

Kinky 'Claws by Gregor Copland

Padma and Hermione, already in costume for the show, were now relaxing on a couch at the edge of the set. Across the studio Harry and Penny were avidly watching the Quidditch European Champions League final. They spotted Penny's shoulder moving, she was clearly multi-tasking. Suddenly Luna flopped down over both their laps.

"Can Penny not wait?"

Luna smiled up at them.

"No, there are several bets between them. While the Danish team are leading Penny has to give Harry a handjob and every time they score a goal he gets a quick knobbler. And it is the reverse for the Spanish side, fingering and muff-diving. The team leading at half-time determines the forfeit."

"Luna, even I know there is not half time in Quidditch."

"So do they Hermione. But Harry is mundane-raised and Penny is mundane-born. It is the score after 45 minutes, just as in football."

"What are the forfeits?"

Luna's smile was an answer in itself.

"If the Spanish side are leading after 45 minutes then Penny wants Harry to bugger her with the Electro-Stim dildo in her pussy."

All three of them smirked.

"Not tied up as well?"

"No, she was worried about marks, distractions during the broadcast."

"And if the Danish team are leading, what does Harry want?"

"A cuddle."

"A cuddle?"

"Yes, that is why Penny is so excited. She is desperate for the Spanish side to get ahead. As she put it 'none of this romantic crap!'."

Smirks turned to laughter.

"Anyway, I am bored so you need to tell me a story. Tell me again about life at Hogwarts after I left."

"We have told you that story hundreds of times."

"I know, but it is my favourite."

Neither Padma nor Hermione were upset at the request. They knew it was important to Luna.

“We were the third class group that started Hogwarts at 13 rather than 11. St. Mungo’s tried to force the entry age up to 15 but this was the compromise. The research into unstable magical cores had been ignored for years, but of course once a scion of a pureblood house had lost his magic, then it was an immediate issue that needed to be dealt with. So Padma and I were part of that intake. Harry was sorted into Gryffindor with me while Padma went to Ravenclaw. I met Padma on the second day at the castle, in the Library.”

“Surprise, surprise.”

“Exactly. Despite her twin being in my dorm the two of us hit it off immediately. Before classes even started we had a study buddy. You know all Harry’s adventures during these first three years, the Troll, the Basilisk, all the Dementors, I am not going to repeat them all. Those three years were exciting, so many new things to learn, yet at the same time they were tough for a lot of reasons as well. Pads, you take over for a while.”

“Boys and girls arriving at the age of 13 is tough, everyone in the throes of puberty. Some coped with it well, some badly, it was a real mess. When we arrived there were girls already starting to come into their figures. Some of them coped with it well, or at least dealt with it better than others. People like Daphne and Lavender spring to mind. Daphne scared all the boys and Lavender was happy to flirt her way through school. On the other hand Susan and Hannah were terribly self-conscious of their figures and took much longer to deal with the staring. And then there those like Hermione and myself that had no figure at all. And after three full years there, we were still these androgynous stick insects. Third year was tough, we hid in the Library all the time. But then it all changed. Still to this day we do not know for sure, but our best guess is the Dementor trying to kiss Harry did something to Voldemort’s soul piece, letting more of the real Harry shine through. One day in August I had arranged to meet Hermione in Diagon Alley for our books and supplies. Harry was there with the Weasleys the same time, just a coincidence.”

Padma stopped and smiled at the memory. Hermione jumped back in.

“In seven weeks Harry had changed. He had not changed much physically but his presence was much larger. And when he saw Padma and I, oh Luna neither of us will ever forget that smile. I rushed to him and rather than me hug him as usual, he initiated the hug. And gestured to Padma to come for a hug as well. With both of us in his arms he had us off the ground, spinning us round. It was such a simple thing, but to this day I am sure that he kick-started puberty for both of us. The green eyes, the smile, the hair, the big carefree hug.”

Luna knew every detail of the story and smiled as, on cue, Hermione smiled and sighed. Padma tagged back in.

“And four days later Harry saved your Mum.”

Luna nodded.

“One more minute and she would have died. Harry had been playing Quidditch out the back of the Burrow and heard the explosion. I knew he was powerful but for the first time I saw it myself. Only Harry could apparate to St. Mungo’s without ever taking a lesson. Or splinching himself. Both Daddy and I were panicking but doing nothing, Harry just turned up, grabbed Mummy and popped away. By the time Daddy apparated us there she was already being worked on.”

There was a reason Luna was devoted to Harry.

“Her recovery was going to take several years and it was then that I dropped out of Hogwarts, I wanted to be there to help her and I could get home-schooled just as easily.”

Both Padma and Hermione caressed Luna’s body, Hermione kissing Luna’s nipples, Padma her thighs. They smiled as Luna arched her back.

“Carry on with the story please.”

