

THE 9³/₄ INCIDENT



The 9 ¾ Incident

Story Starts

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Chapter 2

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 gasped as Luna's wandering hands glided across her inner thigh, the delicate touch sending electric shivers through her already sensitised skin. Luna's index fingers framed her plump nether lips with deliberate precision, spreading them gently through the damp lace so cool air teased the slick heat beneath. The gentle pressure sent tingling sensations radiating from her heated core, and anticipation coiled tighter in her belly, making her breath hitch audibly.

"But what if another student walks in on us?" Harry protested, though the words lacked any real force—his voice rough, strained. Both wives could see the truth in his eyes: he was devouring the sight before him, pupils blown wide. The intensity of his stare made Astoria's skin prickle with fresh awareness. He wasn't objecting. He was transfixed.

Luna answered by rolling back her sleeves with practised ease, withdrawing her wand and aiming it lazily towards them. "Tempus," she said, dreamy tone laced with mischief.

Glowing numerals materialised above Astoria's pale bottom—11:07 AM. The Express had departed long ago.

"See," Luna said, her smile equal parts serene and wicked, "we have all the undisturbed privacy in the world."

"I wouldn't call it private," Astoria complained, her voice trembling as she gestured with her eyes towards the young woman seated on one of the marble benches between the towering stone pillars.

The stranger sat perfectly still at the bench's edge, posture unnaturally rigid, facing the pillars where the two wives were stuck. Her stare was blank and unblinking—not watching, exactly, but somehow worse for the emptiness of it. The frozen expression made Astoria's skin crawl.

From her position, it felt as though those vacant eyes were fixed directly on her. The thought sent a flush of mortification through her—and beneath it, an unwelcome spark of thrill she refused to examine.

Luna felt the tremor run through Astoria's body at precisely the moment she gave an experimental tug at the delicate black lace that barely concealed her most private places.

Ever since Astoria's maledictus had been cured, she'd taken it upon herself to rebuild her body. Where before she'd been thin and frail—hollowed out by the curse's slow consumption—she now carried lean muscle and healthy flesh, the transformation a quiet testament to her stubborn refusal to remain a victim of her own bloodline.

Luna couldn't help but appreciate the difference beneath her hands. She kneaded the smooth curve of Astoria's arse with open fascination, even pressing a kiss to the left cheek despite Astoria's indignant protests.

"Hey!" Astoria's protest came out as a startled yelp as cool air replaced Luna's warm hand and lips. But it was the breeze that was gently caressing the most intimate places that made her gasp.

Her arsehole had never felt such a thing before that made her clench at the exposure.

Of course, this didn't escape Luna's notice as she saw Astoria's hole tighten and twitch, so she couldn't help but tease it as she blew on it as well.

Then an idea formed in her mind.

"W-what are you doing with that? Uhhh..." Her words trailed off into a breathless whine as the vulnerability sank in.

Harry watched with fascination as Luna suddenly placed the tip of her wand directly at the entrance of Astoria's most private opening, the wood warm against her sensitive flesh, the polished holly pressing just enough to make the tight ring flutter in anticipation.

Luna backed off a bit as she traced circles around Astoria's arsehole, urging it to relax, but to no avail. So she pried it open with a thumb and index finger and gently placed the tip of her wand at Astoria's twitching hole.

Luna's lips moved in a barely audible whisper as she murmured, "Aguamenti," her breath ghosting over Astoria's exposed skin like a lover's sigh.

The spell took immediate effect, and Astoria moaned low and guttural at the overwhelming sensation flooding through her, the warm magical water streaming in with gentle insistence. The sudden feeling of pressure was intense and startling, building layer by layer, accompanied by an unusual fullness that seemed to expand within her very core, stretching her from the inside out in a way that bordered on discomfort.

Alongside these physical sensations came the telltale, embarrassing feeling of needing to rush to the nearest lavatory, her cheeks burning with mortification even as her clit throbbed in helpless sympathy. Her muscles clenched involuntarily as she fought against the foreign intrusion, her breathing becoming shallow and rapid, each inhale sharp and ragged, her toes curling in pleasure and discomfort.

This overwhelming experience proved mercifully short-lived, the pressure peaking in a dizzying rush before subsiding. Almost as soon as her colon had been filled to capacity, the magical water vanished with another elegant wave of Luna's wand, dissipating into nothingness. Sweet relief rushed through Astoria's entire being like a cleansing tide, leaving her feeling strangely empty yet somehow purified, her body trembling with the aftershocks of the intense magical cleansing, every nerve ending alight and hypersensitive, her cunt aching with renewed need as the emptiness amplified her arousal.

