

“Wow, *she wasn't kidding*,” Harry thought to himself as he finally laid eyes on the tower he was seeking.

Luna's directions had taken him through a more winding path than he might have chosen otherwise, but given how lovely it was out, he didn't mind. It was a beautiful late summer day and very warm. The sun shone strongly in the sky, feeling pleasant on his lightly tanned skin, and there was a gentle breeze blowing across the hills and fields he'd passed through on his way, cooling his sweat on his face. Contrary to popular belief, it wasn't constantly dull and rainy in England, and he was more than happy to take advantage of the unстереotypical day, though the weather was the last thing on his mind as he stared across at his girlfriend's home.

P.S. Don't be shocked when you see that our home is in the shape of a giant rook chess piece. It is where it gets its name, after all.

Harry smiled as he recalled how Luna had ended her latest letter. The two of them had met up a few times during the summer but not nearly as often as he would have liked. He had gotten very, very used to spending time with her over the course of the last year, and he largely credited her with keeping him sane during the Tournament. She was odd, certainly, quirky in numerous ways, and it had taken a little time for his friends to warm up to her, but he thought she was brilliant, and he couldn't keep the grin off of his face as he approached the Rookery.

“I doubt that we'll be able to have sex while I'm here, but just cuddling up with her would be fine,” he thought to himself as he grabbed hold of the ancient-looking wrought iron door knocker and banged it on the heavy wood a few times. *“Fuck, I miss the sex, though. Her kiss, her scent, her taste, the feel of her. Merlin, how did I make it through this summer without her?”*

Luna turned out to be a very passionate, very eager lover, and theirs had been a quite intensely physical relationship over the course of the year, something that he was very much looking forward to starting up again when they returned to school. Just thinking about all the long, passionate nights they'd spent together, interspersed with quick little couplings as they made a point of trying out every broom cupboard in the school, something that they managed to pull off without getting caught purely because of the map, made his cock stir in his pants, and he froze. Not wanting his first meeting with his girlfriend's mother to happen while he had a massive, raging erection, he tried desperately to think of his aunt and uncle, only for all such thoughts to be driven from his mind as the door opened, revealing a jaw-dropping sight.

Luna had said before that she took after her mother quite a bit, inheriting her blonde hair and silver eyes from the woman, and that was certainly true, but that wasn't what Harry noticed first about her.

“Oh, hello, you must be Harry,” Pandora smiled at him. “I'm Pandora Lovegood, Luna's mo...oh, dear.”

Harry didn't hear a word she said, too distracted by the fact that she was completely naked. She was a vision, beautiful and curvaceous. She looked a lot like Luna with the same large eyes that managed to simultaneously shine with mischief and innocence, the same pouty lips, and the same cute, button nose. She was also an absolute bombshell, with large, full breasts that only sagged a little with age, still standing high on her chest, capped by gorgeous, large, pink nipples. Her waist was narrow, her stomach possessing a flatness that suggested she worked out regularly, and her hips flared out wide, practically calling to his hands. Between her legs lay a forest of golden curls that made his mouth water, and Harry had to force himself to look away, flushing scarlet as he realized just how blatantly he'd just checked her out.

“Luna!” Pandora called out, sounding irritated and stepping back as she turned to look towards the staircase. “Did you not warn Harry about the Rookery?”

“She said it was rook-shaped,” Harry said weakly, trying desperately to will his throbbing cock to wilt. Walking forward, he added, “Listen, I’m sorry for staring; I was just taken a little aback...”

“Wait!” Pandora exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she saw him step inside, but it was too late, and the moment he crossed the threshold, his clothes vanished, reappearing neatly folded and magically cleaned on a shelf next to the door.

“Oh, wow,” Pandora breathed as she looked him up and down.

“Ahh!” Harry cried, completely shocked.

“Harry!” Luna squealed happily, jumping into his arms, and he barely had time to notice that she was naked as well before he felt her heated core press his cock against his abdomen and her lips capture his.

He grabbed her round, plump arse instinctively and returned her kiss happily, forgetting for a moment that her mother was right there, until the older woman cleared her throat and he froze.

“Isn’t he just as handsome as I said, Mum?” Luna asked, beaming up at her mother as she stepped back from a still-stunned Harry who, upon remembering that he was standing completely naked and hard as a rock in front of his girlfriend’s mother, desperately tried to cover his throbbing cock. “Mmm, such big hands, and the both of them only barely cover it too...”

“Luna, you should have told him before he came here,” Pandora chided. “I’m sorry, Harry, but I didn’t know that you didn’t know about the curse on this place.”

“Curse?” Harry asked.

“No one can wear clothes in the Rookery,” Luna replied dreamily. “I didn’t want to spoil the surprise, and I didn’t think you’d mind much. You have a beautiful body, my love, and a simply massive penis, so it’s not like you have anything to be ashamed of. That’s why I said not to bring any clothes.”

“I thought that was because you’d mentioned wanting to take me shopping,” Harry said through gritted teeth.

“Oh, I do,” Luna smiled, cupping his cheek. “We’ll find you much nicer clothes than your cousin’s hand-me-downs, but those will be for school, not here. Do you want to come see my room? We enlarged my bed enough that I’m pretty sure it will fit us both, but I would like to make sure.”

“Dinner will be ready in a little while if you two want to get reacquainted,” Pandora sighed. “I am sorry, Harry. Luna, you and I are going to have a talk about this.”

“Sorry, Mum,” Luna said, not quite sounding like she meant it as she took Harry’s hand and led him upstairs.

“Wait a second,” Harry muttered a moment later as one particular part of that mindfuck of a conversation finally occurred to him. “Did you say I’m staying in your room? I’m not in a guest room of some kind?”

“I mean, you could have the spare room if you like, but then I’d have to go there to have sex with you, and it would all be kind of pointless,” Luna shrugged, looking up at him strangely. “I figured we could share my room because I’ve always wanted to get fucked in my bed.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Harry faltered, coming to a stop. “When you invited me over for a couple weeks, I figured we’d kiss and cuddle, but sex would be off the table. Your mum...”

“Mum probably would prefer that we not do it on the table,” Luna nodded sagely, “and I’d rather not risk getting splinters anyway.”

“Your mum won’t mind us having sex?” Harry asked.

“Mum knows that sex is a perfectly natural part of life, Harry,” Luna giggled. “It’s like I told you on our first date. Now come.”

As Luna tugged on his hand and pulled him forward, Harry thought to himself that he really should have expected Luna’s mother to be as unusual as her daughter, and his loving girlfriend was nothing if not unusual. With his cock throbbing painfully, he recalled how they first met.

“Here I go,” Harry thought to himself as he rushed downstairs for the first task of the Triwizard Tournament. “I just need to steal an egg from a dragon. No biggie.”

“Excuse me, Harry Potter?” a dreamy, ethereal voice called out, and he looked over to find a short, very cute blonde girl staring up at him with wide silver eyes.

“Er, yes?” Harry asked as she came up close, staring right in his eyes.

She tutted disapprovingly and said, “You’ll never beat the dragon like that.”

“Excuse me?” Harry asked. “How did...”