“Some of our classmates had managed to navigate the hormonal mess that is puberty before they even started Hogwarts. We had observed the others do the same thing over the previous three years. We are being drama queens to say that we were the last two young women in our year to go through puberty but it sure felt like it. I am an identical twin but even Parvati was through it. Regardless, 4th year was, well I have used the words already, a hormonal mess. Harry was in the tournament, we were his closest support since Ron was being an arse as usual. And every time we saw Harry our bodies just dumped an overdose of hormones into our system. From the second day of term I masturbated every day of the whole school year. And I only won second prize, as Lady Potter over there couldn’t even last one day.”

They all laughed.

“It was probably just as well that we were in separate houses, in separate dorms. If we had been in the same dorm we would have become lovers so much sooner. Fifth year started and everything changed, and for the better. Hermione’s birthday was on the 19th, mine one week later. On Hermione’s birthday we had hugged and for the first time she kissed me. It was more than a peck but less than a snog. And although we blushed I could tell that it meant something. Fast forward one week and it was now my birthday. I had spent part of the intervening week searching for somewhere private in the castle. And had found an old set of quarters for a professor. Many scourgifys later and I had a clean couch in a forgotten room.”

“I had no idea where Padma was taking me but when I saw the room, and saw her lacing all the locking, silencing and privacy spells together, well more than a year of teenage hormones finally found an outlet. You have seen us together many times, but nothing will top that first time. I still have Padma’s blouse, the one I tore off her body. There was no gentle exploration, no verbal communication, none of that. We locked the other’s head between our thighs and just did not let go. Fuck me it was awesome.”

Padma and Luna giggled, it was always so funny to hear Hermione swear.

“It was the first time either of us got detention in more than four years. We stayed there all night.”

Padma’s eyes grew distant as she reminisced.

“My very first taste of Hermione.”

The two of them kissed, hands on each other rather than Luna. Finally they parted.

“5th year was tough, you heard all about the UmBitch. Hermione helped Harry as much as she could and we both helped with the DA. What became apparent to us both was that we checked out women much more than men. Both of us had an enormous crush on Harry but were too shy to say anything. So our pillow talk was all the other women in our year, and the two years above us. We had so many of them in our bed over the year, at least in our imaginations.”

“What we did not realise was that we were not the only ones with a crush. Harry had a crush on both of us as well. And was equally shy in expressing it. So all three of us spent the whole of 5th year crushing on each other but doing nothing about it.

“The summer after 5th year was terrible, again no need to repeat it all. I was with Harry for most of the fight against Voldemort and sat beside his bed when he was in a coma after the final battle. But I had to return to Hogwarts before he woke, despite making a hell of a fuss to be allowed to stay with him. As a result, the first two weeks of 6th year were tough, trying to focus a real challenge. But then one evening the doors opened and there he was, the green-eyed god himself.”

Huge smiles all round.

“It took three days for all the immediate fuss to die down, but finally Padma and I were able to get some time with him alone. We took him to what was now our own room, where we could study and make out. There was not much to say, I had been with him until the final fight and he had been in a coma. But it was good to have him close. And that night both Padma and I realised he had changed.”

“Defeating a Dark Lord would give anyone confidence but with Harry it was more than that. With the piece of Voldemort’s soul out of his head at last he no longer needed glasses and those green eyes were hypnotic. We had been sitting on either side of him on the couch and suddenly he lifted us onto his lap, Hermione on his right thigh, me on his left. And I swear I heard a click, three pieces of a jigsaw fitting together. It was at that point that the kissing started.”

Dreamy smiles until Luna poked them both with her finger.

“Okay, we will stop being all soppy. He kissed me while caressing Padma’s arse, he kissed Padma while caressing my arse and he caressed both our arses while we kissed each other. We talked many times over the following weeks but it was just talking about what we were doing rather than agonising over it. But without doubt the best thing that happened that year was Halloween. Rather than an attempt on Harry’s life like so many others we found the book. It was a rite of passage for all students to read ‘The Magick of Sex’, Madam Pince just rolls her

eyes and tries not to smirk. But the last page refers to the mythical 'Taboo Magick of Sex', the follow up book. Which had been lost for hundreds of years, no known copies in existence."

More smirks between the three of them.

"Other than in the Room of Requirement of course. When we discovered it that night after the feast we were so excited. And that excitement quickly faded as we realised that half of the chapters were copies of things that were well-known, there was nothing new. But the second half of the book was full of potions, rituals and runes with all sort of sexual powers. We smuggled the book out of the castle and into the library at Grimmauld Place, agreeing to wait until the summer to even think about using it.

