

THE 9³/₄ INCIDENT



The 9 ¾ Incident

Story Starts

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Chapter 3

Disclaimer: In this story, Harry, Astoria, and Luna are entering their seventh year, but took a year's sabbatical, so at the start of this story, they are already adults.

~3rd Person Omniscient POV~

Astoria huffed another laugh, though her voice still wavered with residual tremors. "Greedy," she accused, but there was no real bite to the words—if anything, fond amusement and perhaps a touch of admiration for Luna's brazen confidence.

Already she was regaining her bearings, her natural resilience reasserting itself as she slid one hand down Harry's chest. Her fingertips traced the defined lines of his muscles with deliberate slowness, following the dip of his navel before ghosting lower with a lightness that made him shiver.

Luna peered coquettishly over her shoulder, lips quirking into a smile that promised trouble. "Am I?" she asked with false sweetness, reaching back to hook her thumbs under the delicate waistband of her knickers. With slow deliberation, she began dragging the silk down, revealing inch by inch of pale, unmarked skin—until Harry's palm met the newly exposed flesh in a sharp, resounding smack that echoed through their hidden alcove.

The sound made all three of them jolt—Harry from the satisfying give of soft flesh beneath his palm, Luna from the bright sting that spread hot across her skin, and Astoria from sheer surprise at Harry's boldness. A shocked laugh bubbled out of Luna as she rocked forward from the impact, then immediately pushed back against his hand, her body language demanding more.

"Again," she breathed, her usual dreamy tone taking on a distinctly needy edge.

Harry obliged without hesitation, bringing his palm down harder. His fingers left faint pink marks that bloomed like flowers against the pale canvas of her arse, the contrast stark and oddly beautiful.

Astoria watched with growing fascination, her dark eyes tracking the way Luna's body responded to each impact—the way she seemed to melt and arch simultaneously.

Her own fingers had found their way to the waistband of Harry's boxers, and she began to tug the fabric down with deliberate slowness, her thumb swiping over the head of his cock in a slick, teasing circle that made him gasp and buck into her touch.

"You're both absolutely ridiculous," she muttered, but her breath hitched as she wrapped her fingers around his length, feeling the heat and hardness pulse against her palm.

Luna twisted to look at them over her shoulder, eyes gleaming with mischief and desire. "And whose fault is that?" she challenged, arching her back into the next slap with a breathy sigh. Her arousal had darkened the silk still clinging to her hips, the gossamer fabric hiding nothing.

The air between them crackled—desperate and messy and vibrantly alive.

Around them, King's Cross continued to bustle with oblivious activity, the mundane world carrying on mere metres from their hidden alcove.

Luna's smirk deepened as she lowered herself, her lips finding the curve of Astoria's right cheek. She pressed a slow, open-mouthed kiss against the firm flesh, then another, each one trailing lower as her hands kneaded the smooth skin with practised familiarity. Astoria's bum wiggled beneath her—an unconscious invitation that Luna accepted with relish, squeezing the pert globes apart and pressing her nose into the warm crease between them.

More kisses followed, feather-light and meandering, tracing the gentle swell until Luna found herself eye-level with the tight pink pucker that twitched in anticipation. She exhaled slowly, letting her hot breath wash over the sensitive

skin, and watched with satisfaction as Astoria shivered—caught between Luna's warmth and the cool platform air that whispered across her exposed bits.

On the other side of the barrier, Astoria's world had narrowed to two points of sensation: Luna's maddening breath against her most intimate places, and the heavy, insistent weight of Harry's cock in her palm. She gave him another firm stroke, her thumb pressing along the thick vein that ran the underside of his shaft, then another, watching his jaw clench and his hips cant forward.

Then she opened her mouth and took him in.

The taste of him flooded her senses—salt and musk and something uniquely Harry that she'd grown to crave. His girth stretched her lips wide as she worked him deeper, her tongue flattening against the underside to create a slick channel for him to slide along.

Memory surfaced unbidden: that first night in the onsen outside Kyoto, steam rising from the mineral water, the full moon painting everything silver through the open-air bath's bamboo screens. She'd been so eager, so desperate to show him what he meant to her—this boy who'd upended his entire life, who'd convinced Sirius and his parents to find a cure, who'd sat beside her bed for three weeks whilst the Onmyōji worked their art and the malediction screamed through her blood like molten glass. She'd taken him into her mouth that night with more enthusiasm than skill, gagging almost immediately as his considerable length hit the back of her throat, tears streaming down her cheeks as she coughed and spluttered.

Harry had tried to pull away. Gentle, always gentle. But Astoria was a Greengrass, and Greengrass women did not yield.

