually decided he didn't care. He could've used magic to silence the room, but his dorm mates hadn't had anything to do with him for most of the year anyway, so he never bothered. He figured that if they were being kept up at night, they would complain.

No wonder Enid had been shocked to realize this was their room. She'd heard all the after hours excitement going on inside, but never realized it was her best friend getting railed.

"You can leave if you want," Harry said. "I know Wednesday gets pushy, but I didn't even know she was inviting you—"

"Quiet," Wednesday said. She looked over her shoulder at Enid. "You touched yourself, didn't you?"

"What?" Enid squeaked.

"I'm saying that you masturbated," Wednesday said. "I'm sure that you did it. Hearing the noises we were making… It turned you on. You want to feel it for yourself. It's time for you to be honest."

Enid peeled her hands off of her face. She took a deep breath, trying to pretend she wasn't looking straight at Harry's large erect dick. Looking

uncharacteristically unconfident, Enid approached and, to Harry's surprise, dropped to her knees.

She leaned in, staring at Harry's dick with undisguised fascination. She got so close that she bumped it with her nose, then giggled and pulled her head back. She poked his slit with one finger, running it along the top until Harry groaned. When she pulled her finger back, it was sticky with a little bit of precum.

"So this is a man's penis," Enid said.

Her investigation was cut short when Wednesday grabbed her and spun her around.

"We'll have to get you ready for him," Wednesday said.

She grabbed her best friend's shirt from the bottom and wrenched it up. Enid gasped, covering her cleavage as she was left topless except for her little blue bra. She was feeling nervous, though, making her nails transform into claws, which immediately cut through her bra and made the clothing fall away.

"Good initiative," Wednesday said.

"I didn't mean to do it!" Enid yelped.

Wednesday wasn't listening. She had already started pulling off her own shirt. Once it was removed, Enid gaped as they found Wednesday completely topless, no bra of her own underneath.

"You were like that the whole Poe Race?" Enid demanded.

"It increased my range of movement," Wednesday said.

"It's totally lewd though!" Enid exclaimed.

"It's efficient," Wednesday said. "I wanted to win."

She turned to Harry's dick and Enid did the same. They hovered there, Wednesday's dark features and Enid's bright ones side by side, both with cat ears and Enid with those painted whiskers. Looking down at their topless bodies, Harry could see everything about their breasts. Wednesday's were bigger, and honestly quite large for her petite size, while Enid's were perky in every sense of the word and had bubblegum pink nipples.

"So we just… use our mouths?" Enid asked.

"Observe," said Wednesday.

She opened up her mouth and stretched her lips to fit them around Harry. As her head sank down, she looked up and made eye contact. Her head bobbed down far enough that he filled her mouth, her tongue delivering sloppy licks as she did so. In the same way that Harry had learned Wednesday's weaknesses, she knew all the spots and techniques to drive him just as crazy.

Enid looked shocked and awed as she watched her best friend work Harry's dick. When she saw Wednesday's throat bulge slightly from Harry's dick entering it, she gasped. Finally, Wednesday pulled her head back and looked at her.

"See? It's really quite simple," Wednesday said. A little bit of spit had spilled out of her mouth, and was dripping off of her chin as she spoke.

"Yeah," Enid said, wide eyed. "Simple. Right."

"Start with what is easiest," Wednesday said. "You can lick it to begin."

Enid leaned in. She shut her eyes, extending her tongue and sliding it up and down Harry's skin. The taste must have been better than she expected, because she quickly grew more into it. While Enid licked his left side, Wednesday began doing the same on his right side. As two gorgeous cat girls licked him like a popsicle with wildly different expressions, Harry had to actively discipline himself to not cum this early.

Enid grew more confident with time. She ran her tongue along more of Harry, even dropping as low as his balls. She opened her eyes, making eye contact like Wednesday had done. Her confidence hit its peak when she moved her head to Harry's tip and spread her lips. Wednesday stopped her work in order to watch her best friend take her first plunge.

