

Summary: Luna doesn't seem in any hurry to go home even long after the guests started leaving Hermione's moving in/divorce party. By the end of the night, both Harry and Hermione will be very happy she didn't. (Harry/Hermione/Luna)

**Content Warnings/Themes: Threesome, strap-ons**

"The last month or so has been a big change, for all of us," Bill Weasley said, leading a toast. "But even though so much has changed, some things stayed the same." He tipped his glass of beer in Hermione's direction. "You might not be married to my brother anymore, but you're still my sister, Hermione, and that'll never change."

"Thank you, Bill," Hermione said, giving him a genuine smile from her seat of honor on the loveseat next to Harry during this party being thrown to celebrate her divorce and move. After hearing such a kind comment from Ron's eldest brother, Harry almost felt bad about regularly shagging his wife's brains out. But then he made eye contact with the wife in question, standing next to Bill, and she gave him a knowing smile while licking her lips.

The gesture reminded him of fucking her face earlier in the day, and watching her lick up all of the cum her tongue could reach after begging for him to cover her face in his seed. Any guilt he might have felt faded as he remembered not just the pleasure, but Fleur's desperation. Even if he wanted to stop now, he couldn't. If he cut her off, Fleur would probably fuck her husband until he dropped, and it still wouldn't be enough to keep her satisfied. Harry *had* to keep going. Really, he was doing Bill a favor.

"You said it, brother," George said, nodding. "We're still there for you, Hermione. If Harry's ever acting like a wanker and you need to get away from him for a night or two, you can always pop in on me and Angelina."

Angelina smirked and hugged George's arm against her chest as they sat on the couch opposite Harry and Hermione. "Just, you know, watch your step," George's wife said. "Never know where in the house George's latest product test might be stored."

"Guilty," George said, shrugging. "I suffer for my art."

"I'd say Angelina is the one who suffers, actually," Audrey said dryly, making most of the room laugh. Percy hadn't attended the party, owing to the fact that he'd gone into work on what should have been a day off so he could correct some regulations mumbo jumbo. Even Audrey's much briefer explanation as to why her husband wasn't there had almost put Harry to sleep.

As evidenced by making the group laugh, Audrey had become a lot more sarcastic and playful without Percy around, but Harry expected that it had as much to do with the presence of Penelope Clearwater at her side as it did with her husband's absence. Harry

had been very interested when the two of them entered his home together, and they had been at each other's sides for most of the night. He wanted to know more about that little development, but there were too many people at the party who didn't know the full details behind what had really happened to cause Hermione to divorce Ron and move in with Harry, let alone that he had also been fucking Hermione's now former sisters-in-law for months.

Percy wasn't the only Weasley not attending. Ron wasn't there and hadn't been invited, for obvious reasons, and Arthur and Molly had declined their invitation. Well, Arthur declined it on behalf of them both, actually. Molly seemed to be more or less living in denial about the disintegration of Ron's marriage, but Arthur had privately let Harry know that while they wouldn't be coming out of loyalty to his youngest son, they didn't wish any ill on either him or Hermione. Harry had a feeling that Arthur knew the public story they'd put out, the one that made Ron sound far more noble and selfless, was rubbish, but he doubted they would ever discuss it.

Ginny wasn't there either, as she was out of the country playing quidditch with the Harpies, but there were several non-Weasleys who'd come too. Andromeda had brought Teddy by, but she'd gone home to put the young boy to bed over an hour earlier. Neville and Luna were there, as were Katie and Alicia, both of whom Harry had caught staring at him more than once while they thought he wasn't looking. Remembering the last time he'd seen them, when he fucked Angelina after the match and inviting them to join in if they ever felt like having some fun in the future, their glances made him smirk. He hadn't heard from either of them since, but those glances made him think there was a chance it might not stay that way. It might be a good idea for him to find a way to let them know the offer was still on the table even though he was with Hermione now. Maybe he could get word to them through Angelina.

