

Forever Yours, and Yours? Oh What Have I done?

I never thought that the hardest part of my life would be after Voldemort was dead for all time.

Tom was defeated? Yep. He's pushing up daisies right now. Damned ugly ones, too. Sorry, just an attempt at some bad humour

How about my friends? Did they all survive? I can hear you out there asking that. Let's go through them one by one. Well, two by two, I guess, because we did all pair off.

Ron? He's alive and married, already has three children in a little over two years. Apparently Luna is as fertile as the Weasleys are, so Molly's happy, about that at least. They are, naturally, all boys.

Molly's certainly happier with Ron and Ginny than she is with me, for multiple reasons. One of the reasons Molly still won't really talk to me is that Ginny ended up coming along with us during that stupid Horcrux Hunt. She would *not* listen to us when we said that she should return and make Molly happy.

We were also joined by Luna and Neville, who came to find Ginny when she disappeared. We all traipsed the continent and United Kingdom trying to find those thrice damned Horcruxes.

As we traipsed (fun word, isn't it?), we got to know each other better. The months together helped Ginny and I realise that, while we were always going to be able to be friends, if we tried to be lovers one or the other of us would have ended up in Azkaban for killing the other.

The make up sex was great, though, before we finally gave it up as a bad job. Then we just moved on to being friends with benefits for a while. Made things a lot easier between us.

The fights between Hermione and Ron, however, reached a point where they no longer could even get to the make up sex, and their split was spectacular. I was glad that we had warded the campsite within an inch of our lives, or else they'd have drawn everyone for several miles.

The argument finally ended when Ron said something that I simply will not repeat here, and stormed off. Luna stood and told me she'd go after him, since we still needed his wand for our work, and I was about to kill him. (I was, too. Literally.)

Neville and I spoke with Hermione until she'd calmed down enough to not punctuate all her sentences with sobs, and then he went off to sleep while I continued to talk to Hermione. It was during that late night conversation that I finally realised something – as much as I had enjoyed being with Ginny, I had been with her because I couldn't be with the person I really loved.

I hadn't known I loved Hermione until we talked that night, mind you, and I didn't tell her about my epiphany. (Bad form, you realise. "You've just broken up with the man you've been pining over for years; too bad. Oh, by the way, I love you." Not happening.)

Ron and Luna re-entered the camp and headed for his tent (the slightly larger of the two of their tents), obviously deep in conversation, which is the only thing that kept him from having me shove his teeth down his throat until they'd impacted his balls.

Hermione and I continued to talk until morning, and at some point she leaned back against me and pulled my arms around her waist. I so wanted to nibble that ear so close to my lips, but ... well, see my comments about 'bad form' above.

Just as it was getting to be full daylight, Luna exited Ron's tent, wearing a good deal less than she had the night before. As in only the clothes God gave her. I will admit to enjoying the sight, and I poked Hermione in the back. I don't think I need to explain further, do I?

She chuckled and said, "She is rather nice to look at nude, isn't she?"

I must have been far more tired than I thought at that point, because I actually said out loud, "I'd rather see *you* nude."

She somehow managed to spin around in my arms to look at me, her eyes wide. They widened more when she realised just how close to a certain part of my anatomy her face was, even with cloth in the way. Her eyes sparkled for a moment, and then she did the one thing I would have bet my entire family inheritance on her *not* doing – she carefully kissed the bulge in my trousers. "I promise that I'll help you deal with that shortly, Harry."

As Neville exited his tent with a bemused expression on his face, followed almost immediately by Ginny, who was dressed the same as Luna was, it became obvious that this one night had been a major turning point for all of us. Relationships had been totally redefined.

And then I damn near passed out when Hermione decided that she was overdressed, compared to the other girls, and got naked right in front of me. Which naturally made my, er, problem even more pronounced if that was possible.

I gulped, pried my eyes from Hermione to look carefully at Luna and then Ginny, and said, "I have been talking with Hermione all night, trying to help

her with the problems that your shit-for-brains brother caused. Neither of us has slept, and I for one am in need of a few hours of sleep before I can even begin to think of hunting for more of Tom's shrivelled soul. Good night, or day, or whatever the hell you want to call it."

What I really wanted was to get into my tent and deal with the little problem the three ladies had caused – but mostly Hermione when she'd stripped. My God, that girl has a perfect arse! Not to mention perfect breasts, and well... perfect everything, come to that.

I even locked the tent behind me.

But I forgot, in my haste, that Hermione is the most brilliant witch of our age. As I was stripping, I suddenly heard footsteps, and spun to face the still quite naked Hermione. And I was pointing at her without using my hands, which were still holding my trousers.

I didn't sleep for a while, and we redefined our relationship yet again. Er, okay that's an understatement. It was more like: *Wow*, did we redefine our relationship!

After we'd destroyed the Horcruxes (and managed to save the vessels from destruction, mind you, thanks to my beautiful girlfriend, which led to a pretty sum of money from Hogwarts when it was realised that we had Founder's memorabilia), we went our separate ways to start our own lives. Oh yeah, there was that little problem with Riddle that we dealt with as well, but I'm not going into that, it isn't pretty.

Ron and Luna went back to Ottery St. Catchpole, as I mentioned earlier, got married, and have stayed in contact, although Ron and Hermione are, at best, acquaintances now – the Trio is gone forever. Some things you can't take back, no matter how contrite you are. He learned a lesson, though – he always thinks things through now when he gets mad. Losing Hermione taught him that.

Neville and Ginny also got married and have started a family, although Ginny is trying to take it slower. Only one pregnancy so far, but it was triplets. They're both deliriously happy, which somehow seems to escape Molly Weasley. She had her heart set on me marrying Ginny, and I ruined her plans. I'll never understand that woman.

I love the rest of the family (even Percy, once he explained why he'd acted the prat – he had been recruited by the Unspeakables as an agent, since they did *not* trust Fudge in the slightest), but I can do without Molly. We see each other at gatherings, since Ron and Ginny refuse to *not* invite us to important things. Molly is cool to me, and I return the favour.

But that leaves Hermione and me. We returned to her parents' home just in time to discover that Frank Granger had decided to turn in his wife for a younger model. A receptionist at the clinic where they worked.

The divorce wasn't pretty, let me tell you, and it really hurt Hermione. I decided to stay with Hermione and Jocelyn (as her mother insisted I call her), to help both ladies through this difficult time.

That's where my problem has developed.

Jocelyn is as smart and beautiful and sexy as her daughter.

Can you guess what's happened as far as my emotions are concerned?

If you guessed that I'm now in love with my girlfriend's mother, you win the Kewpie doll. (I think that's the saying. Never went to a carnival in my life.)

I'm still madly and passionately in love with Hermione, mind you, but now Jocelyn does the same things to me that Hermione does.

Right down to the interesting blood flow problems.

I hate my life some times.

Forever Yours, and Yours? Coming Home

Chapter Two: Coming Home

Two and a half years earlier.

Harry and Hermione returned to the Granger home tired, heartsick, grimy, and feeling used up. They and their four friends were the heroes of the Wizarding world. They'd tricked Riddle and his inner circle, including Snape, Lucius Malfoy, and all three Lestranges, into Apparating to a nice little grassy depression in western Wales. It wasn't far from Godric's Hollow, and near where they'd found the final horcrux as well, which had been hidden in an old Abbey.

While Riddle knew something wasn't right and might have suspected at least some of his Horcruxes had been destroyed, he remained as arrogant as ever. Like all despotic would-be world conquerors before him, he didn't believe anyone could outsmart his plans, particularly the ones of immortality. He was wrong.

The six friends were lying in wait for him and his mob of sycophants to arrive, and when they did only Harry rose to greet their guests. His friends did peer over the top of the blast barrier they'd erected. When the self-styled Lord and his twelve *disciples* had Apparated to the coordinates, they had arrived all nicely bunched up as planned. Harry was sure they had intended to arrive in a much more spread out group, but had not counted on the intuitive and collective genius of this particular sextet. Tommy and the Death Eaters had been subtly guided to their present grouping by a very ingenious Apparition containment field designed by none other than Harry's brilliant girlfriend and her two closest female friends. It now covered the depression as an anti-Apparition and anti-Portkey ward and prevented anyone from leaving magically. They also couldn't walk out, if they thought to try, as there were several layers of repelling charms on the perimeter.

The whole thing lasted less than a minute. Harry called, "Tom! Tom Riddle, over here... It's me - Harry-your-worst-nightmare-Potter."

Riddle snarled, "You're a dead man Potter, I know you and that dead fool Headmaster of yours destroyed a few of my Horcruxes, but you didn't get them all. And when I kill you, and your little friends too, I'll make some new ones. You and your five *associates*" he sneered, "are no match for the thirteen of us."

Harry had replied quite casually, "All quite true Tom, except for the Horcrux part. We got all of 'em but one Tom. They're all gone, but you and that stupid snake at your feet, and soon those too will be gone, just wanted you to know who pulled the trigger, Tommy-boy. There are just things you and your idiot blood purists know nothing of because you choose to ignore the Muggle world."

"Nothing you can do can harm us boy, say goodbye to life."

As the man had raised his wand, Harry asked, still casually, "Are those your final words, Tom?"

Riddle had paused at that and said, "What?"

"Guess so," Harry had replied, and brought his left hand from behind his back, flipped the safety cover open on a remote control and pressed a little red button. As he did, he dove for cover behind the barrier with his friends.

The ground around the perimeter of the depression erupted as thirty-nine antipersonnel mines detonated ripping the thirteen witches and wizards, and one ugly snake, to shreds. Moments later delayed timers went off and several hundreds pounds of high explosives churned the ground inside the depression into very fine particles.

A few minutes later, when the dust cleared, the six friends had stood on the edge of the churned up area and all of them pointed their wands at it, saying, "*Accio* wands." Thirteen wands, all bloody and most in pieces flew to their hands. They then Apparated to Auror headquarters, setting off a lot of alarms, and stirring up a lot of people. When the Director of MLE had come charging in to see what the disturbance was, they explained to him, and the few dozen gobsmacked Aurors standing about, just what had occurred in Wales and where, then presented said director with the wand pieces they'd collected.

In the ensuing hubbub, the six had departed, post-haste, before anyone could question them further, or worse, start finding crimes to accuse them of. They went directly to the offices of the Quibbler, and gave Mr. Lovegood an exclusive on the operation. He promised to print a special edition of the magazine next day. And then the six split up, going to their various destinations; well actually only two places, since four of them went to the Burrow and Hermione and Harry went to the Granger's.

As soon as they got to her parent's house, they hugged Jocelyn, received kisses on their cheeks, and had showered together for a long time, feeling they needed to scrub themselves and each other extensively, trying to get rid of the filthy feeling they had of essentially murdering that group of mad people. They then made love for even longer, and slept for over ten hours. The next day, when they finally got downstairs, they found Jocelyn looking worried.

“What’s wrong, Mum,” Hermione asked.

“I’m not sure. Your dad has been so distant lately. I could hear you two enjoying each other last night, and tried to do the same with Dad. But…” and a tear started down her cheek, “but he just rolled over and went to sleep. I… I don’t know what’s wrong.”

Harry was flummoxed. How could Frank not want this gorgeous woman every chance he got? She was every bit as beautiful as her daughter, he thought, and at least as charming, witty, and funny. He’d liked her from the moment they first met.