She'd learned. Night after night in their shared quarters, she'd taught her throat to relax, her jaw to accommodate his width, her breathing to sync with the rhythm of his thrusts. And now—

Now she took him to the root without flinching.

Her lips sealed around the base as the head nudged past the tight ring of her throat, the muscles contracting around him in a slow, rippling swallow. She breathed through her nose, steady and controlled, letting the fullness of him settle within her. Her tongue worked against the underside, tracing the prominent vein from root to where her lips gripped him, creating a wet, undulating pressure that she knew drove him mad. She pulled back slowly, letting suction build, her cheeks hollowing as the head dragged against the ridged roof of her mouth.

A thick, obscene *glrrk* escaped her as she pushed forward again, taking him deep, and the sound vibrated through his length in a way that made Harry's fingers curl against his thighs. Saliva pooled at the corners of her mouth, dripping in thin strings that clung to his shaft and her chin.

Then Astoria squealed.

The sound—sharp, high, muffled by the cock stuffing her throat—sent a cascade of vibrations through Harry's entire length that made his vision white out at the edges. His hands shot to her head on instinct, fingers threading through her dark hair and gripping as a guttural moan tore from his chest.

"*Fuck—*"

The cause of Astoria's distress—or rather, her profound, toe-curling delight—was twofold. Luna's tongue, dextrous and pointed, had breached the tight ring of her arsehole with practised ease. The muscle, already relaxed from Luna's patient ministrations and still pristine from the earlier *Aguamenti*, yielded to the slick invasion as Luna pressed deeper, curling and probing with an exploratory thoroughness that made Astoria's thighs tremble. But it was the second sensation that truly undid her—something soft, fleshy, and unmistakably cock-shaped pressing against the slick entrance of her cunt, parting her folds with deliberate slowness before sliding home in one smooth, unbroken stroke.

Luna had conjured it wordlessly—a perfect replica of Harry's dimensions, right down to the slight upward curve that hit Astoria's front wall with devastating

precision. The magic that animated it pulsed with a warmth that mimicked living flesh, and as it bottomed out inside her, Astoria's squeal dissolved into a keening whimper that Harry felt in his bones.

Luna withdrew her tongue with a wet pop and rested her chin on Astoria's arse cheek, her lower lip jutting out in a pout that would have looked petulant on anyone else, but on Luna looked dangerous.

"This is terribly unfair," she announced, her voice carrying that dreamy, conversational quality that she maintained regardless of circumstances. She jiggled her bum for emphasis, the pale cheeks clapping together with a sound that cut through the ambient station noise. "I'm doing all the work and nobody's tending to me. I think there might be Wrackspurts in both your brains."

Astoria moaned around Harry's cock, the sound deep and resonant, but she didn't stop. Her head continued its steady bobbing rhythm—forward to swallow, back to suck, tongue working ceaselessly. But her left hand released its grip on the base of Harry's shaft and reached back, finding the swell of Luna's arse by memory.

She kneaded the flesh with purpose, her fingers digging into the yielding softness before trailing lower. Slowly, torturously slowly, her fingertips traced wandering paths down the curve of Luna's inner thigh, nails dragging lightly enough to raise goosebumps in their wake. Luna's breath hitched audibly as Astoria's fingers crept higher, ghosting along the crease where thigh met sex, tracing the delicate outer border of Luna's labia with a featherlight touch that promised everything and delivered nothing.

Luna made a frustrated noise and pressed back into the touch. Astoria responded by pulling her fingers away entirely, then returning them a moment later to trace the other side, painting invisible patterns along the swollen, silken folds.

Harry, meanwhile, was drowning.

Astoria's mouth was a slick vice around him, the tight ring of her lips creating an exquisite seal that dragged sensation up and down his shaft with every pass. When she swallowed—and she swallowed often, an old trick she'd perfected in those Japanese nights—her throat constricted around his head in rhythmic pulses that sent lightning up his spine. Her remaining hand had found his bollocks, cradling them with a gentle pressure that somehow amplified every other sensation tenfold.

His fingers tightened in her hair. Not pulling—never pulling unless she asked—but gripping, anchoring himself as the pleasure built in slow, rolling waves that crested higher each time. The wet sounds of her mouth working him mixed with the distant announcements of train platforms and the shuffle of Muggle feet, and the sheer absurdity of it—the absolute, depraved wrongness of standing in King's Cross station whilst his wife deep-throated him—added a forbidden edge that sharpened everything to a knife point.

