

# Same Time, Next Week

*by Keppiehed*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Prompts: Ginny, Luna, Draco, Harry, moderate BDSM, anal, double penetration, Cat-O'Nine-Tails, pale bare ass, boy's pussy, platinum chain, girl's hair rope, backwards child.

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A/N: This story is written for Edge of Dark from a list of his prompts. I hope it meets your requirements, you devil! I have to admit that I wiggled out of what I believe the intended use of the prompts were, but as they were just a word list and not strictly specified, this still counts! Enjoy! Also, many thanks to my peach of a beta, Literaryspell, who deserves some kind of award for putting up with me.

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"Harry. We need to talk."

Harry recognized that tone. He looked up from his plate, where he had been pushing the asparagus around in a circle and warily met Ginny's gaze. "We do?"

"I found them. The magazines." Ginny crossed her arms over her chest and waited.

*Uh-oh.* Harry racked his brains and came up empty. The shock of discovery seemed to have rendered him idiotic. "What magazines?" he blurted before he could stop himself, then winced at how stupid he sounded.

Ginny must have thought so as well, because she cringed, too. "Really, Harry? That's the best you can do?"

"They're not mine? I'm holding them for a friend?" he attempted weakly.

Ginny didn't crack a smile. "Then your friend must be someone with an interest in slim blond cover boys who take every opportunity to flash their pale, bare asses at the camera!" She arched an eyebrow. "Sound like anyone you know?"

Harry's cheeks flamed redder than his wife's hair. He stared in mute rebellion at his plate. The soggy asparagus, unfortunately, yielded no answers.

Ginny sighed. "Listen, Harry, I'm not mad."

Harry snorted in disbelief before he could turn it into a cough and blame it on the overcooked veggies that stuck in his throat. He peeked up to see if she might have bought it. Her frown said she hadn't.

She went on as if he hadn't interrupted. "Like I was saying, I'm not mad. I'm... concerned. I'm worried that you aren't getting your needs met."

Harry's eyes went round. "Now, Ginny..."

Ginny held up her hand. "I'm not finished," she said in that way of hers that meant that he'd better shut up. He did. "I also have to admit that I'm curious about... certain things."

Harry couldn't have spoken now for a stack of shiny gold Galleons. Ginny? Curious about things in the bedroom? This was a first.

Ginny continued, fiddling with the platinum chain he'd given her for their tenth wedding anniversary. The light glinted off of it, and he was glad to have something else to concentrate on, because the tension was unbearable in the room. "I know you don't like to talk about this sort of thing, so I took matters into my own hands, so to speak. I've made arrangements for a surprise. For you. Well, and for me. Think of it as a gift for the both of us. Everyone knows he's gay...he just doesn't want to admit it. And since you get to have someone, I only thought it fair if I did, too." Ginny was babbling incomprehensibly, her words an almost nonsensical blur.

Harry's mouth hung open. "What... are you talking about? I don't even know what you are saying, Ginny." Although he had a sinking feeling he didn't want to know.

Ginny wouldn't look at him. "Draco and Luna are upstairs waiting for us. I thought we could try something new."

Harry was stunned. "Draco *Malfoy*? Is in this house?" His mind was spinning. The confusion hit him like a tidal wave of emotions knocking him off his feet: unease, disbelief and, yes, lust were all mixed together in his brain to create a heady mix that made him feel almost drunk.

Ginny flushed. "They're waiting in the bedroom. Luna, for one, was surprisingly easy to approach about the whole thing. It seems as though she has a very... open view on sexuality. Anyway, I thought we could try out our fantasies together."

Harry couldn't get past the fact that Draco Malfoy was in his house. In his bedroom. What little blood had been in his brain to begin with immediately rushed south, and he couldn't think of anything beyond muddled images of who was going to do what to whom first. Wait, was Ginny still talking? Was there a question in there somewhere? He latched onto the last word he had heard and repeated it, his brain lagging about five seconds behind the conversation. "Fantasy?"

"Yes, Harry. It might surprise you to know that I have fantasies, too. And I know that Luna does. As for Draco, that's anyone's guess." Ginny looked embarrassed, but she pressed on. "I only invited Draco for you because of those magazines. Anyway, we should all be able to get what we want. We're all adults here. So... what do you think?" She eyed him nervously.