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Over the months that followed, they often found Jocelyn in more or less the same state. The two youngsters had studied and taken the NEWTS along with their friends in a special exam set up for them. They were heroes of the Wizarding world and nothing was denied them. Naturally all had scored perfect O’s on all their exams. Hermione had huffed over that, saying they had gotten those scores based on their celebrity. When Harry gently suggested, with a smile, that she turn down the exam results and demand a proper retest, she was brought up short.

She had grinned and said, “Not on your life, Potter.”

Hermione and Harry had then enrolled in a University prep course, sponsored by the Ministry of Magic, and would attend those classes for the next two years. They had great fun studying together and arguing over minor and major points of study, but both carried a perfect grade record.

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It was about six months after the final battle, when Harry was walking back from the local library with a large stack of books he and Hermione needed for classes, that he saw a strange thing. Frank had driven by with a young woman in the car whom Harry knew to be a receptionist at the large surgery where the two Grangers practised Dentistry. And, the two had seemed more than a little friendly. He didn’t say anything to either Hermione or Jocelyn about it, but did keep his eyes open. Over the next couple of months Harry had seen Frank and the other woman several times, and on one occasion he’d found them snogging in the car behind the surgery after hours. But he didn’t know what to do about it, at first.

Shortly after that Harry followed the man’s car one day, when Frank was supposedly playing golf, by the simple expedient of having placed a tracking charm on the car. Hermione, he was coming to realize, wasn’t the only smart person about. When he Apparated to near where the car was parked, he watched Frank accompany the young woman into a first-floor flat. Using some of the techniques he’d learned hunting Horcruxes and Death Eaters, he cast a couple of spells on himself and Apparated silently into the flat. He watched, under a Disillusionment charm and a silencing spell as the two all-but tore each other’s clothes off and started having sex in the small living room. Under the silencing spell he was using he also took a number of photos, then apparated away, feeling extremely sick. He landed in the back yard of the Granger’s house, removed the spells, and was violently ill behind a hydrangea bush.

When he was done being sick, Harry cast cleaning and freshening charms on himself and staggered to the house. Fortunately, Hermione and Jocelyn were out shopping and wouldn’t be back very soon. Harry went to his and Hermione’s room, peeled out of his clothes and walked into the shower, then turned it on. The cold water shocked him, but it felt good, under the circumstances. He felt dirty, and, as the water warmed, he scrubbed himself all over several times until he felt better. He felt almost as dirty as that day after killing Mouldieshorts and Company.

Having dried off and put on clean clothes Harry rewound the film in the camera and went to the nearby one-hour developing shop. He waited for the pictures, after slipping the guy behind the counter a tenner to get them done quickly, and not to report the graphic nature of them. Photos envelope in hand he returned home, and when the women arrived back he was deeply ensconced in his studies as he’d told Hermione he would be.

Later that evening, Harry found it very hard to interact with the family and when questioned on it passed it off as having a lot of the study material on his mind. Hermione looked askance at him, but let it go. When they made it to their room later, though, she confronted him.

“Okay, Potter,” she said sternly but not unkind, “what the hell’s going on?”

He looked down at his trainers, the new ones she’d bought recently for him, as he sat on the side of the bed and dithered over what to say. She came and sat next to him, their arms automatically going around one another.

“Harry, you know how much I love you, and there is nothing you can say anymore that will shock or frighten me. We’ve been through too much together for secrets. What is it, love? Tell me, so we can talk about it.”

“Herm…” he had to stop and clear his throat. “Hon, this is one thing that will shock you and very likely make you quite angry…” his voice trailed off as he looked deeply into her eyes and he saw fear there over his words, despite what she’d said a moment before.

Her bottom lip trembled as she asked in a very shaky voice, “Harry, do you still love me, is there someone…” and her voice trailed off then as he shook his head.

“Oh, Hermione,” he pulled her tightly to him, “I love you more than life itself, and no, there could never be anyone to replace you. It’s not me, it’s…” but his mouth wouldn’t form the words.

Hermione wasn’t known as the smartest witch of her age for nothing. “Harry… is it… is it my… my dad. Is it Daddy? Oh, sweet Merlin Harry… lie to me and say it isn’t.”

He lifted her chin and looked deeply into her eyes. They had both had to learn Occlumency and Legilimency in the course of their battle against the Dark. They stared at each other for a moment, silently sharing thoughts, images of Harry’s afternoon activities.

She gasped, then sobbed, into his shoulder while he held her tightly to him. After her sobs subsided and she had dabbed her eyes and blown her

nose with the tissues while she asked, "May I see them... the pictures... I don't... don't want to, but I must. I have to see for myself."

"Are you sure, love? It shows everything, and I do mean everything. It was all I could do not to vomit right there in the room."

She straightened her shoulders and her head came up. "Yes Harry, I will look at them now. You and I have certainly faced worse."

"In some ways yes, yes we have Hermione, but this is so different... so much more personal." He reached under the mattress and withdrew the envelope from where he stashed it on his return, handing it to her like it was one of the mines they'd placed only a few months ago. "I haven't had the balls to look at them yet, myself..." he trailed off, as she glanced unhappily at him. He knew her so well that he knew precisely what she was thinking. Worse, he also knew that she was just as privy to his thoughts as well. For this kind of thing they didn't need Legilimency.

Taking the envelope as gingerly as he passed it over, Hermione stared at it for over a minute before finally pulling up on the gummy flap and extracting the inner envelop. She pulled the prints out and set aside the envelopes, as she smiled at the one on top. It was of her and Harry, with Crookshanks sprawled across their laps and Hedwig perched on her shoulder. It had been taken by her mum a couple of weeks ago, one day when she came home a bit early from the surgery and found them sleeping on the couch. The two youngsters were holding each other and the cat and owl happily asleep on them, study books and papers scattered about.

Beneath that was one of her parents and Harry hamming it up in the pool, and then one of her sitting on her dad's shoulders and her mum obviously trying to pull her off. She choked on a sob, then sobbed loudly at the next which was of her dad and the receptionist kissing, clothes already undone, and his hand inside her shirt, her hands on his belt. The next was even worse, as they were still locked together at the lips, but with less clothing. Both their shirts were off, and his trousers around his ankles, and he was pulling hers down. The succeeding pictures showed each further act, as they became naked, and fondled each other, moving to the couch where he was shown with his head between her legs. In the last she was on top of him, the camera angle perfect to show he was penetrating her as well as his face full of concentration and pleasure, and hers in profile. There was no mistaking who was shown in the photos, and Harry hadn't even had to move for these awful, graphic shots, it just worked out that way.

By the time she'd gone through all of them, Hermione was no longer sobbing, but the tears were flowing freely down her face and Harry thought she looked angry enough to chew nails. He definitely was, and now it looked like they both wanted a piece of the man who'd quite efficiently broken the trust of everyone else in the house. She carefully returned the photos to their envelopes and handed them back to him. He dutifully stashed them back under the mattress, before turning to take her into his arms. Together they cried over the loss of their dad, over the loss of trust, and though they didn't know it, the loss of the last of their innocence. She of course cried harder and longer, but he held her, lost in their mutual misery, as the occasional tear rolled down his face.

It was bedtime when they finally came back to their senses, and Hermione turned to Harry as they undressed. "Make love with me Harry, let's make love all night long. I need you to show me real love to help rid me of those images... please? I need you, baby."

He took her into his arms and they fumbled off the rest of each other's clothing as they kissed and nipped at each other. He stooped down to catch a nipple in his lips, while she gently fondled and stroked him. His free hand was between her thighs tenderly exploring her warm wetness as well. She pulled him to the bed, neither losing contact and they lay down carefully, until she rolled him over so she lay on top, her breasts close to his face. He suckled and nuzzled her tender peaks while she moaned in delight, and when she could stand it no more, slid back to envelop him within her.

Just as she asked, they made love for hours in every position they'd tried so far, and some new ones they thought of. When they finally fell asleep it was because they'd worn each other out for the time being. They woke a few hours later and slowly tenderly and silently fondled each other to excitement, then he rolled between her thighs as her legs wrapped around him and he slid into her. Slowly and leisurely they moved together for a very long time until she started quivering and bucking uncontrollably and pulled him over a precarious edge. It wasn't the first time they had come together, but it would be one they always remembered, because it seemed to go on and on. When finally they regained some sense of self, they smiled tenderly and kissed for a long time. He rolled over taking her with him, and they fell asleep still coupled.

In the morning they slept late, and made love one more time before showering, and proving that the stamina of the late teen is quite impressive. Shower sex being something they hadn't gotten to enjoy until they had come home, they often did so, just because they could.

Arriving downstairs they found Jocelyn in the usual state, staring out the back sliding doors at the lovely rear garden. She didn't turn to them immediately as they sat on either side of her. After a few moments, she looked fondly at her daughter and then the young man she knew would one day be her son-in-law and smiled gently. "You two had a very late night last night. I'm so happy for the two of you. Never lose that special something you have, it is truly magical. Sometimes I swear I can feel it. Can you tell me what brought that on? Why suddenly you felt the need to...? I don't know... it seemed almost like you were trying to cleanse yourselves of something."

Harry said, "Yes Jocelyn, we can tell you. But first, is Frank gone to the *golf course*?" He stressed the last two words and Hermione bit her lips to hold in a sob.

"Yes, he said he was going to play two rounds today and wouldn't be back until late, probably after dinner. Tell me why, Harry... tell me please..."

"Jocelyn... oh Merlin I wish anyone but me had to give you these photos. But," he swallowed hard, and handed her the envelope, "I followed Frank yesterday. Those are pictures of him... of him ...*fucking* Brandy from the clinic." He snarled the last phrase.

Jocelyn searched his eyes and seeing the truth there, turned to her daughter and asked, "Did you look at them last night? Is that why you made love all night, darling? Was it that bad?"

"It's worse than I could ... ever imagine Mum," Hermione paused and drew a breath. She sobbed once, then regained her composure for a moment to say, "I don't think I know the man in those ... photos Mum. That's not my Daddy, that's not the kind and gentle man who raised me ... it's ..." she sobbed again and leaned in to hug her mother, "That's an animal I never knew, Mum. That's someone else... someone who never lived in this house."

Jocelyn nodded at what her daughter said and hugged her, patting her back, as tears coursed down her own cheeks. "I know, love. Daddy has changed in the past few months. He's not the man I married ... and I don't know what to do to get that man back. Maybe ... maybe he's gone, I just don't know." And then she turned to Harry. "Hold me, Harry, darling. Hold *us* and be the strong man I know you are. We both need you right now ..."

And as she trailed off, Harry knelt in front of the two women and held them in as big a hug as he could manage. He still had not gotten used to caring for a weeping woman, let alone two, but he did somehow. Truth was, he cried along with them. Maybe he didn't know Frank as well as they did, and he'd certainly only known the man at all for a short time, but he'd grown to like, maybe even love the gentle, good humoured dentist, and it hurt knowing they'd lost him. He could have really used a father figure about now, but that too was taken from him and he cried, maybe not for the same reasons they did, but surely for just as good a one. He cried for all he'd lost in his life, for all that would never be.

