

A comfortable silence set in as the threesome lay together in the bed, their bodies flush with sweat and their limbs an entangled mess. Hannah and Susan gazed at each other with bright grins as Harry caressed their bare flesh, his eyes trained on the ceiling above.

The tranquil moment was however broken when the door opened with an audible click, and both the girls' eyes widened when they heard the familiar voice exclaim in sheer disbelief.

"What the hell is going on here!?"

As if shocked, Hannah and Susan jumped in alarm, jerking away from Harry whose head swiveled to the doorway where a shocked Amelia Bones stood, her eyes wide and her mouth agape.

The two girls immediately pulled the sheet up their breasts, covering themselves the best they could as they stared wide-eyed at each other. Their hearts were thumping in their chests, and shakily, Susan turned to her aunt who was staring back at them.

Her cheeks flamed a deep scarlet and both the girls wanted to disappear beneath those sheets.

"A-Auntie!" Susan's voice was somewhere between a squeak and a shout.

Amelia's fists clenched on her robes as her eyes darted from Susan to Hannah and back again, her brows knitted in disbelief.

"S-Susan, I-This is beyond... well, beyond anything I expected to see!"

Hannah, horrified and looking even paler than usual, managed to stammer out, "M-Madam Bones, we-we didn't know you were coming..."

"Well, clearly!" Amelia's voice quivered. Her eyes fixated on her niece with an intensity that made her sit straighter. "I told you to behave as befitting your station in our host's home, didn't I? This is how you ought to behave Susan?"

Susan flushed even more, shame coursing through her, but from somewhere she didn't know, an indignant voice rose within her. She was not a child. She was a witch of age who had the right to make her own decisions. It was not as if she had forced herself on Harry or done something without his consent!

Just as she was about to open her mouth to retort, Harry's blinked lazily, an easy and unconcerned expression on his face as he met Amelia's piercing stare.

"Evening, Amelia," he said, as casual as he could be. "I thought you might drop by sometime."

Both Hannah and Susan's jaws dropped as they stared at him in sheer disbelief.

“Are you out of your mind!?” They hissed as one, immediately gazing at one another, and all Harry did was let out a small chuckle.

Keeping his eyes on Amelia, he continued in the same casual tone, “Don’t sweat too much about it, Amelia. It all just happened. We’re all consenting adults here. Also, I don’t mind Susan’s initiative. To be honest, I would’ve taken it myself sooner than later.”

“Sort of happened!?” Amelia repeated, her tone high and borderline incredulous. “I hardly think this qualifies as something that *just happens*.”

Hannah, exchanging a desperate look with Susan who seemed tongue-tied for a moment, fully taken aback by Harry’s response to the whole situation, shook her head. “I-It’s complicated, Madam Bones,” she said, hoping it would somehow help.

“I-I can explain!” Susan finally exclaimed, almost entirely hidden under the thin silk sheet that she had pulled up to her collarbone.

“Allow me,” Harry interjected with an exaggerated sigh, and to their shock, he slid out from under the covers. Hannah and Susan stared, mouths agape, as Harry stood with no care for his nakedness in front of the latter’s aunt, and climbed off the bed. He stood, facing Amelia, whose eyes dropped to his erection that was proudly pointed at her, and she audibly gulped. Harry let out a small smirk and began walking toward her.

He came to a stop right in front of her and the woman stared at him in shock.

“What exactly is the problem here?” He asked softly, ensuring Hannah and Susan could hear him clearly. “I told you it’s all fine, didn’t I?”

“T-That doesn’t mean—”

Harry did not let her finish as he resumed walking, and Amelia stayed rooted to the spot as he stopped behind her. Her breath hitched and her eyes widened even more when she felt him come closer, and she heard twin gasps from the bed when his hands came to rest at her sides. She could feel his erection pressing into her from behind and the sensation sent her heartbeat skyrocketing.

“W-What are you d-doing!?” She gasped under his touch when he began to caress her sides, her incredulous eyes locked with Susan who, alongside Hannah, could do nothing but stare at this unbelievable spectacle with wide eyes and gaping mouths.

“Come on, Amelia,” Harry leaned closer, whispering in her ear and smirking when he felt her shiver as his hot breath caressed her sensitive skin. “We’re all such good friends here.”