Hermione's old dorm mates Lavender and Parvati had come too, giggling often throughout the night. Harry wouldn't be surprised to hear that Lavender had told Parvati all about her threesome with him and Hermione. There were other friends and work colleagues of Hermione who'd come to the party, all of whom had only heard the public version of her divorce from Ron. They'd probably faint from shock if they knew the full truth behind what he got up to with not just her, but the rest of the Weasley brothers' wives as well. Harry had been on his best behavior as a result, and the girls had stuck to innuendo that probably sounded innocent enough unless you knew the full truth.

"Congratulations on your exciting new life, Hermione," Fleur said once the laughter had died down. "And I will echo what George, Angelina and my handsome husband have said. You will always have a home with us."

"Thank you, Fleur," Hermione said. "I appreciate that."

"And in turn, I am sure you will open your home to us as well should we ever need it, of course," Fleur continued, smiling while looking directly at Hermione. It might have sounded like a slightly odd thing to say for the majority of the people at the party, but

Harry understood her true meaning, and he was sure that Hermione and anyone who knew about the 'repayment plan' understood too. Hermione had left her husband to live with Harry full-time, but her former sisters-in-law expected her to let them continue their 'repayments' with him.

"Of course," Hermione said, nodding. "You'll always be welcome here, Fleur. Harry and I will both be happy to have you."

Harry wondered if Bill had any idea why his wife's smile was so wide and dazzling.

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"I was beginning to think she would never leave," Luna said once Fleur had finally followed Bill home.

"Err, yeah," Harry said awkwardly. "Me too." Fleur had very clearly been delaying her departure for as long as she reasonably could, hoping that she would eventually be the last party guest remaining, no doubt so she could fit in a quick shag before she went home. But Luna had continued to sit on the couch, drink her wine and play with her new necklace made of snitches, watching everyone else leaving in twos or threes and ignoring the social cues that would have naturally told anyone else that the party was over without it needing to be said.

It had been over a half an hour with just Harry, Hermione, Fleur and Luna in the house, and finally Fleur hadn't been able to make any more excuses. Now there were three, and Harry was trying to figure out a polite way to make it more obvious that the party was over, and Luna should go home. She was one of his dearest friends, and he didn't get to see her as often as he would like since she was out of the country so often on one of her expeditions in search of her creatures. But he hadn't gotten to cum since he'd covered Fleur's face that afternoon, and he was quite ready to take Hermione up to bed—their bed--and shag her rotten.

"It would've been nice to stay and talk to her some more, but it *is* getting late," Hermione said. Clearly, she was as eager to get into bed as he was. They were holding hands, and Hermione had led their joined hands to rest on the bare skin of her leg not far below where her skirt ended. He couldn't wait to get that skirt off of her, along with everything else.

"Yes, it is getting late," Luna said dreamily. "But I'm sure that Fleur would have been willing to stay up well past her usual bedtime if it meant you fucked her until she couldn't walk, Harry."

Harry heard Hermione gasp beside him, but it took him a second longer to actually process what Luna had said so nonchalantly. "Err, why would you think something like that was going to happen, Luna?" he asked slowly. He knew better than to adopt the usual

indignation he might have tried if he was trying to convince most anyone else that he was not having sex with another man's wife.

"Well, it was rather obvious, wasn't it?" Luna said, cocking her head as if she was genuinely confused by Harry's question. "She was quite blatant about it. Angelina, Audrey and Penelope were more subtle, but I could still feel the flimps in the air when they looked at you. They only show up when they find someone who knows what it's like to be intimate with the person they're focusing on, and yearns for more of the feeling. So, it's really rather obvious, I should say."

Harry shared a look with Hermione, who just stared and shook her head helplessly. There wasn't any purpose in asking Luna to explain how she knew what she knew. Her explanations would make no sense to him, and how she knew what she knew didn't matter anyway. What mattered was that she *did* know.

"Luna, you understand that you can't tell anyone about the, uh, flimps, right?" he asked, frowning. "Or what they told you, more importantly?"