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The divorce itself was bitter, because the foolish twit Frank had shacked up with kept meddling in things and made it a lot harder than it had to be. It was due to Brandy that the divorce settlement was as large as it was for Jocelyn, and thanks to the judge who'd seen through the bint's greed. Throughout the whole ordeal, Hermione cried often, Jocelyn not so much so, but each time one of them did, Harry was there to give comfort and solace and a strong shoulder to lean on. Later, Harry would reflect that it was then that he started having feelings for Jocelyn; that was when something was altered inside him. He began to see her as a friend, as a gentle and warm woman, and less as his girlfriend's mother.

By the time the divorce was over and everyone had moved on, Jocelyn had become a friend to Harry and Hermione, and he saw a subtle alteration in the women's relationship as well. They were friendlier and on a more equal basis. Jocelyn never again jokingly chided Hermione for things she had before - Hermione had finally become a full adult in her eyes. They often laughed over some silly mistake one or the other had made, and seldom got even close to being angry with one another. It was more like they were now adult sisters sharing the same house, with a young man to keep them both company.

To be certain, there were many rough patches. Hermione had taken her father's betrayal much harder, in some ways than had Jocelyn. With time, though, they had all come to accept that this was to be their new life, at least for a while. Harry often took the two to dinner, and once in a while they even went dancing. Hermione would occasionally accept the invitation of another man to dance, but for some reason Jocelyn never did. Harry thought he understood her feelings though. He was sure she felt safe with him, and wasn't ready to move outside that safe comfort zone that was Harry James Potter, just yet. He didn't mind, because he truly cared for the woman.

When Harry and Hermione went to the cinema they always tried to get Jocelyn to go along, and sometimes she would. She told her daughter in confidence one day that she didn't want to be a 'third wheel' in the relationship between the two, but Hermione assured her that was never further from reality. After that she accepted their invitations more frequently, only begging off when she'd had a particularly rough day at the new clinic where she worked. Strangely they always had a good time, the three of them; every bit as much fun, if not more they told her, than when it was just the two youngsters.

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And so it was that one day more than a year after the divorce was finalized Jocelyn came into the kitchen to find a tired and careworn Harry brooding over a mug of coffee. He hardly heard her come in, but perked up a bit when he noticed her.

"Good Morning, Harry," Jocelyn said as she walked into the kitchen in her dressing gown, if it could be called such, given that it came to a stop immediately below her shapely buttocks. "How are you doing this fine morning?" She turned to face him, and started at the signs of a man who was having trouble sleeping. "You know, Harry, a good bout of sex might help you get to sleep at night," she said with a laugh.

"Are you propositioning my boyfriend again, Mum?" Hermione asked, also with a laugh, as she entered the dining area. "She's right, Harry, at least as far as sleep is concerned. Are you having nightmares about ... then?"

Harry shook his head. "No. I'm worrying over another problem, and I really don't know what to do about it. And I can't talk to either of you about it, either," he said apologetically.

"Can you hint around the edges?" Jocelyn asked him.

"No." He sighed. "I know what I need to do, but I don't want to, because people will get hurt by it – people who don't deserve that. But they'll be hurt if I *don't* do it as well." He put his head in his hands.

"Tell us, Harry," Hermione said softly. "I'm your girlfriend; I'm supposed to be here to help you. Please?"

"Trust me, Hermione, you'll hate me if I tell you."

"I can't think of anything that would make me hate you. Please, let me help, Harry. Sweet Merlin, you got the two of us through that mess with Dad. Now let us help you with whatever is bothering you."

He looked into her eyes and said, "I'll tell you, and as soon as I'm done, I'll go pack. Trust me, neither of you are going to want me around after you hear, because I've found something that *will* make you hate me." He put his head back into his hands for a moment before looking up at both ladies.

"Hermione, I am scum, and before you argue with me, let me explain why I say that. I am still deeply in love with you, but I am also in love with another woman."

Both women actually stepped back in shock before Jocelyn ground out through clenched teeth, "Can we at least have this woman's name?" she asked. Hermione simply stood there, blinking back tears.

"I never meant this to happen!" Harry said unhappily. "Do you think I wanted to be anything like that bastard Frank?" he howled in deep emotional pain. He dropped his head into his hands hard enough that the dishes jumped and clattered as the force was transmitted through his arms to the table.

The women were surprised when they saw his hands clench while still holding his head, and the surprise turned to alarm as they saw blood flow as his fingernails tore the skin at both temples. He lifted his head, continuing to rip the skin as he did. The flow became alarming, and at first he did nothing to stop it. It was when it fell to his clothes that he blinked and said, "No sense in needing to clean the floors." He pulled his wand and cast a charm that sealed the wounds, but Hermione knew it to be a rather painful battlefield healing spell.

He stood and looked to the two women as if he no longer had any emotions. "I'm sorry, ladies. I need to leave and ... I've hurt you enough. I see no reason to drag out your pain any longer."

He turned to leave the room but was stopped when Hermione asked him, "May I please know the name of the woman that ... you're in such pain right now, Harry. She must be quite something if you fell in love with her."

"She is something, Hermione," he said. "She gave birth to the most magnificent woman this world will ever know." He turned to her mother. "It's you, Jocelyn. I fell in love with you as well as your daughter. I will not be the cause of fighting between you two."

They looked at him for a long moment before Hermione started to open her mouth. "I'll send for my things later on, is that okay?" he asked. At her stunned look, he Disapparated away from the first real home he'd ever known.

Forever Yours, and Yours? Coming Together

Chapter Three: Coming Together

The women stared at each other for a long moment, utterly stunned by his admission and sudden departure. "Oh dear, we have a major problem," Hermione said.

"Yes, figuring out where he's gotten to," Jocelyn replied. "He's beating himself up over nothing. Whether or not I feel anything for him, he is definitely in love with you." She laughed dryly. "As if I'd actually get in the way of my daughter's happiness," she added softly.

"What about your own?" Hermione asked simply.

"Doesn't come into this," Jocelyn replied.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not Frank!" Jocelyn barked at her daughter, actually making Hermione step back in surprise. "And I won't be like that bastard," she added vehemently. More calmly she said, "I don't care if my hormones are telling me I'm in love with him, I am not about to do to you two what that bitch Brandy did to me! I am not even going to contemplate fucking a man young enough to be my son!" Hermione could hear the desire in Jocelyn's voice though, even as she decried it.

Hermione looked at her mother for a long moment before speaking again. "Merlin, do we have problems," she finally murmured. "I'm in love with him, you're in love with him, and he's in love with us both."

She paused. "Actually, that could work," she said, taking on that certain look she always developed when working through a problem. "Getting involved in a polyamorous relationship when all the parties are aware of it is not a guarantee of destroying any of the individual relationships." Her eyes twinkled as she gazed warmly at her mum. "Just look at the Weasley twins, who married the Patil twins. They're open in the fact that George may well get Parvati pregnant even though he's married to Padma, and vice versa for Fred. There have been rumours I haven't thought about because it would tend to make me imagine naked Weasley twins" - she shuddered at the concept - "that it's actually more of a foursome, so being involved with a family member in a polyamorous relationship isn't necessarily a problem." She focused again and looked at her mother. "And to be honest, Mum? You're really the only woman that I can imagine *not* screaming about if I found you and Harry making love. I know you, I trust you, and I trust Harry's heart. He doesn't ..." She blushed as she continued, "He doesn't assume that getting a hard-on means that he's in love. If he says he loves you, then it's real - he fell for the real beauty inside you." She stepped over and pulled her mother into a hug.

As Hermione patted her mother on the back, the woman burst into tears. *I can't not share Harry with her. He loves her, she's crying her heart out because she loves him and me ... I can't stand in her way, and she won't put up with me stepping away. I just have to convince her and then Harry.* She snickered to herself, *Besides, she was carbonating my hormones for a few years from when I was fourteen on; still does some of the time. It's funny that none of the girls at school caused that reaction much - Ginny some, but not the others.*

A few minutes later she turned her head to kiss her mother on the cheek, as she noticed that the crying had stopped, but was surprised to find that Jocelyn had done the same. She was more surprised that neither of them seemed to want to stop the impromptu buss, which quickly became a full fledged kiss. *My God, my heart is pounding so hard!* Hermione thought. *Oh Gods, her tongue ...* she thought as the kiss deepened further.

The two women lost themselves in the fog of a deep loving kiss, before Jocelyn suddenly stiffened and started to withdraw. She was able to pull her head back, but her daughter's arms were around her and had a pleasantly tight grip on her bum. "I'm sorry, honey ... I never meant to ... I mean ... I shouldn't have ... I ..."

"Mum ... Jocelyn," Hermione said, squeezing her mother's buns gently, absently noting she'd moved her hands under the dressing gown. "You're about to apologise for giving me a kiss that only Harry has ever given me before, one that really makes me want to peel your dressing gown off and push you back onto the dining room table." She giggled. "Look down at what I'm wearing for a nightgown, Mum. The only thing I've got on is one of Harry's shirts, and that's because he gets so incredibly hard the second he sees me wearing his clothes. Those two pointy bits trying to poke their way through aren't that way because I'm thinking about *Harry*. I just received a very erotic kiss from a woman, and I find that ... I want more," she said with a blush. "I've never really ... you made me ... Mum, if you'd kept the kiss going for a little longer, I'd probably have orgasmed. My heart is pounding right now, and I can feel my pulse in my two major erogenous zones, which is sexy in and of itself."

She took a deep breath, smiling to herself as she saw her mother's eyes focus on her breasts. "Mum, I might be a pervert, but I'm finding that the idea of getting more of that sort of thing from you is a really nice idea." Her blush deepened considerably. "And, I am getting really randy over the idea of pushing you back onto that table and finding out what you taste like." She bit her lip. "But you're my mother..." she trailed off, a bit uncertain now, but wanting her mum to know what she felt, and hoping she felt the same way.

"And you're my daughter," Jocelyn answered. "Does it make me any less pervy to *want* you to find out how I taste? Or to find out how you taste? And

Harry too, for that matter? Are you really sure you feel this way, dear, and it's not just your hormones out of control? I love you, my beautiful daughter, and I'd never do anything without your permission, nor could I ever do anything to harm you, or Harry, or your relationship. I love him just like I'd borne him as I did you, but I love him as a man as well. I do want the two of you sexually, but I first and foremost want the two of you to be happy." A tear escaped from one eye as she said the last.

"Oh Mum, I actually have thought about this quite a lot, as have you, obviously. I had a strong suspicion Harry was falling for you, because he watches you about as much as he watches me." When Jocelyn nodded her head, she continued, "I want..." she took a deep breath. "I really want both of you as lovers. I can't say why Mum... Jocelyn... I just do. There are only two people in the world I've ever loved this way, and it's you and Harry. Would you agree that it's unexplainable?"

"I do agree," Jocelyn gave a small laugh, "that this kind of thing can never be explained. So *what* if we're pervs; as long as the three of us can be happy with the threesome, I see no reason it couldn't work. But we *all* have to be happy with it, and comfortable as well." She leaned forward again and carefully pulled Hermione to her. The kiss was not as hungry as the first, but it was certainly no less erotic. Hermione moaned into Jocelyn's mouth and let herself fade into it as she always did with Harry's delightful kisses.

When she came to her senses again, she found that Jocelyn had lifted the hem of the shirt and was tenderly massaging her nipples which felt on fire, while she had undone the sash on the silk robe and was currently teasing both of her mother's nipples between her fingers. "I think we've decided to become lovers," she panted. Shaking her head with a happy grin, she reluctantly let go of Jocelyn's breasts. "Now we just have to go tell Harry."

"How are we going to find him, love?"

