

Knickers

by nastygrl

Pureblood wizards, as a rule, do not wear underwear.

Y Fronts

Chapter 1 of 6

Pureblood wizards, as a rule, do not wear underwear.

Wizards do not, as a rule, wear underwear. That sounds oddly funny to someone who has grown up in a Muggle house, but it seems wizards by-passed the underwear revolution. While they would never understand the term 'going commando', it is the custom that, 'if you don't need nappies, you don't need anything.'

My boyfriend has never worn underwear a day in his life. I found out this little tidbit of information on our first night. We'd been at a party, and I was on my way to getting drunk. I'd spotted this gorgeous tall blond with a Stella in one hand and a fag in the other. I weighed my options as I ran a hand through my hair, not that it did any good to either control the bloody mess or cover my old scar. It is more of a reflex these days, as I've come to live with the scar and the reaction it gets. I pushed my way through the crowd, and passing the bar, I grabbed two more Stellas before I found myself next to him. We hooked up, and we laughingly agreed that it was owed, in part, to our mutual, deep and abiding love for Quidditch and hate for a certain manipulative bastard of a Headmaster. We left the party soon after, deciding to get some real food instead of the shit that was being served.

It was a good hour or so later that we left the small Greek restaurant we'd found, and I was hurrying him along the path back to my flat. We'd passed a small alley when I hauled him in behind a dumpster, and with my hand on his chest, I pushed his back to the wall. I ran my hand down his body as I sank to my knees and, grabbing the hem of his robes, threw them over my head. I sat back on my heels and let myself for a moment just smell him, that unmistakable scent of a man, slightly sweaty, salty and musky. Expecting to feel fine wool or soft cotton trousers, I instead found wiry leg hair as I ran my fingers along the ridge of his calf muscles. My fingertips skitted higher, and I felt the softer hair on his thighs. I straightened, intending to slide my fingers even higher in order to pull down his underwear, when his cock bumped my chin. My hands grasped his hips instead, and pulling him close, I took him fully in my mouth. He would have choked me had he been completely hard, but I'd taken him by surprise and because of this and the amount of alcohol and food he had, he was only now responding. His cock felt perfect, and I eagerly set to working his length. I didn't know how long it would take for him to come, and I didn't care. I didn't spare a second to cast a cushioning or silencing charm; I wanted my knees red and burning, and I wanted to hear him out of control and screaming my name. I had been hard for the past hour, and now I was roughly pumping my cock in my hand. We came together, loud and hard and trembling so violently that I had to wrap my arm around his hips lest I lost my balance while he clung to the dumpster to stop himself from hitting his knees on the alley's hard pavement.

We'd been together a few crazy months when I told Draco I was buying him underwear. Winter was approaching, and I wasn't going to let him freeze ~~my~~ bits off. He laughed his delicious laugh and raised his left eyebrow, the one that tells me I've said something *amusing*. He lazily reminded me that he's been through more than one winter, and what did I think was the purpose of a warming charm? I countered that using warming charms on delicate skin make for dry and chapped knobs and I wouldn't be very happy if he damaged *my* goods. He gave in then but stated he had final say on style and color. I flatly refused, telling him I was paying, so I was choosing. He was more than thrilled with what I brought home - heavy silk boxers, Egyptian cotton boxer-briefs and tiny satin thongs embroidered with "My boyfriend's *other* wand."

My underwear choice amuses him - Y fronts. He once asked why, when there was such an extensive selection of materials and styles to choose from, would I choose *little boy* underwear. I told him I loved how my ass felt in them, and then I pulled him on top of me and shoved his hand through the front. "Besides," I whispered hotly in his ear, "they provide easy access." His fingers cupped my balls, then quickly found my hot little hole. Soon I was seeing stars.

He surprised me one night when we were at my flat. I was lying on the bed, and he was slowly stripping. I was eagerly waiting for him to unbutton his pants so his long thick dick could spring out. Instead, when his pants dropped to his ankles, *my* Y fronts were stretched tight across his long, hard cock. I began to drool. I rolled out of bed and crawled to him. I shoved my nose in his crotch, breathing him in and mouthing him over the cotton, my moist hot breath making him moan in anticipation. I eased his cock and balls through the opening and after licking the head like a lollipop and tonguing his slit, I swallowed as much of him as I could fit down my throat. He demanded, he cajoled, he even begged, but I would not let him remove those underwear. He came three times that night, the last time with me on my knees behind him, his Y's pulled to the side and my nose and tongue buried in his sweet ass. When I finally allowed him to peel off the sticky mess so we could shower, I grabbed them and brought them up to my face. I licked his thick cream off the cotton while he stared at me, his hot eyes burning my soul before a look of understanding crept in and his acceptance of my little fetish.

That night, I slept with them under my cheek, breathing in his scent.

Thank you to my wonderful beta Dynonugget for all her help! Thanks also goes to Shellsnapeluver for her help and support

Black Cotton Shorts

Chapter 2 of 6

Pureblood wizards, as a rule, do not wear underwear.

I own no part of the Harry Potter universe, but, oh, if I did!

I have been with him for many years, and anyone else would have said I've outlived my usefulness. I have faded in my old age; I'm not as strong or as vibrant as I was. But while I have gone a bit soft and loose around the middle, I still serve my purpose. They say if you spend enough time around someone you start to become like them. I do not know if this is true, but I would be honored to obtain that distinction, though I doubt my Owner would feel the same should our positions be reversed.

I have heard and seen many things while I've been with my Owner; I am unnoticeable to those around. We have been through much, and before I am cast aside to be used as nothing more than an old rag if I am to be so lucky, I will tell of our time together, the good and the bad.

Yes, there have been both, although mostly the former, and only recently the latter. We came together when he was younger man. He was strong and lean, and I knew we would fit well together. Those were busy days but good. He was planning his future, studying hard and working long, grueling hours. He socialized and slowly came out of the shell that his demon father had trapped him in.

Then the Dark period descended. He was nervous and fitful by turn, and I could do no more than what was necessary to care for him. After one horror-filled night, despair set in. He screamed in the night, lost in his own anguish and inconsolable, trapped inside his nightmares.

Lonely years lay ahead for us. There was no one he could turn to for solace, to take away his self-loathing. Alone in his cold damp rooms, more like cells than living quarters, with not even a faint moonbeam for company, he would turn to his own hand to ease his aching and desperate loneliness, crying out at his release and praying to those he lost for forgiveness and pleading for mercy.

He eventually settled into a meager sort of existence. The Darkness had been pushed back for a time, and he did what he could to move on. He taught, he experimented in his lab, and when the pain and anguish came rushing back, he turned to alcohol and hashish to keep the monsters locked inside his head. In his chemical haze, he would gently stroke himself and remember his younger self; the lusty days with girls in hidden corners and unused corridors, bared breasts that he kissed and licked and suckled. His hand would increase its tempo thinking of the warm, wet pussies he dipped his fingers into, and occasionally his tongue or cock, if he could talk the chit into it, and the soft round globes of their asses that he clutched at to pull them closer into the cradle of his thighs or to guide them as they rode him to their release. He would come then, in his hand or on his belly as I hung about his knees.