His hands continued to explore her curves. She felt him brush the sides of her tits over her robes whenever his hands climbed up, and she shivered as he descended.

His face burrowed deeper into the side of her neck where he began to pepper her soft, sensitive skin with featherlight kisses, working her up expertly, and without any conscious effort on her part, her head tilted to give him more access.

Harry took the offer eagerly, and as his hands descended, he pushed them forward and held her by the belly. Caressing her over her robes, he kept kissing and nibbling on her neck. He could feel her getting putty in his hands and as he eyed Hannah and Susan on the bed, staring at them in disbelief, his smirk merely widened.

While his eyes remained trained on them, his hands began climbing up, caressing her belly over her robes until he reached the sash that held it in place. With a deft flick of his fingers, he untied it and magically pulled it off her. The fabric slid down, pooling by her feet, and she stood there in a plaid skirt that ended just above her knees and a silk shirt that was straining against her bust – a fact Harry easily noticed.

Hannah and Susan could do nothing. They were overcome with sheer shock at what they were witnessing. The silk sheet had long fallen, rendering them visibly naked to everyone, but they did not even register it. All they could do was stare at the spectacle unfolding in front of them in sheer disbelief.

Meanwhile, Amelia's breath hitched as Harry's lips traveled from her neck to the sensitive spot just below her ear. His tongue flicked out, licking along her skin and trailing a delicate pattern on her skin that made her visibly shudder.

"H-Harry..." She whispered, her voice trembling. Her eyes opened and met Susan's who stared back silently. "What..."

Harry chuckled softly, his hands never stopping as he kept caressing her belly over the thin fabric. He pressed firmly against her from behind and she shivered once again when she felt his massive manhood press up against her.

"You know exactly what is going on, Amelia," he whispered, his fingertips brushing the underside of her tits. His eyes locked with Susan as he continued, making sure she knew he was addressing her. "And from the way she's responding, I'd say she's enjoying it quite a bit, Sue."

Susan blinked when Harry directly addressed her, and it felt as if someone had thrown icy water right at her face.

"Auntie..." She whispered, trailing off.

"Tell me how you feel when you see us like this, Sue," Harry continued, keeping his eyes on her as his fingers danced over Amelia's silk shirt, climbing upwards even more and deliberately brushing over where the hardened tips of her nipples were. Amelia shuddered violently at the sensation and a keening moan escaped her lips. Her eyes were half-lidded and her lips were parted slightly as she gasped and moaned, her back arching involuntarily as Harry continued to tease her.

Susan remained silent, which prompted Harry to ask her once again, and she jerked, her eyes wide. She didn't know what to say. She had never imagined her aunt being with someone, but now that she was seeing her with a man, and the man she was with as well... she remained at a loss for what to say.

It forced her to realize something. She had never seen her aunt with someone, never seen her live her life as a woman. Her aunt had always devoted herself to three things - her job as the Head of the DMLE, her duty as the head of the House of Bones, and her responsibilities as her aunt. Never had she spent a moment as herself - as Amelia Bones, a woman who must have her wants and desires as well. The realization filled Susan with shame, and with it came an immense desire to see her aunt enjoy everything she had missed for all these years.

"Harry, please..." Amelia moaned, and it brought Susan out of her thoughts. She stared at Harry's hands as they continued to caress her aunt over her silk shirt, his fingertips merely touching her tits and nipples, never pushing for more.

She saw him lean closer, his mouth mere inches from her aunt's, and she had to strain to hear what he was saying over the loud thumping of her heart.

"Please what, Amelia? Please stop? Or please keep going?"

Amelia's eyes fluttered shut as she gulped audibly, her face turning toward his, and she whispered, "Keep going."

Instantly, Harry turned her around and pulled her flush against himself, slamming his cock against her belly. Amelia gasped at the sensation, but it was immediately swallowed by Harry as he smashed his lips against hers, devouring her in a passionate kiss.

Susan released a breath she didn't know she had been holding, and alongside Hannah, she watched on as her aunt melted against him, her arms wrapping around his neck as she surrendered herself entirely to him, enjoying the sensations of pure, unadulterated pleasure that must be coursing through her. Both Susan and Hannah could easily picture Harry exploring every inch of Amelia's mouth with a ravenous intensity, drowning her in those overwhelming sensations that consumed them whenever they were with him.