Hermione grinned knowingly, "If there's one thing I have studied the most in the past eight or nine years, it is the psyche of one Harry James Potter. There is only one place he'd have gone."

Hermione side-along Apparated her mother to Godric's Hollow. The home they'd appeared at was set onto a very large plot of land, and obviously needed work. But the setting was absolutely lovely, with lots of big trees all round the property and many bushes, which while overgrown could certainly be tamed. Where they stood was in tall grass about to their knees which grew right up to the front porch. Jocelyn was still in her tiny silk dressing gown, which she had retied, and which now showed off her prominent nipples, while Hermione continued in her unplanned attempt to tear through Harry's T-shirt, it being considerably tighter in fit at the moment.

The owner of said shirt came out of the house and stopped, obviously stunned. He had his wand aimed at them at first, but lowered it as he realized who they were. They walked closer to him slowly, holding hands. Jocelyn's eyes sparkled as the breeze made her robe flutter. Unless she was mistaken, Harry now knew for a fact that she shaved completely, and the growing bulge in his shorts certainly seemed to indicate he'd noticed that, not to mention both pairs of engorged nipples. He came off the wide porch, and down the few steps to ground level as they got closer, his gaze never leaving them, though his attention seemed to be focused well south of their eyes. Jocelyn smiled warmly at him, noting out of the corner of her eye Hermione was doing the same.

"What ... why ... how -" was all he seemed to be able to voice.

"The only two you missed are the ones you don't need answered," Hermione said with a slight giggle. "'Who' is us, and 'where' is here. As for the others, we need to tell you something." She looked around for a moment and, seeing no one else in sight, peeled the T-shirt slowly, seductively, over her head, leaving her nude. Jocelyn immediately untied her gown as well, moving it slowly off her shoulders and letting it pool on her arms and below her breasts for a moment, before finally dropping it.

Hermione's smile turned soft, and in a warm kind voice she asked, "Now Harry, does the fact that there are two nude women in your front garden give you any idea at all as to how we both feel about you?"

Harry still looked stunned as the nude women approached him slowly, letting him eye their respective assets. Hermione had to admit Jocelyn was in very good shape for a woman in her late thirties. Her skin and muscle tone were excellent, and her breasts sagged only a little more than did her own. Harry couldn't seem to get his gaze higher than their chests and appeared to be giving each of their bodies equal viewing time, as he glanced back and forth from one to the other. When she got close to him, she pulled him into a gentle hug, slightly off to one side, leaving room for Jocelyn to join them. When she felt the other woman do so, she smiled against Harry's neck, kissed it, and then trailed kisses up to his lips. At first he was rather stiff in their arms, but slowly he relaxed as she kissed him warmly, attempting to calm his fears with the reassurance of her feelings projected through this intimate contact.

When she pulled slowly back from the kiss, she looked closely at his face to see that he seemed to be in pain still, and she was determined to overcome that if she could. "Harry, is it okay for me to be in love with you and my mother, not just as mother and daughter, but also as a lover, just as I am with you?"

His tentative reply was, "I... I guess so Hermione, I'd never stand in the way of your happiness."

"I know you wouldn't Harry, so let me ask you: is it okay for Jocelyn to be in love with you and me in just the same way?" She glanced at her mum and saw the twinkle of understanding in her eyes, as their gazes locked for a moment. Looking back at Harry, she saw understanding starting to dawn in his eyes as well. He might be a bit slow on the uptake when it came to emotional things, but he was not in the least stupid either. He often came to the conclusion she wanted to help him find when she approached it this way.

"But... but isn't it wrong for me to love two women like that? Doesn't that make me just like Frank?"

Jocelyn replied, before Hermione could this time, and gently she said, "No, Harry, it does not make you just like *him* ." She said the last word rather

forcefully and with distaste. "The difference, my love, is that you came to us and told us both at the same time how you feel. After you left, Hermione helped me to see that it was alright for me to love you, and to love her the same way, and for her to love both of us. It makes a lot of sense if you think about it. We have been living with and entertaining one another as if we were a threesome for quite some time now, except in the bedroom. When you think about it, we all have a lot of fun together, and we all love each other madly, and we all greatly enjoy sex. Harry, I haven't had sex, except by myself," she giggled and blushed a little, "since before you caught Frank. At first I thought it was just my hormones and being randy from lack of sex that made me think I was in love with you. But I am, Harry, and I've been sure of it for quite some time. I didn't say anything because I would never come between you and Hermione or interfere in your happiness. Now, Hermione tells me she wants me, just as I've wanted her. I can't say why that appeals to me – I simply don't know – or why it does to her. It just does, love. I really hope it doesn't bother you that we, Hermione and I, would like to have sex together, and sometimes perhaps without you involved. You could even watch if you wanted to, you might find it quite enjoyable." Hermione nodded and grinned broadly at him and her mum.

Harry blinked twice as he saw the truth in Jocelyn's eyes, and felt it through his innate sense of people's truthfulness or lack thereof. He looked then at the woman he'd thought of for a long time as the only possible love of his life, and blinked again. They both used low level Legilimency to share their feelings, desires, and surface thoughts in a moment. That caused him to furiously blink back tears as he reluctantly concluded that both of these women truly loved him without reservation, and wanted to be with him for as long as they all lived. It was a humbling realization, and one which he could only have dreamed of in his wildest fantasies. Over the months, as he came to know and finally to love Jocelyn as a woman, he'd tried hard *not* to fall *in* love with her. It had been a very difficult thing for him to admit, even to himself, when the truth became inescapable. However, he was extremely happy now, that the two of them had come to a mutual agreement on how they felt, and that it was beneficial to all. Smiling softly at his two lovers, he pulled them gently closer, and let a few happy tears escape on their shoulders. He gave a great sigh of relief and happiness as he finally was able to reconcile his early learning, at the knees of the worst pair of role models in the world, with the quite unconventional lifestyle they could all three happily agree on. He finally replied to Jocelyn's questions, "No, I don't think that would bother me at all. I love you both and know you love me and each other, so that wouldn't trouble me. As for watching," he snickered, "that's every man's fantasy I think."

They both smiled quite happily as they saw the look of peace and happiness come over him, and then pulled them to him. His comments into their shoulders made them all giggle and chuckle a bit. After a long few moments, he pulled back and leaned in to kiss Hermione, blisteringly, feeling her tremble for his efforts, always a sure sign she was very randy. He pulled back from their brief snog, smiled happily at Jocelyn, who had been snuggled into his neck and raining little kisses all over it and his shoulder while he was busy. He lowered his lips to hers, and for a moment it was awkward, as all first kisses are, but it only took that moment for it to go beyond and deepen into the mind numbing, heart stopping kisses he always shared with Hermione. He could feel his erection, already hard from the kiss with Hermione grow even more insistent, as he and Jocelyn explored each other's tongues and mouths. He was reminded of how much like her daughter she was, and yet how different at the same time. He was lost for a long time in the feelings he shared with this wonderful, sweet, brilliant, and caring woman. It was just how he felt for Hermione, and yet different because it was as unique as that relationship. Without even knowing he was doing so, his hands roamed over their backs and down to cup and fondle the backsides of both women. He absently noted how they felt almost the same, though Hermione was just a tad softer, and her bum slightly firmer, but, he had to admit, Jocelyn's felt just as nice.

While he was exploring their backsides, and trading one pair of lips for the other, two hands found their way up inside his t-shirt, wandering all over his chest and belly, playing with the line of hair across his chest and down to his waist. As the two women joined him in a three way kiss, he felt a hand, Jocelyn's he thought, slip into his shorts, and gently massage his raging erection. He was glad she wasn't too forceful with her ministrations, otherwise he might have come right then. When they all came up for air, the women grinned at each other and instantly divested him of his scant clothing, just the shirt and shorts since he hadn't got around to putting boxers on yet this morning.

Looking him in the eye Hermione asked, "You okay now Harry? Jocelyn and I talked this over for a while before we came here. We both love you beyond reason, and we both love each other just as much. We want to be in a true three way relationship with you. I see your past self, the Dursley part of your psyche, warring with the real you. It looks like the better part is winning. Is it really?"

"Yes, my loves, it is." He smiled at the smiles his calling them that engendered. "I could feel the crap I used to think try to take away my, our, happiness, and I wouldn't let it. You are right, Hermione, we do deserve to be happy, to find all the happiness in life we can, as you once told me. Now the only question I have, is will you Hermione Jane Granger, and will you Jocelyn Rose Granger, consent to marry me if that is possible?"

Jocelyn was only slightly more shocked than Hermione. While the former had not seen this absolutely mind blowing reversal of behaviour before, the latter had, but only on a few rare occasions. When Harry Potter made up his mind, he did not hesitate, did not look back. If he had to change his views and attitudes on something extremely important, this was the result. Hermione should have been prepared for it, but it took her breath away for a moment, regardless. Jocelyn was about as shocked as a woman can be.

Harry grinned and kissed her, then Hermione, both tenderly, and with all his feelings fed into his kisses. That, of course, left them even more breathless. He loved being able to shock his brilliant girlfriend, and now to shock his other brilliant girlfriend as well was the icing on his cake. He was as happy as a man could be. Of course, it didn't hurt that both of said girlfriends were currently stroking him in places he quite enjoyed being stroked. He did note that neither had answered his question yet, though.

Hermione sighed happily. "In the next few days I'm going to check the law libraries for the Ministry. I want to find out if multiple marriages are legal in the Wizarding world." He blinked at her. "We don't intend to let you get away from us now, since you just proposed to us both."

He laughed, "Like I'd want to get away from either of you."

"You don't need to research multiple marriages for me, honey," Jocelyn said. "I'm content to lounge around and be a kept woman," she finished with a laugh.

Hermione pulled the other woman tighter against her, "I'm doing it for me, Mum," she said in a husky voice. "I'm pervy, remember? Even if Harry didn't want to marry you, I do." She finished her pronouncement by pressing her lips to Jocelyn's. That kiss left *Harry* breathless.

"What do I do?" he asked when they finally broke off their kiss, and snuggled back into his shoulders. "I.. I *do* want to marry you both. What do I do if

you don't find anything, Hermione?"

Jocelyn kissed him deeply, then said, "You marry Hermione and take me as a lover. While it might legally be considered an affair, it's not exactly wrong if your wife knows about 'the other woman', is it? Especially if you're all sharing a bed every night." She grinned wickedly, her breathing rapid. "Now, you have two naked women held in your arms, and pressed against your own nude body, all of us in a high state of arousal - what, dear sir, are you going to do about this state of affairs?"

Harry then realized she was right, they were all breathing rapidly, and he for one was very highly aroused, in fact if they didn't stop stroking him soon he was likely to come all over them. "Perhaps 'affair' is a bad choice of words," he strangled out.

"Legally, it would be, but if we're all agreeable, then the law never comes into it," Hermione said.

Jocelyn chuckled then, and gently squeezed him, saying, "I'll say one thing about this whole situation, I am definitely looking forward to feeling this thing inside me. It just proves that all men are *not* created equal, no matter what that American Jefferson said, not that I have a *lot* to compare him to Hermione. Frank wasn't my first or, even my second. I hate to admit this to you, but times were different then and I had a few lovers before I met him, and this lovely appendage is definitely well above that average. I can see why you two go at it like rabbits."

Hermione giggled, adding, "I only saw a few others, and only had Ron before, but I have to agree. He is rather nicely equipped isn't he?"