My main purpose in his life, it seemed, was to witness his sorrow and misery as he desperately attempted to lead a secure life. The night his life turned into a seeming never-ending nightmare, he tried to partially assuage his guilt by offering the only thing worthwhile in his life, his talents and his skill of stealth and observation. He would turn spy against the Dark, and his life became filled with terror and unimaginable evil.

They call him miserable, but never doubt the right he has to be so, for it was a miserable life that he led. He has witnessed more death and human misery than the worst sort of criminal. He suffered for his guilt and for his chance at redemption. He has been tortured beyond reason at the hand of that who was pure Darkness, pure Evil. He has been whipped and cursed, poisoned and made to relive his darkest moments without relief; he has been found broken and unconscious, lying in his own waste when he finally lost his last ounce of control. Yet it is a testament to his strength and character that he returned time and time again, to observe and report back.

Finally, *finally*, the Dark Lord was vanquished, and while my Owner was near death for many weeks, he survived. He was free, but it was a feeble life he was leading before She entered his life. It had taken him some time to realize he did not have to look over his shoulder, that he was safe in his bed, lonely though it was. But while he knew this, old habits were hard to break, even more so when those habits had kept him alive despite everyone's best efforts to do him in.

In those days, he was alone and disenfranchised. He didn't belong among the dead, but neither did he feel he deserved to be among the living. The girl changed all that. "A bushy-haired, know-it-all" is what he called her, but there was an affection in his voice, something I hadn't heard in many a year. Real affection, not fabricated by scotch or hash. He was not friendly, but he didn't turn away from what she was so willing to offer him. She became his savior.

They began by arguing, not a day or a topic went by without finding them on opposing sides. When arguing became staid, they moved on to active discussions on potions, hexes, books and whatever else struck their fancy. They did not discuss what was in the forefront of their thoughts—the war, the losses and what remained behind.

Their relationship developed slowly, both equal in terms of nervousness and uncertainty. Their relationship was a rare thing, sacred and more valuable than anything else they held dear in their hearts. When they finally dared to touch, just a small thing, a brush of fingers when passing a glass of wine, the result was immediate and explosive. The glass fell to the floor as they lurched for each other, meeting with tangled tongues and lips, eyes clamped shut and hearts full to bursting with the realization that it was finally possible to live. Her soft small hands were like that of an angel's touch and were a balm to his fractured soul. When She slipped her hand past me as I sat on low on his hips and made him come immediately. Instead of embarrassment, however, it was with a greedy pleasure that She accepted his gift, his rare loss of control.

They are together to this day, some five years after their first shouting match. And I, his old black cotton shorts, am ready to retire, to be put into the rag box or the rubbish bin.

My Owner was ready to move on in his new life, one free of confinements and reminders of his dreaded past. She has other ideas, including pleading with him to not dispose of their favorite pair of shorts, the one he wore when he came for her their first night together, the same pair he wore on their wedding day when he needed

reassurance and a bit of comfort, the selfsame pair he wore when she announced her pregnancy and his subsequent trip to the dispensary after he fell and knocked himself out.

These meager black cotton shorts traveled your life with you, and they share your history She had whispered and tucked me in the back of her lingerie drawer, *While you may no longer want to wear them, they deserve better than the rubbish bin. We should not be so quick to dispose of that which journeyed with us through our lives. What stories would they tell, if they could talk?*

What stories, indeed.

A/N: A million thanks to my wonderful beta, Dynonugget!

Pink Hip Huggers

Chapter 3 of 6

Pureblood wizards, as a rule, do not wear underwear.

"C'mon, Molly, don't be shy, just plow your way through," instructed Luna.

How did I get myself into this? I murmured to myself as we made our way into the largest department store in London, my arm locked with Luna's. As we hustled through the doors and were jostled about by the bustling Christmas shoppers, I called to mind how this debacle started.

A party in my sitting room, and here I am, stuck in the kitchen, as usual! I muttered as I choreographed the chicken and vegetables kebabs onto the serving plate. I picked up the food tray, and with a careless, behind-the-back wand wave, I strode out of the kitchen and into the cramped sitting room with dishes, utensils, bottles of wine settling themselves onto the table that was set up in the corner.

I stood for a moment in the doorway and looked at the young women in my sitting room. While Ginny may have been the first Weasley woman born in 75 years, Fleur, Angelina, Katie and Penelope were the next generation of Weasleys as well. Luna, Ron's intended, had brought Hermione with her, and while Hermione was now married to Severus, she would always be a part of the Weasley family.

The young women were scattered around the room, grabbing a seat where they could find one; on the arm of the overstuffed sofa, a pillow on the floor near the fireplace, and on one of the kitchen chairs dragged into the doorway. Wine was flowing and small bowls of crackers, crisps and nuts were circling the room.

"What have I missed?" I asked with a small smile on my face.

The young women traded glances with each other, and it took several moments before Hermione laughingly replied, "Ginny is going to tell us about how she bought a special pair of knickers to wear for Seamus on their anniversary. He loved them so much that he put ... Ouch!"

Hermione turned sharply to Ginny who was sitting behind her right shoulder. Rubbing her head where Ginny's sharp slap landed, she grouched, "What the hell was that for?"

Ginny was trying to glare at Hermione, but the look was lost under the hot blush. "Mum doesn't want to hear about Seamus and me in the bedroom."

"But you weren't in the bedroom," Hermione retorted, smirking, "you just said you were on the ..." she stopped short when Ginny shoved her.

I laughed at how many bad habits Hermione was picking up from Severus in their short marriage and sat forward in my chair. "Ginny, you were too young to remember the parties we once had, and during the Dark years, witches and wizards didn't gather in large crowds; but before *Him*, these to-dos were a regular occurrence. Often the women in our family would get together and share stories. Usually we were at my mum's in Staffordshire, but we had parties very much like this. It wasn't until *He* rose up that the parties and socials and dances stopped; it was too dangerous.

"But oh! What a grand time we had! We drank wine and sometimes listened to Muggle music on the wireless and danced. By the end of the night, though, we'd always wind up talking about men and sex."

"Molly, why don't you share a story with us?" purred Fleur.

"I have forty years of stories, dear." I grinned wickedly. "Where should I start?"

"Mum!" Ginny shouted. "Forty years? That would mean that you were... were only..." Ginny stammered while doing the math in her head.

My smile grew. "Yes, dear," I murmured, "I was fifteen when I began 'experimenting' I suppose you could call it. The 60's were a great time to be young. The culture was changing; the old, reclusive ways were not as important to the young people as they were to the older generations. Not like today, of course, but we began listening to Muggle music, we went to the cinemas, and we tried to, well, not really incorporate Muggle culture into our lives, more like tried to live side-by-side with Muggle culture. Take what we liked and could relate to in our own experiences. That meant the sexual revolution, as well," I added wickedly.

"I'm not sure if any of you know this, but wizards, as a rule, don't wear underwear." At hearing the shocked gasps, I nodded sagely. "It is true. Not in the Weasley family, of course, but in most old, Pureblood families, wizards do not wear anything beneath their robes. Until the 60's came along, it was a normal practice for most families, even in my family. That all changed for me when I was fifteen."

"What happened?" asked Penelope.