"The rest of 6th year and 7th year was relentlessly intense. And it was a conscious choice. Unlike so many other wizards, hell mundanes are just as bad, Harry was not intimidated by intelligent women. We asked him one night when the three of us were in bed and he said his biggest turn on was exactly that, intelligence. He encouraged us to keep working on our project, helped us where he could, often with money to buy components that we kept frying in our testing. Perhaps the best thing he did was force us to take regular breaks so that we did not burn out."

"When did you talk about kinks?"

"At some point early-ish in 6th year. His two nerdy girlfriends had no experience other than with each other, and now with him, but we had both read a lot of racy fiction. Hermione found a couple of books hidden in her mother's bedside cabinet and each holiday we would go to the mundane bookshops and find more. At 16 we had very kinky imaginations for a couple of virgins. Harry talked with us about them and then started to act them out."

"The first one?"

Hermione blushed and the other two chuckled.

"You know I have an exhibitionist streak, it could not be clearer given what we are about to do in an hour's time. In 6th year it was still nascent. One day we were studying in one of the more hidden corners of the library and Harry asked me to give him a blow job. Right there, in the library, the risk of being seen, being caught. I of course blushed like a tomato. But I also slid under the table, pulled his cock from his trousers and tried to swallow it whole. It was so hot."

"And it wasn't just Hermione. When she crawled under the table it was such a turn on for me. There we were, Charms textbooks on the table, Harry chatting to me without a care in the world, and yet under the table Hermione is blowing him and I have my fingers stuffed in my knickers."

Hermione and Padma kissed gently.

"The library was the scene of most of our early adventures. Harry fucked each of us on a table there, the third person pretending to study while the other two fucked under his cloak."

The story was interrupted by a groan from Penny.

"Bloody Spanish team. I only needed two more goals! Cuddles!"

Luna hopped off their laps with a smile on her face.

“Where are you going?”

“To help Harry. Penny is getting cuddles, while ‘suffering’ under her forfeit.”

Less than a minute later they heard Penny squeal.

“Oh, you devious man. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

“Thanked three times, she must be extra horny.”

The two of them sat on the couch and watched as Penny jumped into Harry’s lap, squirming about before lowering herself onto his fat solid cock. She looked like she was stepped into a warm bath at the end of the day, closing her eyes and sighing. But then Luna knelt between both their legs and inserted the Electro-Stim into Penny’s pussy.

“Do you want the controller Harry?”

“No Luna my love, you can have it. Come and cuddle up beside me.”

Penny’s torment was simple. Luna held the slide control for the current and every so often Harry would tickle her. Luna, being the most ticklish person on the planet, squirmed and squealed and could not stop her fingers from moving. The current flowed and Penny twitched in Harry’s lap. But there was no scream or cry, just a long deep guttural moan. Penny was already well on the way to sub-space.

“Did you ever worry we would be jealous about other women?”

“At first I was. Too many years of being casually, and cruelly, dismissed. Even at the very start I trusted Harry more than I trusted myself. Deep down I knew he would not discard us, but it did not stop me worrying. You?”

“The same. But after the ritual it was clear very quickly that we needed help.”

Hermione laughed.

“What was it? 10 days he did not let us leave the bedroom except to go to the bathroom.”

“We had our honeymoon years before the wedding. But then one day Luna turned up at the door and everything changed.”

“It did. Neither of us countenanced Divination and in walks our own little seer. She sat there and proceeded to tell us that Harry would have six wives and that she wanted to be number three. Despite the fact that neither of us had married Harry yet, so there was not even a number one or two.”

Despite being 22 year old women they giggled like schoolboys.

“And yet as soon as she told us, it made sense. I did not have a sense of worry, frankly I was grateful for the help. And she did that simple diagram. Harry in the centre, a Potter family on the right, a Black family on the left. Each of us with a consort and a concubine. The consort was

married to Harry but the children would continue her family name, the same with the concubine. And she had even selected her position, Luna Lovegood Consort to House Potter.”

“None of the three of us thought that the tough one to persuade would be Harry.”

“It took all of our feminine wiles to seduce him, bring him round to the idea.”

They both laughed, but they knew the truth. Luna’s heartfelt plea to Harry. He was a big softy and have caved almost immediately.

“We have talked about this many times, but do you think Luna knew and knows who the other three are?”

“She ‘saw’ Penny and told Harry to go and rescue her. She was struggling against her true nature and once with us she could finally accept and acknowledge to herself that she was very submissive. We have not formalised it yet but it is pretty clear that Susan Bones is the same. Penny is the Black concubine and Susan will be the Potter one. So I think it is the nature of the woman rather than the specific.”

“The Black consort?”

“Harry will want to make it a statement.”

Padma nodded in agreement.

“Who then?”

“If I had to guess then someone like Angelina Johnson.”

“Another minority?”

Hermione nodded.

“You saw and heard the outrage when he married you and made you Lady Black. And Penny, a mundane born as the House Black concubine.”