"That's it," Wednesday said. "Remember, don't stop until it hurts. Otherwise I'll disown you."

Enid steeled herself. She pushed down Harry's dick. Because today she'd been the leader of the Black Cats, she had on black lipstick to match her whiskers. Now, that lipstick was smearing all along Harry's shaft as she forced her lips lower.

Enid managed to take half of him, which was incredible considering she'd never seen a penis in real life before today. Harry let out an impressed groan, enjoying the warmth of her mouth. On her knees behind Enid, Wednesday had her arms crossed.

"Good job," she said. "You did very well."

Harry could tell Enid was pleased. Her cheeks were stretching, implying that if her lips weren't busy sucking on his dick then she would've been smiling.

"Yes, you did better than expected," Wednesday said. "Now leave the rest with me."

Harry could hear Enid's thoughts without any legilimency. It was clear she was thinking "The rest?"

Wednesday planted both hands on Enid's head and pushed down.

Enid retched loudly, along with a deep gagging sound that made Harry wince. Wednesday had no mercy. She shoved Enid down the same way that she made Harry treat her on their first night together. Enid's face began turning red as she literally choked on Harry's dick. He was a little bit concerned, but mostly was distracted by the diving feeling of her tight throat. Kneeling above her friend, Wednesday proceeded to twist Enid's face back and forth, grinding her deeper against Harry's crotch.

"Isn't it great?" Wednesday said. "It's like experiencing all the best parts of the gallows. Except for dying, of course.

She tilted Enid's face forward, and all Harry could see was the top of Enid's blond head and the black cat ears sticking up. He couldn't handle it.

"Wednesday, I'm gonna cum," he said. "Let her up."

Wednesday sighed sadly. He thought she would listen, but instead she held Enid down until Harry's load spilled out, forcing her friend to swallow his cum. Only then did she pull Enid back.

As soon as he saw Enid's face, Harry felt both pity and an insane amount of arousal. Her whiskers had turned into nothing but black smears on her cheeks, while her thick eyeliner had turned runny from the tears. The area around her lips was smeared with lipstick, but most of it had come off entirely leaving a huge dark patch all around the base of Harry's dick. Enid was gasping, the bubbly girl looking unusually exhausted.

"Fantastic," Wednesday said with relish.

"Not fantastic," Harry said. "That was too much."

He picked up his wand and muttered a few spells. Wednesday was propelled over to her side of the dorm room, ropes appearing to bind her hands together above her head. Harry stuck her to the far wall with magic, where she glared over at him.

"You're a bad influence," he said. He leaned down, petting the back of Enid's head. "Are you alright?"

Enid nodded. She looked over at Wednesday, who was thrashing against the restraints he'd placed on her. "What did you do to her?"

"I cast a few spells," Harry said. "It's nothing permanent, she'll be fine. She's just in timeout for nearly rendering you unconscious."

"Release me!" said Wednesday. "I'm not done training her!"

"Don't train your friends!" Harry said. "That isn't healthy."

He helped Enid up, noticing that she kept her grip on his forearm even after it wasn't necessary. She was clearly groping his muscles there. Enid's blush

was returning, but she didn't move away, instead getting closer to Harry if anything.

"Would you like to keep going?" Harry asked.

Enid nodded.

Harry's hands slid down her smooth back like he was petting her. His fingers found the button on her pants and undid it, doing the same to the zipper a moment later. Harry crouched to pull down her pants and was left staring at bright blue panties. Harry grabbed these and removed them too, holding eye contact as he did.

When he stood up, he pulled off his shirt, blocking his view of the room for a moment. When his vision returned, he gaped.

Enid had dropped down, planting her hands on the floor and bending forward so that her face was lowered and her back was arched. Her arse was raised and presented perfectly, like a wild animal waiting to be bred.

"Where did you learn that one?" Harry asked

"Nowhere!" Enid said. "It just felt right."

She sounded nervous and eager. Harry stepped closer and grabbed her waist. He pushed his dick against her slowly, listening to Enid moan. When he thrusted, he did so quickly.