"When I was fifteen and in my fifth year, a transfer student came to Hogwarts. Celestina Warbeck."

"She's your favorite singer!" Angelina interrupted.

"And now you know why," I smirked before continuing with my story.

"I was fifteen, and Celestina came to school. She was caught up in Muggle music and had brought with her a wireless that could pick up Muggle music stations. Her father had something to do with making it. She introduced us to many things, including knickers. Celestina had brought with her loads of pairs of knickers, in every color and style.

She took us shopping for knickers in Hogsmeade one weekend. Celestina had made a request to Madam Malkin to stock them, and Madam Malkin had hesitantly agreed to a trial run. She had just brought some up from London that week, and we were excited to see what was in stock. While the selection was modest, it was more than enough to satisfy us teenagers. My favorite pair were pink and lacy." *And not unlike Celestina's own pair,* I continued in my head.

"I wore them the night Arthur and I had our first snogging session." I grinned at the memory. "He got a bit of a feel of them that first night, too!" I added, laughing crazily at the horrified look on Ginny's face. "But that is enough of that! You girls have your own stories to share; mine are old and not so interesting." Amidst half-hearted protests to stay, I excused myself and returned to the kitchen, tidying up a bit before I sat at the kitchen table with a cup of tea and the new *Witch Weekly*. I didn't read it, though.

Sitting with a cuppa in my hand, I let my mind drift back to those long ago school days. *Those knickers*. They were gorgeous, and she looked gorgeous in them. Even now, I lick my lips when I remember how she looked standing in front of her mirror, the tops of the pink silk panties resting on her protruding hip bones, the way they covered her pussy and the bump of her clit that was pushing against the thin material, the material that barely covered her soft round cheeks that looked as if they were perched on a small shelf. She never wore a brassiere or undershirt, and her tits had been as perfect as her ass, soft and pink-tipped. How I ached to hold them, to touch them, to know they were real and not some figment of my imagination or some naughty glamour. How I wanted to drop to my knees and worship those panties, to lean in and smell them, to rub my cheek against their softness. I didn't, of course. Whatever feelings she inspired in me, I was not one to act on them.

Lost in thought, I didn't hear Luna enter the room until she piped up, "You know, Molly, Celestina Jones just came out with a clothing line, and there is a small collection of lingerie, too. They are available at Harrods."

"Harrods?" squealed Hermione, entering the room behind her carrying empty dishes. "A witch is designing clothing for Harrods? Since when? I think you're a bit mixed up, Luna."

"Since Lady Diane became involved with Dodi Fayed, silly," replied Luna beaming.

"Everyone knows Diana is a witch, and why she didn't hex the bits off Charles, I've no idea. Her and Dodi have gone into hiding. They couldn't stand the harassment any longer," Luna explained in her dreamiest voice.

"Luna," Hermione began, taking a deep breath, "Lady Diana and Dodi Fayed were NOT a witch and wizard, they were normal Muggles. She and Mr. Fayed were killed in a car crash."

"Oh, those car crash stories do get around, don't they?" Luna smiled beatifically, then turning to me she said, "Since I've a spot of shopping to do for the honeymoon Molly, why don't we go down to London and have a bit of a shopfest? I've always wanted to visit the Egyptian displays. Do they still have the cobra browsing the shoe selection, you think? It's really Dodi, you know; he's an unregistered animagus. He likes to visit his father's store now and again." Hermione smiled and rolled her eyes behind Luna's back, but didn't comment.

Against my better judgment, I agreed to the shopping trip with Luna.

Which is how I ended up here I gently reminded myself, standing in front of a life-sized model of Celestina, once again clad in a pair of pink silk knickers with her arms crossed over her seemingly still-pert tits. I was once again fifteen and almost overwhelmed with the urge to fall to my knees before her. Instead, I turned and made my way to the racks of hanging knickers. The collection was immense, it seemed. The colors, the styles and material were living memories from long ago. As I rifled through the lot, my hand fell on *them*. *The same pair*, my brain screamed.

While Luna browsed, I quickly and quietly pocketed them, then confounded the saleswoman who had noticed the indiscretion and met up with Luna. We were making our way to the Egyptian displays and the shoe department when I 'turned' my ankle. I apologized to Luna for ruining her shopping trip, but insisted on Apparating home to elevate it and apply a cooling charm to stop the swelling. *Had she noticed anything amiss in the party department?* I wondered as I walked through the kitchen door back at the Burrow a short time later. I stopped only long enough to hang up my coat.

I climb the stairs and enter our bedroom, mine and Arthur's, holding the panties. *He knows every little bit about me, my longings and fears, my most joyous memories and darkest secrets. I love him fully and completely,* I think as my fingers work furiously over my clit while I rub the panties against my cheek. I tremble violently as I come.

If he occasionally uses Polyjuice and dons a pair of pink knickers, well, it is because he loves me and wants me happy.

Twin Bikinis

Chapter 4 of 6

Pureblood wizards, as a rule, do not wear underwear.

Neville was doing what he loved best, working outside, and today he was planting trees in his small orchard. It was the hottest summer on record, and he was happily digging holes in the hard packed earth. The large selection of young wand and fruit trees waiting to be planted; cherry, elm, ash, along with some apple and pear, were leaning against the shed that Neville had erected along the western edge of his property. As the sun rose higher and higher, Neville removed his sweat-soaked work shirt, baring his over-sized muscles. No one ever said gardening was easy work, and Neville, having almost been placed in Hufflepuff way back when at Hogwarts, worked harder than most. After graduating, he apprenticed with Professor Sprout until he earned his Master's Certificate in Herbology. Working from sun up to sun down left Neville with well-defined chest and abdominal muscles, along with bulging biceps and triceps. Neville had what was known in the Muggle world as a hard body. And he wasn't completely unaware of its effects.

The Patil sisters rounded the greenhouses built on the eastern edge of Neville's property and stopped in their tracks. They could only stand and stare at Neville's back as his muscles stretched and bunched. When he swung the pick to break up the hard dirt that had baked to a crust in the sun, rivulets of sweat ran down his back and disappeared into the back of the jeans that sat low on his hips, leaving the Patil twins wishing they could follow that same trail with their tongues. Padma and Parvati were known to share *everything*.

He wasn't expecting the Patil twins until later this afternoon, and as often happened, he was caught completely unawares, too caught up in his work. The appointment had been requested by Padma; she was the manager of a new art gallery that was opening outside of Hogsmeade and was desperate for Neville to donate one or two of his sculptures for the opening exhibition. It was while he was completing his Master's training that Neville discovered his love and natural talent of creating beautiful and unique sculptures made of living plants. His talent for cultivating the rare and delicate pieces was in high demand in the Wizarding art world, and that demand offered Neville the funds necessary to restore his family's crumbling Manor home, while teaching at Hogwarts granted him access to the extensive greenhouses. Neville's work on the Manor's grounds was his respite from his art and his students, and good exercise to boot.