"Fuck, that's hot," Hannah whispered, and Susan could only nod as she watched Harry's hands roam lower, slipping beneath the hem of her skirt to cup her ass. The black fabric of her skirt raised over his hands, exposing her rear, and both Hannah and Susan were shocked to find Amelia wearing a sheer, lace thong.

"Holy..." Susan trailed off, and Hannah could only nod. Holy indeed.

Harry ensured they had the perfect viewing angle as he grabbed Amelia's ass cheeks and squeezed them firmly, pulling them apart and showing her puckered hole

hidden behind the thin lace fabric before letting go with a resounding slap to each cheek.

“Merlin, she’s fucking hot,” Hannah breathed, and she did not even realize she had begun touching herself. Her fingers rubbed her clit as she leaned against the headrest, her eyes fixated on the erotic sight in front of her.

Susan was no better. She knew how wrong this was – to think of her aunt in such context – but right now, she did not see her aunt, but a woman who was hot as fuck and who had abstained from enjoying the delights of life for far too long. There was guilt within her, but accompanying it was the feeling of pity that such a hot beauty had wasted so many years of her life. Try as she might, she could not stop herself from thinking along those lines, her eyes fixated on that plump rear that easily surpassed hers in every sense of the word, and she wondered if she would look even remotely like that when she finally got to that age.

Meanwhile, Harry had long pulled his lips off hers and was now furiously kissing all over her neck. The redhead kept her head thrown back while her hands pressed him closer, desperate to keep him firmly against her body. She could feel his manhood pressing firmly against her and began to hump against it, eager to feel it against herself. All she wanted right now was to have him fill her entirely, her mind clouded with the raw need pulsing through her veins.

As if hearing her thoughts, Harry pulled back from the kiss and gazed down at her with his eyes dark with desire. He gave her a feral smirk that sent her blood rushing and asked, his voice thick with arousal. “Ready for what’s to come next?”

Amelia nodded, her body shaking with desire and lust.

With a predatory smile, Harry pulled her shirt out of her skirt and unbuttoned it within seconds, pulling it off her frame. A deft flick of his fingers unbuttoned her skirt as well and he pulled it over her arse, letting it pool by her feet where it joined the robe.

Susan breathed sharply as she witnessed her aunt in such a state and Hannah was no better. Meanwhile, Harry stepped back and eyed her up and down, nodding in approval.

“You’re perfect,” he murmured, and without warning, he lifted her off her feet and carried her over to the bed where Hannah and Susan quickly scooted to either side, leaving the middle vacant for Harry to lay her down.

He threw her on the bed instead, and Amelia bounced as she came to a stop, her face flush with arousal. She eyed Harry hungrily as he approached her, and Susan merely stared, her own arousal skyrocketing now that she was so close to the action.

Harry’s gaze shifted to Susan now and he saw how her eyes raked over Amelia’s almost naked form, starting from her tits that were barely confined within that lace

bra to her knickers. He saw her eyes widen, undoubtedly having seen the massive wet patch between her aunt's legs, and he smirked.

"Love what you're seeing, Sue?" He asked huskily, making her turn to him. "You know I can tell what you're thinking, right? The eyes never lie."

"Uh... what?"

Harry chuckled. "Go on. Touch her. You know you want to."

Susan's eyes widened as Harry turned to Hannah who seemed to be barely holding herself back. "You too, Hannah. You look like you'll explode right there if I make you wait for even a minute more."

Unlike Susan, Hannah was quick to pounce on the opportunity. She had been terrified in the beginning when the scary Madam Bones had caught them, but now after seeing Harry seduce her so easily and how quickly she had given into his advances, she feared her no more. This was just a woman with needs. It also helped that she found the woman ridiculously hot, and she resembled her dear Susan so much that it was a bit like being with an older version of her lovely redheaded lover.

Hannah's hands grasped those massive mounds that jutted out proudly from the woman's chest and she immediately pulled the two cups of her bra down, freeing up her tits. Her eyes widened and a breathless "Merlin!" left her lips which she eagerly wrapped around one hard nipple, sucking furiously as she fully unsnapped the bra, throwing it away.