“Come,” she insisted, taking his hand. “You’re too tense, and I know just the way to fix that.”

“Hey!” Harry exclaimed, and she dragged him along with surprising strength. “The task is about to start, and who are you, anyway?”

“Don’t worry,” the girl smiled as they reached a broom cupboard, and she opened the door to it. “This won’t even take thirty seconds, I promise; something you shouldn’t feel bad about, by the way.”

Why did he go in with her? He’d like to say that he had some sense that she actually wanted to help him, aided by the fact that she was wearing Ravenclaw robes and the house of the Ravens had been one of the most neutral towards him since the entire Cup debacle happened. The truth, though, was that a very pretty girl dragged him into a broom cupboard, and he just couldn’t bring himself to tell her no, even as she quickly closed the door behind them.

“There, now let’s see what I’m working with,” the blonde smiled, casting Lumos and sinking to her knees.

Before he could ask what she was doing, his robes were opened, his pants and boxers were down around his ankles, and the blonde was stroking his rapidly hardening cock.

“Hey, what...oh god!” Harry groaned as she wrapped her lips around his length.

He was hard as a rock in an instant, and she had to stretch her lips around his thick shaft. When he bumped into the back of her throat, even through the haze of wet, warm pleasure that her sinful mouth was giving him, he froze and looked down at her in alarm.

She let his length slip out of her mouth with an audible pop and stroked him hard as she said, “I’m glad I practiced with cucumbers rather than the carrots I originally considered. You have a very nice penis, Harry.”

“Oh, fuck,” Harry moaned as she took him back between her pillowy lips, bobbing her head up and down as she caved in her cheeks.

It felt like she was trying to suck his soul out of his cock, and in that moment, he’d have let her if she wanted. Instead he just came, harder than he ever had in his life, spurting rope after thick rope of cum into her mouth. The blonde choked as the first rope hit the back of her throat but swallowed it down and did a better job with the others. By the time she let him slip from between her lips again, she’d downed his entire load, and when she gave his oversensitive head an affectionate kiss, his knees buckled.

“There, now you’re relaxed,” Luna smiled, fixing his clothes with a wave of her wand. Leaning in, she whispered, “I’m Luna, by the way. Survive against the dragon today, and I’ll do that again.”

She left without a word, and if she hadn’t mentioned the dragon, it likely would have been a good minute before he remembered. He scrambled down to the tent set up for the champions, more motivated than ever to succeed in the task.

She had later explained that she was friends with Ginny Weasley, who had expressed concerns about Harry managing in the tournament, so she decided to make sure that he entered into the first task as wrackspurt-free as possible. Needless to say, it hadn’t taken Harry long to ask her out after that, desperate to get to know the horny blonde better.

“Here we are,” Luna smiled as she pulled him into her room.

It was very her, with pale blue walls and a ceiling painted to look like a night sky. He could picture her lying on the bed in front of him, a bed that had apparently been smaller before she invited him, staring up at it and letting the twinkling stars inspire her incredible imagination. There weren’t many things hanging on the wall, but there was a single landscape painting. He recognized a tree he’d passed on his way here, and he recognized the people in it too, or two of them, anyway.

“That’s your father?” he asked, pointing to the smiling, white-haired man next to Pandora and what looked like about a three-year-old Luna.

“Mmhmm,” Luna smiled sadly. “That’s Daddy. It’s not a magical painting, Harry, so you won’t have to worry about him watching you fuck me.”

Harry snorted at that and said, “I could have used some warning, you know.”

"I thought it would be a nice surprise to see how well I'm likely to age," Luna grinned up at him, and Harry chuckled.

"You were still a very bad girl," he rumbled, and Luna's grin only widened.

"You can spank me later, Harry," she purred. "For now, though, I think I'll make it up to you a different way."

Harry felt his cock throb as she sank to her knees, and a moment later he was groaning in pleasure as she captured his cock between her lips. He lasted longer now than he did that first time, something he was proud of, given how absolutely magical her mouth felt.

"Snorkacks," Luna mumbled in her sleep as Harry's eyes fluttered open, and he smiled down at her.

She was using his chest as a pillow, clinging to his body, and he pressed his lips to the crown of her head, making her smile even as she remained asleep. Dinner with her and her mother had been enjoyable, even if he was still getting used to their enforced nudism. He wasn't a caveman and would have been able to keep his eyes firmly focused on Pandora's face if she were clothed, even though she was delightfully buxom, but just having her entire gorgeous body on display had tested his self-control significantly. He'd been so worked up by the end of the meal that he was hard as a rock and had ended up taking Luna wildly without thinking about just how loud she generally was.

"I really hope she's as cool with Luna and me sleeping together as she seemed," Harry sighed. They had gotten very used to using silencing charms at school, but since they couldn't use magic here, Pandora would have gotten quite the earful, given what a screamer Luna was.

Feeling the urge to pee, he carefully extricated himself from his girlfriend's embrace, smiling as he saw her roll over and cuddle with her pillow instead, and made his way to the bathroom. As he finished relieving himself, he smelled the scents of eggs, beans, and blood sausage coming from downstairs and felt his stomach rumble. He went to put something on before remembering that he couldn't and, shrugging to himself, went downstairs.

"Morning, Harry," Pandora smiled at him before turning back to the stove, and Harry tried not to stare at her magnificent arse.

"Morning, Mrs. Lovegood," he replied sheepishly, remembering just how much of a racket he and Luna had made the night before.

"I told you last night, Harry, you can call me Pandora," Pandora reminded him. "Things between you and my daughter seem serious enough to warrant that."

"Right, sorry about that, Pandora," Harry winced.

"Oh, don't be," Pandora chuckled. "I was young once, you know? I remember how easy it can be to lose yourself in passion."

"You hardly seem old," Harry pointed out, earning a smile from the gorgeous blonde. "At the risk of looking a gift horse in the mouth, I must say I'm surprised you're so accepting of...us being together like that."

“Sex is a natural part of life, Harry,” Pandora smiled at him. “So long as you don’t break her heart, I don’t really care what you do to Luna’s vagina. They recover far more easily; trust me there.”

Harry spluttered at that, gawking at the older woman who just giggled at him and started dishing out what turned out to be a full English breakfast. Wanting to change the subject, he asked, “How do you keep from being splattered, given everything?”

“Shield charms,” Pandora replied, pointing to the ring on her right index finger. “Jewelry isn’t affected by the curse, provided it’s small enough, so I enchanted this ring to shield me against oil splatter. I learned the hard way once that having your nipples hit with specks of boiling oil really, really hurts.”

Harry winced at that and took a step back, not wanting his cock to get such a treatment, especially since it had started growing the moment he laid eyes on her.

“I imagine you’ve tried everything to break the curse,” Harry replied, and she went still.

“We have,” Pandora replied sadly. “The Rookery has been like this since Xeno’s father’s day. No one really knows how it started, but Perseus had been throwing a party wherein he meant to announce his candidacy to run for Minister for Magic when it did, so we figure the two are connected.”

“It hit during a formal party?” Harry asked.