Neville's torso twisted, and the women let out a startled gasp. On his upper arm was a tattoo. *Devil's Snare*. Hearing a noise, Neville turned, giving the women the full view of the body art. Beginning on his upper arm, wrapping around his shoulder and falling down the side of his chest, the tattoo spread and weaved its tangled vines. One long tendril trailed to his navel. When the hell had Neville gotten *that*? And *how the hell* had Neville transformed from a bumbling, lanky teenager into the panty-wetting, lust-inducing male that stood before them? While the Patil twins were checking out Neville's goods, Neville, too, was busy. His eyes turned black as they raked the women's bodies, taking in their beautifully displayed tits and flared hips before letting his eyes roam down their long legs. With a long sweep, his eyes rested on their perfect, heart-shaped faces.

Neville smiled happily and motioned for them to wait while he finished up. Tossing his pick aside, he withdrew his wand from the well-worn denims and cast the charm that levitated the heavy and cumbersome trees into their new berths. With all the flourish of a conductor's baton, Neville motioned for the earth to fill-in around the newly planted trees, followed by the watering hose. Satisfied, he sent the gardening tools back to the shed. Picking up his shirt, he shrugged it over his wide shoulders, not bothering to fasten the buttons as he strode over to his guests.

Neville leaned down to kiss each woman on the cheek, and each took a moment to breathe in the sweaty scent of the man before murmuring their thanks to him for taking the time to meet with them. "Excuse the way I look and smell," he asked self-consciously and backed away. "I've been out here since morning. I'd planned on taking a quick shower before our meeting. Did I mistake the time, or are you a bit early?"

Padma answered first. "We are a bit, yes. We were anxious to meet with you. We've come prepared to beg, if necessary, for your, ahhhh... sculptures," letting her eyes wander the length of his sculptured body.

Not commenting on the double entendre, Neville nodded and asked the women to follow him. As they rambled along the long path that would return them to Neville's small but restored Manor, he commented on the changes made around the manor, and when they passed the in-ground swimming pool just visible through the shrubs and young trees, Neville remarked, "I've been looking forward to a swim all afternoon. I promised myself one after working so hard." He shrugged and with a small smile remarked, "But since you ladies are already here, I'll pop upstairs for a quick shower and tell my house-elf Twinky to fix you a cold drink while you wait, if that's alright."

Parvati stepped forward quickly and grasped Neville softly by the elbow. "Neville," she suggested, "why don't we all go for a swim? We've been trekking about the county side and are a bit dusty and hot ourselves." The women looked perfect, and the three of them knew it.

Neville nodded slowly but thought quickly. "I'll send for Twinky. We can have dinner on the patio first, then swim. How does that sound?"

Padma and Parvati wore identical grins. "Perfect," they replied in unison, and Neville quickly sent for his house-elf to inform her of the change in dinner plans. He also cast a discreet *Scourgify* to tidy himself up for his beautiful guests.

The Patil twins had been licking their lips throughout the meal. Surely Neville couldn't miss the flirtatious glances and banter, each woman thought, but throughout the lovely meal, Neville maintained a friendly demeanor, not acknowledging the provocative remarks and simpering looks.

It was while the three were finishing their meal that Neville quietly reminded Padma of the business they needed to discuss and perhaps they should take care of that portion of the evening before moving on to more enjoyable activities. Neville's eyes flared briefly with an intense heat, and both Padma and Parvati realized that Neville wasn't quite the brainless stud muffin they had suspected. In fact, he might just be a little more than they could handle.

Seeing the twins standing side-by-side at the edge of his garden after so many years had been a jolt to Neville's senses. It hadn't taken him long to discover, however, that the rumors he'd long heard long ago were apparently true; the Patil Twins shared more than looks and the family name. As they didn't seem disinclined to sharing, more than one fantasy of his would hopefully be fulfilled tonight.

When he'd received word that both Padma and Parvati would be visiting the Manor, once again his fantasies went into overdrive. He'd become so hard at the thoughts of the women that he'd taken to getting himself off a time or two a day. It was a very good thing, indeed, that he lived alone with only a house-elf or two or he'd been have been caught with his dick in his hands for sure.

Neville stood and waited for the women to join him. When they reached his side, he took each by the hand and led them down the shadowed walk to the built-in pool. As they stood at the edge of the softly lit area, they gazed in wonder at the scene that had been set. It appeared to be a grotto, surrounded on three sides by waterfalls and natural stone outcroppings. Lighting from beneath the water created an unearthly quality. Candles were lit and scattered around the perimeter and tucked into niches along the walls. Plants of all shapes and sizes surrounded the area, creating an intimate and secluded atmosphere.

Neville dropped the hands he was holding, turned and walked backwards towards edge of the pool. He slowly shrugged out of his opened shirt while toeing off his work shoes. As he reached for the snap on his jeans, he quirked an eyebrow and carelessly tossed his head back, asking in a soft growl, "Are you ladies going to need swim suits to join me?"

Padma and Parvati could only shake their heads as they watched this unexpected Adonis strip before them. As he shucked off his dirty jeans, they were awestruck at the sight before them. Neville wasn't wearing any underwear! There he stood, completely naked with his rough work hands on his small hips. He smirked sexily, letting his eyes drop to his fully erect cock before raising his eyes to his guests. "Pureblood *men* never wear underwear." Without waiting to hear their response, he turned his back and dove into the warm water.

Padma and Parvati began to strip faster than virgins in Vegas on their wedding night. That they were bumbling and stumbling over snaps and buttons tickled Neville's sense of humor; after all, all those years ago in school, he had felt the same way around these two beauties. That they were here with him now was a gift from the Fates, and he was going to make the most of it.

Padma was the first to finish undressing. Standing tall and proud in nothing but red bikini knickers, she was Neville's boyhood wet dream come true. A moment later Parvati joined her, identical down to the bits of red satin. Together, they slowly shimmied their knickers over their hips and allowed them to pool at their feet. Neville knew, had he been a weaker man, he would have come then and there.

The endless nights of studying for his Master's Certificate and years of physical labor had taught Neville stamina, and before the night was through, he would make sure the Patil goddesses understood what that meant. The two women entered the water together in a synchronized dive that left him momentarily dazed. Recovering quickly, he tread water while waiting for the witches to come to him.

As Parvati reached his side, he dipped his head to capture her lips. There was nothing gentle in this kiss; the anticipation had been building throughout their meal, so that now, as his teeth nipped Parvati's bottom lip, she opened her mouth to greet his tongue with her own. She drew his rough tongue into her mouth, gently sucking him as she would the head of his cock. Neville wrapped an arm around her waist, then grabbed her bottom to pull her body flush with his. Behind him, Padma wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders and jetted lightly out of the water, hooking her feet around his thighs as her mouth latched onto the soft patch of skin where his neck and shoulder met. Neville reached behind him to slide his fingers along the back of Padma's bottom until he found her pussy. He caressed her softly, lightly grazed her clit and feeling her quiver with anticipation.

Neville let his head fall back against her shoulder, his eyes closed. Four tiny hands were roaming his body as he planted his feet in the chest-high water. The nymph in front of him had let her hands trail from his arms to his chest, her finger tracing the ridges and valleys of his well-toned muscles. The goddess pressing against his back was tracing his nipples with her fingertips before tweaking and pulling at them, causing Neville to gasp and slip under the water.