It wasn't like this would change anything. It was just a one time fling; it didn't mean anything. With that thought, he suddenly felt a lot better. Harry grinned. "Why are we still sitting here? It sounds like the party is upstairs. I just hope they didn't start without us!"

Ginny smiled, obviously relieved.

As they made their way up the stairs, Harry had to admit that he was more anxious than he let on to Ginny. He had never been with a man before, and while it was one thing to look at a few pictures and think about it, it was an entirely different matter to be faced with one in the flesh. And in front of an audience, no less. As far as sex went, he was a pretty vanilla guy; he and Ginny had never ventured outside the standard fare. That was what made her suggestion such a shock.

Maybe after so many years of the same thing, he had just wanted something new and different. It didn't have to be so radical. He started to have major doubts as to the wisdom of this whole thing. They paused outside the bedroom door, and his misgivings reared up. "Ginny..."

When Ginny turned, he saw a look of excitement in her eyes that made him rock back on his heels. Suddenly what she said downstairs percolated through his skull. *She* had needs, too! What kind of needs, he had to wonder. What did she long for that made her go to these lengths? His had been a simple fantasy, but something had driven her to arrange all of this... Harry realized he had no idea what Ginny might like at all.

It was time to find out.

"Ready?" she whispered.

Harry nodded, a little sick now. *Was he ready?*

The scene that met his eyes was not what he had expected. It was just so surreal to see his former enemy-cum-business acquaintance sitting in his own bedroom, stripped to nothing but his boxers. Black silk, Harry noted. Only the best for a Malfoy, of course. He wished he had taken more care with his own choice this morning, but he never in his wildest dreams could have foreseen this turn of events.

"Malfoy." Harry nodded stiffly.

Draco's lips twisted. "Don't you think that's a little formal for this setting, Potter? But then, you were never one to understand the niceties of etiquette."

Harry felt the familiar prick of ire. Although he often saw Draco in passing, they rarely had a reason to interact. Now he remembered why. "Excuse me for living, *Draco*. Not all of us have need of dainty mannerisms."

Draco sniffed. "Apology accepted. *Harry*."

At the sound of his name on Draco's lips, Harry felt a curious tingle run through his body. He tried to ignore it and turned to Ginny, who was watching the exchange with amusement. She held her hand out to indicate Luna standing in the corner, wearing nothing at all. Harry blanched.

He didn't know where to look. He had always viewed Luna as somewhat of a backwards child, but when he saw her without her clothes, he knew he had been at least partially mistaken. There was nothing childlike in the long limbs and full breasts, and wickedly curved hips that he was gazing at now. Harry gulped. "Luna. It's good to see you," he croaked.

Draco smirked. "Eloquent as ever, I see."

Harry's temper blazed. Why did this always happen with Draco? "I just don't like to beat around the bush, that's all!"

"That's what you wife told me," Draco said with a leer.

Harry saw red. "You can shove it up your arse, Malfoy, if you think I'm going to take that in my own house all night!"

Draco dangled something from his hand. "A little slow on the uptake, Potter? You always were. I thought that was the whole point of the evening. Although it'll be me doing the shoving up your arse, not the other way around."

At Draco's words, Harry blinked and examined what he was holding. It appeared to be a blindfold. Or... a gag. Harry shivered, all bravado gone. "Huh?"

Draco ran a hand through his hair. "For Merlin's sake, Potter!" He looked disgusted. "Do I have to explain every fucking step to you? Leave it to a Gryffindor to not know a damn thing about sex!"

"Hey!" Ginny yelled, finally taking umbrage.

"I brought this," Luna offered. She held out two objects, a Cat-O'-Nine-Tails and a long, droopy, flaxen rope.

"What the fuck is that?" Draco asked, pointing to the limp yellow thing in her left hand.

They all just stared at it, fascinated.

"A girl's hair rope," Luna replied calmly.

The room was silent.

"It's good for keeping the hinkypunks away," she explained.

Harry could tell that Ginny was trying hard not to roll her eyes. "Our house is hinkypunk free, Luna. We just had it checked."

"You can never be too careful, though. Especially when you are naked with a bunch of people. I take it to every orgy," Luna said seriously.