Amelia simply lay there with her legs spread apart, allowing the blonde to play with her tits. She saw Susan staring at her, wide-eyed, before a glint entered her eyes. She watched in anticipation as her niece reached out and touched her right over her gushing quim, feeling her wetness, and the sight forced a moan out of her.

Harry stood between her legs, keeping them spread apart as Susan gently pulled her knickers away from her womanhood and over her thighs. He did the rest, pulling them down her legs and throwing them to the side, but not before taking a long whiff, savoring her scent.

Susan became bolder, having accepted it a while ago that she truly wanted this. The woman might be her aunt, but these unbelievable developments meant she was now Harry's lover. As such, she was her lover as well. It made perfect sense in her lust-addled mind, and she did not dwell too much on the pros and cons of it. She felt her up, brushing her fingers over her wet petals before she spread her lower lips and ran her thumb over the slit. Her face was one of wonder as she caressed her aunt's pussy, feeling her respond so eagerly to her touch, and she could not help but giggle.

"Enjoying yourself?" Harry asked, amused, as he watched them.

“You’ve got no idea,” Susan replied, letting out a disbelieving chuckle. “I can’t believe this is real.”

Harry merely smirked and allowed both Susan and Hannah to enjoy Amelia’s sinfully curvaceous body as much as they wanted. While Hannah seemed obsessed with her large tits, Susan devoted herself to preparing her aunt for him – something Harry was tremendously grateful for.

“Ah, yes, Little Bones... just like that...”

Susan’s hand paused, her face mere inches away from the wet pussy when she heard the change in voice and she quickly pulled back, her eyes wide in shock. Meanwhile, Hannah also jerked back in surprise as she stared at the woman.

“What the fuck is this!?” A shellshocked Susan asked in a whisper as everyone stared at a grinning Nymphadora Tonks.

“Oh! Too soon?” Tonks asked, and all Harry could do was roll his eyes in exasperation.

Susan and Hannah quickly turned to Harry and stared him down.

“You knew!?” The redhead asked, aghast.

“We planned it this morning before I left,” Tonks replied instead, pushing herself on her elbows. “And it seems things worked out way better than either of us expected. Why, I didn’t expect you to have an incestuous bone in you, Little Bones.”

Susan flushed furiously as Tonks smirked.

“Wait a minute!” Hannah exclaimed, her eyes darting from Tonks to Harry who still remained between the former’s legs, keeping them spread apart. “You two are fucking each other!?”

Susan’s eyes bugged out even more and she gazed askance at Harry who shrugged.

“Yeah, we are. Although you can say we love each other too, so it’s fucking and lovemaking at the same time,” he replied, exchanging a grin with his future second wife.

“And this morning... you two planned... what, exactly?” Susan asked with much more calm than she felt.

“Having her barge in here looking like Amelia and catching us in the act,” Harry replied, smirking. “Although she got a bit late. I was expecting her about an hour ago. Before we discussed... everything.”

“Blame the boss lady,” Tonks rolled her eyes. “And you discussed it all with them already? We were supposed to do it together.”

"Not all," Harry replied. "There's almost all of it left to discuss."

"Hold on," Susan interjected, shaking her head. "Whatever you want to discuss can wait. I want to focus on this little plan of yours first."

"Sure," Harry shrugged with an easy smile. "Although I don't think either of us thought we'll really discover this... incestuous side of yours. Attracted to your dear aunt, Sue? How... scandalous!"

Susan flushed brilliantly and Hannah could not help but let out a snort at the sight of her best friend. It earned her an amused glance from Tonks that was reciprocated in kind.

"You're unbelievable," Susan muttered finally. She knew she could not deny it anymore. It was all true, after all.

"Probably why you like me so much," Harry quipped instantly.

"You're pushing your luck now," Susan warned, though there was no heat in her voice.

It was surprising to discover that Harry was involved with Tonks as well, but in all honesty, she could not be too surprised. He was quite a catch, and if he had conquered herself and her best friend Hannah so easily, that said a lot about him. Additionally, now that she had started to really think about this, she could not help but wonder if he was involved with more woman as well. She would not be surprised if he was.