"I've always wanted to try this," declared Luna, her voice tinged with that unmistakable dreamy quality, her pale eyes sparkling with mischievous delight. She examined her wand with curious fascination, tapping the polished tip thoughtfully against her bottom lip—the very same implement that had been intimately nestled inside Astoria's tightest puckered hole not a second ago.

"Hey, Harry—" Luna called out cheerfully, and with an elegant twirl of her wand, the air shimmered as magic rippled through the space.

"LUNA!" Astoria shrieked, her voice echoing off the stone walls as she crossed her arms over her lace-clad torso. Cool air rushed against her newly bared skin, raising goosebumps across her flesh. She could feel the heat flooding her cheeks as she realised what had happened—Luna had Vanished everyone's clothes with casual efficiency, leaving them in nothing but their underwear.

She'd left Harry his Ravenclaw tie. Just the tie—blue and bronze silk stark against his bare chest.

Their garments sat in neat, perfectly folded piles beside the pillar leading to Platform 9¾, orderly as if placed by invisible hands.

Even knowing the ancient wards rendered them invisible to Muggle eyes, Harry couldn't help fidgeting, his hands moving instinctively to cover the front of his boxers. Cool air kissed his exposed skin as he watched the stream of oblivious Muggles flowing past—businessmen checking watches, tourists dragging suitcases, children clutching parents' hands. Some brushed directly past him, shoulders bumping against bare skin, yet their eyes slid over without registering, never seeing the three nearly naked young adults standing brazenly in their midst.

Something twisted in Harry's chest—a strange, electric thrill at being so utterly exposed yet completely hidden. The feeling had nothing to do with the wards.

His heart was still hammering when his tie yanked forward with surprising force, silk tightening around his neck as he stumbled towards the pair. Luna

stood with her wand raised triumphantly, a satisfied smirk at her lips—she'd Summoned the tie whilst he was still wearing it, reeling him in like a leash.

'Oh, so that's what she was planning.'

Astoria caught him instinctively as he stumbled forward, her trembling fingers gripping his forearms. Despite knowing perfectly well that the Muggles couldn't see her, she pressed herself against Harry's broader frame, seeking shelter. The warmth of her skin against his was a comfort amid the exposure.

"Eeeee!" Astoria's voice pitched into a sharp squeal, her body going rigid as she pulled Harry closer—one hand clutching his forearm, the other finding purchase at his hip. She buried her face against his stomach, her heated breath ghosting across his skin in ragged puffs.

"Lu—na!" she protested, muffled and breathless against Harry's torso.

Harry's head snapped to the left and his breath caught.

There was Luna — his wife, his supposedly innocent yet undeniably mischievous wife — with her face buried between Astoria's trembling thighs, her blonde hair cascading down. Her tongue worked with determined precision against Astoria's puckered hole, the pink muscle darting and swirling in wet, insistent patterns. Two of her slender fingers were buried knuckle-deep inside the other girl's now visibly glistening cunt, pumping slowly and drawing out lewd, slick sounds with every thrust.

As Luna's ministrations continued, Astoria tightened her hold on Harry. Soft moans escaped her mouth and vibrated against his stomach. The wet squelch and slurps rose clearly above the ambient noise of the busy station, making his cock throb painfully against the front of his trousers.

Luna, the mischievous pixie that she was, wiggled her arse against his visible erection. Her foot curved back so that her sole gently caressed and teased his balls through the fabric.

Luna finally pulled back. Her lips glistened with Astoria's arousal, swollen and slick. She locked eyes with both Astoria and Harry, her silvery gaze dark with shared hunger.

Her fingers remained buried in the warm, slick heat of her sister-wife's cunt, slowly curling and stroking against the spongy front wall. She savoured the rhythmic clenches and the fresh pulses of wetness coating her skin. The heavy, musky scent of arousal hung between them, cutting through the faint metallic tang of the station and the distant smell of rain on concrete.

With deliberate slowness she withdrew her fingers. Each inch dragged out with a wet glide that made Astoria whimper softly against Harry's torso, the sound vibrating through his skin. A thin trail of clear, viscous slick stretched between Luna's digits and Astoria's swollen lips, glistening as it caught the amber light filtering down through the glass panels of King's Cross's arched ceiling.

Luna's eyes sparkled with wicked delight. She winked at them, a slow flutter of lashes, then dragged her slick-stained fingers across her mouth, painting her lips with a glossy sheen. She sucked each digit clean, her head bobbing rhythmically, cheeks hollowing slightly with the suction as her tongue swirled around every salty-sweet drop. Her eyes never left theirs. A low hum of pleasure escaped her throat.