"Well, it's okay. You can relax," Ginny assured her.

Draco strode over and took the wicked looking whip from her. "At least someone knows how to come prepared. I didn't realize it'd be Loony there, but whatever. Enough talk. Time to play." Draco turned and looked over his shoulder. "Are you two so inept that you need to be told to take off your clothes if you are going to accomplish anything beyond talking tonight?"

Harry and Ginny exchanged a glance. Was this really happening? Harry watched as Ginny pulled off her shirt over her head. He was surprised that she was so willing to let Malfoy take the lead. Normally she bristled at being told what to do. He watched her strip down to her knickers and bra, a matching pink set that showcased her slim build to its best advantage. He watched with a dry mouth as she reached behind her to undo the clasp on her bra.

Luna was there in a moment. "Here, let me," she murmured.

Ginny turned, surprised, and presented her back to the other woman for help. Harry couldn't help but watch as Luna undid the hooks and slipped it off his wife's shoulders. He could see Ginny's nipples pebble in the air, and he instantly grew hard in response to what he was witnessing. Luna let her hands ghost gently over Ginny's shoulders and arms, down the curve of her hips. Harry could see her shiver slightly as Luna hooked a finger into the scrap of lace that was her panties. Luna fell to her knees and with little more than a whisper, whisked the little pink panties right off his wife. Harry had to admire her skill. Luna was faster than he was!

Harry watched, spellbound, as Luna wrapped an arm around Ginny's backside and pulled her close. From her kneeling position on the floor, her face lined up perfectly with the delta of Ginny's legs. Harry's breath hitched as Luna pulled her closer... closer... He couldn't quite see past the curve of Ginny's milky hip, and he craned his neck. He caught sight of Draco doing the same. He could just see Luna's face buried in his wife's pussy. Ginny's head was thrown back in ecstasy, her eyes closed.

Harry had never been so achingly hard in all his life.

"Enjoying the show, Potter?"

Harry tore his eyes away from the sight of Luna tonguing Ginny to see Draco slapping the Cat-O'-Nine-Tails against his palm. "Er. Yeah?" Why was he unable to form coherent responses to anything tonight?

"I'll bet. Get over here. And take your clothes off." Draco's tone brooked no disobedience, and for once, Harry was glad to do what someone else told him to. The ache in his cock was becoming unbearable, and he couldn't think of anything beyond that. If these buttons on his shirt didn't give way, he was going to rip them off...

"Nice, Potter. Really classy. I always knew you had the best taste," Draco taunted.

Harry snapped out of his lust-induced haze to see what Draco was talking about. His boxers. It figured he would have put on this pair this morning. He was wearing the most garish ones he owned, the pair with little gold lions stalking around a maroon background. The text read 'I'm a Gryffindor Lion. Hear me roar!' Harry hated them, but he'd grabbed them by mistake in the dark this morning. "They were a gift," he mumbled.

"Sure they were," Draco laughed.

Harry hated that he blushed so easily. He whipped the offending article off and stood there proudly without a stitch on.

Draco's laugh caught in his throat.

Moans from the two women could be heard. The sound went straight to Harry's cock.

"Okay, Potter." Draco looked directly at him. "Lay down on the bed and put your hands over your head."

"What?" Harry squeaked. He cleared his throat. "Why?"

Draco leaned in, his eyes glittering dangerously. "Because I told you to. Because you don't know your head...either one...from your arse, and since I'm the one calling the shots here, you are going to do what I tell you to tonight. And you are going to like it. So shut up and do what I tell you to do. Or do I have to use this?" Draco dangled the gag in front of Harry's face.

Harry felt a frisson of lust snake down his spine, and he climbed on the bed. He raised his arms. "Is this really necessary?"

"No." Draco smiled. "That's what makes it fun." He pulled out his wand. "*Incarcerous!*"

Harry felt the ropes twine around his wrists and knew them to be binding, but he tried the steadfastness anyway. He couldn't move. This was a new position for him to be in, to be completely bound and totally helpless. He found, to his surprise, that he rather liked it. He waited to see what would happen.

He didn't have to wait long. Draco came and stood next to the bed. "Do you know what this is, Potter?"