"Hey," Harry laughed, "I'm right here you know. And that is *my* appendage you are discussing so crassly."

Jocelyn laughed and told him, with a smouldering seductiveness in her voice, "Yes, Harry, we know it is yours, and we are just waiting for it to be inserted in an appropriate receptacle. I've always wanted to make love in the grass," Jocelyn said. "Now, do I make love to you, or to Hermione? Or my personal preference - both?"

All Harry could do was blink. He was still trying to get his Dursley-warped brain totally wrapped around the concept that not only was he in love with two women, they were in love with him, and with each other. And that he was on the cusp of making love with both. He kissed her searingly again, and then moved his lips to Hermione. He'd continued rubbing their backs and bums, gently exploring them, but now his hands came around the front to cup the soft mounds at the tops of their thighs, one bare, one nearly, and found them both to be very wet already. He lightly massaged both, slipping a finger into each and absently comparing them. Hermione's was tighter, but not a lot so, and both gripped his fingers as they slid gently inside. As they continued snogging one or the other, or sometimes all three with their lips pressed in a three way kiss, Harry gently pulled the two lovelies down to the long grass. While he was busy snogging Jocelyn, Hermione slid down and kissed his flagpole, giving it a brief suck, before moving over between Jocelyn's legs, and spreading them for access.

As she began pleasuring a woman for the very first time, she felt Harry move down a bit, and looking up could see he was working on the Jocelyn's breasts. The woman was writhing slightly from all the attention her erogenous zones were receiving. Hermione continued her ministrations to this lovely opening and hot little pleasure centre until she eventually felt Jocelyn orgasm, then pulled slowly away, bringing her down the way she always had when masturbating herself; it seemed the right thing to do.

Harry was back to snogging Jocelyn as Hermione snaked up along his back. She whispered in his ear, "Baby, I want you to make love to Mum right now, and I'll just watch for the moment. She hasn't been loved like this for a long time, is that okay with you?"

Jocelyn pulled off Harry's lips, to say, "Hermione, I love you so much - are you sure?"

"Yes, Mum, I'm sure. Harry?"

"If that's what the two of you want, it's fine with me. I think this whole thing is going to take a lot of coordination and a considerable amount of compromise, but I also think that we all love each other so much it won't really be a problem."

Both women said, "Quite true, love," then laughed, which Harry put a stop to by snogging Hermione into insensibility, then moving his lips to Jocelyn's, and then gently rolling over on top of her. She didn't wait for them to come up for air, but hooked her heels on his thighs and guided him to her drenched opening. He slid into her, noting absently how much she felt like Hermione, and yet different at the same time. He loved that the two women were a complex of differing similarities, and revelled in the feeling as he gently pushed into her. She moaned in ecstasy, as their tongues jostled and played with each other. He felt Hermione slip a hand between to toy with Jocelyn's breasts, and her other was stroking his back and bum quite erotically. He broke off the kiss with Jocelyn, and smiled softly at his other love. It did take Jocelyn and him a few moments to get comfortable with each other, first sex being like a first kiss, but it was not long at all and they had found a very nice, comfortable rhythm as if this was anything but their first time.

Hermione was very happy as Harry did her bidding, making love with her Mum, as she knew the woman wanted. It had been a long time for Jocelyn, and she could hear the joy in her moans of delight as Harry plundered her with his impressive erection. Harry raised his head as she fondled the two of them and gave her a searing kiss, then nodded toward Jocelyn and raised himself to make room for her to kiss the other woman. All the while he continued with long, slow, languid strokes, eliciting further gasps and moans of erotic pleasure, as she matched him with her up-thrusts.

Jocelyn had never experienced a three way before. She'd once been invited to an orgy in the old days, but had just started dating Frank and had felt compelled to pass on the chance, so she knew this was a new experience for all of them. As Harry slipped into her pulsing opening, and went deeper than any man had ever gone before, he stretched her a little wider than she was used to as well. It didn't hurt at all, but it was deliciously and excitingly erotic in its difference. She almost came again right then. As he lifted up to kiss Hermione, she smiled, and then smiled even more broadly as he moved aside to let her loving daughter kiss her. The soft lips of the young woman felt oh so nice on hers, as their tongues moved lazily against each other's. She smiled as they explored each other, noting the differences in kissing a woman, which she hadn't felt in a long time. It was also amazing the gentle way Hermione had brought her to orgasm, and she could still taste herself on the girl's lips. She also could feel she was getting close again, and the closer she got the higher her legs seemed to go up around Harry. Then as she sucked eagerly on Hermione's

tongue and slid a hand between the other's legs, to massage her centre in return, she felt the boiling in her belly begin. She'd been so aroused by her two new lovers, that it was a wonder she hadn't come as soon as he entered her. Now she could not hold it back, and damned sure didn't want to. Her finger slid deeply into Hermione's opening, and she cried into her mouth, as the spasms rocked her very core and she clamped forcefully around the invader in her middle. She was lost to the world for a very long time in the best orgasm she'd had in many years. Frank was never this good.

Harry felt her begin to move insistently against him as Hermione snogged her, and it was all he could do to keep from coming himself. But he laid his head and arm on Hermione's back, amused that Jocelyn seemed to have gotten a hand into her daughter's business while nearly on the edge of orgasm herself. He decided that the three of them had more than enough imagination between them to make this exciting every time they made love. He was further amused, and not even surprised when Hermione gently disengaged from Jocelyn's lips and kissed her way down to suckle on her breasts, which seemed to make the woman's orgasm go on even longer. Harry just held on for the ride, and as soon as she calmed down started slamming against her, ready to release his own.

When Jocelyn came back to herself, it was to feel someone suckling her breasts and someone forcefully pounding into her, and she loved it. It was a feeling she'd never had. She finally figured out, with her orgasm fogged mind, that it was Hermione on her breasts, Harry pounding away at her centre, *I knew that, who else would it be*, she thought, and realized she still had a finger stuck inside the younger woman. As the two brought her more and more pleasure she massaged the hot little bud with her thumb as she slowly slipped two fingers in and out of the slickness. But then the mouth exciting her breasts beyond measure became even more insistent in its ministrations, as did the pounding at her crotch. She had no more than recovered from the second orgasm when she felt Harry's largesse swell, and with a great cry of gleeful exuberance he shot his hot juices into her. The mouth and hand on her breasts became even more demanding and the combination pulled her over a precarious edge once more. The orgasm was all the more forceful, because she wasn't expecting it, and seemed to last even longer than the last one. For a few moments she had no idea where she was or who she was with, and did not care. All she knew was this had to be the greatest orgasm of her life. Frank had certainly never taken her to these kinds of heights. Then for a few moments more she floated on a cloud of bliss borne of coming thrice within minutes.

Harry could hardly believe what he was feeling. He no more than started to come, when Jocelyn started to come again as well, and as he spilled into her, she clamped around him once more and milked him, as Hermione seemed to get excited as well. He thought she might have had a minor orgasm from all the excitement and her mum's ministrations. When all three of them calmed a bit, Hermione raised her lips to his briefly, but with immense feeling, and then lowered her face to Jocelyn's to snog her a bit longer. She then moved back so Harry could lay down and hold the woman, and kiss her himself. He felt Jocelyn almost seem to wrap herself around him, as he melted into her kiss, and was lost in the feelings for a long time, barely noticing Hermione stretching out alongside, and pressing tightly against them.

When she came back to her senses, Jocelyn realized she was in the act of snogging Harry, he was still inside her, and Hermione was snuggled closely in beside them. She moved her hand down to the nice warm and wet crotch again, and toyed with the younger woman's centre, while still engaged with Harry's lips, and when he lifted up from her lips, she turned her head to snog Hermione. He chuckled, and rolled off her on the opposite side. She continued toying with Hermione's wetness, and snogging with her, then decided she needed to return the favour from earlier. Slowly and gently she rolled her daughter onto her back, and slid down to suckle those delectable breasts, continuing to finger her. Harry immediately replaced her lips with his own, as she suckled and nibbled gently, then kissed her way downward, pausing to explore the lovely navel on her way.

Hermione's felt her legs seem to come up and fall open on their own, as Jocelyn positioned herself between them and started kissing her inner thighs and wet bulging mound. As Harry's tongue partially captured her attention, so did her mum plunder the depths of her folds, moving slowly up to her centre, and making her buck upward, just as the woman's hands began toying with her nipples. She was lost in the sensations immediately, as the two worked her over, Harry alternating between her lips and her breasts with a randomness that was driving her as mad as the tongue lashing her other lips.

Harry found it extremely erotic and started getting hard again as soon as Jocelyn started nibbling on Hermione's breasts, and as she progressed downward and he replaced her lips, he was approaching full erection, by the time she got herself positioned between his first lover's thighs, and was pleasuring her, he was more than ready, but he held off his own needs for now as he tended to Hermione's lips and breasts. He could tell she was getting closer and closer. But now his own desire was making him crazy, so he gently disengaged from her, crawled behind Jocelyn, and tenderly raised her hips a bit. Hermione moaned as he left her but then her mum started massaging her breasts again and that seemed to calm her.

Jocelyn gave a surprised, but muffled, grunt as he lifted her, but as he slid into her once again she moaned in pleasure, as did Hermione who seemed to be getting ready to come. As Harry lay down atop Jocelyn, Hermione came, rather forcefully, bucking her hips up to Jocelyn several times, although the woman didn't let it bother her in the least, or so it seemed to Harry. He just started pumping into her, as she brought his other lover down from her high. After a minute or so, Hermione calmed and looked up to grin at him and Jocelyn. He could tell if the latter smiled back or not, but he did, as he gently rocked back and forth. The older woman became more forceful again in ministering to the pair of nether lips in front of her, and Hermione appeared to lose the strength in her arms, flopping back on the sweet smelling grass with a delighted groan.

Jocelyn was quite amazed when she noticed Harry was hard again already, but flabbergasted when he crawled behind, lifted her hips, and re-entered her. She'd forgotten how quick could be the recovery time of a very young man. That grunting groan of pleasure she made, was transmitted to her renewed efforts at her daughter's centre. As Harry lay his weight on her, she was delighted he was long enough to still plunder her quite adequately with his extreme firmness, and was not at all surprised when Hermione came shortly after that. She'd only done this a couple of times before with a room-mate at university who left shortly after, unfortunately. She'd found she rather liked it, but had never felt comfortable enough with another woman, until now, to act on the desire. Now she was glad she could, and with the young woman she loved most in the world. That of course was only improved by the other ingredient in the mix who was making her feel so... fulfilled, was the only term she could think of.

Hermione was disappointed when Harry withdrew from ravaging her lips and breasts, but when she saw him kneeling behind her mum, she didn't mind a bit. *Should make things interesting*, she thought. Then very soon after, she couldn't think anything at all, nor did she care to. About the time she felt his movements moving Jocelyn, she started coming and it was every bit as good as when he brought her off this way. When she came down, it was to discover the woman had inserted two fingers and was massaging her inside, as well as continuing to give her centre a lovely tongue

massage. As Harry pounded away, she felt the hot breath coming in short burst on her, and her own breathing shortened again as well.

Harry was pounding into her with abandon now, which meant he was probably about to come, just as Jocelyn realized she was going to also, and got the distinct impression Hermione would very soon as well. And then it happened, and it was like sky rockets went off all around them, she came, as he came, as Hermione came, and for a long time all she knew was the sensations of three people coming at once, and it was incredible, especially for her, being in the middle.