Astoria pulled off with a gasp, a thick strand of saliva connecting her lower lip to his cock as she let it fall against her cheek. Her eyes were glazed, unfocused, her mouth hanging open as Luna's conjured cock pumped into her with increasing urgency, and Luna's tongue returned to its work.

"Oh—oh *God*—Luna, right there, don't you dare—"

Harry groaned at the loss of her mouth, his cock twitching against the heat of her flushed cheek, the interrupted climb of his orgasm leaving him aching and desperate. He looked down at Astoria's blissed-out expression, then past her, to where Luna's pale arse presented itself—the blonde's face buried between Astoria's cheeks whilst her hips swayed in an unconscious rhythm, seeking friction that wasn't there.

He reached down and grabbed Luna's hips.

His fingers dug into the soft flesh hard enough to dimple the skin, and Luna made a surprised sound against Astoria's arse as Harry lined himself up. The head of his cock nudged against Luna's entrance—soaked, swollen, desperately ready—and he felt her body go rigid with anticipation.

He slammed home.

Luna's scream was muffled by Astoria's body, the sound vibrating through the younger witch's core and making her clench around the conjured cock still working inside her. Harry didn't pause. He pulled back until only his head remained inside Luna's gripping heat, then drove forward again, his hips meeting her arse with a sharp clap that echoed off the barrier.

For Luna, it was like surfacing after a long dive—a rush of sensation that filled every hollow space. Harry's girth stretched her walls in a way the conjured copy could only approximate, and the heat of him, the living pulse of his cock buried deep inside her, ignited nerves that magic alone couldn't reach. Each thrust pushed her forward into Astoria, her tongue losing its rhythm as pleasure scrambled her concentration. She gripped Astoria's thighs for purchase, her fingers leaving white marks on the tanned skin, and let herself be used as a conduit between her husband and her sister-wife.

For Harry, Luna was tight silk and wet heat, her walls gripping him with a desperation that matched the sounds she made—small, breathy whimpers punctuated by sharp cries whenever he angled his hips just so. He could feel her fluttering around him already, her body primed by the long tease, and he set a punishing pace that had her toes curling against the cold platform floor.

For Astoria, the dual assault was dismantling her piece by piece. Luna's tongue had abandoned finesse for raw enthusiasm, lapping and probing in sloppy strokes whilst the conjured cock maintained its enchanted rhythm inside her cunt. She could feel Harry's thrusts through Luna—each impact travelling through the blonde's body and into Astoria's sensitive flesh, creating a chain of pleasure that linked all three of them.

Astoria's eyes glazed over, her pupils blown so wide her irises nearly vanished. Her arms shot forward and wrapped around Harry's torso, pulling herself against him, her bare breasts pressing flat against his stomach. The position bent her at an angle that drove the conjured cock deeper, and she gasped against his skin before her mouth found his chest.

Her tongue darted out, hot and wet, circling his left nipple before pulling it between her lips. She sucked hard, her teeth grazing the sensitive nub, and Harry bucked into Luna so violently that the blonde yelped. Astoria released the nipple with a pop, a string of saliva bridging the gap as she switched to the right, her tongue painting broad, flat strokes across the pebbled flesh before latching on with the same fierce suction.

Back and forth she went—left, right, left again—each pass leaving his chest glistening with her spit, each sharp pull of her lips sending jolts straight to his groin that made him thrust harder, faster, his hips developing a staccato rhythm that had Luna's arse rippling with each impact.

Harry released one hand from Luna's hip and reached for Astoria's breasts. He cupped the left one, the weight settling perfectly in his palm, and rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger—gently at first, then with increasing pressure that made Astoria's teeth clamp down on his own nipple in a reflexive bite that walked the razor edge of pain and pleasure.

Luna, not to be outdone even whilst being thoroughly railed, had worked one hand free and was palming her own breasts, squeezing and tugging at her nipples with a rough, graceless urgency that spoke to how close she was. Her other hand maintained a death grip on Astoria's thigh, her nails leaving crescent moons in the skin.

Astoria lifted her head from Harry's chest, chin tilted up, and Harry met her halfway. Their mouths crashed together—open, messy, desperate. Tongues slid against each other in a graceless dance, saliva mixing between them as they swallowed each other's moans. Harry bit Astoria's lower lip and pulled, and she whined into his mouth before pushing her tongue deeper, licking along his teeth, tasting herself on him from when he'd kissed her earlier.

The wet, rhythmic slap of Harry's hips against Luna's arse filled the alcove like a metronome, underscored by the slick sounds of the conjured cock working Astoria's cunt and the muffled moans that escaped between their joined mouths. Harry's free hand found Astoria's other breast and squeezed,

thumbing both nipples simultaneously whilst he kissed her, and Astoria arched into his touch so violently that the barrier groaned around them.