"Oh, of course, Harry," Luna said calmly. "I'm aware that most people don't like to discuss their sex lives with others. I don't see why it should matter so much; sex is a natural part of life for most creatures, humans included. But you needn't worry. I won't tell anyone that you've been having sex with Hermione's former sisters-in-law, or Penelope, or Lavender, of course."

"Thank you, Luna," Hermione said, sighing in relief. "That's, well...that's good."

"Since we're already discussing sex, however, I believe this would be a good time for me to mention why I've stayed behind even after everyone else left," Luna said. Harry mused on the fact that Luna had actually recognized the social cues and simply chose to ignore them, but Hermione's head was in the right place and focused on the topic that really mattered.

"You stayed so you could talk about sex with us?" Hermione asked, raising her eyebrows as she stared at Luna. Harry snapped to attention, his mind now where it should be thanks to Hermione.

"Yes," Luna said, nodding. "You know, it surprised me that it took this long for the two of you to figure out you were supposed to be together. When Hermione married Ronald, I feared you might never realize who you were really supposed to be with, or that you might be too afraid to admit it to yourselves even if you did realize it, which I believe would have been even worse. I'm relieved that I was wrong, and that you *did* get to where you were always meant to be, however long it took you."

"Well, thank you again, Luna," Hermione said. "I'm still not sure why you felt the need to tell us that in private after everyone left, though."

“Oh, that isn’t why I stayed behind,” Luna said. “No, I stayed because since you two are finally where you’re meant to be, I can finally tell you that I have long wished to have sex with both of you.”

“You have?” Harry asked, taking over when Hermione just stared at Luna open-mouthed. “Why didn’t you say anything before now? Hermione was married, obviously, but I’ve been single for awhile.” He didn’t think that Luna was the type to bottle up her desires like that, given how frank she was about most things.

Luna tapped her cheek with her finger. “I suppose I could have approached you alone, Harry, but I would have been worried that you might think I wanted romance,” she said.

“Do you not?” Hermione asked.

The former Ravenclaw shook her head. “I enjoy my expeditions too much to settle down in one place or with one person. Perhaps that will change in the future, but right now, I’m quite content with my life, knowing I can come and go as I please without needing to explain myself to anyone. I find you very handsome, Harry, and I’ve always wondered what it would be like to copulate with you. But I’m not interested in anything more than that, at least at the moment. I do hope that’s acceptable?”

Harry glanced at Hermione, who gave him a nod despite seeming like she was still a bit baffled by what Luna was asking for. “It’s more than acceptable, at least for me,” he said. “But you mentioned you wanted to have sex with *both* of us?”

“Oh, yes!” Luna said, smiling. “You may not be aware, but I’ve always been equally attracted to men and women both. You’re a very beautiful woman, Hermione. And I have long wondered if that passion, dedication and intelligence you’re filled with would translate to your sexual performance.”

“It does,” Harry was quick to say. Hermione’s cheeks flushed and she hid her face, but he could tell she was smiling.

“Ooh, that’s lovely to hear,” Luna said. “When I heard you two were together, I began to wonder if it might be possible for me to make my fantasies happen with both of you. I will confess that my most satisfying masturbation sessions have always come when I close my eyes and imagine my body held up in the air between both of yours while you ravage me from both ends. I’m always covered in sweat, of course, and perhaps semen as well.”

“Bloody hell,” Hermione whispered. Harry looked at her, and he could see her mind already picturing the scenario Luna described, and likely coming up with different positions they could use to make it happen.

“And then I saw the flimps, and I heard the way Angelina, Audrey and particularly Fleur talked throughout the night,” Luna went on. “It was then that I realized the two of you are

comfortable with the idea of sharing, and welcoming others into your bed. Once I realized that, I decided that I wouldn't leave your home until I'd asked. I will not be angry if you refuse, and if you wish for me to come home, I will say goodnight and rely on my fingers and my imagination once I'm back in my bed. But—“

“Sod your fingers, sod your imagination, and sod your bed!” Hermione said roughly, cutting Luna off. Luna's eyes were always wide, but there was a different tilt to her head that made Harry think she was surprised. That made two of them, honestly. Luna's unexpected request had apparently dragged something out of Hermione, and Harry couldn't wait to see where it took them. “We're going to see to it that you're not using any of them tonight and well into tomorrow if I have anything to say about it. Isn't that right, Harry?”

