

Summary: When Audrey finds an opportunity to sneak away to visit Harry and Hermione, she naturally invites Penelope, as she always does. It's quite possible that the only one who hasn't noticed how close Percy's wife and ex-girlfriend have become is Percy himself. (Harry/Audrey/Penelope, w/Hermione and ?)

Content Warnings/Themes: Anal sex, light bondage, sensory deprivation

Audrey Weasley did not come over to take advantage of Hermione and Harry's open invitation to visit as often as either Angelina or especially Fleur did. Her Ministry job kept her busy, and Percy tried to keep their weekends busy as well with one meeting or another. But the infrequency of her visits only made Harry appreciate and look forward to them more.

The long delays in between her visits were beneficial in other ways too. They gave Harry plenty of time to think about what he might like to do to her, and to Penelope as well if she came along like usual, the next time she or they stopped by. This was important, because one of the things Percy's ex-girlfriend and his wife bonded over was how rigid and structured everything had to be with him, including his sex life. With Percy, all sex apparently had to be in bed, and there were only certain times and specific positions that were acceptable. As Penny had said before their first threesome together, he wasn't even a poor lover, but he was a boring one. There was no spontaneity in him, no sense of adventure.

That was why both girls came to Harry. Here in the house he shared with Hermione, they were free to be spontaneous, sexy and daring, and they encouraged him to make suggestions if any came to him. They never talked about what they were going to do ahead of time. The thrill of hearing Harry's ideas, and of challenging each other with whatever new bit of daring naughtiness they'd come up with, was a huge part of the appeal for both Audrey and Penelope.

"Eager, Harry?" Hermione called out as he paced around the kitchen. He looked up at her and saw her smirking at him. "You've been planning what you might have them do for the last three weeks, haven't you?"

Harry chuckled and shrugged. "I've tried," he admitted. "But honestly, it seems to work better with Audrey and Penny when we just make it up as we go along." He'd had some vague ideas brewing. But any of his ideas would have taken at least some preparation to make work, and the girls had flooded him no more than ten minutes ago to let him know that Percy had been called in for some last-minute conference in Sweden that was going to keep him away until Sunday evening. There hadn't been any time for him to prepare any of his ideas. He was just going to have to see what they had in mind and roll with it.

They heard the sound of their guests arriving through the fireplace, and Hermione just nodded at him and pointed in the direction of the floo while she continued to work on the

simple lunch she had been in the middle of preparing when they received the call. Harry left the kitchen quickly to go and welcome their attractive guests.

“Hey, you two,” he said, smiling as he saw dark-haired Audrey and light-haired Penelope step into his home. “It’s great to see you, as always.”

“Not as great as it is to be here,” Penelope said. She had shed her shoes and was already in the middle of wiggling her trousers down her slim hips as she spoke to him, revealing cute knickers with little dancing dragons on them. Harry chuckled as he saw them. They were rather childish, and not at all what he would expect someone to wear when they were about to shag. Penelope looked down at herself after his laugh, and blushed when she realized the cause. “Hey, it’s not my fault this was so last minute! I barely had time to brush my hair, let alone worry about what knickers I happened to be wearing.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Harry said, but he was still smirking.

“If I’d known your choice of underwear was going to be such a problem for you, I would have just left you alone and come over by myself,” Audrey said with a straight face, despite all three of them knowing it was rubbish.

“I’d have spanked your big bum red if you had,” Penelope shot back immediately. “Besides, it’s not a big deal. It wasn’t like I’ll be wearing them for long.” She slid her knickers down her legs and kicked them aside, leaving her naked from the waist down and allowing Harry to peek at her pussy for the first time in three weeks. “There. Problem solved.”

“I’m glad we got that taken care of,” Audrey replied, before looking at Harry. “So, do you have anything particular lined up for us, Harry?”

“Not on such short notice, no,” Harry said, shrugging. “Hermione and I were just about to have lunch though, so you’re welcome to join us.” Penelope and Audrey shared a look, and Harry was sure that something was brewing already.

“Oh, we’ll definitely be joining you, Harry,” Penelope said. “You don’t need to set any places for us, though.”

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“This is excellent, Hermione,” Harry said. She smiled at him after swallowing her bite of pasta.

“Thank you, Harry,” she said. “But are you sure I’m the woman you should be praising right now?”

“Who else, Hermione?” he asked. “I know you say you’re not a great cook, but you made this all by yourself.”

“It’s just pasta with olive oil and garlic,” Hermione said. “Hardly difficult. What I meant, however, was that I would expect you to reserve your praise for the pair of witches underneath the table.”

