

## The Weird Sister

### Part 1

"It's such an embarrassment!" Astoria Greengrass groaned as she stomped her foot and began to pace back and forth. As always, her sister Daphne was the personification of cool, calm, and collected. She simply sat there on the sofa and daintily sipped her tea with an amused expression on her face. Astoria had always been the more emotional sister.

"What did they say?" Daphne asked, curious about the situation.

"They said that there weren't any more invitations available," Astoria crossed her arms over her chest and flopped backward onto the sofa. Daphne had to maneuver herself to avoid spilling tea as her sister made the sofa jerk. Astoria was too busy to see Daphne's glare.

"That's a shame," Daphne said nonchalantly.

"I really want to go!" Astoria whined like a petulant child and stomped her feet once again.

"You're embarrassing yourself," Daphne warned her. She had warned her sister about marrying Malfoy. Astoria ignored her advice, so now Daphne had very little sympathy for her.

"I don't care!" she huffed and breathed in deeply. Her cheeks were pink, and her hairline was damp with sweat.

"I guess the Malfoy name doesn't carry the same weight that it used to," Daphne smirked and took a sip of her tea. This time it was she who didn't see her sister's glare.

After Harry Potter defeated Voldemort, his followers were quickly taken into custody, including Lucius Malfoy. Narcissa quickly secured a meeting with Potter and somehow convinced him to speak on her and Draco's behalf. Draco ended up having to pay hefty restitution fees to those he harmed, but they agreed to not press charges. All in all, he was very lucky. That didn't mean that he got away scot-free. Since then, the Malfoy name wasn't spoken with fondness. Daphne warned her little sister to reject his offering, but the brat didn't listen. She thought that she'd be able to pull the Malfoy name from the muck and bring it back to prominence. Daphne knew better. She knew that it would likely be a couple of generations before people forgot. Still, it wasn't like being married to a Malfoy was the worst thing in the world. They still had a decent amount of money, and Astoria still lived in a large manor. That, however, wasn't good enough for her.

Astoria wanted to rub elbows with the rich and famous. She wanted to attend only the most elite parties and balls. Sadly for her, none of that was meant to be. This situation only proved it.

“Can you fucking believe it?! The Weird Sisters are having a one-time reunion concert ... and I can’t even get a single invitation!” Astoria squealed in anger.

Astoria had been the biggest fan of the musical group for as long as Daphne could remember. The walls of her childhood bedroom were still covered with posters of the group. She was heartbroken when she found out that they had performed at the Yule Ball. She was only a second year at the time and thus, was unable to go. The group disbanded soon after and hadn’t played a concert since. Now they were having a single concert for charity to help fight Dragon Pox and only the most upper-class of society were invited. There was a mandatory five-thousand galleon donation for anyone attending. Not only that, but you had to pay before you could even get an invitation. Once again, the opportunity was just out of the reach of her greedy fingers.

“Perhaps you should talk to Potter,” Daphne suddenly said. Astoria looked at her in confusion. “Rumor has it that he dropped forty-thousand galleons for eight tickets. Maybe you can convince him to let you tag along.”

As proper as she was, Daphne still enjoyed gossip. Astoria’s eyes bulged. “Forty-thousand! Merlin!” she gasped. That was a lot to give to charity. “Daphne! You have to convince him to bring me!” she suddenly said, grabbing her sister’s arm like a crazy maniac.

“I really don’t think I do,” Daphne said, pulling her arm from her sister’s maniacal grip.

“Please? For me?” she asked pathetically. Daphne huffed.

“Do you remember the last interaction that I had with Potter?”

“Yes,” Astoria said, trying hard not to smile. “It was at Bones’s Halloween party, and while you two were dancing, he drunkenly grabbed your ass and kissed you like there was no tomorrow,” she burst into a giggle fit. Daphne rolled her eyes. “You slapped him across the face,” Astoria finished, giggling some more.

Daphne didn’t find it nearly as amusing. The women of the party found it beneath them that she had dared to cause such a scene, while the men of the party slapped Harry on the back and proudly cheered him on.

“Yes. So as you can see, I’m probably not the best person to ask for help regarding Potter,” she told her younger sister.

“Of course you are! He kissed you! That means he likes you!” Astoria said, using her brain. Daphne closed her eyes and internally cursed. As much as her sister annoyed her, she wanted her to be happy. Daphne knew that Astoria wasn’t happy right now. Being with a twat like Malfoy was bad enough, but to have her hopes and dreams dashed on a daily basis was heart-wrenching. More than once she had found Astoria crying in secret because things didn’t

turn out the way that she had hoped. Daphne already knew that she had to find a way to get a ticket for her sister.

“Merlin be damned!” Daphne cursed. Astoria’s eyes lit up.

“Oh, thank you, thank you!” she squealed happily and hugged her sister tightly.

“Only thank me once I have the ticket. There’s no guarantee that I’ll convince him,” Daphne warned her.

“I know you will! You’re really cunning and clever! A true Slytherin!” she cheered and began dancing around the room, singing her favorite Weird Sister song. Daphne could already feel the headache forming behind her eyes. Pinching the area between them, she decided to contact Potter straight away. ‘What’s the best way to go about this?’ she asked herself.