“It apparently caused quite the stir, and not in the way that he had hoped,” Pandora replied. “He hired multiple curse breakers, none of whom ever figured out how whoever did it pulled it off, and Xenophilius himself tried to look into it. It was attempting to break the curse that killed him.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” Harry breathed, kicking himself for unwittingly veering into that subject. Luna had said that he died experimenting with magic, but she never went into details, and he didn’t ask her to.

“Thank you,” Pandora replied, turning to look at him, and the sheer pain in her eyes, even after all these years, was heartbreaking. He would have hugged her if there was a stitch of clothing between them, but he didn’t know how well that would go over.

“Why not move?” Harry asked.

“This home has been in his family for generations, and besides, my apiary is on this land, and I run my meadery out of the basement,” Pandora replied. “Selling a house shaped like a big rook would be challenging in itself, but with the curse...I’d never get enough to buy enough land to replace all of this. I also don’t mind being naked.”

With that, she loaded two plates onto a tray and handed it to him. When he cocked an eyebrow, she said, “I always loved breakfast in bed after a night of passion, and I suspect that Luna is the same.”

“You’re sure you want to eat alone?” Harry asked.

“I’ve been eating alone for a long time, Harry,” Pandora replied, her face neutral. “Go on.”

Harry nodded and took the tray upstairs, finding Luna limping back from the bathroom as he reached her room.

“Oh, how sweet!” she exclaimed, beaming at him as she rushed inside and sat down on the bed.

“We’ll have to do something nice for your mother for this,” Harry smiled as he joined her. Kissing her softly, he said, “Morning, my love.”

“Good morning,” she beamed. “I did so miss your penis, Harry.”

Harry laughed, saying, “It missed you too, as did the rest of me.”

Luna dug into her fried eggs, spreading the yolks over toast as Harry started in on his blood sausage.

“What do you think of my mum so far?” the blonde asked.

“I think she’s great,” Harry replied. *“Love her as I do, I know damn well that Mrs. Weasley wouldn’t have just let me sleep with Ginny under her roof if I was dating her.”*

“Beautiful too, is she not?” Luna asked, making him pause.

“Erm...yes,” Harry replied, having no reason to think that she was messing with him or anything. On the off chance this was a “test” the likes of which the twins had warned him of when he said he’d gotten a girlfriend, he quickly added, “She looks a lot like you.”

“Daddy always said I got his name and his cheekbones,” Luna smiled softly. She waited until he’d swallowed his latest bite to ask, “So would you have sex with her?”

Harry choked on his own saliva and started coughing, managing to choke out, “What?”

“I asked if you’d have sex with my mother,” Luna replied, sounding like it was the most normal thing in the world. “I think you’d both really enjoy it.”

“Luna, I...what?” Harry asked.

“Oh dear, the wrackspurts have returned,” Luna pouted. “They’d largely started staying away since we began having sex regularly.”

“Why would you ask me if I’d have sex with Pandora?” Harry asked.

“Because I want you to have sex with her,” Luna replied, “if you’re willing, of course.”

“I...” Harry trailed off before going still. “Do you want to break up?”

“No!” Luna exclaimed, sounding more frantic than he’d ever heard her and looking at him in confusion and alarm. “Why would you ask me that?”

“I...thought that maybe you’d had second thoughts about us and believed that offering to help me seduce her would be a way to soften the blows,” Harry replied, and Luna immediately pulled him in for a tight hug.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Harry,” Luna whispered. “I didn’t mean to worry you like that. I assure you, I wouldn’t dream of breaking up with you. You’re such a kind, caring, thoughtful boyfriend. You’re

also monstrously well-hung and ever so good in bed, and I thought that Mum would enjoy you as much as I do. She's been very lonely since Daddy died, after all. I thought that having wild, sweaty threesomes with us might lift her spirits."

Harry just gawked at her, never more aware than he was in that moment about just how unique his girlfriend was.

"She hasn't dated at all?" he asked, unable to help himself as he grappled with just what his girlfriend was really suggesting.

"I know she's dated, but she hasn't found anyone she liked enough to introduce to me," Luna replied. "Daddy died when I was eight and I know he'd have wanted her to find happiness without him. You have a big heart, a very large penis, and your tongue vibrates, Harry; I know you could keep us both happy. That's why I was so happy to give her a demonstration last night of just what you can do."

"Wait, you were deliberately loud?" Harry asked.

"Well, it's not like I can really help myself when we have sex," Luna giggled. "You feel so good inside me that I just have to scream, but I could have bitten my pillow or something, I guess."

Harry just stared at her in shock. Even given the way that their relationship started and how odd she could be at times, he never would have expected this from Luna. Some of their schoolmates said she was nuts, and he'd decked Cormac McLaggan in the face when the older prick suggested that he was only with her because crazy girls were great in bed, but he'd never actually believed it. Suggesting that he start sleeping with her mother did make him kind of wonder just how quirky she really was.

"Where do you envision things going, if I start sleeping with her too?" Harry finally asked.

"Well, to start with, wild, kinky threesomes," Luna smiled. "After that, who knows? If she comes to love you as much as I do, though, I'd happily share you."

"We don't even know if she'd be willing," Harry replied. "I am young enough to be her son."

"Mr. Weasley tried getting a muggle telethingy to work once when I was visiting Ginny," Luna replied, and Harry wondered where she was going with this. "He only got to work for just a moment, but in the program he picked up, some woman said to a friend of hers that it didn't count as cradle-robbing if the guy was over eight inches, so I think we're in the clear."

Harry snorted at that and asked, "Did Mrs. Weasley hear that by chance?"

"No, but when Ginny asked her what it meant for a guy to be over eight inches, she got really mad, and he threw the telethingy out," Luna replied, making him laugh. "As for Mum, I'm sure she'll be willing. I've shared how good you are in bed with her, and she has gotten a very good look at your penis."

"Shared?" Harry asked.

"Mum and I are very open and honest with each other," Luna replied, smiling. "When I told her I had a boyfriend, she tried to give me advice about how to navigate the more intimate aspects of the relationship and so I told her all about how wonderful a lover you are. After nearly an hour of story

after story of all the many, many ways that you've reduced me to a quivering, glassy-eyed, mindless pile of goo, you should have seen how hard her nipples got. I know that she'd love to have you, Harry."

"Okay, let's say I'm willing," Harry said, feeling his cock throb painfully at her sinful words, "I don't know at all how to pursue or seduce a woman. You're the only one I've been with, and I didn't exactly initiate things to start with."

"That's true," Luna giggled, returning to her breakfast. "Just leave it to me. I'll lay the groundwork with Mum, and when you see my signal, go for it."

"What will the signal be?" Harry asked, having decided to just go with what his girlfriend had in mind. It wasn't like doing so hadn't had very pleasurable results in the past.

"You'll recognize it," Luna smirked. Looking down at his rock-hard cock, her eyes darkened with lust, and she said, "As lovely as all this is, I'm looking forward to my dessert more."

"On the off chance this actually works, I just hope I'm capable of keeping up with two women like her," he thought to himself as he dug into his breakfast.

