

There was a knock on the door, and Ginny quirked an eyebrow at that. Even six years after the end of the war, Grimmauld Place was still under Fidelius though now Harry was the Secret Keeper. Most people who wanted to get in touch with them came through by the floo, so she wasn't expecting to hear a knock on the door on a Wednesday afternoon in the middle of August. Still, if they knew the location then it must've been someone she and Harry trusted.

So, heading to the front door, she opened it and was absolutely elated at what she found, "Luna!"

"Hello Ginny." Her voice had that same airy quality to it as always, but ever since the war, there was something more serious about her. Though that was more of the rule for their generation of British magicals rather than the exception.

That wasn't the only thing different about her these days though, the rest of the changes were a result of her travels rather than the war. Her dirty blonde hair was cut to just below her shoulders. *That must be easier to deal with when you're traveling.* Her skin was lightly sun-kissed from months spent out in the wilderness. And her usually skinny body looked more toned than she could remember. *If I didn't know any better, I'd say that she's been training for professional quidditch, too.*

There was a bit of mud on her face still, and from the state of her clothes, it looked like the first place she came to after getting back was Grimmauld Place, something about that was incredibly touching.

Ginny took all of that in for a few scant seconds before she pulled her old friend into a warm hug, "Merlin, it's so good to see you! It's been almost a year already! Goodness, time really gets away from you." She was just so excited to see her that she was rambling, "Come in, come in, you need to tell me all about it."

"Oh, it's quite a lot you know." Luna told her as they made their way through the once dilapidated house to the kitchen.

"That doesn't matter to me, Luna. I want to hear it all." Honestly, Ginny wouldn't mind sitting there all afternoon listening to her story if that's what she wanted to do, "Want some tea?"

"Yes, please." Luna sat down at the kitchen table and looked around dreamily, "Is Harry around?"

"No, busy with work today, fortunately." She loved her husband's company but there were some things that needed doing that just couldn't be done with him around.

"Why fortunately?" There was a little tilt to her head as she asked the question, something that hadn't changed over the years.

"Our anniversary is coming up, and it's a bit hard to shop for anything when he's about." In fact, their wedding was the last time that Ginny had seen Luna.

"Ah, that makes sense, I suppose." Pouring them both a cup of tea, Ginny put one down in front of Luna and sat down across from her friend as she continued, "So, what are you getting him?"

With a bite of her lip, Ginny decided to tell her friend just what she had planned, "Well, I was going to head into muggle London. There's this shop there, about thirty minutes' walk, it's only a few years old, called Fleur of England. I've got a fitting scheduled and everything. They make really quality lingerie. I'm going to buy a few things and surprise Harry with them."

Luna was quiet for a few seconds, as though she was mulling the thought over in her head, "Is that the sort of thing that someone usually gets for an anniversary?"

"I wouldn't say it's odd, at least among muggles, and I know Fleur loves a nice negligee. She was the one who recommended the store, and she can be very particular given her standard is Paris." She couldn't rightly say if it was common for magicals, and she certainly wasn't going to ask her mother about it, "Either way, it's definitely what I'm getting for Harry." Well one of the things, but she knew he'd appreciate her in a sexy set of lace and silk more than anything else.

"That sounds lovely." Luna was clearly thinking about something, but wasn't in the mood to share, which didn't bother Ginny any. She loved her friend, but wouldn't pretend for a second that she fully understood her, "Any other plans for the special day?"

"I know Harry's made reservations for dinner... somewhere. I can't remember the name, just that it's somewhere muggle. I'm sure I'll love it. He's always so thoughtful about that sort of thing. And then we'll come back for a nice night in." She gave a suggestive wiggle of her eyebrows.

Luna hummed her approval before giving her a little smile, "I'll be sure to do something nice for you both."