She had a point. Audrey and Penelope hadn’t been kidding. They’d both walked into the kitchen about two minutes after he and Hermione had sat down for lunch, and they’d both been naked. Rather than moving to grab the empty plates that Hermione had set aside for them if they wished to eat, they’d crawled underneath the table, undone his trousers and started sucking his cock together. It was not the first time they’d blown him together, and they’d only gotten better at the act with practice. They’d started off with some dual licking this time, but Harry wasn’t more than halfway finished with his pasta before they’d moved on to sucking him. Penny had taken his cock into her mouth, while Audrey had gone for his balls. They’d switched after a few minutes, and now they were actually *both* going after his balls. No matter which tactic they chose to use at any given moment, Harry enjoyed his lunch far more than he otherwise would have.

Hermione had a point. Her pasta was good, but the double blowjob under the table was better. Actually saying so out loud would have been disrespectful to the effort she’d gone through though, so he kept the thought to himself. Even if Hermione herself knew exactly what he was thinking, he wouldn’t say it.

“I’m proud of all three of my witches,” he said. His right hand brought his fork back to his mouth for another bite of pasta, while his left hand went underneath the table to pat first Audrey’s long hair, and then run his fingers through Penny’s curls.

Hermione rolled her eyes and smiled at him. “I’ll take it as a compliment that my pasta is good enough to get your praise even while Penelope and Audrey are under there sucking your cock.”

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Penelope loved playing around with Harry and Audrey every time she visited. The spontaneity of it was so fun, and she loved how willing both of them were to indulge whatever ideas might pop into her head, just as she looked forward to hearing whatever ideas Harry had come up with, or what wild things Audrey wanted to try that would never be open to her at home with her husband and the rules and regulations that controlled all aspects of his life. Penny loved having the freedom to do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. Once she stepped into the home of Harry and Hermione, she knew that nothing was going to hold her back.

Ironically, her arms *were* in fact being held back at the moment, but that wasn’t something she would complain about. It had been her idea, after all. She was the one who had always been curious what it would feel like to mix a little bit of bondage and helplessness into her sex life, and for the first time, she was getting a taste of it. Something like this would have been unthinkable while she was dating Percy, and she’d

never trusted any of her post-Hogwarts lovers enough to give them this kind of control over here.

But it had been her who requested that Harry bind her arms together and fuck her, and she felt no fear with his magic pulling her arms back, binding her wrists together and leaving her helpless against his aggressive thrusts. She'd imagined him pulling out some rope or something and physically tying her arms together, but having Harry pull off the trick wandlessly with a simple flick of his hand only reinforced how powerful this man was, and that aroused her even more. She'd been ready for him to pound her even before he pushed her down onto the carpet on her front and lined up behind her. That was good, because he'd entered her roughly and had not gotten any gentler from there. He was fucking her harder than he ever had before, which meant it was the hardest fuck she'd ever felt in her life. His cock kept drilling balls-deep into her without pause as he shagged her slim body into the carpet, not allowing her the comfort of a bed or the use of her hands. He was using her however he felt like, and that was exactly as it should be.

The moment she'd asked him to bind her and fuck her, she'd been resigning herself to his whims. It didn't matter if there would be carpet burns left behind on the front side of her body when he was done fucking her, nor did it matter that her arms were likely to be sore after being pulled back and bound together for this long. This was exactly what she'd signed up for. If Harry wanted to tie her up, shove her down, push her face into the carpet and fuck her like a cheap slut on the floor of his sitting room, he had that right. This feeling of helplessness was exactly what she'd signed up for, and Harry was delivering. She was not in control of anything, and it was *amazing*.

Her first taste of bondage sex was not the only flavor Penelope was enjoying, either. For the first few minutes of their fuck in the sitting room, she had been groaning and squealing into the carpet every time that Harry delivered another forceful thrust. There hadn't been any choice in the matter for her, because his left hand had pushed down on the back of her head and ensured that she became acquainted with the taste of his sitting room carpet. But after the first few minutes, he'd gathered a handful of her long curly hair, yanked her head up and given her something even more enjoyable to taste. It was a taste she had become very familiar with over the last several months, and it had quickly grown to become one of her favorite flavors in the world.

"That's it, Penny," Audrey Weasley grunted, rocking her hips up against Penelope's face and pushing in on the back of her head, rubbing her clit across her nose. Harry had let go of Penelope's hair and moved both of his hands to her hips, letting Audrey take control over her head once she'd gotten into position on the carpet in front of her and had the former Ravenclaw's face between her legs. "Eat my cunt, you little slut! Keep eating! You owe me! I'm the one who let you tag along with me while I work off the debt that *my* stupid husband caused! You'd better put your heart and soul into eating me out, or I just might *forget* to invite you the next time!"