Days later, Harry had just about gotten used to life at the Rookery. He was still hard far more often than he would have liked, even with how often Luna made him cum, but he had stopped feeling so embarrassed by that. It helped that Pandora only ever glanced at most and had made it very clear that she wasn't bothered by it at all. He figured that he'd eventually get used to seeing her and Luna naked all the time, but until then, he was just happy that his situation hadn't been made any more awkward than it had to be. That particular day was the hottest yet, and he and Luna had elected to stay inside and take advantage of the cooling charms on the tower.

"...and this is what Daddy figured a crumple-horned snorkack looks like," the blonde smiled as she pointed to the image her father had sketched.

It was an oddly shaped purple creature with stubby legs, a pig's snout, and a spiral horn that seemed to have been squished at the top.

"It's very striking," Harry said, and Luna beamed at him, resting her head on his shoulder.

"He wanted so much to find one," she whispered, her throat growing tight, and Harry wrapped an arm around her. "I remember him mentioning them and some of the other magical animals he wanted to find proof of, but without this journal, so much of it would have been lost."

"Maybe we can go searching for them someday," Harry murmured, and she looked at him in shock and wonder.

"You mean it?!" Luna exclaimed, and when he nodded, she kissed him deeply.

He didn't necessarily believe that snorkacks or any of Xenophilius Lovegood's creatures existed, but he also realized that they didn't need to in order to make gallivanting around the world with Luna fun.

"If we find proof, maybe I could even start up the quibbler again," Luna added.

“That was your dad’s paper, right?” Harry asked, and she nodded.

“After he died, Mum found it too hard to keep it up,” Luna replied, “and she’d really taken to the mead-making business anyway, so she really didn’t have the time. It would be nice, though.”

“Harry, could you give me a hand?!” Pandora called out, and Harry rushed to his feet.

Noticing her standing by the door, still wearing her bee suit, and holding a crate full of **honeycombs** she’d just finished harvesting, he took it from her and carried it into the kitchen. She walked in after him, her clothes disappearing the moment she crossed the threshold, and she winced, rubbing her neck.

“Thanks,” Pandora smiled as she covered up the crate.

“Thank goodness the curse doesn’t extend across the land,” Harry chuckled, pointing at her bee suit, and she laughed, wincing as even that seemed to hurt.

“Yes, though I could freeze the dears in place, I’d still rather not risk beekeeping naked,” Pandora replied, still rubbing her neck.

“You okay?” Harry asked.

“Just woke up with a stiff neck,” Pandora replied. “Nothing that stretching won’t fix, eventually, anyway.”

“Harry could give you a massage, if you like,” Luna offered, her silver eyes twinkling with mischief.

“Oh, I don’t know...” Pandora went to protest.

“It would be the least I could do for you after you’ve been such a welcoming host,” Harry smiled, reaching out to ghost his long fingers over her right shoulder. “Tell me where it hurts.”

“H...here,” Pandora stuttered, turning around and pointing to a specific spot about halfway between her neck and shoulder. “Ugh.”

“Yeah, that feels really tight, and there’s a definite little knot here,” Harry murmured, drawing closer and rubbing his thumb around it. “Luna, go get the oil.”

“Will do,” Luna beamed before rushing off.

“This really isn’t...oh, Merlin,” Pandora whimpered as he cast a wandless charm to force her muscles to relax a little. “What in the world?”

“Luna and I found this awesome room in Hogwarts last year,” Harry replied. “Inside it there was a book that someone had stored a long time ago. It contained, among other things, certain massage techniques and even simple spells that could be done without a wand. It’s just about the only magic I know that I can do outside of Hogwarts.”

It also contained illustrations and descriptions of virtually every sex act ever devised. The two of them had spent months trying them all out to varying degrees of success.

“Luna’s a lucky girl,” Pandora sighed.

“I am,” Luna smiled as she returned, holding a bowl of scented massage oil. “Could you heat this up for me?”

“Oh, right,” Pandora replied, grabbing her wand and heating the oil up with a wordless charm. “I can sit on the sofa for this.”

“You could just lie on your bed, Mum,” Luna suggested. “Harry can give you a full-body massage. He’s ever so good at that.”

Feeling Pandora tense up under his hand, Harry added, “Full-body, with certain exceptions, of course.”

“I mean, if you’d like to and if you’re okay with it, Luna,” Pandora sighed, already adoring the pleasure of his touch.

“Of course,” Luna smiled. “Why would I object? Come.”

She took her mother’s hand and led both of them towards her bedroom, throwing the door open gleefully as she reached it. Her bed was larger than Luna’s and looked very comfortable, the cream-colored sheets complimenting the simple beige of the walls. She wasted no time climbing onto it, lying on her belly and tensing up as she felt her shoulders flare painfully. Luna sat down in the rocking chair in the corner, looking like she’d just been promised pudding as she eagerly watched him begin. Setting the bowl down on her end table, he coated his hands in the warm, thick liquid and let drops of it fall across Pandora’s back.

“Mmm, that feels nice already,” Pandora sighed, enjoying the warmth. “Don’t worry about getting oil on the sheets. They’re very washable.”

“Harry’s very used to making a mess of sheets, Mum,” Luna giggled. “He knows.”

“Don’t I know it?” Pandora mumbled under her breath, just barely loud enough for Harry to hear, and he grinned before beginning the massage.

Pandora sighed in pleasure as he worked to coat her back in the massage oil, just warming her up for what would follow. The knots in her shoulders weren’t too bad, but they felt worse than anything Luna had ever had, so he knew that he was going to have to do some pretty deep work. The book had made it clear that making sure she was as warm and pliable as possible first was absolutely necessary, though, so he took his time with that.

“I almost wish she was less hot than she is,” he thought to himself as he started rubbing her shoulders gently.

Between the simple fact that he was used to massages being erotic in general, having only ever massaged his girlfriend before, and how beautiful her mother was, his cock, which had ranged between half-mast and fully hard pretty much constantly since he first arrived at the Rookery, grew quickly as he began feeling her warm, smooth skin under his hands. Her breasts had drawn his eyes multiple times during his stay there, but if anything, her arse was even better. Round and firm, it jutted out every bit as much as he’d figured it would when he first saw how delightfully wide her hips were. He’d been unable to keep himself from thinking about how much he’d like to fuck her

since Luna first suggested it, and seeing her bare bum all the time only added to that. He stayed professional, though, letting his hands roam no lower than just above her dimples of Venus.

“Mmm, you could charge for this,” Pandora chuckled as he gently dug his thumbs into either side of her spine and pushed them upward.

“He’s very good, isn’t he?” Luna asked, watching them intently.

“Yes,” Pandora sighed. “You’ve yet to deal with my shoulders or neck much, though.”

“I need to help you relax a little first,” Harry replied. “Your muscles there are already contracted, and if I go straight in, they’ll just tense further. Between the light tissue work here, the soothing heat and smell of the oil, and the relaxation spells I’m casting on you, I should be able to get to them soon.”

“That must have been some book,” Pandora smiled.

“I can show it to you later, Mum,” Luna replied. “I think even you might find some of it educational.”

“Eve...it’s a sex book, I take it?” Pandora asked, turning her head to look at Luna and wincing as she did.