Luna's walls fluttered. Tightened. Began to ripple in waves that squeezed Harry's cock in pulses so fierce he saw stars.

"*I'm—*" Luna gasped, pulling her mouth free of Astoria's body long enough to speak, her voice wrecked and raw, "*—Harry, I'm going to—please—*"

He drove deep. Held. Ground his hips in a slow circle that pressed his cock against every trembling inch of her, and Luna shattered.

Her walls clamped down around him like a fist, the contractions so strong and rhythmic that Harry had no chance of holding back. His own orgasm ripped through him with the force of a Stunning Spell, his cock pulsing as thick ropes of cum spurted into Luna's womb, filling her in hot, throbbing bursts that she milked with every spasm of her cunt.

Astoria squealed into Harry's mouth—the conjured cock's final, deep thrust combined with the chain-reaction of sensation travelling through Luna's body pushing her over her own precipice. Her back arched, her nails raked down Harry's sides, and she came with a violence that made the barrier shimmer and spark around her trapped midsection.

For a long, suspended moment, the only sounds were their ragged breathing and the distant, oblivious chatter of Muggles going about their Wednesday.

Harry's forehead dropped against Astoria's, their breath mingling in the narrow space between them. Luna had gone boneless, draped across Astoria's lower half like a particularly satisfied cat, her cheek resting against one arse cheek with a blissed-out expression that made her look more ethereal than ever.

Then Harry twitched inside Luna.

The movement was involuntary—a residual pulse of his cock that hadn't quite finished—but Luna felt it with crystalline clarity. Her lips curved into a slow, knowing smile.

"Astoria's turn," she declared, her voice still breathless but carrying an unmistakable note of authority.

Harry pulled out of Luna slowly, and both of them hissed at the separation. His cock emerged glistening—coated in a slick mixture of Luna's arousal and his own spend that caught the overhead fluorescent lights in an obscene sheen. Luna's cunt clenched at the sudden emptiness, a trickle of white escaping her flushed, swollen lips.

Astoria didn't hesitate. She wrapped her hand around Harry's wet shaft and drew him towards her mouth, her tongue extending to catch the first thick drop that clung to his head. The taste hit her—Luna's sharp sweetness layered over Harry's salt—and she moaned as she took him in, her lips sliding down his length as she cleaned him with slow, savouring strokes. Her tongue traced every ridge and vein, collecting every trace of her sister-wife's pleasure, swallowing it down with soft, hungry sounds that had Harry hardening again in her mouth.

She pulled off when he was clean, licking her lips.

Luna had already retrieved her wand—Merlin knew where she'd been keeping it—and was pointing it at Astoria's lower half with the focused expression she usually reserved for identifying rare magical creatures.

"Tell me if this is uncomfortable," she said. "*Reverso Corporis.*"

The spell hit Astoria's trapped midsection with a warm, tingling pulse, and then the world inverted. Astoria gasped as she felt her lower half twist within the barrier's grip—not painfully, but there was a tightness that she could feel in her waist. Where before her arse had been presented to Luna's side, now her body had rotated. Her legs dangled free, thigh-high stockings still clinging to her calves, but with nothing beneath them—no ground, no support, just air.

Her cunt, flushed and glistening from her recent orgasm, was now fully exposed on Luna's side of the barrier.

"Hey!" Astoria yelped, her legs kicking uselessly. "Can you hold me up? I'm just—dangling here like a—"

Luna grabbed her by the arse cheeks, one pale hand on each globe, and hoisted her with surprising strength. The grip was firm, bordering on possessive, Luna's fingers sinking into the soft flesh as she steadied Astoria's lower half.

Harry moved towards them—towards Luna's torso and Astoria's newly presented lower body—and Luna guided him with a tilt of her chin and a look that could have commanded armies. He positioned himself between Astoria's legs, her thigh-high-clad calves rising to bracket his ears, the soft cotton pressing against the sides of his face. Luna released one hand long enough to reach between them, her fingers wrapping around Harry's cock and guiding the broad head to Astoria's entrance.

Her labia parted against his girth, the slick folds yielding slowly as he pressed forward.

The warmth hit him first—a welcoming, enveloping heat that seemed to draw him in. Astoria was always warmer than Luna, her body running hot in a way that might have been a remnant of the malediction or might simply have been Astoria, and the contrast from Luna's cool silk to Astoria's molten embrace made him groan through clenched teeth. Her walls gripped him differently too—tighter at the entrance, then opening into a plush softness that moulded around his shape as he sank deeper, inch by gradual inch, until his hips pressed flush against her and he could feel her cervix kissing his tip.

