Harry slept well despite the justified sense of guilt and shame he felt when he first went to bed. He had a vivid dream about the pilot and the Magic Pulse, focusing on the fact that the toy belonged to Astoria from the beginning. He played with various sets when they were at home, in front of their mother and Daphne, who were none the wiser.
He thought about it as he got dressed the next morning. The dream was about secrets, control, and what he could get away with. He and Astoria were on a path that seemed to test all these boundaries and more. Honestly, he didn't know what to do, how to convince her to cool down, when he was barely able to attempt it himself.
Astoria was downstairs in the kitchen, dressed in her school uniform and pouring milk into a bowl of cereal. Their mother was nowhere to be seen. Harry felt a strange impulse being alone with Astoria, as if the opportunity to pin his younger sister to the counter and screw her senseless constantly teased him.
"Good morning, Harry," said Astoria.
"Good morning, Astoria." He felt a surge of tension as he approached the counter. "Just cereal this morning?"
"Mum doesn't usually make big breakfasts on weekdays," she said. "Just something quick."
He nodded slowly, moving behind her as he reached for the cereal box. It was hard to say why exactly he felt so agitated at that moment. He moved closer to Astoria, almost brushing against her, as he found a bowl in the cupboard.
"You two are up early." Daphne was next, dressed in a pair of pink shorts and a black, loose t-shirt. She flashed Harry a smirk before heading to the fridge. "How did you sleep?"
There was a strange note of curiosity in her voice. Harry stepped away from Astoria and shrugged. "Alright," he said.
"I slept well," said Astoria.
"Interesting," said Daphne.
Their mother emerged from downstairs, surprising Harry. She was dressed as if for a therapy session, in a black pencil skirt and a white blouse. Harry tried not to stare, but her figure was undeniably attractive for her age.
"Good morning to my family, whom I love endlessly and effortlessly," said Bellatrix. "Astoria? Almost ready to go?"
"I just started eating, Mom, jeez," Astoria muttered.
Bellatrix smiled, more charmed by Astoria's spirit than irritated by her tone. "Eat quickly. I have an early meeting I don't want to be late for. Harry, sweetheart? Would you mind picking up Astoria from school?"
"Yeah, no problem, Mom." He felt his cock twitch at the thought for reasons he didn't dare dwell on.
"Of course, you can count on him," said Daphne. "He's always dependable when it comes to his younger sister."
There was that quality in Daphne's voice again, one Harry couldn't quite place. "You sound a bit jealous, Daphne."
Daphne scoffed, as if slightly offended. "Not quite, little brother. How was the movie last night? The other one you put on after everyone else fell asleep or went to bed?"
Harry froze halfway through pouring his cereal. "Fine. Good, I mean."
"Yeah, you two must have been really interested," said Daphne. "Really. You didn't even notice me when I came down."
The world around Harry seemed to suddenly stretch and distort. He tried to pour milk into his cereal and ended up missing the rim, spilling some on the counter. Daphne must have seen them. He resisted the urge to glance at Astoria, knowing it would only risk further condemnation.
"Anyway," said Daphne, sparing them the awkward and increasingly suggestive silence, "I need to talk to you about something."

"Whatever," Harry said.
His heart pounded like crazy. He felt his neck burning. He forced himself to clean up the milk, sit down at the counter, and mechanically chew bite after bite of cold cereal. What had Daphne seen? How much did she know?
Eventually, he caught Astoria's eye as she left for school. She looked concerned, but not as much as Harry would have expected. It made him wonder if, somehow, he had misheard Daphne or read too much into her words. He almost managed to calm down as his mom and Astoria drove out of the family garage.
"Harryy-kun," said Daphne in a sickeningly sweet voice. "You're going to have to do my laundry. Mom also told me to load the dishwasher and put away the dishes, so that's on you too. I'll have a list of things for you to pick up from the store when you go out to get Astoria."
Harry stiffened. "Why would I do your chores?"
"You know exactly why." She stepped closer, looking him in the face in a way that made him acutely aware of her presence. "Do you really want to have this conversation? Maybe it would be easier just to accept that you have to do everything I say from now on."
"Screw you."
"Watch your tone." Daphne lifted her chin in a way that made Harry want to rage. "If I were you, I would think very carefully about the situation you're in. I saw you and Astoria last night. I saw what you were both doing under the blanket, with Mom sleeping less than five feet away."