“Mmhmm, it was ever so helpful,” Luna sighed, running a hand through her hair.

“So long as you’re being safe,” Pandora chuckled. “I don’t want to be a grandmum anytime soon.”

“You know we are,” Luna laughed. “You’re the one who showed me how to brew a contraception potion. I’m glad that I made enough to last the summer, though. You seem to be entirely out of love.”

“I keep meaning to buy more and forgetting,” Pandora sighed. “I haven’t needed the ingredient in a while. Oh, right there.”

Harry felt his cock throb at her words, even though she clearly tried to keep her tone as neutral as possible. He massaged her aching shoulders, keeping his eyes closed as he focused on the feel of her tight muscles. They had already improved some from how they’d felt when he first checked them, and he smiled as he felt the muscles quickly relax. One of the spells the book had contained removed inflammation and he made sure to cast it as he went, helping undo whatever she’d done to them.

“Do you know what caused it?” he asked softly. “You said that you woke up like this.”

“It might just be that I slept stiffly, or it could be the result of me moving things about a lot lately,” Pandora replied. “I already feel loads better, thank you.”

“I have yet to get to your neck either,” Harry smiled as he spread her hair out on either side of her head and started massaging the back of her neck.

“Oh, Merlin,” Pandora moaned as he reached the base of her skull, tensing up as she realized how that had sounded. “Sorry about that.”

“Don’t be,” Harry chuckled, trying not to focus on his raging erection. “I can never keep quiet when Luna does that either.”

“He’s very fond of scalp massages,” Luna smiled.

“Who isn’t?” Pandora sighed.

“Okay, try to move your head and see if it feels better,” Harry said as he pulled back.

Doing so, she let out a sigh of relief, saying, “It feels better than it did yesterday. Thank you, Harry.”

“Oh, the massage isn’t over yet,” Luna grinned. “I did promise a full-body massage, after all.”

“You don’t actually need to do that,” Pandora chuckled, only to pause as Harry scooped up more of the oil and moved towards her feet.

“Like I say, I don’t mind,” Harry replied, as he bent her left leg upward and started rubbing the oil into her foot. “You’ve been a great host and understanding in a way that I never imagined.”

“If this is thank you for letting you sleep with Luna, I...oh, goodness,” Pandora gasped as he started kneading her sole with his thumbs.

“Consider this a thank you from both of us,” Luna smiled. “I missed him so much this summer.”

Pandora didn’t comment, both because she was enthralled by how good his touch felt and because she was well aware of how pent up her daughter had been. Luna was always a very even-tempered girl, but she’d been almost cranky after the first couple weeks were done. The older woman buried her face in her pillow to keep from moaning too loudly as Harry continued to work absolute magic on her feet. She’d known that her shoulders and neck were tense, but she had no idea just how bad off her feet were. By the time he finished with both of them and moved onto her calves, she felt more relaxed than she had in a long time, and she turned to smile gratefully at Luna.

“Thank you both for this,” Pandora murmured.

“It’s hardly any trouble,” Harry replied. “By the way, Luna, what oil is this? It smells great.”

“I don’t know,” Luna shrugged. “We used up the last of ours last night when you buggered me, so I took some of Mum’s. I didn’t think you’d mind, given...”

“Wait, what?” Pandora asked, her eyes widening at that. “Luna, which bottle did you take the oil from?”

“Third one from the left...I think,” Luna replied, instantly wary of her reaction. “Why?”

“Harry, what does it smell like?” Pandora asked. “I cast a spell to stop me from breathing through my nose for a couple hours when I work out there during August because my allergies can be dreadful.”

“I don’t know,” Harry replied, bringing his hands to his face. “Lilacs, maybe.”

Pandora paled, and Luna stood up, asking, “Mum, what’s wrong?”

“You should both go,” Pandora replied, sounding frantic. “If that oil was the one I think it was, I’ve just been dosed with a powerful aphrodisiac.”

“Luna!” Harry hissed, and her large eyes went wide as saucers.

“Hey, I didn’t do that intentionally!” Luna exclaimed. “I wouldn’t do that, no matter how much I want to watch you have sex with her.”

“How much you what?!” Pandora exclaimed, staring at her daughter in shock.

“You’ve been alone for a long time, Mum,” Luna sighed, “and I know you’re not really happy. Harry’s a wonderful lover and an incredible man, and I wanted to share him with you, but I swear I didn’t mean to have him rub you down with aphrodisiac oil. I didn’t know you even had that.”

“Luna, he’s your boyfriend,” Pandora pointed out, “and I’m old enough to be his mother.”

“You aren’t, though,” Luna replied, her voice light and ethereal, “and he certainly doesn’t see you that way. Surely you’ve noticed how achingly hard he gets around you.”

“I’ve tried not to,” Pandora muttered.

“That aphrodisiac oil,” Harry commented, “is that something that you bought for someone in particular? Luna said that you weren’t seeing anyone, but if you are...”

“I’m not,” Pandora replied, whimpering as she rolled over and her thighs rubbed together. “It was something that I’m working on, and I wasn’t even sure it worked this well. To be honest, I was already so turned on that...”

“Turned on?” Luna asked, brightening, and Pandora just sighed.

“Having you two here, acting like newlyweds, hasn’t been entirely easy,” the older blonde replied dryly. “Look, Luna, it’s sweet of you to want to help take care of me like that, but I’m not as unhappy as you seem to think. Between raising you and running my meadery, I have a good, fulfilling life, and I don’t need a man to complete it, and I’m certainly not about to risk ruining your relationship.”

“You wouldn’t,” Luna assured her. “I’ve never been a jealous person, and you know that I love sharing with those I love, plus, Harry is very attracted to you.”

Pandora looked at him at that and he grinned, resting a hand on her knee as he said, “You’re warm, kind, and stunningly beautiful. How could I not be?”

“I’m your mother’s age,” Pandora replied. “We weren’t close, but I did know her back in school.”

“Age is just a number, Pandora,” Harry smiled, leaning in. “Now, how does this oil of yours work?”

“It makes you very, very horny,” Pandora replied simply. “Even just getting it on your hands like you have should have an effect. Luna...”

“My vagina and bum are still both very sore from last night, Mum,” Luna breathed, seeing an opportunity. “If Harry’s been afflicted by the oil too, perhaps you two really should...help each other out. You’d be doing me a favor, really.”

Pandora gulped, seeing obvious manipulation for what it was and yet still very tempted by her daughter’s words. She had more liberal views of sex than most, but even she’d have normally balked at the idea of shagging her daughter’s boyfriend. Nearly a week of hearing Luna scream her way through orgasm after mind-melting orgasm at his hands, tongue, and cock, not to mention the stories she’d shared, plus having to see his frighteningly large cock almost constantly, had put her on edge as it was. When she started to get wet from having him massage her, she thought nothing of it, as she was already terribly attracted to him. Knowing that her aphrodisiac oil was a factor too would have been enough to convince her to kick them both out and try to take care of herself, but Luna’s argument threw a wrench into those plans.