It was unconventional, to say the least. Apart from major milestone years, marriage anniversaries were meant for the people actually married. *But no one ever accused Luna of being conventional.* Reaching across the table, Ginny squeezed her hand, "There isn't a thing you need to do, Luna. I mean it. I'm just glad you're back, and I know Harry will be, too."

Her friend just shrugged her shoulders, "You're my two favorite people. Well, excepting my dad... but that's different. I want to show you I've been thinking about you."

Luna was one of the kindest people she'd ever met, and it was one of the things she truly loved about her friend, "That's sweet, Luna, really. Trust me, the feeling is mutual." And it really was, there were very few people in the world that Ginny cared about as much as her eccentric friend, "But enough about me, I want to hear about your latest trip! How was it? Did you find anything?"

"I did!" She smiled bright, and her eyes absolutely lit up, "Even though it wasn't what I went there looking for initially."

"So, no Crumple-Horned Snorck in South America either then?" It was the last place that she could think to look and had taken the longest trip of her life to leave no stone unturned.

"No," she didn't sound particularly disappointed at that, if anything she was just pleased that Ginny remembered. "Honestly, I've started to think that might just be one of my father's own creation. A thing that he started chasing in the wake of my mother's death." She shrugged her shoulders, "But then, I might be wrong. It could be hiding out there somewhere just waiting for someone to stumble upon it. Only time will tell."

Ginny had long since gotten used to Luna injecting rather poignant, uncomfortable truths into normal conversation, "But you found something anyway?"

"I found a new magical fauna in Ecuador... and a new species of plant while I was in western Brazil. There's some speculation it will have some substantial potions applications." Luna explained. From there

she went into detail about her discoveries, her passions really. And Ginny just listened, adding in a few questions where she could. Magi-zoology and Herbology weren't things she was particularly interested in, but she would happily listen to Luna gush about it. The only problem was that they got so caught up in catching up that she lost track of time.

By the time she looked at the clock, she was shocked by how late it'd gotten. Luckily, Luna was just about finishing the story of her adventure, "It was a brilliant trip, but I have to say that I'm happy to be home."

"And we're happy to have you home," Ginny beamed at her, "Are you staying with your dad back in Ottery?"

"No," she said airily, "He's away on a trip of his own at the moment and I'd rather not stay in the house alone." Luna wanted to do her own trip alone. Ginny had her reservations about it, but also knew that her friend was an able witch, "I'm not sure where I'm staying quite yet, honestly, I didn't give it much thought before I got back."

Ginny found herself smiling again, happy that she'd come to them first, "Well, if you ever need to spend the night here, or a few of them, all you have to do is ask. I know Harry would love to have you over too." Luna looked pleased with that offer, and Ginny had an idea, "In fact, why don't you come with me to the store and then back here for dinner. You can even get yourself something nice from Fleur's to if you like," Luna didn't say anything, but she could tell from the flush on her cheeks that the idea wasn't unappealing, "It'll be fun, and it means you'll get to see Harry today, too."

That was enough to convince her and so they headed out together.

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"That might be the best meal I've ever had in my entire life." Ginny giggled from his side, she was pleasantly buzzed from some delicious wine, and he was loving every second of it. She gasped when she realized what she said, "Please, please, please don't tell my mum that I said that."

"I wouldn't dream of it, love." Harry chuckled back at her as they walked down the street of London toward Grimmauld Place. He had to agree with her, it was a fantastic meal. But he was eager to get home. She spent the last half hour of their dinner together running one of her stocking clad feet up and down the inside of his thigh beneath the table and it had him properly riled up. She wasn't helping matters any as they neared their home either. She always liked his bum and her wandering hand seemed to be taking a special interest in it.

"Of course, you wouldn't. You're far too good a husband to do something like that." To emphasize her point she gave him a little pinch.

He almost growled at her, "You're really playing with fire, you know."

"What do you mean?" She played coy, but they both knew exactly what he meant, "Have I got you all hot and bothered. Are you ready to just bend me over against the nearest wall and take me right here and now?"