It was rubbish, and Penelope knew it. Aside from the fact that she seldom heard the debts of the Weasley brothers mentioned anymore, except for in situations like this where it

was simply to add to the fun in some way, there was no chance that Audrey would ever want to deliberately exclude her from this. They'd found something that neither of them wanted to let go of, and it went beyond the fun they could have when there was an opportunity for them to squeeze in some time getting fucked by Harry.

They hadn't discussed it or defined what it was that they were doing, and she didn't know that they really needed to. But they had been spending time together whether they could be with Harry or not. Any time that her rigidly structured life with Percy had a few hours to spare, Audrey was likely to reach out and see if Penny was available for some very deliberately disorganized and spontaneous fun and relaxation. There had been more than one time where a guy had asked Penelope out for drinks, but she'd broken it off after getting a surprise flog call from Audrey. And by this point, the invitation didn't even need to be sent for them to know that Audrey would be coming home with Penny after work each Wednesday, staying through dinner and fitting in all the fun they could before Percy's weekly department meetings ended and she was expected back home. She had even begun to leave some of her favorite casual clothes at Penny's flat for her to change into once she arrived.

While they hadn't defined it, the point was that there was no chance Audrey wouldn't want Penelope with her on a night like this. There was no chance of that because Audrey enjoyed having Penny eat her out even more than Penny enjoyed the taste of Audrey's arousal on her tongue. Either one of them could have had fun with Harry on their own, but why would they do that when they could have even more fun with him together?

Penelope was fairly certain that was how Audrey felt, and it was a feeling she shared. Having Harry bind her arms behind her back, push her down and fuck her on the carpet had been great, but feeling that thick cock slamming into her cunt from behind with that same speed and focus while she tasted Audrey at the same time was *divine*. Every time she managed to fuck Harry, the prospect of finding a man of her own to settle down with seemed less appealing. Why would she want to settle for some lesser man to share her bed every night when she could get fucked like this every so often?

And having Audrey there to share in the depravity took an already amazing feeling and perfected it. Audrey's hands tugging on her hair, her hips rolling and her pussy humping against Penny's face while Harry fucked the hell out of her from behind was bliss as far as she was concerned. She had very little control over what was happening. With her arms bound behind her back like this, she couldn't put her hands on Audrey's thick thighs to try and keep herself steady or slow down her partner's humping. She couldn't hold her in place so she could move her tongue precisely where and how Audrey wanted it. She knew how to eat Audrey's pussy better than anyone else ever had or ever would, but she was being restrained from using her full assortment of techniques in this instance. Harry and Audrey owned her body until they decided otherwise, and Penelope didn't have the power to change that.

It thrilled her. It was everything she'd thought it would be when she first asked Harry to bind her arms, and Penny gladly allowed her helplessness and their aggressiveness to

consume her. She moaned into Audrey's pussy, shook beneath Harry's thrusts, and held on for dear life as it all caused her to tremble her way through so much pleasure and excitement that her body didn't know how to react to it.

Hopefully Hermione wasn't going to care about her squirting all over the carpet, because that was a given. But Penny couldn't think much about that; not with her eyes rolling back in her head. She was aware of Harry giving her a slap on the arse and grunting as he filled her with his cum, and Audrey pulling on her hair harder and grinding against her face until she came, but she could tell she wouldn't be aware of much of anything that followed. By the time they were finished with her, she was gasping with her eyes closed and her face in the carpet once again, drooling and senseless. She didn't even feel Harry release his magic and free her arms, nor did she hear Hermione walk into the sitting room from the study.

"Well, at least you didn't use my favorite chair this time, I suppose," she said, snorting as she nudged Penelope's shoulder with her toe. She didn't even feel it, much less respond to it. She just kept gasping and panting into the carpet while her brain took a temporary vacation and gave her body some time to settle down.

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Audrey had taken notice of how excited Penelope had been when she willingly gave Harry control over her body. The anticipation in her eyes when she'd first felt his magic lock her arms in place behind her back had given Audrey's own arousal a boost, and watching the strong wizard push her down onto the carpet and start fucking her had left her positively dripping. She'd almost legitimately jumped into position when Harry made eye contact with her and clearly motioned with his head for her to sit down and join them.