“It was my experiment,” she thought to herself, staring into Harry’s vibrant green eyes. *“It’s only right that I help mitigate the effects, right?”*

It was a flimsy excuse, she was aware, but as the heat in her core grew more and more intense, something not helped by the pearlescent drop of precum forming on Harry’s cock, the head of which was almost purple, he was so hard, the arguments to the contrary faded to the back of her mind. When Harry cupped her cheek, she shivered, nodding imperceptibly, and he leaned in, capturing her lips with his own.

Her life since Xenophilus died hadn’t been as sexless as her daughter seemed to believe, as she had dated, but no one she’d gone out with had ever really clicked with her. No relationship had ever progressed enough to introduce them to Luna, which probably fueled her apparent belief that she was unhappy, but she had dated a few men over the years. It had been a while, though, and as Harry slipped his tongue between her lips, she moaned into his mouth. His hands, still coated in the oil, slid down her back, and she gasped when he cupped her arse.

“Fuck,” Luna whimpered, openly touching herself as she watched her mother and her boyfriend make out.

Even in their family, Pandora would have drawn a line at having Luna masturbate in front of her before, but she supposed it was only fair, given what her daughter was allowing. Harry turned out to be a wonderful kisser, and as their tongues dueled, for dominance in their mouths, she spread her legs and pulled him in, gasping as she felt him grind his long, thick cock against her dripping cunt. He felt even bigger than he looked, and she had been trying all week not to let herself acknowledge how big he was. Luna’s lurid descriptions of what sex with Harry was like had been arousing enough, but actually seeing him wander around naked all week had been even worse.

“Fuck, you’re beautiful,” Harry groaned as he broke the kiss for air and moved along her jaw to her ear, nibbling on the lobe.

“Oh!” Pandora cried as he trailed hot kisses down along the slender column of her neck, nipping lightly at her pulse point.

He reached between them and cupped her large, full breasts, kneading the sensitive mounds, and Pandora gasped, throwing her head back. It felt so good, and as she quivered under his touch, she had to wonder if the oil or his skill was more responsible. He kissed his way down from her neck and grinned up at her as he reached the valley between her breasts.

“You’ve been driving me mad all week,” Harry rumbled. “Walking around naked, looking this good, I’d say that you have no idea how badly I’ve wanted to bend you over and fuck your brains out, but you couldn’t have missed how hard I’ve been.”

“It is a very obvious sign,” Luna giggled. “Tell me, Harry, as you had me on all fours last night, pounding my poor little arsehole with your big, thick cock, did you imagine I was her? Did you imagine you fucking my mum?”

“Merlin, Luna,” Pandora whimpered as she saw Harry’s eyes darken further with lust.

“You like that thought, don’t you?” he asked, leaning in to kiss one of her pebbled nipples. “You like the thought of your daughter’s boyfriend fantasizing about you while fucking her.”

“Yes!” Pandora cried as he grazed her hard peak with his teeth.

She looked over at Luna for a moment, worried about her reaction to her admission, despite everything, only to find her daughter rubbing her clit in tight little circles while she kneaded one of her breasts and whimpered. Harry worshiped her breasts, switching back and forth between them as he peppered them with kisses and light little bites. She held his head to her chest, feeling like her body was on fire.

“Please, just fuck me!” Pandora cried. “I feel like I’m going to explode.”

“Oh, I will,” Harry grinned, “but not until I’ve tasted you. You smell fucking delicious.”

“Tas...” Pandora faltered. “I haven’t exactly trimmed down there in a while.”

“Trust me, I know,” Harry groaned, kissing his way down along her belly. “This beautiful bush was one of the first things I noticed when you opened the door.”

“Do you...oh my...want me to grow mine out?” Luna moaned, slowing down as she sought to avoid cumming just yet.

“Do whatever you like,” Harry replied as he reached the forest of golden curls between Pandora’s thighs and nuzzled it with his nose. “Hairy, bare, it turns out it makes little difference to me.”

He parted her curls and felt his cock throb at the sight of her fleshy, dripping nether lips. Looking up at Pandora, who was practically shaking with need by then, he grinned and gave a long lick from her hole to her clit.

“Gah!” she cried, grabbing the sheets on either side of her.

It had been a long time since she’d had anyone go down on her with any particular enthusiasm, and as Harry began to lap at her pussy, that wasn’t something he lacked at all. He groaned in pleasure at the taste of her, grabbing her hips and exploring her thoroughly with his long, dexterous tongue. Luna had said that he was good and that he really enjoyed eating her out, but she hadn’t truly believed her, thinking it unlikely that a guy his age would be so giving in bed. Her doubts were quickly dispelled, and she was soon reduced to a moaning, shaking wreck.

“Fucking hell, don’t stop!” she cried as he swirled his tongue around her clit, making her entire body quiver. He sucked on it gently, and she saw stars, her arse rising off the bed as she hovered right on the edge of orgasm. “Please, don’t stop!”

“You sound like I do when he eats me out,” Luna sighed happily. “Harry, I think you’ve teased her enough. Show her what you can really do.”

“What are AHFFF!” Pandora squealed as she came so hard she squirted, her thighs clamping around his head and her back arching off of the bed.

She’d never known pleasure this intense in her life, hadn’t known that she could feel anything that good, and to her shock, as her orgasm ended, she fell right into another one. Wave after soul-searing wave of pleasure rocked through her entire body, leaving her a sobbing, mindless wreck, and just as she began to fear that it was becoming too much to handle, it ended. She curled up into a ball, shaking like a leaf, as she slowly came down from her high and caught her breath.

“...might have overdone it,” she vaguely heard Harry say sheepishly after a moment, and she rolled onto her back, blinking until she could see him clearly. Staring down at her in concern, he was easily the most handsome man she’d seen in ages, and she was so happy for her daughter that she got to experience this so often.

“No wonder you scream like you do,” she giggled, and Luna, who had joined them on the bed, laughed.

“That was the joy of Parseltongue, Mum,” Luna smiled, brushing her hair out of her face. “I don’t know which god gifted it to us, but if I ever find out, I’ll open a temple to them.”

“Count me in,” Pandora sighed, spreading her legs. “Fuck me, Harry. After that, you can take me however you like.”

“I’d like to take the two of you together,” Harry replied, and she furrowed her brow at him in confusion.

“Hmm, that might be fun, but I don’t know if Mum could transfigure you a second penis,” Luna mused, tapping her chin, and Harry balked.

“We’re not using any magic on my cock,” Harry insisted. “I’ve seen too many spells go wonky to risk that. I was just thinking we could try out that thing from page sixty-nine of the book.”

“Oh, that could be fun!” Luna beamed. “Funny enough, it wasn’t sixty-nine. That was on page forty-two.”

“What was it?” Pandora asked.

“It depicted a man in bed with two women, one of whom was lying on the other, facing her as he fucked them both, switching from vagina to vagina as he went,” Luna explained. “It did look fun.”

“Honey, are you sure?” Pandora asked, and Luna just smiled sweetly.

“I can’t imagine anything better than being with the two people I love most in all the world while feeling Harry stretch my pussy to its absolute limit over and over again,” she replied.

“And what was that about your sore vagina and bum?” Pandora asked, narrowing her eyes and Luna looked sheepish.