That's exactly what he wanted to do, but he had enough self-control to contain himself a little while longer. Besides, he knew how much she enjoyed getting him going, "I'd rather not get caught out by the local police for fucking my wife on the side of the street. Besides, what would our neighbors think?"

“Our neighbors don’t realize that they have neighbors.” Ginny pointed out all matter of fact, before she leaned up on tip toes to whisper in his ear, “And all it would take is little bit of magic to keep prying eyes away.”

It was an enticing offer, but not enough to convince him especially since they just turned on to Grimmauld Place and were only a few meters away from their home, “If I can wait, so can you.” His hand found the curve of her bum and he heard her breath hitch as she looked at him through her lashes.

Grabbing his hand, she started pulling him along to the door, eager to get through the front door. He was surprised that she didn’t just apparate them right into their bedroom, but there was something invigorating in the teasing and the wait as well.

The moment they got through the door, she turned and pinned him against it, pulling his mouth down to hers. Her leg skimmed along his as she brought her foot up to hook around his thigh. She nipped at his lips before going down to his chin and along his jaw. Her voice was low and needy, and just the sound of it made him harden in his trousers, “Take me to bed... I have something to show you.”

Harry cupped her bum and held up her slender frame with ease. Ginny wrapped her legs around him as she continued to kiss and nip and lick along his neck. He was of half a mind to put her down and bend her over on the stairs but did as she said and carried all the way to the bedroom. He opened the door to a dark room, but the lights came on as they entered.

As he looked to the bed he just about stopped in his tracks, “Luna?!” He’d seen plenty of their blonde friend in the last week since she arrived back home, she’d even stayed with them for most of it. *Though never quite this much of her.* In fact, until just yesterday, she’d been with them. She went to Hogwarts to visit Hagrid and discuss her findings with Sprout. They hadn’t known when to expect her back. And he certainly wasn’t expecting to see so much of her in their bed on the night of their anniversary.

Ginny stilled against him, stopped sucking on his neck in a way that was sure to leave a mark, and turned her head to look at the bed, “Oh, hello Luna!” She seemed calmer than him but equally surprised as he was at the appearance of their friend. For a long moment she didn’t know what to say. She uncoiled herself from around him and placed her feet on the ground to stand and lean against his side, “Not that I’m ever unhappy to see you... but, what exactly are you doing in our bed... looking like that?” If he didn’t know any better he would say that his wife was enjoying the sight of her friend just as much as he did.

“It’s your anniversary... I wanted to get you both a present.” She said as though it were obvious, but from the blush on her cheeks he could tell that she was really nervous, “You... said that it’s the sort of thing that someone gets for an anniversary.”

Ginny chuckled as brushed her fingers against his chest, “I suppose I did say that didn’t I?” She gave an approving hum as she looked at her friend, “I really am glad that you went with the silver one, it just looks fantastic on you.”

Harry had to agree, the set of lingerie she wore looked wonderful on her slender frame. It was the same shade of silver as her eyes. Her brassier had no straps on her shoulder and the cups covering her modest breasts were nearly transparent. He could see the darker skin of her pointy nipples beneath. Harry never realized that Luna had such lovely hips before and her legs looked fantastic encased in a set of thigh stockings complete with garters.

Coughing awkwardly, Harry couldn't lie to himself and say that he didn't enjoy the sight in front of him. It wasn't the one he was expecting, "Uhhh... is this what you meant when you said you had something to show me?" It was obvious from her reaction that, no, this wasn't something she planned. But he was going to let her be the one to decide how they proceeded. *Because gods know I don't want to stick my foot in my mouth in a situation like this.* Seemed to him like the sort of thing that could go sideways in an instant if he said the wrong thing.