Harry could feel his cock getting hard quickly as he looked between Hermione's flashing eyes and Luna's teeth chewing her lower lip as she stared at Hermione and squirmed in her seat, blatantly rubbing her thighs together.

“We've got a nice big bed, Luna,” Harry said, getting up and pulling Hermione with him. “Come and try it out for yourself.”

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Luna only had one real prerequisite once they'd done their share of naked kissing and groping and the topic of positions came up, and that was that she wanted whatever they did to allow her to be directly involved with both him and Hermione at the same time. Hermione had taken it from there, and to his surprise, she hadn't chosen a position that would bring her much in the way of direct pleasure. But she was enjoying her time with Luna in a different way.

“Mmm, do you like that, Luna?” Hermione whispered, her lips up against the side of Luna's neck, just underneath her ear. “Do you like the way Harry's cock feels inside of you, *fucking* you? Is it everything you dreamed it would be?”

“Yes!” Luna moaned. She was flat on her back in their bed and getting the fuck she'd apparently wanted for some time, and she certainly seemed to be enjoying it so far. “It's lovely!” She groaned as Harry gave another deep thrust inside of her, and Hermione chuckled and kissed Luna's throat. She had her right hand between Luna's legs to play with her, mostly in the form of light, teasing rubs up and down her pussy lips, but she gave a few faster, firmer rubs now, and Luna gave another groan in response.

“What about you, Harry?” Hermione asked, looking down at him while her fingers slowed back down to their earlier teasing of Luna's cunt. “How is she? Does Luna feel as tight as she looks?”

“Tighter,” Harry said while slowly pulling back to give the blonde another thrust. He knew what Hermione meant. Luna was tiny in comparison to most of the women he'd

been with. She was short and lithe, with adorable little tits that barely jiggled as he fucked her. He had one hand placed on her pale leg while he fucked her from his knees, and he could imagine how easy it would be to pick her tiny body up and manhandle her should the desire strike him.

"I wish I could feel it for myself," Hermione mused. "I wish I could feel how tight she was with more than just my fingers." She was on her side right next to Luna, her top leg lifted up and bent to rub against Luna's, and Harry could see her wiggling slightly as if trying to hump Luna's leg. "But I'm glad I get to lie here and watch you fuck her, Harry. You're doing *such* a good job of it. Isn't he, Luna?"

"So good!" Luna sighed. "You both feel so good! I just wish I could make you feel good too, Hermione!"

Hermione laughed. "There'll be time for that later, I promise," she said. She gave the skin of Luna's neck a suck. "By the time we let you out of this bedroom, your tongue and jaw are going to be *so* sore." Luna groaned, and Harry felt no jealousy knowing that his cock rocking back and forth inside of her was only partially responsible for that. He and Hermione were fucking her together, and he loved seeing how easily Hermione could turn her on with words.

"But first, I want to hear that mouth moan in pleasure while you cum all over my man's cock," Hermione said. "Do you think you can help me with that, Harry?"

Harry's left hand, which was resting on Hermione's top leg, slid up and gave her knee a squeeze. "Whatever you want, love," he said. Then his arm went right underneath Hermione's, and his hand grabbed Luna's pale thigh. As soon as he had both hands on Luna's slim legs, he pulled back and drove forward with the fastest thrust of the night so far.

"*Ooh!*" Luna gasped. "Yes, Harry! That feels perfect!"

He had gone slow at first after penetrating her, mostly because Luna's little pussy was so goddamn tight that he felt he needed a moment to keep his lust in check. He'd gradually been putting more into it as they went along, but after hearing Hermione's request and now seeing how eagerly Luna responded to that thrust, he flung aside any thoughts of pacing himself and started to fuck her.