Things had only gotten more fun from there, for all three of them. But the orgasm Audrey had enjoyed while humping the other witch's face hadn't done anything to settle her down. All it had done was make her desire even more. Seeing how out of it Penny had been for some time afterwards, and how ecstatic she'd still looked even when she first started coming around and was still dazed, made Audrey want to experience that same loss of control herself. She wanted to know what it was that Penny had felt while her arms were magically cuffed behind her back, and she had no choice but to get fucked by Harry's big cock and do her best to lick the woman in front of her while getting her hair pulled and her face humped.

But that didn't mean that Audrey was just going to copy what Penny had done, of course. That wasn't the way either of them operated. They had fun together, but a not insignificant part of this growing thing between them that Audrey was in no hurry to define was their constant wish to keep pushing boundaries and exploring new territory. It was a byproduct of their shared history that had become Audrey's married life with Percy. While she did honestly respect Percy's disciplined, methodical approach to his career, it did not lend itself well to excitement in the bedroom. What she'd found with Penny was a chance to break all the rules and stop worrying about the *proper* way to do

things. Penelope understood that need better than anyone else could have, and that had quite a bit to do with why what they had worked as well as it did.

Playing around with Harry gave them a chance to push those boundaries in ways they just couldn't when it was just the two of them and seeing the state Penny had been left in made Audrey want to go even further and make herself even more helpless.

She was getting what she wanted now, because she'd given up so much more than just the use of her arms. Her arms weren't even bound, actually, but they didn't need to be. She could move her arms around freely, and she bunched the comfortable sheets of the bed in Harry and Hermione's master bedroom between her fingers. But *feeling* was all that she had. She could feel the sheets, and she could certainly feel the trio of cocks that were filling all three of her holes and making her airtight. She could also taste the fake cock that was between her lips. Feeling and taste was all that she had though, because per her request, Harry's magic had temporarily deprived her of the ability to talk, to hear, to see or to smell. She had three long cocks filling her and making use of her naked body, but she took this triple fucking while only two of her senses were available to her. She didn't know what Penny might be saying right now, if anything, but she knew that if it was her, she'd be trying to figure out how she might be able to top this in the future.

Even though she'd had the ability to see or hear taken away before they'd even carried her up the stairs, Audrey still hadn't had any difficulty determining who was in which hole. Harry's cock was the only natural one of the three, and it also happened to be thicker than the magical strap-ons Penny and Hermione were wearing, so it was easy for her to feel the difference when he stuck his dick in her arse. She probably could have guessed that it would be him bugging her before anything had happened anyway, because it was no secret to her how much Harry enjoyed fucking her arse. Audrey had experienced some feelings of insecurity when she was younger over how curvy she was and how big her bum was. She'd felt like she didn't fit the ideal of what a witch was supposed to look like, and that she would have been more desirable if she was skinnier.

The adult Audrey had already more or less shed those old insecurities and grown comfortable with the body she had, but it was still gratifying when Harry consistently went out of his way to demonstrate just how attractive he found her thick body and her fat arse specifically. Any time she encouraged him to do what he liked with her, it was pretty much inevitable that her arse would be getting spanked, squeezed, fondled and potentially fucked while he had the chance. Harry Potter loved a big arse, as both Hermione and Angelina would happily agree, and Audrey once again felt that love through the quick, hard, booty-shaking thrusts he gave her. She wasn't sure whether he was kneeling at the edge of the bed or standing beside it, but wherever he was, he had the leverage to give her a good hard bugging.

That left Penny and Hermione in her mouth and her pussy, respectively. Even though they were wearing identical toys, Audrey could still confidently say which was which. They felt the same and tasted the same, but the difference was in how they used them. There was a familiarity and a comfort in how the woman beneath her on the bed bucked

up and fucked her pussy that could only have been pulled off by Penelope. Hermione was an occasional participant in their fun when they were here, and it wouldn't have been the first time that she'd worn a strap-on to fuck Audrey. But these thrusts were too recognizable for her to mistake them as belonging to anyone but Penelope Clearwater. They knew each other's bodies too well by this point, so there was no doubt in Audrey's mind that the woman rocking her hips up and brushing her fake cock against her g spot with deadly accuracy and consistency was the same one who had bent her over in her own kitchen and dropped to her knees to eat her out while she made dinner less than a week earlier.

By simple process of elimination, that meant Hermione had to be the one standing in front of the bed and fucking her mouth. She was the least familiar with the sexual tendencies of Ron's former wife, but she wasn't surprised that the brunette had started off by teasingly rubbing the tip of the fake cock against her lips, or that she'd simply held it in her mouth for a bit before she actually started. She'd even grabbed Audrey's head firmly and held it in place when she tried to suck it for her, not needing to be heard to get the message across that she was going to be fucking Audrey's mouth on her schedule.