Ginny stared at their friend a few seconds longer, and Luna just stared back. It was almost like they were having a silent conversation, the same sort that he could have with his lovely wife after so many years together. There was a look of pleading, of longing in Luna's eyes that cut right through him. And doubted Ginny was any better. Finally, she looked up at him with her amber eyes and licked her lower lip, "It is now. Well, that and one more thing."

With that she pulled him toward the bed and pushed him down so that he was sitting at the edge, he felt the mattress shift as Luna moved so she was sitting with her chest against his back. He could feel her stiff nipples digging into him through the layers of material between them.

He'd never been with any woman but Ginny, and he looked at her almost desperate. He still felt like he could do the wrong thing at any moment. She gave him a sultry little smile, "It's alright, love, just enjoy yourself." Then his eyes were transfixed on the sight of his wife stripping right in front of him. The black gown she was wearing slid off her body to pool at her feet and left her in a set of lingerie that seemed to shimmer all the myriad shades of red as her own hair.

Her stockings were a dark shade of red connected to a set of garters just like Luna's. Reaching for one of garter straps, she pulled it taut and snapped it down against her smooth skin. Her perky breasts looked fantastic in her bra. The cups were made of lace, and he could see just the hint of her erect nipples beneath the fabric. There was a dark patch on her panties from her arousal. As she turned to show him her fantastic bum, he was treated to the side of a thin string between her pale, pert bum cheeks.

The only time he'd ever seen her in anything that enticingly sexy had been on their wedding night exactly a year before. Not that he didn't always think his wife was gorgeous, or that her usual underwear was unpleasant, but there was something about seeing an already beautiful woman in equally beautiful lingerie. Luna was kissing along the back of his neck as her hands found the bottom of his shirt and pulled them from his trousers, "She looks so good, doesn't she?"

Harry's mouth felt dry, but he found the words somehow, "Incredible."

"It was very hard not to attack her when we went shopping for these." Luna told him. Her voice didn't have its normal dreamy quality to it. Instead, there was a need in it that he never would've associated with her before. And given the way his cock throbbed in his trousers, he liked it.

Ginny wiggled her bum and threw a naughty smirk over her shoulder, "Trust me, Luna, the feeling was mutual." Well, now he was picturing them in the changing room of some upscale London store, and that was an image that would stick with him for quite some time.

His wife turned around then and approached him, there was an extra sway to her hips as she did. She grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him back onto his feet. She undid the buttons of his shirt in record time, and Luna moved to the edge of the bed to pull it off his shoulders. Her soft hands grazed along the

ridges and lines of his back. She made a noise in her throat that made it obvious that she appreciated what she was seeing. Ginny made equally short work of his trousers and pants and helped him out of his shoes.

Completely naked, his wife fisted his rock-hard shaft, and one pump of her hand pulled a big bead of precum from him. Collecting it on her finger, she gave him a little wink and then stepped around him to Luna.

As he turned with her, Luna's breath hitched when she caught side of his protruding length, but she only had a second to appreciate it. Ginny pushed the svelte blond back onto the bed and then Harry watched as she brought that sticky, clear bead up to Luna's lips and popped it into her mouth. Her silver eyes widened, and he could see that she started sucking on the intruding digit, "You like that, don't you?"

Agreeing with a jerky nod of her head, her eyes flitting from Ginny's lips to Harry behind her. The redhead had her knee pressed firmly against Luna's sex and the young woman twisted her hips to get some of the wonderful friction she needed. He could hear the smile in his wife's voice as she teased her, "Oh, you're so needy aren't you? So desperate for my touch... and his cock?"

Panting, Luna let go of the finger in her mouth, "Yes... I missed you both... so much. Only reason I came back."

Running a hand through Luna's hair, it was then that the two old friends shared a moment, "It must've hurt, seeing the two people you cared most about getting married. Were we the only reason you left?" It seemed Ginny hit the nail on the head with that question.