Astoria's moan from the other side of the barrier was loud enough to echo.

Luna smiled and reached for the conjured cock she'd used earlier—still slick, still warm, still a perfect replica—and tapped it with her wand. A sheen of something viscous appeared along its length, conjured lubricant that caught the light. She pressed the head against Astoria's tight rear entrance, working it in with gentle, circular pressure until the muscle yielded and the first inch slipped inside.

On the other side, Astoria's eyes flew wide at the dual fullness. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as the conjured cock pushed deeper into her arse whilst Harry began to move in her cunt, the two shafts separated by nothing but a thin wall of flesh that let her feel them both with devastating clarity.

But Astoria Greengrass did not yield. Not to blood curses, not to ancient barriers, and certainly not to pleasure—at least, not without giving as good as she got.

Before the sensation could overwhelm her, she snatched her wand from where it had been tucked behind her ear and aimed it at Luna's lower half—still presented on Harry's side of the barrier, still flushed and dripping from their earlier coupling.

"*Reverso Corporis*," she gasped.

Luna's lower body twisted with the same warm lurch, rotating until her cunt faced outward—swollen, pink, still leaking a thin trail of Harry's spend down her inner thigh. The sight of it—the evidence of Harry's pleasure mixed with Luna's—sent a dark thrill through Astoria that had nothing to do with the two shafts working inside her.

She grabbed Luna's thighs, pulled her close, and buried her face between Luna's legs.

Luna's back arched on the other side of the barrier, a sharp cry escaping her lips as Astoria's tongue found her clit with unerring accuracy. The taste was overwhelming—Harry's cum, Luna's arousal, mixed together in a heady cocktail that Astoria lapped up greedily, her tongue broad and flat as it swept from Luna's entrance to her swollen nub.

Both wives moaned in concert—a harmony of pleasure that mixed with the bustling noise of busy Londoners in the middle of their commute.

Luna's hands moved with the frantic efficiency of a woman multitasking at the edge of sanity. Her left hand found Astoria's clit—the swollen bud peeking from beneath its hood—and began circling it with her thumb, applying

pressure in the rhythm she knew Astoria liked best. Her right hand animated the conjured cock with a flick of her wand, setting it to a deep, steady stroke that matched Harry's rhythm in Astoria's cunt. Then she leaned forward, grabbed Harry by the back of his neck, and kissed him.

The kiss was filthy—all tongue and teeth and shared breath, Luna moaning into his mouth as Astoria's tongue worked her clit with increasing fervour on the other side. Harry kissed her back with equal desperation, one hand gripping Astoria's stocking-clad thigh whilst the other tangled in Luna's silver-blond hair.

Astoria, meanwhile, was waging war. Her tongue assaulted Luna's engorged clit with rapid, flickering strokes—circling, flattening, then pointing to flick the sensitive tip with a precision born of intimate knowledge. But her hands were busy too, her wand tracing complex patterns in the air as she channelled magic with the focus of someone who wants to win this war of pleasure between the trio.

Two tendrils of magic—warm, solid, pulsing with intent—coalesced from the tip of her wand. The first slid between Luna's folds and pressed into her cunt, filling her with a slow, stretching fullness that made Luna break her kiss with Harry to gasp. The second nudged against Luna's arsehole, circling the tight ring with patient pressure before pushing past the resistance and sinking deep.

Luna's head fell back. "*Oh—Astoria, you absolute—nnh—*"

The magic tendrils began to move, pistoning in alternating rhythms—one pressing deep whilst the other withdrew, then reversing, keeping Luna perpetually full and perpetually desperate. Astoria added a twist, literally, the tendrils corkscrewing inside Luna in a motion no physical object could replicate.

Harry set a new pace—deeper, harder, each stroke driving himself fully into Astoria's clenching heat before withdrawing almost completely and slamming back. The conjured cock in Astoria's arse matched his tempo, and the

combined sensation of being filled in both holes whilst she ate Luna's cunt was pushing Astoria towards incoherence.

"*More,*" Luna demanded breathlessly from her side. She increased the speed of her thumb on Astoria's clit, the pad of her finger slick with arousal as she rubbed tight, fast circles. The conjured cock she controlled shifted angles inside Astoria's arse, pressing against the thin wall that separated it from Harry's cock, and Astoria wailed against Luna's cunt at the increased pressure.