Harry's eyes widened when he saw what Draco held. It was that wicked looking whip. Suddenly this didn't seem like such a great idea. "I'm not really into pain, Draco, so if you don't mind..."

Draco cracked the whip and watched as Harry flinched. "You are so naïve, Potter. I'm not going to spank you with this. Although I could. Do you know what this is called? No, of course you don't," he said, smirking as he answered his own question. "This is called a boy's pussy. And I'm going to fuck you with it."

Harry shook his head. "That doesn't sound like a good idea at all."

Draco let the whip fall on Harry's chest. He trailed it down over his body. There were five leather thongs that fell around him. It tickled. Harry's breath hitched at the sensation. Draco smirked knowingly. "Seems like your body disagrees with your mouth, Potter." He shot a pointed glance at Harry's member, which was standing at full attention.

Harry closed his eyes in embarrassment.

Draco leaned over Harry, their bodies coming into contact for the first time. Harry felt a jolt of electricity. He had imagined Draco's skin would be as cold as it looked, but he was wrong. He was warm and alive, almost hot to the touch. Harry's eyes flew open.

Draco got close enough to whisper in his ear. "Relax, Harry. I can be nice when I want to be. Let me show you the other side of me...the side you don't know. Trust me, for once."

Harry shivered. Draco's breath in his ear, stirring his hair, asking for his trust...it was unbearably intimate. He just nodded.

"Good. Let's begin." Draco snapped straight with a devilish twinkle in his eye. Harry had a moment's doubt as to the wisdom of his consent, but he didn't have time to ponder it before Draco was murmuring a lubrication charm. Then he felt long fingers probing him in a place he had never before been breached. He arched off the bed.

"Calm down, Potter!" Draco looked annoyed. "How do you think we're going to do this if you aren't going to stop being such a girl every time I touch you?"

"I'm not a girl!" Harry protested.

"Oh, really? Then stop acting like such a nervous virgin on her wedding night and let me do this."

Harry set his lips and resolved to lie there and not move. He clenched his fists in their bonds and tried to remain unresponsive throughout Draco's ministrations. It was the most alien sensation, different but not uncomfortable. He stared at the ceiling, determined to not react. He could feel Draco's finger moving around inside of him. First one, and then two. When he added three, Harry had to grit his teeth. It was starting to be too much, but Draco was gentle, and Harry couldn't help but be aroused. He was trying not to listen to the soft sighing and moaning going on. Were Ginny and Luna still at it? He tried not to peek. He didn't want Draco to think that it was his touch that affected him so greatly.

He gasped when he felt something hard and cold replace Draco's fingers. His eyes flew down to see what Draco was doing. Draco was using the handle of the whip to... Harry kicked his legs. He was willing to experiment, but this was too much! "No way!"

Draco cocked his head. "You just can't admit what you like, can you? *Incarcerous!*"

Harry felt the now-familiar bonds coil around his feet and pull his legs taut. He was immobilized.

Draco leaned over and stared directly into Harry's eyes. "Now, it's your choice, Potter. The gag, or are you going to go along with this? Personally, I'd love to hear you beg later on, so I hope you can behave."

"You're dreaming if you think I'll ever beg you for anything, Malfoy," Harry spat.

Draco just looked amused. "We'll see, won't we?"

Harry clamped his mouth shut.

He felt a shifting on the bed to indicate extra weight, but he couldn't do more than crane his neck to see what was happening.

"What's going on here?" giggled Ginny.

She sounded in far too good a mood, in Harry's opinion, considering her husband was tied up by his enemy. He scowled.

"Oh, boys will be boys," Draco bantered, as if he weren't sitting on top of a naked, bound man. "We play a little rougher than you girls. Maybe you can help us out. Harry needed some... convincing, and I need an extra set of hands. Care to join us?"

"Sure," Ginny offered. Her relaxed tone grated on his ears.

Draco showed her how to push the handle of the Cat in and out of him. Harry could feel the difference between Draco's surer, rougher strokes and Ginny's more tentative, gentler ones. She leaned over him, her long red hair tangled and trailing over his throat. "Harry, do you like this? Does this feel good?"

He had been about to deny it, but when she switched her angle to ask him, she inadvertently hit his prostate. His breath snagged, and he jerked. "Y-yes."