"It was meant to be a prank mostly, or maybe a test," Tonks intoned, smirking. "But I guess it turned out to be quite an opportunity. Right, Harry?"

"Quite a discovery as well," he replied, eyeing Susan who rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, fine. I have hots for my aunt. That's what you wanted to hear?"

"Not really. I mean, we all already saw how much hots you really have for her," he replied teasingly.

He was not really surprised with Susan's reaction here. While she might seem a bit shy, when she got going, she had quite a wild and open side to her which was on full display right now.

"Now then, if you two are over your shock, maybe we could continue?" Tonks asked hopefully as she got up in the middle of the bed, and right before their eyes, she transformed back into a perfect Amelia Bones. Her tits enlarged and she grew curvier, her hair turned crimson, and her face morphed. Smirking sexily, she turned to Susan and whispered hotly, "Come here, Sue."

Susan's breath quickened as she felt the warmth of Tonks, now in her aunt Amelia's form, pressing against her. The transformation was so complete that Susan

almost forgot it wasn't really her aunt; the resemblance was uncanny, right down to the way Amelia's lips curled into that familiar, seductive smirk. Susan's heart pounded in her chest as she leaned in, her nipples hardening further with each passing second.

Their lips met with a ferocity that surprised even Susan. The kiss was electric, a storm of passion that sent shivers down her spine. Tonks—or rather, *Amelia*—took control, her tongue exploring Susan's mouth with a dominance that made Susan's knees weak. She could feel Amelia's hands sliding up her sides, caressing her eagerly before she slid up further, cupping her breasts.

"Harry, come here," *Amelia* whispered, her voice dripping with lust. "I need you inside me."

Harry didn't need to be told twice. He slid forward on the bed, his cock already hard and throbbing with anticipation. He moved behind *Amelia*, who was still locked in a passionate embrace with Susan. His hands slid around her waist, pulling her closer as he positioned himself at her entrance. He took his time, rubbing the head of his cock against her slick entrance, poking and prodding her pussy as he held her firmly.

*Amelia* broke the kiss with Susan for just a moment, and glanced over her shoulder at Harry with a sultry smile. "Fuck me, Harry. Hard. Give it to me."

Harry gave her a feral grin, and with a growl of desire, he thrust into her, his cock sliding smoothly into *Amelia's* wet heat. She gasped, the sound echoing through the room, and Susan felt a delicious thrill shoot through her body as she pinched her nipples. She slammed her lips against hers this time, the kiss more passionate than before as Harry began to move, his hips slamming into *Amelia's* ass with relentless force.

"Ahh fuck yes!" *Amelia* cried out as her back arched, and Harry quickly pulled her to himself, much to Susan's frustration who was just starting to enjoy this faux-incestuous encounter with her not-aunt. Instead, she now had to content herself with watching Harry and her aunt's lookalike as he bent her over and relentlessly drove his massive cock into her eager snatch.

Each thrust sent waves of pleasure through his body, and he could feel *Amelia's* inner walls clenching around him, intent on milking him for all he was worth.

Susan was not left out for long. Hannah, who had been watching the scene unfold with wide, lustful eyes, quickly joined in, her hands reaching out to stroke Susan's thighs. Susan shivered under her touch, her body responding eagerly to the attention from her best friend and lover. Hannah's fingers kept sliding up Susan's legs and quickly found their target, slipping between Susan's legs to tease her swollen clit.

"Oh, yes," Susan moaned, her head falling back as Hannah's fingers worked their magic. "Touch me, please."

Hannah complied, her fingers moving faster, circling Susan's clit with increasing pressure. Susan's hips bucked involuntarily, and she began grinding herself against Hannah's hand. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of pleasure and desperation that made Susan's vision blur.

*Amelia*, still being fucked by Harry, glanced over at the two girls with a wicked grin. "That's it, Sue. Let Hannah take care of you. You deserve it."

Susan could hardly focus on anything but the pleasure coursing through her body. Her mind was a haze of lust, her senses heightened to the point where every touch, every kiss, every moan seemed amplified. She could feel Harry's grunts of exertion, the slap of flesh against flesh, the wet sounds of their combined arousal. It was intoxicating.

Hannah's fingers continued their relentless assault on Susan's clit, and the redhead knew she couldn't hold out much longer. "I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum," she panted, her voice breaking with the intensity of her need.