"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, far too quickly.
"I thought you might say that, which is why I recorded it on video." Daphne smiled, pulling out her phone. "Hope it was worth it."
Harry felt his world spin as Daphne played the recording. It was hard to make out, given the low light, but there was no mistaking that something sexual was happening under the blanket on the couch. Harry cringed as he heard Astoria moan his name in sync with the increased tempo of movements under the covers.
He reacted without thinking, reaching to grab Daphne's phone. She yelped and pulled her hand back, but he still had her wrist. Harry wasn't thinking logically, overwhelmed by a sudden need to protect Astoria more than himself. It was almost like confronting Astoria's bullies at the party again, but this was Daphne, their sister, suddenly presenting herself as a threat.
"Let go!"
Daphne jerked sideways, trying to push him away. Harry pulled her closer. She twisted as her body pressed against his, her back against his chest, her butt against his crotch.
Harry grunted, pulling her backward as she clutched the phone to her chest. Daphne stumbled, and Harry fell with her, both of them collapsing awkwardly to the floor. He was considerate enough to break his sister's fall but committed to showing no mercy in his pursuit of her phone.
"You stupid monkey!" she snarled. "No! Let go!"
She pressed the phone to her chest, which meant Harry's hands were on her breasts as he tried to grab it. She kneed him in the thigh, probably aiming for his balls, as they rolled together, with Harry ending up on top. A strange, unwanted thrill shot through him as Daphne wrapped her legs around him briefly in her struggle.
"Give it to me," he hissed.
"Make me," Daphne said.
He looked at her with disdain and redoubled his efforts, pressing her against him and grabbing the phone.
Her breasts. Daphne hid it under her shirt. Suddenly he began tugging at her clothes and she bucked under him.
His body couldn't help but react and he knew instantly that he would never be able to live this down if he stood there, literally trying to destroy the evidence of his erotic adventure with their other sister.

"It's already uploaded to cloud memory," she said defiantly. "I expected you to go crazy. Not that it would make any difference. If I tell my mum, she'll believe me with or without the proof.
'Why are you being such a bitch? Harry pushed away from her and walked into the living room, holding back the urge to throw something. "Do you hate me and Astoria or what? You think she's not bullied enough at school?
"Don't try to pin it on me! Daphne pulled her shirt back over her extremely sexy navel and stood up, her hair tousled from wrestling. 'Astoria is only eighteen, Harry! I know how much she loves you. Ever since you've been back, she's been going at you non-stop. But it's incredibly fucked up that you took advantage of her. That's why I'm sending the black mailing to you and not to her."
Harry felt real despair. He sat down on the couch and hid his face in his hands, unable to deny what Daphne was saying. It reflected all too accurately his own shame and guilt, how messed up the situation had become. His resolve had cracked, and he'd screwed up Astoria. Even if the situation with pretending to be her boyfriend had driven him to the brink, he was still the one who'd taken the leap.
"Hey." Shockingly, Daphne walked over and took a seat next to him, speaking in a soft tone. She placed a hand on his shoulder. "Let's both calm down. I shouldn't be so confrontational. It's not that I don't get it."
"What?
"Astoria is lovely and craves attention, especially from boys. You, too... You don't look too bad. Certainly in better shape than when you left. The two of you are back together, so to speak, after four years. Daphne shrugged her shoulders and looked away, with a slightly flushed face. "Then, of course, there's the whole half-brother and half-sister thing. A lot of people find it really exciting.
What? 'I didn't say it was, I just said it ... it turns some people on.
She shrugged her shoulders, still looking like she was admitting something dirty.
'Don't say things like that,' muttered Harry. "We grew up together. We're closer than most siblings. "Well, you certainly are now," Daphne said, giggling.
With a giggle.
"Fuck you.
"You're literally arguing with yourself right now. You must be seriously shaken and confused.
Harry took a breath and met Daphne's gaze, unable to deny it. "Yes. I know I screwed up, Daphne. I don't know what I'm doing," he said.
"And that's where I come in, because I can tell you exactly what you're doing. She touched his arm again and bestowed on him a smile that was both loving and cold. "My chores for today. Laundry, dishes and shopping list. At least I'll give you money for that. Sound good?
"You're evil.
'And you're a pervert. She laughed and kissed him on the cheek. 'But we'll find a way to coexist. Blackmail works best when both parties are on civil terms."