“It’s true of my bum, at least,” she replied, and Pandora just chuckled and shook her head.

“I half expected you to balk at the idea of us trying anal, given my size,” Harry commented.

“Oh, Harry, you can fit way more back there than in a vagina,” Pandora laughed. “I knew a guy once whose boyfriend was a horse animagus. The stories he used to tell...”

“That sounds...dangerous,” Harry winced.

“They were careful,” Pandora shrugged. “Anyway, baby, if that’s what you want, I’m game, but wait until he manages to fit inside me first.”

“Oh, I want to watch that up close anyway,” Luna smiled, gazing lovingly down between her legs.

“Fuck me, Harry,” Pandora moaned, and he fisted his cock, carefully nestling it between her dripping folds.

She whimpered as she felt his wrist-thick head brush against her hole and shuddered at the thought of taking something that large inside her. He’d fit, she knew, as the girl next to him had once come out of her, but he was going to stretch her more than any other man ever had, and she spread her legs even wider, gazing up at him longingly. Pushing forward, he managed to get the first couple inches inside her, and she gasped.

“Oh, fuck,” Pandora whimpered. “Oh, shit!”

“He feels even bigger than he looks, I know,” Luna grinned. “I know that’s not how vaginas work, but I swore the first time we had sex that he was going to leave me a gaping ruin.”

“Wow, that’s big,” Pandora breathed, scrunching her eyes shut. “I swear you feel like a fist.”

“You’re so bloody tight,” Harry groaned. She might not have been quite as tight as Luna, but as he felt her inner walls stretch wide around him, she was snug regardless.

“More,” Pandora smiled, willing herself to relax. “I can take it.”

Harry leaned in and kissed her as he pushed another inch of his cock inside her and started fucking her slowly. He slid in and out of her carefully, pushing a little more, and Pandora whimpered at the mild burning feeling, but she didn’t even think of asking him to stop. She knew that the burning would pass from what Luna had described, and she already felt the aching fullness of being stretched so wide. It was every bit as intoxicating as her daughter had described, and she already found herself wondering how she was going to repay her for this.

“He feels amazing, doesn't he Mum?” Luna asked. “Does it burn at all?”

“A little,” Pandora replied. “You’re so big, Harry.”

Harry swelled with pride at that as much as he always did when Luna said it and cupped one of her breasts, kneading the supple mound to distract her from the feeling.

“Oh, good idea!” Luna exclaimed. “This will help you relax faster.”

“Wha...ahh!” Pandora cried out as her daughter leaned in and wrapped her lips around her nipple. As she started sucking, bathing it with her tongue and driving her wild, she moaned and cried, “Luna!”

“What?” Luna asked, blinking owlishly at her. “I’ve done it before.”

“You were a baby then,” Pandora pointed out, “and I certainly wasn’t having sex at the time.”

“Could I anyway?” Luna asked. “It’s fun, and look how much Harry liked it.”

Pandora looked up, and sure enough, Harry was gawking at the two of them, his cock feeling even more swollen inside her.

“Bloody hell,” he groaned, pushing another couple inches of his cock inside her, making her cry out in pleasure.

“Fine!” Pandora cried, and Luna pushed her breasts together before leaning in again, kissing and licking everything she could reach.

She cried out in pleasure and nearly screamed when Harry started stroking her clit. The combination of Luna’s ministrations, his gently stroking, and the massive cock stretching her out further than anyone ever had was too much for her, and she felt herself soaring towards another peak as he finally bottomed out inside her.

“More!” she cried, consumed by lust. “Fuck me with that horse cock!”

“Luna, move on top of her,” Harry grinned, and she did so, shifting her body across until she was lying directly on top of her mother, who had scrunched her eyes up in pleasure just then. She opened them, staring up at her, and before either of them knew what they were doing, she’d pulled her in for a kiss.

“So fucking hot,” Harry groaned, feeling like if his cock got any harder, it might explode.

He pulled most of his length from Pandora’s quivering cunt and pushed back in, making her throw her head back and cry out in pleasure. She was sopping wet, and nothing about how she was bucking against him suggested that she wanted him to take her slowly, so he didn’t. Working his way up to a hard, rough pace, he was soon pounding her into the bed, his hips slapping against Luna’s ass each time he bottomed out inside her.

The blonde moaned and cried out when she was frantically making out with Luna, who happily indulged her lusts. The two of them lost themselves in their passions, their hands roaming over each other’s bodies as their lips and tongues clashed. Pandora felt her orgasm building more rapidly than she could ever recall. She’d often struggled to cum from penetration and had no idea if it was the oil or the sheer size of Harry’s cock that had changed that this time, but she didn’t care. Just as she felt herself getting close, he pulled himself from her, and she was going to yell at him to put it back when Luna cried out in pleasure.

“Yes!” the younger blonde screamed as he pushed inside her with one long thrust. “More!”

“So close,” Pandora whimpered, and Luna giggled.

“That’s...oh, right there...the fun of this,” she moaned. “We all get close together, and if we time it right, we might all cum together too.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Pandora whimpered, though she had to admit that being this close to Luna filled her with a joy she’d never have imagined.

Harry grinned down and leaned in, kissing her passionately as he started fucking Luna. Trapped between them, Luna could only bury her face in the crook of her mother’s neck and moan as Harry’s long, thick cock speared into her again and again. She’d loved the feeling of having him inside her more than anything from the moment she first got used to it and had had some pretty wild adventures with him, but nothing, not even shagging on Snape’s desk, came close to this.

The potions professor been livid and instantly blamed them, but as they’d discovered Barty Crouch Junior’s secret earlier that year, thanks to their very frequent use of the map, and managed to pilfer some of his polyjuice potion before the aurors took him in, they’d managed to get Ron and Hermione to provide them with pretty clear alibis. The brunette didn’t speak to either of them for a week when she discovered just what she’d helped cover up for them, but Ron found it funny.

Luna had been edging herself for a while and was very close to cumming already. Just having Harry take her that roughly while she was on the edge of ecstasy alone would have been enough generally, but the sheer eroticism of the moment made it infinitely hotter. Held in her mother’s arms, while her boyfriend pounded her with his cock, which was covered in her pussy juice as well, Luna felt the pressure in her core build rapidly, and when Harry changed his angle slightly and bumped against a very sensitive spot deep inside her, she squealed and came hard.

“Merlin,” Pandora shuddered as she watched her daughter writhe in pleasure and wrapped her arms around her tightly, holding her as Harry pulled his cock from the younger girl’s depths and pushed inside her again. “Yes!”

Harry took her roughly, his thrusts starting to grow erratic as his own orgasm drew close. He had developed some pretty impressive stamina for his age, but nothing he and Luna had ever done together came close to being this hot, and his limits had been thoroughly tested by now. Determined to make Pandora cum first, he gritted his teeth and tried to calm himself, something made a little harder when Luna started crawling up along Pandora’s body, swaying her lovely ass at him as she went. He spanked her hard, and she giggled before rolling over onto her back.

“Luna?” Pandora asked.

“I think Harry would like to take you from behind, Mum,” Luna replied. “I know I would if I were him.”