Harry could feel it—the conjured cock pressing against him through Astoria's internal walls, creating a friction that was maddening. He grabbed Astoria's hips and pulled her onto him harder, his thrusts becoming erratic as the pleasure built. Luna was kissing his neck now, her teeth scraping his pulse point, her breath coming in sharp pants as Astoria's tongue and magic tendrils worked her towards the edge.

The sounds were obscene. Wet, rhythmic, layered—the slap of Harry's hips against Astoria's thighs, the slick squelch of the conjured cock and magic tendrils working in and out of yielding flesh, the muffled moans and sharp cries that echoed off the ancient bricks. King's Cross station carried on around them, the 11:47 to Edinburgh announced over the tannoy, a child crying somewhere near Platform 7, and none of it mattered. None of it existed.

Astoria's tongue worked Luna with desperate, single-minded intensity, each stroke accompanied by a moan that vibrated through Luna's clit. Her tendrils fucked deeper, faster, the magic responding to her arousal and gaining a feverish urgency that matched the pleasure building in her own core. She could feel Harry's cock swelling inside her—that telltale thickening that meant he was close—and she clenched around him deliberately, her inner walls rippling in waves she'd learned to control.

Luna's composure—what remained of it—disintegrated. Her hips bucked against Astoria's face, riding her tongue with an abandoned urgency whilst her thumb faltered on Astoria's clit. Her hands trembled. The conjured cock's

rhythm stuttered. She bit down on Harry's shoulder to muffle a scream that was building in her chest like a storm front.

Harry's rhythm broke. His thrusts became short, savage, grinding—chasing the peak with a single-mindedness that left no room for finesse. He could feel Astoria's walls contracting around him in rapid pulses, could feel Luna shaking against him, could feel the entire chaotic, wonderful, impossible architecture of their pleasure converging on a single point—

Luna came first. Her walls clamped around Astoria's magic tendrils so hard the constructs flickered, her cunt gushing against Astoria's chin and mouth as her orgasm crashed through her in visible waves that made her legs spasm. The scream she'd been containing broke free against Harry's shoulder—raw, unrestrained, animal.

The sensation of Luna's release on her tongue pushed Astoria over. The conjured cock, Luna's thumb, Harry's relentless cock—it all converged into a white-hot supernova that detonated behind her eyes. Her back arched, her walls clenched around Harry like a vice, and she came with a force that made the barrier *sing*—a high, crystalline note that rang through the ancient magic like a struck bell.

Harry lasted three more thrusts. Astoria's orgasmic contractions milked him with a strength that felt like a vice, and he buried himself to the hilt as his second release of the morning pulsed into her in thick, heavy spurts that painted her walls white. His vision tunnelled. His knees buckled. He caught himself on the barrier with one hand, the ancient brick warm and thrumming beneath his palm.

The silence that followed was profound. Three sets of lungs heaving. Three hearts hammering. The ambient sounds of King's Cross filtering back in like waking from a dream—footsteps, announcements, the distant screech of brakes.

Astoria's face rested against Luna's inner thigh, her breath stirring the fine blonde hairs. Luna's hand had stilled on Astoria's hip, her thumb tracing

absent, affectionate circles. Harry remained inside Astoria, softening slowly, the warmth of their mingled spend seeping around his length.

The tendrils of magic flickered and dissolved. The conjured cock fell still, then vanished with a soft pop. The world reassembled itself around them, mundane and miraculous.

And then—

"I am *going* to tell Daphne that her sister is a freak."

The voice—sharp, amused, unmistakable—cut through their post-orgasmic haze like a bucket of ice water.

Every muscle in all three bodies locked. Harry, still buried inside Astoria, his hands on her stockinged legs. Luna, with Astoria's face still pressed between her thighs, her own body flushed and trembling. Astoria, caught between them, thoroughly filled and thoroughly debauched and now thoroughly mortified.

They turned—as much as their current configuration allowed—towards the source.

Tracey Davies stood on the platform side of the barrier, her brand-new Auror robes immaculate, her arms crossed beneath her chest, and a grin on her face that could only be described as *predatory*. Her dark eyes swept over the scene with the clinical assessment of someone trained in crime-scene analysis, cataloguing every detail—the glistening fluids, the flushed skin, the discarded wands, the conjured lubricant still shining on Astoria's inner thigh.

"I was told to check this side," Tracey continued, her voice carrying the practised nonchalance of someone deeply enjoying another person's discomfort. "Someone has sent an owl claiming that the boy-who-lived has missed the train. They caught the-boy-who-lived stuck in the other side and, well—" she gestured at the tableau before her, "—in a *very* compromising position."

Nobody moved. Nobody breathed.