"Did you enjoy that, oh sister-wife of mine?" Luna asked in her characteristic airy, melodic tone, as though she were inquiring about the weather rather than having just brought Astoria to the brink of climax in the middle of a crowded train station. The casualness only amplified the erotic charge.

Harry felt his boxers further grow uncomfortably tight as his body responded involuntarily to the erotic display before him, the cotton fabric straining against his growing arousal. Meanwhile, Astoria continued gasping against his torso, her breath coming in short, desperate pants. He could feel warm drool trailing down his stomach, the wetness creating a slick path towards the waistband of his boxers as she struggled to regain her composure, her body still quaking slightly.

This wasn't their first intimate encounter—they'd taken full advantage of an unsupervised year in Japan. But this brazen display in the heart of Muggle London was something else entirely. The risk, the exposure, the sheer audacity of it made Harry's blood sing.

Luna tilted her head, her tongue still working between Astoria's cheeks. Her silvery eyes studied every micro-expression that flickered across Astoria's flushed features and noted the violent shudder that wracked her slender frame with each deliberate stroke of Luna's fingers.

The blonde witch could feel the way Astoria's inner walls clenched and fluttered around her digits, growing impossibly slick and hot as she teetered on the edge. Astoria's torso hovered just above Luna's bent-over rear, both of them suspended with feet dangling off the King's Cross floor. The position added a constant strained tension to every clench.

"Mmm, you're close, aren't you?" The question was more rhetorical than anything, carrying Luna's usual dreamy lilt, though something predatory lurked beneath the innocent cadence. Her voice was soft as silk yet sharp as a blade. She curled her fingers inside Astoria with calculated intent and felt the tremors building, the way her breathing grew more erratic and desperate.

Harry swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing visibly as he fought to maintain some semblance of control. His own arousal pressed insistently against the strained fabric of his boxers, the cotton now damp where Astoria's mouth had been. Every small movement she made sent fresh jolts straight to his groin.

His grip tightened involuntarily on Astoria's bare shoulder, fingers pressing into the delicate ridge of her collarbone. Her thighs began to tremble with increasing violence. Then, with a choked cry that she barely managed to muffle against his stomach, Astoria came completely undone. Her nails raked across Harry's skin hard enough to leave angry red welts as pleasure crashed through her in devastating waves. Her entire body convulsed, back arching sharply, and she bit down on the fabric of his boxers to keep from screaming her release to the entire station. Her dangling feet kicked in helpless rhythm.

Luna did not show her any mercy. She drew out the spasms with slow, deliberate pulses of her wand while her fingers continued their maddening rhythm inside Astoria's fluttering channel. She watched with fascination as Astoria rode out each aftershock, her body jerking and twitching.

In her lust haze, Astoria pulled Harry's tie downwards and slammed her lips against his. Their tongues met in a desperate kiss as she moaned into his mouth, still suspended and trembling in the afterglow.

Luna withdrew her fingers with a soft, obscene schlop and held her hand up to examine the way Astoria's arousal clung to her pale digits, the wetness catching the artificial light. After a moment she turned her gaze — languid, playful, yet predatory — to Harry. Her silvery eyes dipped pointedly to the obviously tented fabric of his boxers. A knowing smile curved her lips as she took in the damp patch Astoria's desperate breathing had left.

"Someone looks like he needs help," she observed in that same dreamy tone, though there was nothing innocent about the way her tongue darted out to wet her lower lip.

A breathless laugh escaped Astoria as they broke apart, still rough and shaky from her climax. Her cheeks darkened to a deeper rose when she saw the obvious strain.

"Merlin, Potter," she murmured, voice raw from the effort of keeping quiet. There was something almost reverent in her tone, mixed with a flicker of embarrassment at her own behaviour.

Harry had crouched to her level. Astoria's slender fingers wrapped around him through the cotton, her grip firm. Her thumb circled slowly over the head as she locked eyes with him. From this close, Harry could see Luna's arse positioned just below Astoria's torso, clad only in a pair of wispy silken knickers that barely concealed anything. The delicate material clung to her skin, outlining the perfect rounded curve of her arse and the swollen folds beneath. A slow trail of her arousal dripped down her inner thigh, glistening as

it caught the light. Her bent-over, dangling position made her rear sway invitingly with every small movement.

“And I’ve been terribly left out,” Luna announced with mock petulance. She wiggled her hips in a slow, teasing sway that made her cheeks jiggle slightly. Her tiny feet snaked between Harry’s thighs, the cool arches of her soles pressing gently but firmly against his balls. Her toes flexed in rhythmic squeezes that sent sharp sparks up his spine.

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