Pandora just gaped at her for a moment before shaking her head and looking up at Harry and cocking an eyebrow. “Well?”

“She isn’t wrong,” Harry replied, and she laughed.

“Well, then pull out,” Pandora replied, whimpering as he did so, leaving her feeling empty again.

Rolling over, she noticed Luna sitting up and figured that she needed a break. She grinned to herself as she pushed up onto her hands and knees and arched her back, resting her head on her hands as she wiggled her arse at him. Harry watched the round, fleshy cheeks sway and had to close his eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath as he willed his cock to relax. As he felt his urge

to cum diminish a little, he grabbed her hips and moved forward, taking a moment to line himself up before pushing inside her to the hilt.

“Fuck,” Pandora laughed, almost unable to believe how good he felt. “You’re so bloody deep.”

“It’s like he’s in your stomach,” Luna smiled knowingly. “You see why I crave him so badly?”

“Yes,” Pandora whimpered as he started fucking her again.

“Well, if you start to crave him too, we can meet up in Hogsmeade,” Luna offered. “It could be fun to make the Shrieking Shack live up to its name together.”

“I don’t know if that…” Harry went to say when Pandora cried out in pleasure.

Already close to her peak, she wasn’t thinking entirely rationally, which made the idea her daughter had suggested seem purely arousing instead of both that and terrifying. Objectively, maintaining an illicit affair with her daughter’s boyfriend and continuing to have threesomes with them wasn’t the best idea, but the idea of sneaking around with them was so mind-meltingly hot that she didn’t truly care in that moment. She felt herself racing towards her orgasm and started rocking back against Harry in time with his thrust, screaming every time he drove deep.

“*Fuck me, they’re alike,*” Harry thought to himself as her pleased screams grew louder.

His grip on her hips tightened, and he pounded her even harder, watching as her arse jiggled and rippled with each hard thrust. He’d always liked watching this when he took Luna like this, and her mother’s arse was even fatter. A brief thought occurred to him about needing to impregnate his girlfriend so she’d come to look like this too, and the ridiculous idea nearly made him cum.

“Harder, harder!” Pandora screamed. “I’m so close!”

“Fucking hell,” Harry groaned.

“Do it, Harry,” Luna grinned. “Make my mum cum on your big cock!”

“I’m...I’m...CUMMING!” Pandora squealed as her orgasm hit her like a freight train, making her vision go white.

She convulsed in pleasure, her senses consumed by the pleasure as it thundered through her in waves. On and on it went, and Harry fucked her even harder, prolonging her pleasure as he desperately chased his own.

“Luna I’m gonna…” Harry grunted. “Where should I…”

“Don’t stop, Harry,” Luna grinned. “I have an idea.”

Pandora half-heard them, her senses coming back to her as her orgasm subsided, and as she panted for breath, she realized that they’d actually all come back, which led to another interesting discovery.

“*Hyacinth?*” she thought to herself as she inhaled through her nose. “*Wait, then that wasn’t the...*”

She nearly laughed when she realized that what Harry had used on her was simple massage oil and not the aphrodisiac she'd been experimenting with, and as she felt his thrusts growing uneven and erratic, another thought occurred to her.

"I'm not on the *potion*," she realized, not having taken it at all during her dry patch. "Ha..."

As she'd been recovering from her orgasm and thinking to herself, Luna had dipped her left index finger in the oil and returned to them.

"Uh, Lu..." Harry went to object, blushing as he realized what she had in mind.

"Come now, Harry," Luna smiled. "There's no need to be embarrassed. You're among family, and besides, I've always wanted to try this while you fucked me, but I'm not a metamorphmagus, so this will have to do."

"Ha..." Pandora went to call out to warn him just as Luna pushed her oiled finger inside him and curled it downward, stroking his prostate.

"Fuck!" Harry cried as he came hard, filling her to the brim with rope after rope of his seed, and Pandora shuddered at the feel of him twitching inside her as he collapsed on her, just barely remembering to hold himself up on his forearms.

Luna smiled at the pair of them before pulling her finger out and dashing into her mother's bathroom to wash her hands.

"So how was that?" she called out.

"Cosmic," Harry panted. Among the many things detailed in that book was the fact that prostate stimulation was intensely pleasurable, and while it wasn't something that they did often, it never failed to make him cum hard.

"Harry, pull out," Pandora whimpered, and he furrowed his brow in confusion as he did so and rolled over.

"Pandora?" he asked as she rolled over and looked down, watching the river of cum leak from her well-fucked pussy.

"Shit," Pandora muttered.

"What is it?" Luna asked as she walked back in.

"I..." Pandora trailed off. "You know how I haven't dated in a while?"

"Yes," Luna replied.

"And you know how we don't have any lovage, one of the key ingredients in the contraception potion?" Pandora asked.

"Oh," Harry said, his eyes widening as he looked down at the creampie leaking out of her. "Luna probably has some left. Right, love?"

“Yes, though you don’t really need to take it,” Luna replied as she sat down next to them. “I have always wanted a brother or sister after all.”

“What?” Pandora squeaked as Harry just stared at her in shock.

“I’ve always wanted a brother or sister,” Luna replied simply, “and Harry here wants a family, plus you did say that you and Daddy talked about trying for more back in the day. If Harry did just impregnate you, you could raise the child, Harry could help out financially, and the two of us could help look after him or her when we’re not at Hogwarts. It would be excellent practice for when we have our children down the line.”

Harry and Pandora continued to stare at Luna in shock as she settled on her side and rested her head on his chest.

“Was that what this all about?” Harry asked. “Did you hope that Pandora and I...”

“No, but it would be nice,” Luna replied. “It’s up to you two, and Mum, you can take one of my potions if you like, but if you do want another child well, Harry seems ever so virile. As for you, Harry, I asked Professor Dumbledore if he’d be able to transfer the blood ward somewhere else if the Dursleys moved, and when he said yes, I asked if he could do so if you and your mum had another living relative in common, which he also said yes to.”

“I...” Harry stammered, looking at Pandora, whose eyes widened when she realized what that would mean.

“You could live here next summer,” she breathed, having heard enough about his home life to know that he’d really love that even if there weren’t some pretty spectacular benefits that came with it. “I mean, Xeno and I did talk about having another child, but he was so invested in the Quibbler by then, and traveling about was tough enough with one child, let alone more...”

“I...” Harry trailed off, imagining the beautiful older woman’s belly swollen with his child. He felt his cock twitch and looked down at Luna, who was smiling up at him. “You said that this wasn’t about getting me to knock up your mum, luv, was that a lie?”

“Nope,” Luna replied, smiling. “That would just be a lovely bonus, provided you both want it. Oh, Mum, if you have a girl, could you name her Hope? Ow!”

Pandora spanked her the moment she asked that and as Harry cocked an eyebrow at her, she just shook her head and laughed.

“Xeno made the same crude joke when I was pregnant with her,” Pandora replied. “We actually nearly went with Hope before deciding on Luna instead.”

“Crude how?” Harry asked, confused.

“Because she’d be coming out of Pandora’s box,” Pandora sighed, and Luna giggled, earning another swat on her arse. It didn’t make her smile dim even slightly.