Tracey's grin widened. She leaned against a pillar, crossed one ankle over the other, and raised an eyebrow.

"So. Are you three done, or do you want to continue and give me a show?"

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Sunlight streamed through the magical ceiling of the Great Hall, casting long rectangles of gold across the breakfast table. The house-elves had outdone themselves—platters of scrambled eggs, thick-cut bacon, toast soldiers, and a pot of Earl Grey that Luna had already claimed with both hands wrapped around her cup.

Harry spooned eggs onto Astoria's plate before she could protest, whilst Luna reached across to place two perfectly triangular slices of toast beside his pumpkin juice. Astoria, in turn, poured Luna a second cup of tea and added precisely one sugar cube—the way Luna preferred it but never remembered to do herself. The choreography was practised, domestic, unremarkable to anyone watching. Which, at the Ravenclaw table, nobody was. Ravenclaws respected privacy the way Gryffindors respected bravado—as a core tenet of identity.

"I'm glad it was Tracey," Astoria murmured, buttering her toast with surgical precision. Her cheeks carried the faintest pink tinge—the only sign that yesterday's events still lingered.

Harry grunted his agreement around a mouthful of bacon. They'd extracted themselves from the barrier, cleaned up as best they could, and caught a Portkey to Hogsmeade courtesy of Tracey's Auror credentials. The whole ordeal had kept him up for a solid hour afterwards, cycling through alternative scenarios. If it hadn't been Tracey—if it had been literally any other Auror—

"Dad would've framed the incident report and hung it over the fireplace at Christmas," Harry said, his expression somewhere between amusement and genuine horror. "Sirius would've commissioned a painting."

"Your mother would have sent a Howler," Astoria added.

Luna sipped her tea with the serenity of someone who had never experienced shame and found the concept theoretically interesting but practically useless. "Lily is a lovely woman. I think she would have appreciated the creativity involved."

"Not when it involves their son and daughters-in-law doing the nasty in a public train station. Luna, my mother once hexed my father's bollocks blue for a week because Sirius told a mildly suggestive joke about their honeymoon at a dinner party. She would not have appreciated anything about yesterday."

"The blue was a nice shade, though. Periwinkle, wasn't it?"

Harry stared at her. "How do you know what colour my father's—you know what, never mind. I don't want to know."

Astoria's lips twitched. She reached for the marmalade. "Point is, Tracey handled it. She'll hold it over us for approximately forever, but she handled it."

"She already owled Daphne."

"Obviously she owled Daphne. They share a brain." Astoria bit into her toast. "Daphne will be mortified for the next half decade. If she weren't such a prude and just confessed to Tracey, she wouldn't be having this problem."

The morning post arrived in the usual cascade of wings and dropped parcels. A handsome tawny deposited the Daily Prophet beside Harry's plate, accepted a strip of bacon as payment, and departed with an offended hoot when Luna tried to examine its tail feathers.

Harry unfolded the paper one-handed, his other hand lifting his goblet of pumpkin juice.

"So what's the plan today?" he asked, scanning the headlines idly. "Either of you have anything beyond the usual?"

Astoria shook her head. "Classes. Charms, Double Potions, Herbology. If any of the professors assign homework—which they will, because it's the first day and they live to crush optimism—I'll probably get a start on it tonight. Nothing exciting."

"Luna?"

Luna had acquired a second piece of toast and was constructing something architectural with the marmalade. She didn't look up. "I have plans. But you go first."

Harry opened his mouth to press the point—

Then looked down at the front page.

Pumpkin juice hit the back of his teeth at velocity. He choked, spluttered, and pounded his own chest. Orange liquid dribbled down his chin. Astoria seized a napkin and thrust it at him with the reflexive efficiency of someone accustomed to Harry's breakfast-related catastrophes.

"What?" Astoria demanded. "What is it?"

Harry couldn't speak. His shoulders shook. His eyes watered. He pressed the napkin to his mouth and wheezed.

"Harry." Astoria's voice sharpened. "What's wrong?"

He shook his head. Pointed at the paper. Made a noise like a deflating balloon.

And then they became aware that the sound wasn't localised. It was everywhere. The entire Great Hall had erupted—Gryffindors clutching each other, Slytherins abandoning their composure entirely, even the Hufflepuffs—gentle, kind, would-never-laugh-at-another's-misfortune Hufflepuffs—in hysterics. At the staff table, Professor Flitwick had toppled off his stack of cushions. McGonagall's lips pressed together so tightly they'd vanished, her nostrils flaring with the effort of maintaining dignity.

Snape's mouth twitched. Snape's mouth twitched.