The twins followed. Surrounded by the silky water, Neville twisted so that now it was Padma who was wrapped tightly around him, while Parvati's hands found their way to Neville's tight ass. Neville's mouth found Padma for the first time as they broke the surface of the water. She tasted different than her sister, and while her lips were softer, her tongue was rougher. He molded her mouth to his, running his tongue lightly over her top lip. She nipped at his lips and capturing his bottom lip between her teeth, tugged gently before releasing it to press her lips against his once more.

elevated them above other Muggles; how were his beliefs so different? In the simplest of terms, magic made him better.

But he knew that his beliefs held no value to anyone else, so he kept to himself, and on those days when he felt himself overwhelmed, he would talk to Professor Snape. His Head of House was his last link to the life he once knew, and though he understood that the Professor fought against Voldemort, Snape understood the challenges that Draco now faced. Draco often felt that his Head was his savior, just as Potter was considered one to everyone else.

Draco was lost in thought and didn't notice the small looks Hermione and Ron were giving him. They knew, as few others did, the losses Draco had suffered. His situation had been unique among the students at Hogwarts, and Professor McGonagall as well as Professors Snape and Flitwick had cautioned them against any outward displays of antagonism towards him or any other student whose families had had ties to the Dark Lord. They had been counseled on the signs of depression and suicide, as had the other Prefects, and Hermione and Ron knew that Draco had no one save Snape to look after him. They knew Draco wouldn't approve or appreciate their concern, so they didn't voice their worries.

But more than that, they wanted him. For Hermione's part, she had always been attracted to the "bad boy" he had been, and she missed it. Since the war and their return to school, he was no longer the Malfoy she loved to hate, loved to fight with. While he no longer scared her, he didn't have the backing of the Death Eaters, he challenged her in ways that few others did. As either a partner or competitor, she wanted her Malfoy back.

Ron, on the other hand, did not have a "bad boy" complex, but that wasn't what attracted him to Malfoy. Draco had never looked beyond the obvious lack of wealth to notice all they had in common: a natural talent for strategy, both Purebloods with pride in their heritage, and the search they were both undertaking to find their place in the Wizarding world. While Draco had been cast out to find his own way alone in the Wizarding population, Ron was lost in a sea of family. He had no individuality, no sense of himself when he was surrounded by those who loved him. He was part of a family, and yes, he appreciated them, but he wanted to be appreciated for his own merits. He and Draco were kindred spirits, and Ron was desperate for Draco to acknowledge it.

Hermione and Ron fought over Draco for months. They both wanted him and were insanely jealous of the other's interest. Ron hated seeing Hermione talking to Draco, taking the time to place her small hand on his arm and leaning closer while trying to make some point, while Hermione saw red when she would come across Ron and Draco in an intense discussion over a game of Wizarding chess.

Draco, for his part, was infatuated with the two Gryffindors. He loved every little thing about Hermione; her intellect, her stubbornness, her wild hair and small hands. Mostly though, he loved how she smelled when she would stand close to him. It was all he could do to not grab her and pull her close. She intoxicated him, made him dizzy. She challenged him and browbeat him, but she respected him. She never tried to change who he was, she accepted him as he was, and that was a balm to Draco's soul. For that alone, he loved her.

But then there was Ron. An unlikely rapport has sprung up, and while he enjoyed the chess games with the man, what he loved most was simply standing next to him. He was a good three inches and two stone larger than Draco, and that made feel Draco small, yet protected. Draco had always had friends who were larger than him around, mostly because when he was next to them he felt bigger, too. He had liked feeling big and strong and powerful. But now, he liked feeling small next to Ron. Ron could hold onto him and help him when he stumbled; he wouldn't smirk or offer a snide comment. Draco didn't have to be strong when he was with Ron; he could just be himself.

Draco also knew that Ron and Hermione were very protective of each other. And while he hoped that the three could someday be together in the same room without the animosity, he knew he was the reason why Hermione never sat down and watched him and Ron play chess, or why Ron avoided the Library when he and Hermione were studying. It was painful to know he was coming between these two, but he was selfish enough to admit to some little dark part of himself that he needed them more than they needed each other.

The three were leaving the Prefects' Conference Room on the fifth floor when Peeves began his attack. Before they could react, the poltergeist began throwing vials of yellow liquid, the liquid splashing onto their robes as the glass broke against the stone floor. The students looked down and saw their robes beginning to smolder where the potion had landed. For a split second, the three stared wildly at each other then took off down the hall towards the Prefects' bathroom.

Immediately upon entering, they flung off the burning robes, then began investigating their clothes for smoke or fire. Hermione let out a whimper. She was furiously trying to reach a spot on her shoulder when Draco strode to her side and began ripping her blouse, not taking the time to unbutton the pearl-sized beads.

"Granger ... Hermione... we need to get this off you immediately" he growled impatiently as his hands rent the cloth. As soon as the words left his mouth, he caught Ron reaching for his wand out of the corner of his eye. Expecting to be hexed for daring to touch her, he immediately grabbed his wand. But the hex never came; instead, he heard Ron cast the spell that removed Hermione's clothes. However, due to his exaggerated wand movements, not only were Hermione's clothes removed, but Draco's were removed as well, lying in a heap on the floor next to where they stood. Not wasting a moment, Draco ran with Hermione towards the showers in the hopes of washing away the last remnants of the yellow potion. Ron let out a hiss as a lick of fire shot from his trouser leg. With the water beginning to pour down onto Draco and Hermione, Draco, still clutching his wand, immediately cast the same spell Ron's way while Ron sprinted towards them.

The three stood under the running water, hands running over each other's body, trying to wash away any remaining potion before anyone was burned further. It was several moments before Hermione, Ron and Draco knew they were no longer in danger, and only one little second longer to realize the three of them were naked and sharing a shower stall. Draco's back was against the wall. He had dropped his wand after casting the spell to remove Ron's clothes. He was defenseless, and he knew it. He stiffened and closed his eyes, ready for the inevitable confrontation.

Hermione recognized the look on his face, the look of defeat and helplessness. She glanced over her shoulder to Ron. In spite of their jealousy, what she and Ron shared went far beyond friendship. Despite their differences, or perhaps because of them, they complemented each other. Her book smarts to his street smarts, her softness to his hardness; they completed each other in ways no one understood. They were bound to each other in ways that went far beyond normal relationships, even though they weren't a couple.

They talked about Draco as they lay together in Ron's four-poster. Draco was slowly burying himself alive, not talking to anyone or taking advantage of the counselors available since the end of the war, and no one seemed to recognize it. Not even Professor Snape knew how bad Draco's depression was. But they saw - they spent the most time with him, they shared classes, meals, and Prefect duties. They knew it was up to them somehow to draw Draco back to life, his life. He had lost much, they knew. They decided that Draco would not make any type of gesture towards either of them, either to seek their friendship or something more, and they each valued the other to tempt Draco individually. They came to the conclusion that if they were to seduce Draco, they would do it together.

Standing under the hot spray of water and with a slight nod from Ron, Hermione pressed her warm, wet body into Draco. As her hands found his broad shoulders, she lifted her lips and softly kissed his lips, his cheek and jaw, then traveled lower to his neck, her soft, pink tongue darting out to lick where she kissed, trailing up his throat to his ear. He felt her hot breath as her teeth sank slowly into his fleshy lobe, and he expelled a ragged breath.