Despite the situation they found themselves in, she looked vulnerable, and he could see tears threatening to spill at the edge of her eyes. Reluctantly, her voice tight, she told them both, "Yes." Harry felt the air leave his lungs at that simple declaration. He had no idea that Luna felt that way about either of them. *But then she spent years growing accustomed to hiding certain emotions behind a mask... why would this be any different?*

"You didn't have to do that, Luna." His voice was thick with emotions beyond lust now. Whatever her quirks, he'd always found a kindred spirit in Luna. Not unlike how he felt about Ginny. Whereas he and Ginny had felt Tom's evil far more intimately than most people could even begin to comprehend, Luna and Harry both knew what it was to be ostracized through no real fault of their own.

"I know. I just... I didn't know how to tell you. You were both so happy. Couldn't do anything to... hurt that." She said shyly, "Needed to sort out my own thoughts, what I really wanted." Her hips were still twisting against Ginny's knee and the feeling was leaving her words stilted.

"Oh, sweetie." Ginny brought her hand to her cheek and leaned down to give her a kiss. It was gentle and brief before she pulled back, "All you had to do was talk to us... well me on this one I would think."

"I... it was for the best."

Ginny smiled, "You're probably right. But now we'll just have to make up for lost time!" The kiss she gave her this time wasn't gentle, it was pure lust.

They moaned into each other, and Harry found himself absorbed right back into the lewd situation they'd found themselves in. Without pulling away from Luna, Ginny reached back and slipped the gusset of her panties to the side revealing her sexy slit. She slapped the tight lips of her puffy pussy invitation.

Harry took it without a second thought, pressing his fat glands right against her eager slit. He slid into her moist, dripping tunnel in one solid thrust. Her peachy bum jiggled as his hips crashed into hers and he heard moan, "Oh... fuck... Harry!" After just that first wonderful connection, he could feel her fluttering around him.

Luna was helping the cause as her fingertips tweaked at his wife's nipple, "Does it feel good?"

"Sooo good... always so... fucking good!" Ginny whimpered out as he started giving her long strokes, "Just... just wait until you get to try it for... yourself!"

They went at it for a few minutes just like that until Luna's mouth opened in shock and Harry felt knuckles skim across his bollocks. Ginny's dainty digits were between Luna's thighs. The wet *slick* adding to the clapping of his hips against her ass. With one hand Ginny's hip, the other went to Luna's thigh. He squeezed the soft, supple flesh and then skimmed upward to join his wife in diddling her petite pussy.

"You're so tight, Luna... He's going to stretch you wide open on his fat fucking cock..." He knew that his wife had a dirty mouth in the bedroom and he loved every second of it.

"I hope so..." Luna's eyes rolled to the back of her head and there was a wetness against his lower thigh as she came around their busy fingers. *Girl's on a bloody hair-trigger*. Ginny tightened around his pistoning length a moment later, her already arched back bowed almost painfully as she shuddered and quivered against her friend. The two rode the throes of their passion together.

His hand returned to Luna's stocking-clad thigh, so tight it would surely bruise, but he managed to hold back his own climax for the time being. Ginny reached for his shaft and held as she shifted forward, popping out of her welcoming warmth. He thrust once more between them and ran his shaft right along Luna's sex. He wanted nothing more in that moment than to stretch her on his cock, but his wife had other ideas... at least for the time being.

Guiding him onto the bed, she brought his cock to their faces. And then laid his length sideways against Luna's mouth so she was kissing the underside of his girth while she did the same on the top. They created a wonderful seal together and both tongues danced against either side of his shaft. It was a brand new sensation for him. *A bloody fucking fantastic one!*

He just lazily thrust between them for a few minutes until his shaft was clean of pussy juice and had a nice sheen of spit on it. It was only then that his wife moved and pushed him away slightly, "Did you like the taste of my cunt on his big cock, Luna?"

"Yes..." She nodded eagerly.

"Well, you're going to like this even better." She shifted to the side and let her hand run down across the blonde's neatly trimmed mound to her wet, pink lips, "Come on, love, don't you want to make the most of your anniversary present." She was so ready for him that it made him ache.