When she came to, Hermione realized, to her delight, that all three of them had come at once, in one mind blowing, orgasmically blissful explosion of sheer ecstasy. It seemed she had passed out; in fact, it looked like they all had. She wondered, in that distant part of her mind which was always on, what that meant, certainly it was very unusual.

As Harry became aware once again of his surroundings he was a bit surprised to find he was lying fully on top of Jocelyn. He looked up and met Hermione's eyes, and they smiled warmly at each other, as he lifted his weight off Jocelyn so she could breathe. She had yet to come round, and he was mildly concerned about that. Much as he hated to, he extracted himself from her, and got off, crawling up beside her and Hermione. He looked to his other lover for a moment and saw the worry come into her eyes as well. Carefully, he rolled the beautiful woman over, gently removing her fingers from Hermione, and noticed she was breathing okay. He put his head to her chest and could hear her heart beating loudly, if a bit fast, which was understandable since she'd recently orgasmed. He peered up at a very worried looking Hermione, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Her breathing is fine, and her heartbeat sounds normal if a little fast from the orgasm. Is it my imagination, or did we all really come at the same time, love."

Despite herself, Hermione giggled, "Yeah, I'm pretty sure we did, and then for some odd reason we all passed out. Oh Harry," she pulled him to her for a hug, "I hope Mum's going to be okay. I'm scared, I really hope we didn't hurt her somehow."

"Honey, I don't know a lot about healing, as you know, and I probably know even less about group sex, but I don't see how that could have hurt her. Wait, I think her eyelids moved."

He disengaged enough from Hermione to get close enough, then lifted his other love's head into his lap, as she took a couple of deep breaths, before opening her eyes to look around blearily. "What... what happened, loves? Did I pass out?"

Hermione leaned down to hug her, as Harry stroked the older woman's hair gently. Softly, she kissed her mum, and said, "We all did, that was some mutual orgasm, I'd say," then giggled a little. "Oh, Mum, I'm so glad you're okay; do you feel alright?"

Harry added, "Me too, I was really worried when you didn't wake up when we did. I can't for the life of me understand why that happened though, can you Hermione, or you Joss?"

"Joss?" The woman looked up inquiringly at him, "Hmm, I think I like that. Others have tried to shorten my name before like that and I didn't care for it at all, but from you it sounds just right." She smiled a smouldering smile at him, and then at Hermione.

Harry returned the smile in kind, as did Hermione, who then gasped, and said, "Mum, Joss, you just passed out from an orgasm, you can't be randy again already. Can you?"

"Mmm, might be." She chuckled, and sat up in Harry's arms, moaning happily as she said, "That feels nice, love. Thank you. In truth, dears, it might be best to hold off on the next round for a bit. Do you think we should go back to the house now."

"Are you sure you feel like being Apparated, love? Harry asked.

Hermione chimed in with, "It might be best to wait a few minutes. Harry is there any way to get water here?"

Harry looked at her indulgently and amusedly, as he said, "Are you a witch or not?"

She slapped herself on the forehead, reached over to pick up her wand off the pile of their clothes, and conjured a glass of water for Joss. The woman reached her hand toward Hermione's and though their hands were almost two feet apart the glass flew right to her outstretched fingers. Harry and Hermione both gaped in surprise, as she sipped her water, then offered some to Harry. Only then did she realize something was amiss.

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Forever Yours, and Yours?

Chapter 4

Forever Yours, and Yours?

by Kinsfire and Herman Tumbleweed

A/N: We'd like to thank you for your patience while one of us was slightly out of it, er, well, ok so he was very out of it, as in way out in left field, over the fence, into the bay, and half way to Hawai'i. But at any rate we do appreciate your patience and hope you greatly enjoy this new instalment as much as we have in writing it.

Chapter Four: **Recompense**

The trio of nude lovers arrived back in the house with a very excited Jocelyn throwing her dressing gown in the general direction of the sofa and dancing around the room singing, at the top of her lungs, an old song by the group America, called *You Can Do Magic*. Hermione and Harry fell onto the couch laughing as they watched the beautiful woman prance and dance through the house as happy as either of them had ever seen. In fact, Hermione was sure she'd never seen the woman this happy.

Before they returned home, Hermione and Harry, after slowly recovering from the shock of Jocelyn's first ever bit of accidental magic, had each handed her their wands in turn. Hermione quickly taught her the levitation spell, *Wingardium Leviosa*, which she'd been able to perform with both wands at least as well as the first time Hermione had done ten years before. They were both impressed by it.

Now they were almost as excited as she was, and sat cuddling together, giggling and chuckling over her antics. Finally winding down, she danced up to them and fell into their laps as they all laughed uproariously.

After soundly kissing each of them, and sobering slightly, Jocelyn asked, "Hermione, love, how do you think this happened?"

Harry looked to his other love with the same question on his face. She replied, "I'm not entirely sure, Joss, dear. I think it may have been an odd confluence of emotion, desire for that outcome unconsciously by all of us, and then the mutual orgasm causing a magical burst from the two of us which enveloped you and transferred some of our power, or possibly jump started your own inherent but dormant magical ability."

Harry was nodding his head in understanding, but Jocelyn looked confused for a moment and asked, "How do you mean, jump started my own ability?"

Harry answered this time to Hermione's delighted amazement, "It's obvious that Hermione got the ability from somewhere, Joss, I would imagine somewhere back in your lineage there were some witches and/or wizards, but the magical ability has been dormant for several generations. Probably in Frank's family as well, and the two of you having this lovely woman together somehow brought out the previously recessive trait. So that means that you would almost have to have at least some latent ability, and our release of uncontrolled magic at that particular time brought out your latency. Probably, we transferred some power of our own as well, but it doesn't seem to have affected us in the least."

Hermione picked up the thread, "We are both very powerful magically, especially Harry, so it would not have much effect on us if we did give you some of our power. Consequently, I believe you might not be an especially powerful witch, but from the ease with which you picked up the levitation spell, I'd guess you are above average. How do you feel, now that you've calmed down? Do you feel okay, any dizziness or abnormal feelings at all?"

Jocelyn thought for a moment, "No, not at all. In fact I feel better than I have in years. I feel like I did when I was your age: strong, full of energy and great health, and my attitude is almost euphoric. It's like I've been given a new body almost. I really feel wonderful, now you mention it."

Harry and Hermione grinned at each other and simultaneously pulled her into a group hug, snogging and stroking her and each other exuberantly. Before it could get far enough for sex, though, she pulled back a bit and demanded, "Okay, you two randy... what the bloody hell does that all mean; that I feel so wonderful?"

The two laughed aloud for a moment, then Harry said, "Not to worry darling; it is proof positive that you are indeed a witch. Remember Hermione telling you how much longer we live than Muggles?"

"Oh, yes you did tell me that dear, some years ago... Oh! I see. So this means I should live a lot longer as well?"

"Yes, Mum... Joss, it does, and that means we have, at the minimum, a hundred years to all enjoy each other."

Jocelyn delightedly kissed both of them passionately, resulting in another grope fest which didn't end until Harry was lying on his back on the floor with Hermione giving herself an internal massage, with his help of course, and Joss sitting on his face while he massaged parts of her anatomy as well. As Hermione rode up and down on him, she massaged Jocelyn's now firmer breasts, while the two snogged, and both were impressed with Harry's ability to quite expertly do two things at once; or rather three since he was also fondling Hermione's nipples handily as well.

A few days later, the trio of happy lovers decided a nice holiday away from England was in order. At Harry's insistence, they booked first class seats for the following week on a flight to Dallas, with a connection to Las Vegas. Ditto on their flights a few days later to Honolulu, and then to The Garden Isle of Kauai. They had opted for Muggle travel so as not to give away Joss's newfound abilities.

In the meantime they were giving Joss a crash course in magic use, and taught her enough of the basics so she wouldn't get herself in trouble. She

rapidly progressed through the first two years of Transfiguration, Charms, Defence against the Dark Arts, and was even doing quite well with Potions. With two excellent teachers at her beck and call, she could hardly *not* do well. That coupled with her strong desire to catch up with her two lovers drove her to study hard and learn as fast as she was capable of. Harry realized the two wonderful women in his life were much more alike than he had previously realized.

By the time the day of their departure arrived, Joss was already studying the third year texts in preparation for learning those spells and methods. On the flight to Dallas she continued her studies with the books disguised as travel books. Harry and Hermione quietly answered her questions when they could do so without alerting anyone to the nature of her studies. Mostly she wrote them down, so as to not create problems, and would ask the pair after getting to Las Vegas. They were all looking forward to seeing the strange American place known as Sin City.

They were grateful for the few hours layover in Dallas, and took advantage of it to stretch their legs after clearing customs. A few well placed obfuscation charms had warded off the U.S. Agents from being too nosy about some of their more odd possessions, and soon they were able to spend a some time browsing the huge array of shops throughout the airport. They didn't buy anything, knowing they would have plenty of time for that in Las Vegas and Hawaii, but Harry did pick up a few candy bars to try out. The three of them tried several different varieties, and concluded that only the Ghirardelli chocolate came even close to the smoothness and taste of good European chocolate. This got them a few odd looks from people passing by, but they just snickered to each other. Americans were so proud of everything they had, and seemed to suffer from the "can't-be-as-good-if-it-wasn't-invented-here" syndrome.

Within a few hours they were flying high over the western US, commenting to each other how big it was and how much like a desert most of it looked. Soon enough they landed at a much smaller airport than they'd been in so far, and realized that the area was indeed a desert. They had known this, of course, but often the reality of seeing something in person as opposed to reading about it was a bit shocking. There was barely a green thing in sight.

Being as they had booked a very luxurious suite at the hotel they were met by a driver in chauffeur livery holding a sign which read "Potter" in very nicely done lettering, whereas many of the others held up signs obviously hand done. After announcing themselves to the driver, they followed her to the stretch limousine, an oversized converted Hummer in this case. She asked for and accepted their luggage tickets and disappeared for a little while after inviting them to avail themselves of the refreshments in the built-in bar. They all decided to stick to fizzy drinks since they'd had wine on the flight. The driver returned soon enough, stowed their luggage in the boot, and they enjoyed the very smooth ride to where they'd be staying for the next three nights.

The hotel complex was huge, Harry and Hermione commented that it was probably twice the size of Hogwarts, at least the parts of the school they knew. Being a magical castle, there was always the possibility there was much more to the castle than anyone alive actually knew. Regardless, the pretty, blonde chauffeur expertly parked the limo, and ushered them deftly and politely into the VIP check in area. A handsome young man invited them to be seated, while he checked them in, which only took a few moments, but did require that they show identification because of the recent attack on New York's World Trade Centre.

The young man then personally escorted the trio to the VIP elevators, hidden from normal view by a conveniently placed series of statues and paintings, and to their suite. After he left, graciously accepting a generous tip from Joss, she could tell the other two were slightly overwhelmed by the suite they'd been assigned to. Leading them to the bedroom she shed her travelling clothes helped the other two out of theirs while they goggled at the opulence surrounding them, and led them to the bathroom for a shower.