Behind her, Ron's hard cock was tight against the small of her back, his balls caressing her ass. His hands smoothed their way up her sides and reached around to find the creamy globes of her tits, toying with her nipples as he buried his mouth against her neck before his hot wet tongue made its way to her ear.

'Get down on your knees and suck him,' Ron suggested in a low harsh voice. Hermione slowly sunk to her knees, her hands skimmed Draco's chest and abdomen and settled on his hips as the water ran over her face, dripping off her nose. Draco opened his eyes and watched Hermione slowly take him in her mouth.

"Fuck!" he ground out.

He reached up to adjust the spray of the water when Ron leaned over Hermione, and grabbing Draco's other hand, he brought the two together over Draco's head. Holding Draco's hands in his as they grasped the showerhead, Ron took Draco's mouth. Draco felt all his air leave his lungs in a great 'whoosh'. He had never experienced anything so intense in his life. He opened his mouth and drew Ron's persistent tongue in, dueling with the redhead's. Tongues found teeth and gums and the soft inner flesh of cheeks.

Hermione looked up, saw the men kissing and very nearly had an orgasm. Breaking her gaze from the incredible sight, she turned her focus instead on Ron's cock that rested against her cheek. She drew Draco from her mouth and began stroking his long and thick, pale pink cock, slick from her spit, in one hand, while she took Ron in the

him his time with Ron and Hermione. It was his, and his alone; that part of his life that had been dark and desperate, but had been transformed into something wondrous because of his two lovers. He didn't think Harry would mind that he'd had an affair with his two best friends; after all, Harry hadn't come back to Hogwarts after the end of the war. But Harry only looked forward these days, most especially to the future that included Draco. And that was perfect for Draco.

Ron was never without Hermione's panties and Draco's bra. They remained in his backpack as he traveled with the Chudley Cannons playing keeper. When he felt lonely and homesick, he would drape his face with Draco's bra while his hand was wrapped in Hermione's panties and would travel back to those days of secret meetings in the Prefects' bathroom. He would stroke himself until he came, shouting their names with wonder and joy, and the loneliness would be pushed back. He was doing what he was meant to do, finding his place before retuning home to begin again.

That the bra belonged to Draco had been quite a surprise. Draco had admitted to owning it that day so long ago in the Prefect's bathroom. As the Aurors were beating down his door at the Manor the day his parents were killed, Draco raced through his parents' rooms, looking desperately for something of theirs to keep as a remembrance. The purple lace bra had been the only possession of his mother's that Draco could find and keep hidden. Draco had taken to wearing it on those days he needed a link to his past. After the affair began, the bra created new and erotic possibilities, but it was Hermione that had bought Draco the bra that Ron now carried with him. While not opposed to the kinky fantasies, Draco hadn't wanted to use his cherished possession to carry them out and instead put the bra away until the end of term. After graduation, he buried it along with an old pipe that had been his father's as a memorial to his parents in the back garden of the Manor.

All three lived and loved. And remembered.

I owe a huge debt of gratitude to my wonderfully awesome beta, Dynonugget. RAWR!!!!

Corsets

Chapter 6 of 6

Pansy does a bit of shopping at Fred and George Weasleys' new store.

Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes was not the usual establishment Pansy frequented. She'd been intrigued a few months back, however, when she'd passed the storefront in Hogsmeade and read of the expansion notice going on at both locations. What had they meant about "Coming Soon: Weasleys' Wowzers?"

The Weasley men had always held a certain fascination. The ginger hair notwithstanding, their broad shoulders, big brown eyes and hands as big as shovels were the subjects of many of her fantasies while at Hogwarts. Oh, she had played Draco's girlfriend while in school, and why shouldn't she have? Being on Draco's arm kept her safe from the usual tactics Slytherin boys employed, and Draco never made demands on her time or her body, for which she'd been grateful.

But that didn't mean she hadn't been sexually frustrated when attending Hogwarts. While other girls were sneaking off to deserted corridors and amongst the shadowy stacks in the massive library at Hogwarts with more than willing paramours, she'd been left alone while Draco daydreamed and wanked off to Harry-fucking-Potter.

Pansy had been bored and popped out for an afternoon of shopping when she found out exactly what was meant by "Weasleys' Wowzers."

It was a well-known fact that pureblood Wizards do not wear underwear. Witches, however, *did* wear lacy undergarments, and Pansy Parkinson was a connoisseur. When she entered the Weasleys' Diagon Alley boutique, she found the store had been expanded considerably; the new section was now filled with lace and satin, tulle and leather, silk and silver studs. As she slowly wandered the displays, she delicately ran her fingertips over the bras and thongs, boyshorts and g-strings. Pansy particularly liked the corsets and suspenders. The corsets on display were simply exquisite. A delicate pink and white satin with boning, a burgundy and velvet brocade with suspenders, a black moiré with silver thread and *oh, look*, leather and red tulle. Pansy had stepped into heaven.

"May we help you, Ms. Parkinson?"

That voice, Pansy thought. She wasn't sure to which twin it belonged, but that low tone, respectful and quiet, set off flutters deep in her belly. Catching a green silk thong with her pinky finger, she turned to face the man standing quietly behind her. She stopped short, the bit of green silk floating to the floor. She feasted her eyes on not one, but both owners of the establishment. It hardly mattered that she didn't know which wizard was George and which was Fred. They were standing before her, dressed in dark gray wool trousers and black silk shirts, respectfully buttoned but with their throats exposed. *Walking sin*, Pansy thought nervously, *and my favorite fantasy*.

"This is your first visit to Weasleys'; feel free to browse to your heart's content," George said smoothly, while Fred fluttered his fingers, and the scrap of green silk reestablished itself on the shelf. Pansy felt slightly guilty for the mistreatment of such a beautiful garment, but before she could say anything, Fred quirked his mouth and said, "No matter, Ms. Parkinson. No harm," as if he knew she had been about to utter a quick apology.

Pansy stood, silently looking around the store as a child does at Honeydukes, unsure of where to start, but trembling with excitement, nonetheless. She brought her eyes to the twins once more. Tilting her head slightly, she asked, "How do you know this is my first visit?"

The men laughed. "Because," said one, "you've That Look."

"That *look*?" Pansy repeated, not quite understanding their meaning.

"That particular look that says you've just experienced a shopper's orgasm and are planning now for a real one," the other said, smirking slightly as he absently pushed hangers filled with push-up bras in every color back and forth along a shiny silver rack.

Pansy grinned. "You've an amazing selection. Quite impressive, I must say. Your corsets are especially appealing." She was trying to gauge their reactions. After all, they had a very busy shop, noticing the dozen or so women wandering the racks much as she had. Looking as they do, the men must be approached daily, if not hourly, by women looking for 'the real one.'

Was she really thinking of this? Was she just excited by the lovely merchandise and letting her fantasies take hold, or was it that, coming from the Alumni Meeting this morning at Hogwarts, she was reminded, yet again, of how empty her life had become since leaving school? This morning, she had been perfectly happy and content with her life she had her charities and her volunteer work, she had her menagerie of pets and her lovely manor home. She had parties and friends and social engagements. But something was missing, a big something that she had been trying to fill, and had been filling, until she walked into this shop and was reminded of what she didn't have. Physical contact.