Harry wrapped his hand around his wife's neck and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. He poured every ounce of love and affection he could manage into that kiss because there were plenty of women who would've balked at this whole thing, and she embraced it with open arms.

Moving back to the end of the bed, he stood between Luna's splayed legs and slapped his cock against her pristine pussy, pulling the cutest moan from her. Her knees were up in the air, her lovely bra was down near her toned midriff, and her cute, shockingly pink nipples were sticking up proud. She was looking at him with such obvious desire that it was palpable.

Ginny spooned against her side, her own aroused pussy pressed against her hip, and her leg draped over her hips. One hand played with her dirty blonde hair while the other pinched and pulled on one of her elastic nipples, "Don't worry, he's going to make you feel so good... take such good care of you."

She actually furrowed her brow at that, "I know. That's just the way he is." Her unquestioning trust in him, in them both, was something he couldn't quite describe but it left him feeling lightheaded.

That confused look turned to one of pure ecstasy as he stretched her on his manhood. He'd never been with anyone with Ginny, and so he didn't know what to expect. Luna's pussy felt divine, though he thought the same thing of his wife's. Ginny hugged him tight, but not too tight, and flexed in the most perfect ways... Until she came and then she was an absolute vice. Luna felt like an oily glove that pressed against every side of his cock with a steady pressure that was almost overwhelming. As he drove deeper there were other smaller differences, but the one that caught him was the fact he could see just a hint of his cockhead against her taut stomach.

When he was buried to the hilt, Luna closed her eyes and hummed low in her throat, "Thank you... thank you... I always wanted you to be my first."

That caught the married pair off guard. Ginny absolutely beamed at that news and reached down to flick at Luna's swollen clit, "We're gonna make sure it's one to remember."

"Already... already is!" She couldn't hold back the scream as Harry gave her a thrust. On each retreat, her taut lips distended away from her body just a little bit, almost like they were trying to keep him in.

He put everything he'd ever learned with Ginny to good use. Instead of just fucking Luna, he made love to her. Because he did love her, they both did, and it was what she needed from them. They made her come undone once and then again. The steady prodding of her deepest pleasures and Ginny's talented fingers were far too much for her inexperienced body to handle.

As they neared their end, her legs shook like a leaf in his hand as Ginny nipped and sucked on her nipple. Harry made sure to grind down with his hips each time just right to put that brilliant friction on her oversensitive nub. Her third body-shaking climax followed and had him right on the edge.

The redhead reached down and fondled his bollocks, and he knew she felt him quiver from the look in her eye. Moving to Luna's ear, there was such wanton heat in her voice, "He's going to cum soon... your tight body is driving him mad. Where do you want it?"

"Our... our faces!"

"Oh... naughty girl, don't you want it all to yourself? You earned it?"



She gave jerky shake of her hid as she bit down hard on her lower lip. That third orgasm never really stopped, each new thrust just seemed to spur it on further and it nearly overwhelmed her, "Yours too! Please... can't take much more!"

"I think you can take sooo much more," Ginny kissed against her ear, "Because you don't need to run away from us ever again."

Harry couldn't take anymore. Holding off as long as he had during such an erotic coupling took all of his willpower, and he had none more to give. Pulling his cum-slick shaft free of her clutching heat, he straddled Luna's hips on the bed. The two women reached for him before he could even think to do it himself and started stroking rope after rope of his thick spunk all over their beautiful bodies.

Their expensive brassieres were covered in white... as were their faces... and the swell of their breasts. He didn't know where it all came from. *Guess I was just inspired.*

He was treated to the sight of them cleaning each other up in a truly thorough manner. In the afterglow, as they all recovered from the absolute extasy of their time together, Luna piped up, truly joyful, "Well... Happy Anniversary!" Harry and Ginny could only beam at their beloved friend.