Snape, for once, looked like Christmas had come early.

At the Gryffindor table, a figure stood. Neville Longbottom's face burned crimson from hairline to collar, his ears practically incandescent. He knocked his goblet over. Didn't notice. Didn't care. He turned on his heel and fled the Great Hall at a dead sprint, robes billowing behind him, the laughter chasing him like a living thing through the oak doors and into the corridor beyond.

Luna and Astoria both leaned in. Harry tilted the Daily Prophet flat on the table between them.

The headline occupied the entire top half of the front page in bold, seventy-two-point type:

THE BOY WHO AUTO-FELLATED HIMSELF

Beneath it, a photograph—moving, naturally, because wizarding journalism had never met a boundary it wouldn't cheerfully obliterate—showed Neville Longbottom embedded in the Platform 9¾ barrier. His torso protruded from one side, his lower half from the other, but the angle of his entrapment had folded him nearly in half. His crotch faced his own face. His robes had ridden up. And his—

"Oh my," Astoria breathed.

The accompanying article was written with barely concealed glee by one Rita Skeeter, who had clearly received an early Christmas present from the universe:

Neville Longbottom, the Boy-Who-Lived and vanquisher of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, was discovered yesterday afternoon trapped in the ancient barrier of Platform Nine and Three-Quarters in what Auror sources describe as "the most anatomically improbable predicament we have encountered in forty years of service." Mr Longbottom's torso and lower extremities protruded from opposite sides of the enchanted wall, his body

contorted in such a manner that his member was, upon discovery, lodged firmly in his mouth. Excuses that it accidentally slipped are currently being investigated. Responding Aurors reportedly required several minutes to compose themselves before initiating extraction procedures—

Harry lost it again. Fresh laughter punched out of him, hard enough to hurt. Astoria pressed her knuckles against her lips, her shoulders trembling. She failed to hold it. A snort escaped—undignified, unladylike, completely involuntary—and then she was gone, her forehead dropping to the table as silent convulsions wracked her frame.

Luna studied the photograph with her head tilted, the way she studied most things—as though it were a moderately interesting species of beetle she'd found under a rock.

"Nargles," she said, perfectly matter-of-fact.

Harry wiped his eyes. "W-what?"

"Nargles are attracted to embarrassment. They cluster around it, feed on it, amplify it. Neville's probably surrounded by a swarm right now. Someone should check him for an infestation." She paused, considering. "Though the positioning is quite advanced. Impressive flexibility for someone who can barely touch his toes in Herbology."

Astoria lifted her head from the table, mascara-streaked and breathless.

"Luna, please. I can't. My ribs."

Luna took a serene sip of tea. Set the cup down. Folded her hands.

"I have plans today," she announced, as though the preceding thirty seconds had not occurred.

Harry, still catching his breath, latched onto the conversational lifeline. "Right. You mentioned. What plans?"

"I'm going to find a house-elf."

Astoria blinked. Straightened. "A house-elf? Whatever for?"

Luna's silver eyes drifted to the photograph of Neville one more time, then back to her spouses. Something shifted in her expression—subtle, barely perceptible, but unmistakably purposeful.

"The Aurors who extracted us yesterday—and the mediwitch who examined the barrier—confirmed that the magic responsible for our predicament was house-elf in origin." She paused. Buttered another piece of toast with mechanical precision. "I would very much like to learn how it works."

The toast vanished into her mouth. She chewed. Swallowed.

Then she smiled.

It was not the dreamy, abstracted smile Luna wore like armour against a world that had never quite known what to do with her. It was not the warm, affectionate smile she gave Harry when he brought her dirigible plum seedlings, or the conspiratorial smile she shared with Astoria over private jokes.

This smile had architecture. It had hidden rooms and a basement full of intentions she had no plan to share.

"For the future," she added, her voice light as spun sugar.

Astoria's toast stopped halfway to her mouth. She looked at Harry. Harry looked at her. A conversation occurred between them in the span of a single heartbeat—conducted entirely through widened eyes and the minute tightening of jaw muscles—that contained more information than most verbal exchanges.

'She's planning something.'

'I know.'

'Should we be worried?'

'We should be terrified.'

Luna reached for the marmalade, humming a tune that neither of them recognised, her silver eyes distant and sparkling with possibilities she had absolutely no intention of explaining.

The Great Hall's laughter continued to echo off the enchanted ceiling. Somewhere in the corridors of Hogwarts, Neville Longbottom ran. And at the Ravenclaw table, Luna Lovegood spread marmalade on her fourth piece of toast and began planning her afternoon.

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END