"Ouch!" Enid exclaimed.

She hadn't been lying about being a virgin. This position really must have been something natural. As she coped with the pain, Harry heard scraping, noticing her claws were back and cutting the floor. Right, Enid was a werewolf. The Outcast kind were different from those like Lupin, although Harry didn't know why. They retained perfect control of themselves without Wolfsbane potions, and had other benefits while in their human form. Among these, it seemed they had natural mating instincts that could display themselves without warning.

"Keep going!" Enid said so soon after her hymen broke that Harry thought she would definitely still be in pain. "I'm ready!"

Harry started to fuck her from behind. Enid's ass was almost as good as Wednesday's, especially because both of them shared such petite builds. She was extremely light, allowing Harry to pull her hips back against him each time he thrusted. The main difference between her and Wednesday quickly showed itself.

"Oh my god! It feels so good! I feel so amazing! Don't stop! Keep going! I need more! Gosh I feel something strange— Oh! I think I just came! I feel so good! You're amazing!"

This time, Harry actually did summon his wand and silence the room so no noise would escape, because Enid would not stop screaming. She babbled and moaned and squealed while he fucked her. Compliments for him and his dick poured from the blond girl as Harry repeatedly battered her cheeks. It felt like a nice change of pace compared to Wednesday, who was often as silent as a corpse even while cumming.

Not everyone appreciated it so much.

“You should have allowed me to plug her mouth,” Wednesday said. “Gags are a wonderful invention. Both for kidnapping, and for sex.”

Harry grunted as he felt Enid cum again, the girl in question screaming about it at the same time. “I think it’s cute hearing her talk,” he said.

“Is cute another word for obnoxious where you come from?” Wednesday asked, followed by a short moan.

Harry frowned. He’d trapped her over there as a punishment because it would force her to sit and watch without taking part, but he knew that sound. It meant she was close to cumming. How?

He looked over to find that her pants had been stripped off. A hand was indeed fingering her. It just wasn’t her own.

A disembodied hand had two fingers dug into Wednesday's pussy, moving them fast enough to make wet sounds. Wednesday moaned again as her eyes fluttered.

“The fuck is that?” Harry asked as he continued railing Enid.

“It’s Thing,” Wednesday said. “He’s been with my family for generations. I’ve had him since I began going through puberty, and he knows all the best spots.”

She bit her lips. From her face, she orgasmed then. Thing pulled two fingers out, flicked them to clean off her juices, then started again. Harry rolled his eyes. Wednesday was so resourceful in the strangest ways. Like finding a way to get herself off while watching him ruin her best friend.

Enid’s moans got even louder than they had been. Without thinking, Harry had started going extremely fast the way he fucked Wednesday, their resident masochist. Shockingly, Enid was enjoying it. The best friends were more similar than their appearances and general personalities would make you think.

Knowing her could fuck her for real, Harry stopped holding back. He gave Enid the Wednesday treatment, bending forward and grabbing her hair. His hips moved faster, plowing Enid until pussy juices were trailing down the inside of both of her legs. Enid howled. Literally; she sounded like a full werewolf

bellowing at the moon. Her first orgasm with a man followed immediately after. A tremor passed through her crotch, and Harry felt her get wetter. Enid promptly collapsed into a heap, gasping and digging her claws into the floor as she experienced a whole new kind of pleasure.

Harry was close himself, so he grabbed his dick. It was soaking with juice from Enid's mouth and pussy. He easily stroked his dick a couple of times, looking at Enid's nude body, and pushed himself over the edge. Harry came all over Enid this time, instead of just pouring it down her throat. When he was done, she was totally covered in big patches of cum all across her chest and face. There was even a little bit in her hair.

He turned to Wednesday to find that Thing had retreated. The living hand had crawled onto a nearby dresser, going into standby. Wednesday had cum at least three times. She was staring at her best friend's runny makeup and cum covered body with an absolutely ravenous look.

"Is it my turn yet?" she asked.

Harry's punishment hadn't really worked, but he was way too horny not to fuck her now. As he approached her, Wednesday looked up at him.