Pansy scoffed at the notion of love; she hadn't been raised with it, had never known it, therefore she placed no value on the elusive emotion. But human contact she had been denying herself for too long. Now, as she measured the two perfect, identical men leaning casually amongst the rows and rows of flouncy, frilly, exotic and sexy

garments, she was forcefully reminded of all that was missing.

Fred moved first. Standing obscenely close, he reached behind her to grab a leather and tulle corset. He backed away slowly, holding aloft the sexy piece of lingerie, and crooked his finger for her to follow. She slowly stepped forward to trace his steps. George was at her side, his hand resting gently at the base of her spine, guiding her through the displays.

Fred had reached the back wall, far from the registers. Down the length of the wall were doors that opened to private dressing rooms to try on the garments. Between the doors were mirrors. Pansy thought this odd, mirrors on the walls outside of the dressing rooms.

Fred stopped slightly aside the last door on the right, far from view of their other customers. He stood alongside Pansy and held the corset in front of her. In the mirror, Pansy saw herself wearing the corset! She gasped and made to cover herself. Fred and George laughed.

"These are special mirrors, Ms. Parkinson, installed to our exact specifications," George explained quietly.

"Oftentimes a witch tries on lingerie, only to find it doesn't look on her the way it does on the hanger," Fred interrupted.

George countered, "So to reduce the damage to our merchandise, we invented these mirrors so that a witch would be able to see what something will look like on her, without having to don the item itself."

"Of course," Fred finished, "she will still have to try it on, to check for fit and comfort."

Pansy slowly dropped her hands, staring at her image in the mirror. She saw the two men in the mirror alongside her, both fully clothed. She immediately assumed that since she couldn't see them in their underwear, they couldn't see her. Just as fast as the thought entered her head, she discounted it. She knew enough of their reputation from school not to make any immediate assumptions.

Pansy struck a pose, and both men shifted, slight grimaces appearing on their handsome faces. She raised her eyebrows.

"Can you see what I look like in this corset?" she inquired. "Since you appear fully clothed, I'm going to assume that you either aren't wearing any," Pansy paused and batted her eyes wickedly, "or you've charmed your garments."

The two men smiled, slowly and perfectly in sync. The three stood in front of the mirror, attempting to read the fission of tension surrounding them. Pansy reached for the dressing room door latch.

"Perhaps I'll try this on," Pansy decided, having snatched the corset from Fred's limp fingers. She paused for a moment in the open doorway, looking at the men standing in front of her, their hands in their front pockets. She felt her mouth curve. She swung the hanger on her finger. "I might need help with the ties, though."

Fred and George shouldered their way into the dressing room, causing Pansy to quickly back up, out of the way. With another flutter of Fred's fingers, Pansy heard the door latch. George made a near-identical movement, and she felt wards rise. In that moment, Pansy felt all powerful. These two strong, broad-shouldered men were going to give her exactly what she needed.

With a flutter of her own, Pansy stood naked except for her pink silk thong and high-heeled sandals. Her breasts were the size of oranges, with pink tipped nipples already hardening into small pebbles.

George took a deep, shuddering breath and removed the black leather corset from its hanger. Fred stepped around Pansy to press against her back. He lowered his head to gently nip at the curve of her neck before slowly kissing his way to her shoulder. George pressed the front of the corset into Pansy's soft flesh, cupping her breasts under supple leather then running his palms along her ribs, smoothing the leather and stretching it along her ribcage to her back. He gazed for a long moment into Pansy's eyes, asking for and receiving permission to continue. He lowered his head and captured her mouth in a fiery kiss. Fred caught the ends of the corset and began lacing, tugging and tightening. More than once Pansy lost her breath, but she was uncertain if it was from the tightening of the lacings or George's kisses.

Pansy raised her arms to wrap them around George's neck, pressing her body into the man in front of her, thus elongating her body so that Fred could close the corset a bit further. Expertly, Fred finished her work. Grabbing Pansy gently by the shoulders, he pulled her from George's arms and turned her. Standing now facing another mirror, Fred smoothed his hands down Pansy's ribs, smoothing the leather a final time, then fluffing the tulle that rested on the tops of her thighs.

Fred transfigured her sandals into black leather boots that rested at the top of her knees. Pansy felt powerful and weak in that moment. She leaned into Fred's back, reaching behind her and placing her hands on his arse, pulling him closer to grind her bottom into his swelling cock.

No words were needed. Like a choreographed dance, Pansy floated from Fred to George and back again. While Fred pressed his hard length into her soft flesh, Pansy held out her arms, beckoning George. Running her hands through his hair, she pulled him down for another kiss, and it was then that she took charge. She nipped at his lips, taking his bottom lip between her teeth and gently tugged before slipping it between her lips and sucking it gently into her mouth.

Fred arched his hips into Pansy's arse, thrusting softly, and desire flooded her pussy. She had been too long without a man, and she now, suddenly, had two.

"You have too many clothes on," Pansy whispered into George's mouth. She lifted her mouth from George as he slowly backed up, his eyes never leaving her face as he began to unbutton his shirt. She leaned over slightly, sticking her arse once more into Fred's cock and began rubbing him through his trousers.

She looked over her shoulder. "You too, Fred."

She stood and watched as these two men began undressing for her. They had decided to not use magic, and for that she was grateful. She feasted her eyes on the mounds of flesh as it was uncovered before her. Hairless, pale chests, broad and muscular, gleamed before her under the soft lights. Their navels were shallow indents farther down. They stood in open shirts, pulled out of their trousers that sat low on their lean hips. Pansy felt herself begin to drool. When the men reached for their belt buckles, Pansy was almost overwhelmed. One would have been enough, but to have two of the finest male specimens ever to cross her path, she felt her legs begin to tremble with the force of her need.

Fred and George toed off their Italian leather shoes and unbuttoned their trousers, then stood still. They could feel Pansy become slightly overwhelmed, and they knew to take their time. Not to progress any more than she was ready for.

Fred stepped in front of her. "I want to taste your mouth, love." She lifted her chin and met him halfway as he claimed her mouth. His kiss was different than his brother's. While George let her take the lead, Fred's kiss was eager and passionate. He wanted to taste every inch of her mouth. Theirs was a tangle of tongues and lips, heads twisting and hands clutching.

George looked on, his hand finding its way down to his cock, slowly rubbing himself through the soft wool as he saw the most gorgeous creature in his brother's arms. Unable to stand back any longer, he slowly approached the pair, kneeling down behind Pansy, running his hands down her back as he lowered himself until his mouth was in the small of her back. He licked at her back through the laces of the corset, and Pansy, in a gasp, arched her back; in doing so, she thrust her breasts into Fred's chest. Fred lowered his mouth to her chin, nipping and licking Pansy's tender flesh as his mouth sought out the creamy flesh so enticingly on display above the corset.

With Fred's mouth on her breasts, giving each in turn wide, open-mouth kisses, George was tonguing his way down her back to the smooth globes of her heart-shaped bottom. He softly kneaded her flesh, squeezing and pulling as he licked her heated flesh. Then, George was on his knees, as well. Pansy felt she would topple under the waves of sensations the two Weasley men were creating. Placing a hand on each man's shoulders, she let her head fall back as both men continued to kiss and taste her heated skin.