Once under, or rather in, the shower streams which came from three walls in the spacious shower stall, Harry came back to himself as did Hermione as well. Marvelling at the grandeur of the suite they talked softly about that and what they wanted to do the rest of the day. As they soaped and washed one another, Harry could feel himself becoming aroused, something which did not go unnoticed by the two lovely witches. He realized their breathing had quickened as well, indicating their own arousal. A long groping and snogging session under the warm water was followed by Joss lying out on the handy warmed bench where Hermione crawled over her and left her backside conveniently up in the air as she began working on the other woman's sensitive centre, eliciting moans and minor squeals of delight. For his part Harry grabbed hold of the suitably placed backside and eased himself into her delightful wetness which also brought about a few moans and other sounds of pleasure. As he carefully rocked his hips back and forth so as not to push his love away from his other love's pleasure, he reached down to massage the now firmer breasts of the latter. Joss in her turn was massaging his balls and tickling Hermione's centre at the same time with one hand and her breasts with the other. Before long all of them were moaning and groaning their individual and shared pleasure and all three came within moments of each other. Joss was first, as she squealed her delight, followed immediately by Hermione whose own shout of pleasure was somewhat muffled by the pussy her face was buried in. Harry first groaned as Hermione tightened and rippled around him, then gave out a series of loud grunts as his orgasm caused him to grab her hips and ram his manhood forcefully into her a few times, all the while spurting his juices into her. While there was not the burst of magical energy of the time they had jump-started Joss's magic, he did see quite a bit of magic swirling around them as all three orgasms overlapped by a few seconds. He thought it was very pretty, all the colours in ever changing patterns.

When they finally came down from their respective highs, Harry had no choice but to pull out of Hermione, fall back against the wall behind him, and sink to a sitting position on the floor. He watched as Hermione carefully rolled off Joss and lay down on the floor next to the bench. She grinned at Harry in a sleepy, seductive, post-coital way, which he returned in kind. Joss rolled to her side so she could see both of the others and smiled as well.

"That," Joss panted, "was almost as good... as that mutual orgasm... in Godric's Hollow." All three chuckled, albeit breathlessly, at her comment.

Several minutes later the three of them were finally able to move enough to stand and wobble their ways back into the centre of the shower, and, holding each other up, to get cleaned up again from the rousing bout of sex. Showing the stamina of being magical beings who kept themselves in excellent shape they were soon teasing one another and laughing at the fact they had almost had another mutual orgasm and at what scenarios they imagined might have resulted.

Hermione said, ever the practical one, "I doubt it would have affected us that much, but who knows what might have happened to the shower." Letting out her relatively new-found playful side, she added, "We might have wound up with a waterfall complete with a nice big pool and

merpeople.”

When they all finished laughing, Harry mused, “How would we explain to the hotel management that the suite was now a bit larger than it should be?” After they all chuckled at the imagined looks of the hotel staff, he went on, “Personally I think we would have all become stronger in our magic.”

Joss purred, “Oh, I don’t know, Harry, I think your wand is quite magical and definitely strong enough as it is.” With her over the top, seductive voice they all three giggled and snogged for a bit as the two witches massaged Harry’s wand for a moment, before relenting to his gasped protests that he was hungry. This of course resulted in a chorus from the two women that he was always hungry, and another round of laughing over his feigned protestations.

It was very early in the morning, although their body clocks told them it should be afternoon. Being as it had been several hours since their last meal on the plane, they looked through the hotel guide and decided on one of the nicer restaurants which advertised a large breakfast buffet.

After having their fill of the various American dishes they’d tried, many of which were quite similar to British ones, though many were not, they wandered around the huge casino for a bit looking at all the different games available for them to try their luck on. Having been told by the young man checking them in that they were considered VIP’s given the suite they’d booked, they finally found the appropriate cashiers window which catered to the “upper crust” guests and exchanged several thousand Pounds for Dollars with which to gamble. Harry of course had extracted said pounds from his Gringotts wallet which took the money directly from his burgeoning vaults.

After sampling some of the slot machines and several table games, the three decided they liked the machines better, with all the flashing lights. They’d been told by the Wizarding travel agent who’d booked the trip for them to be very careful about their magic around such machines as it could cause a malfunction and bring attention to them if they won too often. Still, they found the machines much more enjoyable and had a lot of fun watching wheels spin around and video screens flash all kinds of interesting messages. Even though they were all careful to keep their magic in check, they did find that they seemed to be having better than average luck compared to the people around them. Being morning on a weekday, the casino was not all that busy and they mostly had their pick of what games to play. Harry noticed there were quite a few folks who seemed to also be on holiday and had as much fun watching the people as he did playing the games.

As the morning wore on into afternoon, they decided to take a break for lunch and a brief nap. Another of the tips from the travel agent concerning the time changes was to take a nap once in a while until they got adjusted to the difference. After a nice luncheon in another up-scale restaurant, the three retired to their room, where once again their hormones took over. Harry watched for a while as the two women pleased each other, being wholly turned on by the scene playing out in front of him. When both women had come, Joss crawled on top of Harry and took him inside her as if she’d not had him in forever, and it was not long before he spouted into her warmth. A few minutes of recovery and snogging with Hermione, and she did the same, though he came a couple of minutes after she did. They all had found, days before, that they enjoyed, and were greatly turned on by, watching the other two make love. They all thought it was a wonderful way of life they had.

As they all collapsed together on the huge king size bed in a tangle of arms legs and torsos, they were asleep within minutes. It was about two hours later when they awoke and after a nice shower, together of course, they dressed while playfully teasing each other and made their way back down to the casino. They had more or less broken even on their earlier play, so they decided they might as well use the high limit slot area where they had to bet a lot more, but would reap greater rewards if they won. They didn’t really care if they did win, of course, they were just there to have fun.

It was a couple of hours later when Harry decided he needed to visit the loo, and Joss said she could stand to as well. Hermione said she was fine, and as was having such a good time with the machine she was playing told them to go on ahead.

As she played on with her machine, Hermione was chuckling to herself imagining the two of her lovers sneaking into one of the loos for a quickie, which she would not have put past them. Harry was quite capable of casting charms to hide their entry and exit, not to mention silencing spells to cover any noise they might make while so engaged. Had she followed the pair she would have found she was right, as the two did share a stall in the ladies room to take care of business and get in a rousing bout.

After they’d been gone a while, she noticed a man off to her left playing another machine and who seemed to move around every so often and to be getting closer to her. She knew the security in here was top notch, and didn’t feel any of her internal warnings of malicious intent by the man, so she ignored him and continued to enjoy herself and imagine what was taking her lovers so long, knowing full well by now just what it was.

The next time she noticed the man, he was at a machine behind and to her right, though once again she felt she had no reason to be concerned and paid him no mind at all. It was a few minutes later that she felt a presence near her right side, slightly behind her, and caught the man’s reflection in her machines face. She continued to ignore him, until he cleared his throat.

“Sorry, miss,” he began in a decidedly British voice, a voice she knew as well as Harry’s or Joss’s. She froze for a moment, as he went on, “You seem to be alone, and as I am as well, I was rather hoping you might consider some company for the afternoon, and evening as well if you’d like. You are a very attractive lady, to say the least, and I’m ever so lonely being so far from home.” He was smooth and almost convincing in his tone as a plan formed in her mind.

She lowered her voice a couple of octaves and magically disguised it in a heartbeat as she replied without turning around, “Why thank you for the compliment, kind sir. I too am a long way from home, as you can tell. I do seem to have been abandoned by my companions for now, what did you have in mind?” She put a coy tone in her voice on the last, baiting him.

“Well, I hate to be too forward,” he smarmily warmed up to her apparent interest, “but a hot young thing like you shouldn’t have to go around without an escort. I’d be glad to accompany you for a nice candlelit dinner and then perhaps a few drinks in my suite after.”

“Oh, kind sir,” she had to keep from laughing and retching at the same time, “I don’t think that would be too seemly. Why I don’t even know your name, and we haven’t been properly introduced at all.” She used all her womanly charms as she carefully kept her emotions in check.

Oh come now, dear lady, times have changed. And since we are here in this place where what happens here stays here, I see no reason to be quite so formal. However if you insist, my name is Doctor Henry Abbot, and I am from Lincolnshire. And who might you be, my dear lovely?" "I might be Pamela Anderson, but I'm not. Call me Jane Farmer." She knew that his eyes had definitely not risen above her breasts, or else he'd have recognized her face. After all, she could see *his* face in the reflection off the machine she was playing, and she could tell that his eyes were glued on her chest and the nipples that had stiffened while thinking about Harry and Joss enjoying themselves in the loo. She found herself cursing now that she *hadn't* worn a bra – but her lovers both rather enjoyed the swaying motions beneath the soft cotton dress she wore, so she hadn't.

"Well, Jane, I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. May I begin to escort you?" he asked, trying to sound suave.

"I need to let my acquaintances know what I'm doing ... hmm, I wonder. How adventurous are you, Mr Abbot?"

"I like to think I'm fairly open to new things. What do you contemplate, Miss Farmer?" she could hear the excitement in his voice, and she rather soundly informed her stomach that it was not to return what she had eaten earlier.

After successfully avoiding a reverse peristaltic episode, she purred, "Well, I happen to know that my companions would be interested in ... meeting you, shall we say? You're a fine figure of a man, and the two of them are far more attractive than I am. And more adventurous than I am." She dropped the voice again slightly as she finished with, "And I'm feeling extremely adventurous now."

"Shall we go find them?" he asked, his voice giving away that he was extremely excited.

"Wait for me here," she said. "I need to hit the ladies facilities. If nothing else, they've likely started without me." She hit the cash out button on the machine and took the receipt, slipping it into the small bag she carried with her. "I'll be right back." She stood and walked away from him, intentionally putting an extra sway to her hips. Harry had always told her that her *arse* was a work of art, so she hoped that Frank thought so. Apparently some of the other patrons seemed to agree with Harry, based on the appreciative looks she was getting.

When she made it to the ladies room, she could feel the magic, and then a sudden pulsing increase in the sheer volume of magic around her, and knew what had happened, given that her nipples had tightened considerably despite the incident with her father. She opened the door and stepped inside and quickly verified that Joss and Harry were the only other two in there.

"Guys, we have a minor problem out here," she said. Moments later, the two spilled from the stall still putting pleasant bits of themselves back in their clothes. She was distracted as she watched Harry stuff himself back into his trousers, not noticing when she released a small noise of disappointment.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked. He then snapped his fingers in front of her face to get her mind back on her reason for being there. "What happened?"

"Well, while I was waiting on you two randy adventuresome rascals, I noticed a man slowly working his way closer to me, machine by machine. He finally got up the nerve to stand where he could look at and talk to me. More precisely, where he could talk to the girls, because he couldn't get his eyes off these nipples." She absently thumbed them through the dress.

"I can understand that," Harry said with a smile. "I certainly take every chance I get to tell you how luscious I think they are."

"Well, if he'd gotten his eyes above my tits, he'd not have hit on me. He introduced himself as Henry Abbot of Lincolnshire, but we all know him as Frank Granger."

Harry's fists and jaw clenched and his eyes flared, so the two women immediately rushed forward and pressed against him. "Killing him is not an option," Hermione said firmly. "Besides, I have an idea for humiliating him. I never told him a lie, but was careful in my phrasings. I told him that I had two companions who would want to meet him, who were far more adventurous than I was, and who were more attractive than me."

"Well, there's your first lie," Harry interrupted.