Hermione was well beyond rubbing against her lips or holding the tip of the toy in her mouth now though. Her hips were moving hard, thrusting back and forth to drive the toy down Audrey's throat. Audrey had been facefucked a few too many times by Harry and even Penny to be daunted by the speed that Hermione was moving that toy. Still, feeling it push down her throat while she also had cocks in her arse and her pussy, and while she'd had the ability to see or hear what was happening around her taken away, was challenging her in fresh ways. Individually, Harry, Penny and Hermione could have made her feel very good. Together, and with Harry's magic leaving her more helpless than she ever had been, they were throwing something at Audrey that she wasn't entirely sure she could handle.

Still, she did not give in. At Harry's insistence, they'd established a signal wherein Audrey could clap her hands together and let them know that it was too much for her. If she let go of the sheet, brought her arms up and clapped her hands together, all of this would stop. That thought was more upsetting to Audrey than anything, so she held onto the sheet and did her best to keep up with this disorienting feeling.

Audrey gasped around the cock in her mouth when she felt yet another cock slap her cheek. That shouldn't have been possible. Harry, Penny and Hermione were all still thrusting away. So who did this cock belong to? It had only been the four of them in the house, and Harry and Hermione hadn't mentioned expecting anyone else.

The cock continued slapping Audrey's cheek, and while she couldn't see who it belonged to, the fact that Harry, Hermione and Penelope all continued fucking her while obviously able to see assured her that it was someone who was welcome in their bedroom. Thus, when Hermione pulled her toy out of Audrey's mouth and the newcomer pressed theirs against her lips, Audrey opened her mouth wider to let them in.

It was definitely a toy, so it had to be another witch who'd slid into her mouth. Audrey couldn't even hazard a guess at who it might have belonged to, though. There was no pattern or consistency to try and follow here, because this person would switch between fucking her mouth as hard as Hermione ever had, resting just the tip of the toy on her tongue and rubbing it against her face at random.

Audrey didn't know who had joined the party and currently seemed to be on a mission to keep the toy in her throat until she was out of air, and that made her feel even more helpless. It didn't cross the line into something that was too uncomfortable for her to enjoy, though. She couldn't have spent this night any differently than she spent her usual daily life as Audrey Weasley, and that thrilled her.

She took it all. She took Harry slapping and fucking her arse, and Penelope's familiar thrusts, and the alternating facefucking and cockslapping that Hermione and the mystery newcomer subjected her to. She couldn't see or hear what was happening, but she felt it. Merlin, did she feel it! She'd never felt anything like it in her life. It was amazing. It was helpless, and confusing, and fucking *amazing!*

Audrey silently moaned around the fake cock in her mouth, came hard on Penny's beneath her, and clutched the bed sheet between her fingers so hard that it pulled free from the corner of the bed. Who needed to see or hear anything when she could feel everything so clearly, including Harry's hands squeezing her arse cheeks while he came deep inside of her bum?

If this was what being helpless felt like, she couldn't wait to feel helpless again.

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"Thank you for letting me join in, Penelope," Luna Lovegood said, giving Penelope a friendly smile as she took off the strap-on she had previously been fucking Audrey's mouth with.

"I didn't know you were coming, but it was too good an opportunity to pass up," Penelope said. When Luna had unexpectedly shown up halfway through Audrey's triple fuck, it wasn't Harry or Hermione who decided whether she should join in. They'd both looked to her to make the decision, trusting that she would know best what Audrey would prefer. That little detail was not lost on Penelope.

"We never know when Luna is coming," Hermione shrugged.

"Neither do I, usually," Luna agreed. "But something told me that I should come over here tonight rather than follow my lead on the half-man, half-bat living in the cave I've been investigating. And I learned to listen to the voices in my head when I was very little."

“Good thing, too,” Penelope said, chuckling. “You showing up and smacking her face with that toy when she couldn’t see you coming was *just* what Audrey needed to push her over the edge. She’ll never forget that feeling.”

“You care for her very much, don’t you?” Luna asked matter-of-factly.

Penelope didn’t bother to deny it. “I do,” she said, smiling as she looked down fondly at Audrey, who had been given all of her senses back but was panting and senseless on the bed for a different reason after all four of them had finished with her.

What she shared with the wife of her ex from her Hogwarts days was highly unconventional, but unconventional was precisely what both of them hungered for, thanks in no small part to her ex/Audrey’s husband. Whatever label one wanted to put on it was meaningless. It was *theirs*, and that was what mattered.