He saw a wicked look in her eye, and she applied herself to the task at hand with vigour. Whenever she grazed that spot, he felt like he would lift right off the bed. He started to whimper with the need for more friction. His cock was practically crying out for attention, it was so hard.

"Ready to beg yet, Potter?" Draco asked

Harry nearly was.

"I think you've had the lion's share of the fun here. Time to share with the other kids."

Harry was only dimly aware of what was going on around him and the orchestration of the other people. He was tied down, and the tension in his loins was getting to be almost painful. He was desperate for someone to touch him, anyone.

Luna settled herself on top of him. In another situation it might have been odd, his wife shoving something in his ass while another woman fucked him, but he was mindless with need. As Luna grasped his shaft in her hands, he groaned. She slicked the precome down over the head, caressing him. He nearly exploded right there.

Harry watched as Luna sheathed herself on him, his length slowly penetrating her wet heat. They both moaned, and he couldn't move enough for what he wanted. He was desperate. "Luna, please." He was hoarse to his own ears.

Luna began to rock her hips. The sensation was so intense... he was so close... he had never been filled so completely in his life. One more thrust...

"Not so fast."

Harry's eyes flew open. His breath was ragged as he felt Draco's hand on them, stilling Luna.

"Draco! No!"

"What do you want to say to me, Harry?" Draco's gaze was intense.

Harry could hardly see straight. He didn't care about anything else, not even his pride. "I'm begging you."

"You'll have to do better than that," Draco scoffed.

"I need to come. Please, Draco. I'll do anything. Please let me come." Harry knew he was babbling, but if Luna didn't *move right now* he would go insane.

Draco smiled. "You just had to say the magic word, Harry."

Harry was dimly aware of Ginny pulling the handle out, and Draco climbing between his legs, behind Luna. She leaned forward, and he felt her passage tighten up around him. The knowledge that they were both in the same woman at the same time, that he could feel Draco's cock through the thin barrier between them...that thought alone was nearly enough to send him over the edge. Harry could hardly breathe for the lust running in his veins. He had never been so turned on in all his life.

Draco started to move, and Harry had never felt anything so exquisite. This was the first time he had ever done anything like this before, had ever been a part of an experience like this. It was with such a heightened blaze of pleasure, it was utter bliss. The subtlest shifts of movement by any of them could be felt by all three. Harry could feel Draco's cock rubbing against his own. It was the most intense feeling he'd ever had. He wanted it to last; he didn't want to come so soon. He turned his head to distract himself and caught sight of Ginny next to them on the bed. She was watching them, pupils blown wide with passion, her hands between her legs. Her fingers were slipping in and around the wetness. Harry could see the folds of her pussy spread out and glistening, and when he heard her make a keening sound low in her throat, he knew how close she was.

That was all it took. His orgasm was thunderous and couldn't be denied any longer. It ripped through him with a force he had never felt before, so blindingly strong he thought he might pass out from the pleasure of it. His own release triggered Luna's climax, and in turn, Draco's. The three of them were a writhing, pumping, pulsing mass of feeling; it was so overwhelming he didn't know if he would ever recover. He would surely never forget it.

The four of them lay on the bed, panting. It took some time to come back to reality.

"Er, Draco? Can you release me?" Harry asked when he noticed his arms were going numb.

"I have to say I like you better like that, Potter." Despite his words, Draco waved his wand and the ropes fell away.

Harry rubbed his wrists. Now came the weird, awkward part of the night, he knew.

"So, you see, it was a good thing that I brought the hair rope. The hinkypunks left us alone. I'll bring it next week," Luna said.

"Next week?" Harry goggled.

Ginny managed a weak smile. "Is this a standing thing?"

"Sure. I'll be here, same time. But next time I'll bring the *real* Cat-O'-Nine-Tails." Luna stood up and started dressing.

"You hear that, Potter?" Draco sat up. "I guess it's a date. Try to get some better undies for next time. Please. For your own dignity."

Harry gritted his teeth, determined that next time Draco would be the one begging for mercy. Now *that* would be the thing that would get him through the next week. He focused on that and ignored Draco's mocking laughter, which followed him right out the door.