It was even more definite now that he had been correct to take his time to start with, because after just a few of these faster thrusts, he knew he would only have been able to last for so long while going this hard inside of a woman who was this tight a fit for his cock. The good news was that he didn't expect that he would need to last for long, because as much as Luna seemed to have been enjoying herself up to that point, her moans were getting significantly louder now. She'd gasped that it felt perfect to her, and she must have meant it.

"That's it," Hermione said, nodding and kissing the point where Luna's neck met her shoulder. Her wrist was working hard now, because her fingers were rubbing Luna's pussy lips with the kind of speed and efficiency that he was used to seeing from her when she had a quill between those fingers instead. "That's what I want to hear. She wanted to climb into our bed so badly, and now she's getting it! More, Harry! I want to hear more!"

Shagging women until they screamed and came had always been a highlight of Harry's life, but it had gotten even better once he and Hermione found their way to each other. He loved fucking his best friend turned lover, of course, but he also loved fucking other women with Hermione there to join in the fun. It was something they'd first fallen into that day when he'd gone to help her move her things out of Ron's place and they wound up fucking Lavender together, and while she hadn't brought up the idea of doing it since, bringing Luna into their bed was a very welcome sign that there was going to be more of it in their future.

That was good, because he didn't want to imagine a future where Hermione wasn't there to share his bed and cheer him on while he shagged another sexy witch. Fucking Luna would have been great if it was just the two of them, but Hermione's encouragement allowed him to hit another level and pound Luna so relentlessly that her moans turned into something more like whimpers.

"Yes," Hermione hissed. She'd now adjusted her hand motion so she could focus on strumming Luna's clit instead, and Harry could see how much Luna enjoyed it. The blonde's legs were flexing in his hands, and her pale face was flushed. She was definitely close now, and Hermione knew it as well as he did. "*Do it, Harry!*"

Harry squeezed Luna's thighs and fucked her furiously, making sure that his final thrusts were as fast, as deep and as impactful as he was capable of delivering. They hit their target, because Luna's tight pussy squeezed around his cock and she squealed in climax. Harry, only at that moment realizing that they hadn't discussed safety at all in their haste to get Luna into bed and fuck her, pulled his cock out of her at the last possible second and immediately started cumming all over her flat belly. He made sure to shoot the second half of his load across her chest, covering her tiny tits with his seed.

Hermione lowered her head to Luna's chest and started sucking her clean, moaning around her breast as she did. Harry groaned as he sat back and watched, loving seeing how horny Luna had gotten her. Luna must have loved it too, because she opened her eyes and smiled as she moved her hands to Hermione's head and started playing with her hair.

"If you were serious about wanting to feel what Harry just felt, I can help you, Hermione," Luna said breathlessly. "And in return, you can help *me* finally learn what it's like to be fucked by Hermione Granger."

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Harry had been looking forward to the party. But as fun as the party had been, the afterparty with Luna was way better.

Luna's spell had been the transfiguration of an ordinary dildo into one powered by magic, and it allegedly allowed the wearer to feel all of the sensations as if it had always been part of their body. Hermione had been skeptical when Luna explained it to her, but as soon as she'd put the thing on and slid it inside of the blonde, Harry could see that it was effective at least to some degree. Hermione's reactions left no doubt about that. She had that toy inside of Luna's cunt, and the moans and grunts she let out as she thrust her hips back and forth told him that she was feeling everything that he'd felt when it had been him fucking her.

They'd temporarily left the bed behind, at Luna's request. She had a specific position in mind, one that she'd apparently masturbated while thinking about more than once, and it required them to be standing. Well, it required Harry and Hermione to be standing. Luna's feet were nowhere near the floor, nor did she want them to be. They were holding her up in the air, with Luna's legs together and flung over one of Hermione's shoulders. Hermione held her by the upper thighs while standing and fucking her, and Harry helped in supporting Luna's weight from the other side. He had one leg back behind him and the other further forwards, allowing him to put his hands on Luna's shoulders and aid in holding her up while she held onto his arms for balance.