Padma giggled.

“Lady Black who is brown, and Consort Black that is black. The old pureblood geezers will have heart attacks.”

“Good!”

“If not Angie then any other guesses.”

Before Hermione could reply there was a cheer from the television.

“Jesper Arneson has caught the snitch. For the first time the winner of the Quidditch European Champions League final is the Danish side Dybdykkers.”

With Hermione distracted Padma palmed her wand, ‘Petrificus Totalus’. Leaving her on the couch Padma walked to the control room.

She tuned out the noise coming from the displays and turned to house elves manning (elfing?) the control room.

“15 minutes for the presentations and then we will be live.”

What the magical world did not know was that Padma and Hermione were the two richest witches in the world. They had invented, and patented, magical satellite television. Witches and wizards throughout the world had become captivated by this new, to them, invention. It was comforting to realise that magicals were no different than mundanes; the top three program categories were sport, soap operas and porn. Padma left the control room and levitated Hermione over to a frame completely covered in runes. She carefully buckled cuffs round Hermione’s wrists and ankles before releasing the spell.

“Padma! What are you doing?”

Instead of answering Padma tapped her wand to a runic sequence on the frame and the straps with the cuffs on the end slowly but inexorably tightened until Hermione was spread-eagled in the frame, the Vitruvian Man made flesh in the form of a stunning 22 year old woman. Padma sidled up behind her sister wife running her hands over her body.

“Stop asking so many questions or I will go and find a ball-gag.”

Hermione’s trademark stream of questions screeched to a halt. She did not like ball-gags.

“Harry and I have been planning a surprise for you, this evening is all for you. Penny and Luna have been working for more than a year trying to perfect this frame and these costumes. On the underside of all our bodysuits are more runes, hundreds of them. The whole apparatus, including these suits, are a masterpiece of Arithmancy, Runes and Potions. They are designed to draw out, and then enhance, all our deepest sexual fantasies. They are individualised and are activated with our pussy juice.”

Padma casually tapped her wand to a prominent rune sequence and Hermione stiffened in surprise and then groaned helplessly.

“It is working, great.”

Padma stepped over and through the straps and kissed her closest friend, her sister wife. It was a deep, long snog.

“Wow. Well that has calmed me down. Not!”

Padma laughed and returned to cuddling in behind Hermione.

“That was to apologise. Because Consort Black has been chosen. Look in the shadows between those two cameras.”

Hermione peered past the lights into the gloom and then gasped. Standing there naked was Tonks. And right then and there, before her very eyes she watched Tonks morph into. Hermione sagged into the frame, her heart trying to burst out of her chest and pussy juice flowing down her thigh.

"I see that you are as smart as ever. I know all your fantasies and you get to live them for the rest of our lives. But tonight Hermione, Lady Potter, you are going to get DP'ed right here in this studio and it is going to be shown around the world. If we can edit out all the magic then it could be shown not just to the millions in the magical world but the billions in the mundane world."

Padma held Hermione's diamond hard nipples between her fingers, caressing them gently.

"Sometimes I think we are the same soul in two bodies. When we go live I am going to walk over there and get spit-roasted by the two of them. And you are going to watch me, and them, while the frame charges your bodysuit completely. When it is fully charged the cuffs automatically release and I expect that you will charge over there, throw me out of the way and fulfil your fantasy."

Hermione felt her blood was on fire, every cell in her body demanding sexual release. She barely noticed Padma inserted a plug in her arse. It was only when the 'engorgio' spell started that she was aware of it. Her awareness suddenly focused on it, to the exclusion of everything else.

"Just a little thing to keep you distracted. Tonks will be on her back and you will just drop down on her, the plug making everything tight. You will feel Harry edging closer between the two pairs of legs and then the elves will zoom in tight. This grossly engorged plug will be pulled from your arse and Harry's long, fat, solid cock will replace it. They will zoom out and everyone will see."

Hermione was hyperventilating, her eyes closed, her deepest fantasy playing on a screen only she could see.

"We are live."

With a final kiss Padma walked onto the set. She kissed Harry, and then kissed 'Harry' on the tip of his metamorphed dick. Hermione's mind was just an endless scroll of memories, desires, fantasies, and the real-life debauchery in front of her. Harry had a hold on Padma's hips and was fucking her hard. Harry that was really Tonks was demonstrating a very masculine frame of mind, her dick all the way down Padma's throat, the bulge obvious. And Luna, the least dominant person on the planet, was giving lie to that statement by flogging Penny with gusto.

Suddenly all four cuffs released and Hermione stumbled out of the frame. When Luna saw Hermione was ready she dropped the flogger and picked up a vial. Chugging it back Hermione watched as Luna too morphed into another Harry.

She ran towards the action, desperate to start. She was going to be airtight.....