### **The Weird Sister**

“So as you can see, Potter, I would really appreciate one of your tickets,” Daphne said as she breathed in and out deeply.

“You certainly are convincing, I’ll tell you that,” she heard down below. She tilted her head down. Her nude body was on Potter’s very large and soft bed with her heels pressed against the backs of her thighs and her knees apart. Potter’s head was resting between them while he stared at naked womanhood. Daphne let out a soft gasp as he leaned down and kissed her bald mound. She would never tell him, but his messy hair felt good against her sensitive skin. She reached down and combed her fingers through his thick hair while he kissed and nipped at her soft body. She really wanted to get her sister that ticket, but also ... Well ... She hadn’t had any action in almost a year. She figured that she could kill two birds with one stone.

“You happen to be in luck,” he told her, which made her heart skip a beat. “Hermione and Ron didn’t want to go. They both hate the Weird Sisters apparently. So, I have two extra tickets available and am in need of a date. What do you say?” he asked. His breath fluttering against her swollen clit made Daphne bite her lower lip in need.

“I guess I can put up with your stupidity for one night,” she told him just before she arched her back in pleasure. He had chosen then to lick her from asshole to clit. “Yes!” she gasped. “Suck it harder!” she squealed as his lips wrapped around her throbbing nub. She could feel his wicked tongue massaging it while his hands caressed her silky legs. She groaned in annoyance when he let it go with a wet pop. His lips moved up her nude body. She squirmed in delight as he tickled her belly with his lips.

“You have such perfect skin,” he complimented her, which she enjoyed. Daphne took great pride in her appearance. Really starting to get into it, she tugged at his body and pulled him up until his lips met hers. When he kissed her passionately, this time she didn’t slap him. Instead, she

opened her mouth and allowed his tongue to play with hers. Wrapping her legs around his waist, she trapped him there as they made out for what felt like forever. After who knew how long, he broke the kiss and moved down to her neck. Daphne mewled in pleasure as she tilted her head. He continued downward until he captured her hard nipple between his lips. With his hand massaging her other breast, Daphne cried out from the sensation. She had forgotten how good having her nipples played with felt. Unable to stop herself, she began feeling every inch of his body that she could reach. Her heart fluttered when she felt the tightly corded muscles on his arms and back. Opening her legs wide, she started rolling her hips to tantalize him. He moaned from having his hard cock massaged by her wet pussy. Pushing himself to his knees, she stared at him while he stroked his cock.

To say it was huge was an understatement, she thought excitedly. Potter was hung like a horse, and she couldn't have been happier about it. The last guy she was with wasn't packing much, nor did he know how to use it. "Are you going to keep jacking off or are you going to stick it in?" Daphne teased as she reached down and spread her two lips with her fingers. She felt a bit embarrassed showing her body in such a way, but she really didn't mind. She was wet and ready to go. She squealed when he grabbed her by her upper thighs and pulled her body close to his. He lifted her smooth legs high into the air and hooked his arms behind her knees. Leaning forward, he folded her body in half as his cock easily slipped between her slick lips.

"Holy fuck ... You're tight!" Potter gasped as her silken walls contracted around him. Her body jerked from the sudden sting of being stretched. Thankfully, the pain quickly vanished. Her cheeks turned pink as she began to blush from his compliment.

"Does it feel good?" Daphne wanted to kick herself. She didn't know why she asked that. Harry didn't seem to mind though.

"You feel amazing," he moaned as his hips began to move. Suddenly feeling better, Daphne used her muscles to squeeze him tighter. She was rewarded by a groan of satisfaction. Daphne's body had never been contorted in such a way. Her ankles were by her head, and her pussy and ass were upturned while Harry thrust downward. The wet squelching of her cunt being stuffed made her skin tingle as her toes curled from the unbridled pleasure that she was feeling. Her cervix had never been hit before. Not by a long shot. Now, it was being repeatedly pummeled by his jackhammer of a cock. The noises that escaped her mouth would keep her embarrassed for days, but she wasn't worried about that right then. All she cared about was how her pussy walls were clamping down on his fat cock.

Lights flashed behind her pretty, blue eyes as she came hard on him. She didn't remember her body flopping around as she spasmed out of control. She didn't even remember how he manhandled her into a doggy-style position. She did remember, however, when he shoved his long, thick cock into her from behind with a single, powerful thrust. Daphne yelled and cursed as pleasure washed over her gorgeous body. Even when she collapsed onto her front, Harry never stopped. Instead, he rode her all the way down and continued to fuck her as she lay flat on her

belly. The bastard even slipped his hand underneath her body so that he could rub her clit while she was getting fucked.

'You better be thankful, Story!' she thought to herself as lights flashed behind her eyes again. Her brain began to go fuzzy as she experienced another orgasm. It was all too much for her. The sounds, the heavy smell of sex, all of it added up to a mind-blowing experience. Daphne screamed before biting down on the covers. She could feel her tunnel fluttering over his invading cock. The sensitivity was at an all-time high. She swore that she could feel every ridge of his meaty cock as he battered her g-spot and rammed against her cervix. She didn't know how long it went on. She was trapped in a lucid state of being, constantly cumming as Harry violated her perfect body in every way that he desired. She vaguely remembered feeling his warmth enter her body before he allowed her to pass out for the night.

AN - Next part involves Astoria