"Yes dear," she responded with a smile. "You're biased. But I was figuring that we could get out of here and past him, but give a description of him to the security folks and ask them to tell him that we've gone to get ready – that we'll meet him in a local restaurant."

"We get a table in the back, away from everyone," Jocelyn said, picking up the thread, "and preferably with dim lighting. We wait for him to come back to meet you-slash-us, and then you can rather loudly exclaim about him being your father and asking why he was hitting on you."

"Right. In the right place, his face will get around the city in no time at all."

"Hard Rock Café," Harry said simply. "I discovered that I have an in with the owner of this one – he's a Squib and a Quidditch fan, and wants me to go pro. He offered me a table anywhere I want, with a meal on the house, as long as he can take a photo of the famous Quidditch player Harry Potter."

"I know how you hate fame," Hermione began.

"I don't mind in this case. He doesn't give a damn about the Boy Who Lived And Defeated An Idiot. He wants to know all the sports guys."

She laughed, and Joss said, "Well, let's sneak past the snake and let the hotel staff know to tell him. We'll get the table at the Hard Rock."

"Wear your sexiest clothes, ladies," Harry said. "Make it that much less likely that his eyes will ever get above your perfect breasts." He wiggled his eyebrows. "Besides, I know I'll enjoy the view as well, and we have a balcony to break in, as far as our favourite activity goes."

"We're not going to be able to walk straight," Joss said with an aroused giggle.

“Thank God,” Hermione breathed with her own answering giggle.

The Hard Rock Café was crowded, but this was Vegas, and this was a popular restaurant, so that was a given. The three positioned themselves such that Harry would not be visible to Frank until he was actually at the table.

Harry was pretty sure that the table was going to move when he stood up, given the blouses that both ladies were wearing. They were thin and shimmering, and hugged them as if their skin were wet. And with certain signs of excitement evident on both ladies, he was fairly certain that Frank’s eyes wouldn’t make it to their faces – again.

A few minutes later proved his suspicions correct – at least the ones regarding Frank’s eyes. *How in Hell do you meet someone and not know what they look like? The more I learn of him, the more I know that Joss raised Hermione, because there’s no way this asshole could have had anything good to do with her upbringing.*

“Hello, Miss Farmer,” he said, as he was shown to their table.

“Hello, Frank,” Jocelyn said in her normal voice. His eyes, which had locked on her breasts and caused him to lick his lips, shot wide open and he stared at his ex-wife. He then looked at the other woman, and his face lost all colour.

“I was ... I-”

“You were hitting on your own daughter, Frank,” Harry said in a normal voice that he magically enhanced to be heard by everyone nearby. “You couldn’t get your eyes above her breasts. Tell me, if she’d decided to see just how far you’d go before you looked at her face, would you have gotten her naked before you realized you were trying to fuck your own daughter?”

“And get her into a threesome as well,” Hermione added sweetly. “You remember my middle name, don’t you, *Daddy?*” she asked sarcastically. “And the fact that a grange is a type of farm? You walked over to me at the slots and talked to my tits, and made an agreement to meet me and your ex-wife for further ... conversation. You made it rather clear that dinner was likely to be a warm-up for sex later. You were so focused on my body that you never even looked at my face.”

“If it weren’t for the fact that I was the faithful one in the partnership,” Jocelyn said, “I’d wonder if you were her father. But since there’s no one else it *could* be -”

“Oh my God,” he replied, and crumpled bonelessly to the floor, striking his head on the table on the way down. Harry slid out and checked him over, quietly healing the worst of the damage and also casting an extra charm onto the man.

An ambulance crew arrived as Frank was waking up. the crowd was talking about him and what they’d heard as he was being carted away. The three sat back down at their table and the owner showed up. “I’m sorry about what happened. Your meals are on the house,” he said.

“I couldn’t, Trent,” Harry said. “While we weren’t expecting him to pass out, we did expect him to show up, so it wasn’t a surprise. We’ll pay like anyone else would.”

“And how do you expect to get me to accept your payment, Mr Potter?” was the laughing reply. “It’s my choice to do this. You’re being nice enough to allow the picture, so let me pay for the meals.”

“Would you complain if these two lovely ladies were in the picture as well?” Harry asked.

“Hmm, get my picture taken with a Quidditch star and his super-model girlfriends, or just with the star.” He looked at Harry with an expression that fairly screamed, ‘Do you think I’m stupid?’ He headed off to the back after working out when the picture would be taken.

“What was the final spell you cast on Frank?” Joss asked Harry finally, after they all quit chuckling over Trent’s antics.

“It was an impotence curse. He can rise to the occasion, and even pleasure himself, but the second he tries to, shall we say, put things into play with any lover he’ll find himself getting soft on her.” He grinned devilishly. . “The curse stays until he realizes what he did to you two and comes to apologise for his actions.”

“Delightfully nasty, and terribly apt,” she laughed, albeit a little sadly. “Where did you learn that one?”

“Your lovely other lover ,” he replied winking suggestively. “We both like looking up esoteric spells. She found that one and showed it to me.”

Jocelyn smiled and caressed both their cheeks and then looked at her daughter. “I know what you’re thinking, honey, and there’s a difference. We walked into this knowing what was happening. Frank was just looking for a piece of tail.”

“I know,” she sighed. “It’s just that I feel a little hypocritical to be making love to my mother while screaming at my father for finding me sexy. Why is it all right for you but not him?”

“Because your mother loves *you* and not the piece of heaven between your thighs,” Harry replied. “Frank just wanted to fuck something pretty. Joss wants to *love* a woman whom she loves. It just so happens that the loving involves a physical component. Frank’s wasn’t love – it was just physicality--a way to make him feel like more of a man..”

They finished their meals with light talk of a less serious nature and headed back to the hotel, where Hermione was gently made love to several

times in succession by Harry and Joss alternately and together. They spent most of the rest of the night making love, and napping off and on. The shower got a good and thorough work out as well, since they had all decided they liked its ambience when it came to making their sex life even more interesting.

For the next three days they spent a lot of time in the casino, saw several really excellent stage shows, went to all the casinos on the strip to gawk at the billions of pounds spent on the lavish facilities and watching the wide variety of interesting spectacles put on by many of them. Having seen most of the major attractions in Las Vegas, and having thoroughly enjoyed their visit to "Sin City" they bid it adieu and winged their way to the garden isle of Kaua'i. The brief stopover in Honolulu, where they had to change planes, was as welcome as when they'd gotten to Dallas on the way to Las Vegas. It gave them a short break to stretch their legs and get their first glimpse of Hawai'i. They were a bit disappointed in what they did get to see, which was mostly concrete and covered walkways, but they could see a few palms and the air smelled differently than they'd ever experienced before. Later they found it was because of the lushness of the vegetation on the islands.

Arriving a few hours later on Kaua'i they were once again chauffeured to their resort, which in this case was a wizarding one. Being this far from home they had little to worry of Joss being discovered to have become a witch. It wasn't so much that they were concerned about anyone finding out she was magical, it was the splash of headlines that little revelation was sure to generate. The Muggle mother of one of the heroes of Wizarding Britain suddenly becoming magical, especially with Harry Potter being involved, would generate at least a week of headlines and countless articles in magazines and journals for months. They just didn't want the publicity, especially with their rather unusual relationship.

The hotel room was booked in Joss's name, she had resumed her maiden name when getting divorced, so they were able to obscure the fact that the world famous Harry Potter, and only slightly less famous Hermione Granger were guests. Even though the resort catered to the very wealthy among the world's wizarding populace, it was well known that the paparazzi were as bad in the wizarding world as in the Muggle one. It was not beyond the pale to imagine a hotel employee making quite a few galleons for tipping the rabid photographers and press to the presence of such a celebrated pair.

For a bit over two weeks, they greatly enjoyed the sun and surf and took several magical tours of the island, seeing nearly every nook and cranny of it. They even got to meet a number of magical creatures found only in Hawai'i including the fabled two headed Garden Dragon, which turned out to be the only ruminant species of dragon, which was very gentle and naturally tame. They got to personally meet and pat one of the huge creatures who took to Joss especially well. It kept nuzzling her with one head or the other, and at one point gave her a gently hug between both huge heads.

The same day they met the dragon they spent the afternoon on the beach, under a huge umbrella with built in privacy charms, soaking up the sun and talking about the trip so far. It was about half way thru their stay, and they were all totally nude as they evened out their tans with a judicious use of Sleekeazy's Sun Potion, in varying quantities on different parts of their bodies. A similarly judicious use of obscuring charms allowed them to swim every so often without having to get into suits. They all agreed swimming nude in the warm water was much more fun and tantalizing, especially since they could fondle one another below the surface.

During one of their quiet times, Harry asked Joss. "You know quite a bit about investing, don't you?"

"Sure Harry, Frank and I invested quite often in various things, which I've kept up with naturally. Why do you ask?"

"Hmm, well, I have a half formed idea on something I've been considering for a long time. I would like to buy an island and create a resort on part of it, a retirement home for House Elves on another part, and a reserve on the rest for whatever creatures are considered endangered by the wizarding world."

For a moment there was dead silence under the umbrella as the two women processed what he'd said, which was broken by a squeal from Hermione as she launched herself from the opposite side of Joss, who was in the middle, and landed on Harry. He gave out with a grunting "oof", which was smothered by a pair of lips locking onto his.

When they came up for air, Joss was laughing at her female lover's reaction, knowing what had triggered it. Hermione said with passion, "I so love you so very much Harry Potter, why didn't you tell me about that before?"

"Because one of the things I've been researching is House Elves and what happens to them when they get old. They have to stay bound to a family for most of their lives or they become sick and die, but when they reach a certain point that bond is weakened and they no longer need the family to keep them alive. It turns out that once the bond weakens, they can become totally free if they wish. Most of them just stay on with the family they have served, but many would like to have someplace else to go if they could. I'd like to endow a foundation with the ability to do just that. And it should be a place they could be comfortable with."

Joss said, "Harry, I think that is a wonderful idea. When we get back to London lets go and talk to the Goblins. I believe you have a few *ins* there, if I'm not mistaken."

Hermione snorted, and replied for a Harry who'd started turning a bit red faced, "I'll say he has a few **INS** with the Goblins. As far as they are concerned he's more a Goblin than a wizard. They owe their greater freedom and the fact that a war between them and the Wizarding World was averted because of the acts of this very humble man I'm lying on. He's also getting hard because of where my kitty is rubbing on him."

She increased the movements of her hips which had been only moving back and forth a little on him. Very soon she reached down and slipped him inside her as Joss watched her two insatiable lovers. Not that she was easily sated, truth be known, but the two younger ones were always ready to make love, it seemed. She just let them have at it and enjoyed watching, though each of them did kiss her now and again. She felt very loved, much more than she ever had with Frank.

A week later they flew to San Francisco and spent a few days exploring the wonders of the City by the Bay, then took a direct flight from there to London. Upon arriving home, they spent three days getting their body clocks readjusted again, but agreed the trip had been well worth that minor hassle. A few weeks later Harry and Hermione entered University, while Joss worked with the Goblins, whom she got on famously with, and before

the youngsters had finished their first year at Cambridge, she had acquired a very large island in the South Pacific which had been Wizarding Owned for so long it did not appear on any Muggle maps, and was therefore unplottable.

The three celebrated with a whole night of lovemaking lubricated with several bottles of very good champagne. A few weeks later, both women discovered they might have a slight problem.

TBC...tee hee hee