Her thong was gone, where she knew not. She looked down as she felt mouths on her legs and discovered Fred and George were licking her thighs, making their way

down to her boots, where they continued to lick and kiss the patent leather. Pansy felt her pussy drip its sweet nectar. The men were on their knees, kissing her boots, and she was so overcome that a long moan escaped her throat.

"Take the boots off," Pansy gasped, and each man quickly did as she asked. She had lost her breath, only able to take short, gasping breaths and the men made their way back up her legs, one from the front and the other from the back. Fred reached her pussy first. He brushed his nose through the small patch of hair. He inhaled deeply, reveling in the scent of the witch's desire. George was licking the tender area where leg met the lovely curves of her bottom, and another shot of desire speared her. As if synchronized, both men licked her. Fred lapped at her plump folds before reached up with his fingers to gently spread her pussy to lap at her clit. Pansy shuddered from the overpowering sensations. George, behind her, licked at her pussy, his tongue delving into her, coating his tongue with her essence. His tongue slowly made his way to her small brown hole, delicately lapping at the over-sensitized flesh.

Pansy had her hands in the men's hair, guiding their heads and mouths, rocking her hips back and forth into their mouths. Suddenly, two pair of strong hands were holding her hips still, and the frenzy began. Fred's mouth latched onto her clit as his two fingers slowly entered her pussy, unerringly finding that small bundle of nerves, making her twitch and gasp. As Pansy began to rock on those fingers, another finger slowly slipped past the tight ring of her arse and into her tight channel. She screamed then, long and loud and her orgasm broke over her in waves. She rode those fingers invading her body, the tongues and mouths never ceasing in the ministrations, quaking and shuddering beneath their assault.

Slowly the men eased their torment of Pansy's overheated flesh. They stood and pressed her quivering body between them, holding her, cradling her in their heat. A small chaise sat along the far wall. Fred Summoned and enlarged it then George carried Pansy and laid her down on the crushed velvet. With a silent charm, Pansy vanished Fred and George's trousers. Neither man was wearing underwear, and she smirked. She beckoned them to her. They moved to stand on either side of her, their hard, glistening cocks straining and proud. Pansy reached for them, pulling them closer then placed a kiss on each cock, in turn.

The men stared down in wonder then exchanged an amazed look. *Both of them?* they said to themselves. Pansy was lost in her fantasies. In her deepest, darkest fantasy, these two men bound to her, enslaved to do her bidding and made to carry out her every desire.

Their thick lengths were identical in every way, save for the small freckle on the head of Fred's cock. It didn't take long for the men to start moaning and thrusting themselves into Pansy's small, clenched hands and hot, wet mouth. She mouthed and sucked and licked each in turn, like lollies. Soon, the hot flesh in her hands wasn't enough. She wanted more. She stood and eyed the two men with hot, eager eyes.

Fred and George were ready to fulfill every fantasy that entered Pansy's dirty, little mind. George sat, reclined against the back of the chaise, and pulled Pansy on top of him. She kissed him wildly, and he responded in kind. She straddled his thighs and reached down between them to grasp his hot flesh, guiding him into her. She lowered herself slowly, her hands on his chest for control. Her eyes left his and traveled to Fred, still standing by her side. He was slowly fisting himself, his breath shallow, his eyes wide and hot with desire. She took him in her mouth once more, sucking gently and she began rocking on George's length. Soon, she was ready for more. Lifting her mouth from the turgid flesh, she said, "Inside."

Just one word, and it rocked Fred. His eyes once again met George's, and the twins smiled.

Pansy lay down on George's chest and spread her thighs wide. George grasped Pansy's hips to hold her still and began thrusting hard and fast. Pansy squealed, gasping once more and another fiery wave of desire washed over her. "Fred," she moaned into George's chest.

Fred took a deep breath, knelt on the chaise behind Pansy and slowly rubbed his cock between the hot sweet globes of Pansy's arse. He whispered a charm, and his heated flesh became slick with lubrication. He put his hand on Pansy's back, and leaning over, he asked, panting, "Are you ready, love?"

"Yes!" Pansy chirped, then laughed nervously.

George buried himself within Pansy's tight quim then held still and he felt his twin work himself into Pansy's tight flesh. Pansy gasped and Fred and George both let out long, drawn-out moans and the three felt Fred sink into Pansy's soft body. They held still for a moment, allowing Pansy to become accustomed to the intoxicating feeling of being completely, and finally, satisfied. Pansy slowly began working her body along the two hard members inside her.

George moved finally, sliding along the clenching walls of Pansy's pussy, and all three gasped as one. As if by some unspoken agreement, it was Fred's turn to move, to surge slowly and steadily into the incredibly hot, gripping channel, slick with desire. Finally, when they could no longer stand not moving, they moved to another choreographed dance. They found their rhythm, and the music was the grunts and moans and squeals of delight that filled the air in the dressing room, the sound of slick bodies moving in and out of one another, the soft slapping of skin against sweat-dampened skin. Fingers pressed into flesh, hands gripped muscles, and the three that came together became one, lost in fantasies suddenly becoming real.

Pansy's orgasm rolled over her in crashing waves, causing her muscles to quiver and her pussy to twitch and spasm. She felt George come, his hot seed filling her, making her thighs slick as the fluid escaped with each continued thrust. Fred had stilled inside Pansy when he felt each reach their climax. Now, as each lay still, spent and replete, he began working himself in and out of Pansy's body with long, hard thrusts. Pansy grunted, unprepared for the force of Fred's hips crashing into her bottom. George held her tight, kissing and sucking on the tender flesh where neck and shoulder met. And with a roar, Fred came, his hot mess shooting into Pansy's tender flesh, scalding her and making her moan.

For long moments no one spoke. They rested on each other, flesh against flesh, hot panting breaths on skin, cooling the sweaty flesh. Pansy shift, trying to find some comfortable spot where she could fall asleep, for she wanted to stay in the arms of these two men.

But there was a knocking on the door. An insistent knocking that soon became pounding.

"Pansy, come on, wake up, your time's up!" a familiar voice shouted from the other side of the door.

Pansy opened her eyes and sat up slowly, dazedly looking around her. In her hand she clutched a piece of parchment. No, a wrapper. "Weasleys' Patented Daydream Charm."

Fuckity, fuck, fuck, fuck Pansy muttered to herself as she stood and straightened her clothing. It had been a dream. Again. Her fourth in as many weeks. She was thankful the Weasleys had added on the Daydream Chambers, as they called them, to their joke shop in Diagon Alley. She could pop in over lunch and enjoy a good daydream before returning to her horrific job at Gringotts.

She opened the door to find George's fist raised, ready to pound on the door again. Instead of slipping out, she stood still, letting her eyes wash over the wizard's slightly unkempt appearance. She squinted her eyes slightly.

No use, she thought to herself as she walked into the street a few moments later *they'll never be as good as the dream.*

Inside the shop, Fred and George laughed.

A/N: A special thank you to my lovely beta, Dynonugget! I've missed you :)