"I have a request," she said. "Don't untie me."

Harry snapped his fingers. The ropes around her wrist grew tighter, instead of looser.

"Perfect," said Wednesday.

Harry planted his hands on the wall, palms placed on either side of Wednesday's body. He leaned in so that his face was directly in front of hers. Their noses were touching, and he was treated to that almost glaring expression of hers she always wore. Wednesday stretched her hips, spreading her legs. Harry pushed his hips forward. With a violent jerk, he buried himself inside of her.

Their sex was quiet except for the periodic, fierce slaps of their bodies. Harry went slow, but made each thrust as hard as he could muster. Short, quiet moans left Wednesday's mouth after each one. He tilted his head slightly and kissed her.

Their tongues practically fought, which was the only way that Wednesday knew how to kiss. Sex with her always felt like a battle, but the rewards were too good to pass up. Harry moved his body closer, pushing Wednesday up the wall. He was thrusting up into her now, beating his tip against her wet insides. Wednesday's tongue lost some of its fight, allowing Harry to push it around more easily. She was incredibly light, and despite her obsession with all things dead and morbid, her body was as warm and soft as any girl's.

Wednesday turned her head abruptly, moving her lips away from Harry's. Moans were still escaping her lips, but she made an effort to speak through them.

"You're close to cumming," she said.

"Maybe," Harry grunted, driving himself into her again. "What about it?"

"You've shown an obsession with spreading your cum across me," Wednesday said. "That may be acceptable for a girl like Enid, but not me. I hold no love for the color white. In fact, I despise it."

"Meaning what?" Harry asked.

"Find somewhere else to deposit your load," she said coolly.

Harry almost laughed. Crazy until the end. Insane and insanely hot, which was why she was so much fun. He'd have to send Hedwig across the ocean soon to pick up a fertility potion from Diagon Alley. But for right now they didn't have that, and he wasn't willing to risk a kid with an odd girl he hardly knew. Harry gave Wednesday one more thrust that shook her whole body, then pulled out of her pussy. Wednesday slid down the wall onto the bed as he stood up.

"And what are you doing now?" Wednesday asked.

"Finding a compromise," Harry said.

He planted his hands on the wall again, this time higher up. He moved his hips forward slowly, pressing his tip against Wednesday's big soft lips. She looked up at him, spreading her lips. Her head was pushed back as Harry's dick began sliding in. As soon as the back of her head was resting on the wall and Harry didn't have to worry about her crashing into it, he sped up.

He moved his hips forward in a formal thrust, jolting Wednesday's body. His dick stabbed down her throat, causing a couple of tears to form in the corners of her eyes. Harry would've felt like he was getting revenge for Enid's fate, if he didn't know Wednesday got off on this.

Case in point, she squirted on the bed as she felt his dick hit the depths of her throat, effectively choking her. Her hands remained bound above her head, leaving her helpless. Harry stared down his chest at her, taking in every detail.

Her cute little cat ears were still in place, just slightly skewed. The tears were still there, but they remained thin streaks instead of outright crying. Wednesday managed to look up at him in return. When they made eye contact, she wiggled her tongue against the bottom of Harry's shaft. Harry grunted, moaned, felt his body shake slightly, and emptied the entire contents of his balls.

Even Wednesday's composure was tested as she felt the volume of his orgasm. She got a thick, unexpected meal that she could feel pouring down into

her stomach. Harry kept himself sheathed in her until he was sure that he had wrung out every last drop, only then allowing himself to fall back.

He was breathing heavily. He drank in the sight of Wednesday with her cat ears, knowing for a fact that he'd never be able to get her back in this outfit. He had to have his fun with it now.

"Did the kitty like her milk?" Harry asked.

"Say something like that again, and I will crush your balls while you sleep," Wednesday said, her chilling tone not matching her current state at all.

Harry considered this.

"Nah," he said, "you wouldn't. You love them as much as I do."

Wednesday glared at him. But she couldn't make herself disagree.

They both knew it was true