The position might not have worked without the aid of spells, were it not for Luna being so small. But together, they were able to hold Luna's lithe body up in the air, and even with Hermione thrusting hard enough to rock her body, she never slipped out of their grasp.

"I can see why you love shagging so much, if this is what you feel every time!" Hermione groaned, making eye contact with Harry from either end of Luna's body.

"I can't say I've felt quite like this very often," Harry said with a smirk. "But I know what you mean. Feels pretty fucking great, huh?"

"It's fucking brilliant!" Hermione exclaimed. She held onto Luna's legs tighter and moved her hips faster. For someone who was brand-new to this, Harry was impressed at how well Hermione was fucking Luna. It had taken her a few minutes to get into a proper rhythm, but she was holding the Ravenclaw up and giving her firm strokes that would've made most blokes jealous. She was proving to be a natural at fucking Luna with her magical strap-on, and Harry couldn't have guessed which of the two witches was enjoying it more as Hermione kept that fake cock in constant motion.

Hermione was much louder, moaning and grunting as she thrust her hips, but that wasn't a fair basis to judge their enjoyment on considering Luna had his cock stuffed in her mouth. She couldn't really blow him or show him her skill from this position, but Harry didn't need her to. He just flexed his hips and pulled her upper body back towards him, letting Hermione's thrusts that had her body rocking do the rest.

Maybe he couldn't fuck her face as roughly as he would have without the unique position they had her in and the importance he placed on helping Hermione keep her in the air, but whatever he lost out on was easily counteracted by how surreal and incredible this all was. He and Hermione were really holding Luna Lovegood up in the air and spitroasting her. He really had his cock sliding into her mouth and down her throat while he watched his best friend and lover grunt, groan and dedicate herself to fucking the blonde's cunt with the same focus that had made her such a force of nature first at Hogwarts, and now at the Ministry of Magic. The moment was one he would never forget, and the feeling one he hoped to be able to recreate, with Luna and with others.

"Fuck, take it!" Hermione growled. "Take it, Luna! Is this what you wanted?! You wanted me to fuck you?! Take it! *Take it!*"

Harry could hear Luna's squeals around his cock, and he could hear Hermione's hips smacking against her arse as she slammed the toy all the way inside of her. He felt proud as he watched Hermione fuck Luna and fulfill her fantasies. She fulfilled them so well that Luna's fingernails dug into Harry's arms as she sought for something, anything to hold onto when the pleasure took her.

"*Oh*, that's so fucking tight!" Hermione hissed, no doubt feeling the same clenching that Harry had experienced while fucking Luna on the bed. But she was far less prepared for it than he had been, never having fucked anyone while wearing a magic strap-on that let her feel it all. He watched her eyes flutter closed and listened to her moan in a climax of her own. Her hips kept jerking while she rode it out, and Harry watched every second of it, not even wanting to blink.

It was Luna pushing her own head down to take his cock all the way down her throat that broke the spell and returned his attention to his own pleasure. He only now realized just how close he was to another orgasm of his own, and Luna taking over in his stead and swallowing his cock had him all but ready to explode. She held him down and moved her face from side to side, rubbing her nose against his balls, and Harry was done. His cum flooded Luna's mouth, and though she tried to swallow it, gravity worked against her. Most of his cum spilled out of her mouth and ran down, or rather up, her face. Some of it was going to wind up on the floor of their bedroom as well, but Harry didn't expect Hermione to care any more than he did. It would hardly be the first time his cum had wound up on the floor, and it definitely wouldn't be the last either.

Seeing the look in Hermione's eyes, he wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the last time it happened before Luna went home. The spacey blonde had turned Hermione into a horny animal, and it was incredible to see.

Thank fuck she'd ignored any and every social cue and stayed behind well after the party had unofficially ended.