"Yes, Sue," Hannah whispered, her own breath coming in short gasps. "Cum for me."

Meanwhile, Harry increased his pace, fucking *Amelia* with wild abandon. His balls slapped against her ass, his entire body trembling with the effort. *Amelia* cried out, her orgasm suddenly hitting her like a tidal wave, and her body convulsing around Harry's cock. The sight of her aunt — or rather, the woman in her aunt's form — reaching such a powerful climax pushed Susan over the edge.

"Hannah, I'm cumming!" Susan screamed, her body arching off the bed as her orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clenched around nothing, the absence of penetration only heightening the intensity of the pleasure. She could feel herself squirting, her juices coating Hannah's hand as she came harder than she ever had before.

Harry felt *Amelia's* orgasm squeezing his cock, and it was too much. With one final, desperate thrust, he buried himself deep inside her and came, his release filling her with hot, thick spurts of cum. He collapsed against her back, his muscles quivering with the effort.

*Amelia*, still in her post-orgasmic haze, turned to Susan with a satisfied smile. "Was that good for you, Sue?"

Susan could only nod, her body too spent to speak. She lay there, panting, her mind slowly returning to reality. But before she could fully recover, *Amelia's* words echoed in her ears, a promise of more to come.

"Now then," Amelia said, her voice low and sultry, "if you two are ready, maybe we can continue? There's still so much more to explore..."

Susan could only laugh tiredly as she gazed at the face that was indistinguishable from her aunt's, and she reached up, capturing her lips in a needy kiss. As they pulled away, she grinned.

"I can't wait to find out how much."

Smirking, Amelia nodded. "I had a feeling you'd say that, my little slutty niece."

Chuckling, Harry pulled out of *Amelia*, only to be immediately pounced upon by Hannah who straddled him eagerly, her eyes wild with lust.

"Merlin, you girls are insatiable," he groaned as she slammed herself down on his still hard cock.

"And you love us for it," Hannah moaned loudly as she began bouncing on his cock, her large tits slapping together as she buried her hands in her hair, fucking herself raw on his prick.

Reaching up, Harry grasped her bouncing tits and began to fondle them, pinching her nipples as they fucked. On his left, he saw *Amelia* and Susan in a sixty-nine as they ate each other out.

As he reached out and embraced Hannah who slammed her lips against his in a needy kiss, he felt her pussy walls tighten impossibly around his cock before she began to shiver violently, signaling her climax. He kept thrusting when she stopped, fucking her through her orgasm as they kissed passionately.

He had seriously not imagined that his and Nym's plans would turn out so wonderfully, but they most definitely had.

He heard the approval of his patron deity in his mind as he and Hannah made out furiously, and he smiled into the kiss.

Things were indeed going wonderfully.

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The room was cloaked in shadows, softened only by the faint light that slipped through the narrow panes of glass. Narcissa Malfoy sat by the window in her private parlor, lost in thought as she gazed out over the expanse of the Malfoy grounds. A slender crystal glass of wine dangled loosely from her fingertips, the deep crimson liquid swaying gently. She took a relaxed sip, her lips leaving a faint trace of red on the rim.

The delicate nightdress she wore skimmed over the soft curves of her body, a strap loosely hanging off her shoulder, giving off a glimpse of what lay beneath. Her

bare shoulder gleamed, smooth and pale, and so did the line of her collarbone and the swell of her breasts.

She leaned forward, gazing down the window, and the nightdress fell further away from her body, revealing more of her breasts that hung inside. Had anyone been outside and looking over toward her, they would've gotten a really nice show.

Her eyes were unseeing as she took another sip of her wine, her mind filled with multitude of thoughts. Her son. Her husband. Her sisters. The future. And *him*.

She thought of herself, and the choices she had made over the years. She thought of regrets, and how she now found herself in such a precarious position entirely of her choosing.

She could indeed choose, and she had. It had not been easy, but it was the right choice. She knew the risk she was taking, but she would much rather face death than die slowly everyday.

She had never been herself anywhere else, but here and now, in this isolation, before she acted on her decision, she allowed herself to feel a hint of moment's vulnerability.

Her decision was made. And all that remained was for her to truly go through with it.

To be continued...