

Chapter 12

After finding a book on time travel that mentioned something about a 'closed loop,' Harry got pretty excited. Six hours later, all he had was a massive headache and very little understanding of what the author was on about. All he really knew, with the help of Suzette and Hermione, was that it had almost nothing to do with his situation.

Tired and frustrated, Harry laid on a bench in the Transfiguration courtyard with his head resting in Suzette's lap. As her fingers ran through his hair, he was grateful Professor Flitwick had already put up the warming charms. Unlike the cold Scottish winter surrounding the rest of the castle, the courtyard felt more like late spring.

"Oo are you taking to the ball?" Suzette asked quietly.

"No one," Harry said. "I was planning on skipping tonight."

"Don't be so sad, 'Arry," she told him. "We'll find a way to stop this."

"I know," Harry said with a sigh.

"Besides, there are plenty of girls here 'oo would love to keep you company for the night," Suzette said.

Opening his eyes, Harry looked up to find her smirking down at him, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

"Like who?" Harry asked.

"The red 'ead behind me," Suzette said.

Turning his head, Harry caught a glimpse of a familiar face.

“That’s Ginny, Ron’s little sister,” Harry said. “I’m not sure how I’d feel about taking her to the ball with the way he’s been acting lately.”

“Ah,” Suzette said in understanding. “What about the two girls over there?”

Harry looked in the direction she nodded and furrowed his brow. He saw a pair of identical twins with long black hair, pale complexions, and slim figures.

“That’s Flora and Hestia Carrow, I think,” Harry said.

“Why not ask them?” Suzette asked.

“Both of them?” Harry asked in return with a raised eyebrow.

Suzette shrugged, “They like to share,”

Harry snorted and laid his head back down in her lap. He had to admit, the idea of taking twins to the ball was quite appealing. Maybe he could try and take Parvati and Padma together some time, he thought.

“What about you?” Harry asked.

“I’m going to see if ‘Ermione will go with me,” Suzette told him with a grin.

Harry blinked in surprise before laughing.

"I love to see that," he said with a grin.

"You already 'ave," she reminded him. "But I'll share the memory with you if anything happens."

"Alright, thanks," Harry said, then sat up, his head feeling much better. "Let's go get our dates before someone else asks them."

As if summoned by his words, Hermione returned from the bathroom. Harry excused himself just as she sat down next to Suzette and made his way over to Hestia and Flora. Unlike the Patil and Weasley twins, he couldn't see any way to tell them apart from one another.

"Hey girls," Harry said with a smile.

"Hello," they replied in unison.

"Listen, I was wondering - would like to go to the ball with me?" he asked.

"Both of us?" they asked together, their heads tilting in opposite directions.

"Why not?" Harry asked in return. "It didn't seem fair to only ask one of you."

Turning to look at each other, they seemed to have a silent conversation before smiling and turning back to him.

"We'd love to," they said as one.

"Great. Meet me in the Entrance Hall at seven?" Harry asked.

“Sure” one of them said.

“We’ll see you then,” said the other.

With a wave, they girls left, presumably to get ready for the ball. Harry turned around with a smile, then paused and it turned into a grin when he saw Hermione and Suzette kissing.

It’s going to be an interesting night, Harry thought to himself.

A few hours later, Harry was sitting at a table taking a break from dancing with his two dates. Both of them looked quite beautiful in their dark green dresses. Throughout the evening, Harry had learned how to tell the girls apart. Not only did Hestia have slightly lighter brown eyes than Flora, but she also tended to be the quieter of the two.

The night had been quite fun so far, and he found Hestia and Flora to be quite funny. They had a drier sense of humor like his own, with Hestia being the more mischievous, despite being less talkative. It had also been quite fun seeing the looks on people’s faces when he showed up with two Slytherin dates. Then again, it was always fun when something he did pissed off Malfoy. Especially when he wasn’t trying to.

Out on the dance floor, Suzette and Hermione were still dancing and having a great night. Poor Ron, who’d showed up without a date, looked like he couldn’t decide who he was more jealous of. With so much time on his hands, Harry wondered if he should try and find a good date for him. Despite their differences this year, he didn’t like seeing his friend looking so alone and sad.

“You know, we were really surprised when you asked us to the ball,” Flora said, pulling Harry out of his thoughts.

“Why’s that?” Harry asked.

“Our name,” Hestia said quietly.

At his curious look, Flora took over.

“Our aunt and uncle were Death Eaters,” she explained.

“Oh,” Harry said. “I didn’t know, but it honestly doesn’t matter. Merlin knows I’d hate to be judged by how my aunt and uncle behave.”

The girls both smiled gratefully at him.

“Didn’t you grow up with them?” Flora asked.

“Yes, but it was pleasant,” Harry said. “They’re kind of the reverse Death Eaters. They hate anything to do with magic.”

“Really?” they asked in unison.

“Yeah,” Harry said, smiling at their incredulous looks.

“Who doesn’t like magic?” Hestia asked.

“I think it’s the fact they don’t have it that makes them hate it so much,” Harry speculated. “Muggle or magical, people tend to fear what they don’t understand.”

“That’s true,” Flora agreed thoughtfully. “I wish our parents would let us visit the Muggle world. I’ve always found it rather fascinating how they manage without magic.”

“They don’t let you go into Muggle places?” Harry asked.

“They don’t like Muggles,” Hestia admitted quietly.

“Ah,” Harry said in understanding. “Well, I’m glad you two aren’t like that.”

As the girls smiled at him, their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Hermione and Suzette. Both of them were flush and a bit breathless as they sat down across the table from Harry and his dates.

“Having fun?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Oui,” “Yes,” they answered with matching grins.

“How’s your night going?” Hermione asked.

“Great,” Harry said. “We’re just taking a little break.”

““Arry, why don’t we all go for a walk?” Suzette asked with a playful smile. “You could show us that room you found on the seventh floor.”

Harry smiled back, knowing what she meant while Hermione, Flora, and Hestia looked at them curiously.

“What do you think?” Harry asked his dates.

Flora and Hestia looked at each other for a moment before Hestia shrugged.

“Alright,” Flora said.

“Let’s go,” Suzette said excitedly. “You’ll like this.”

Harry shook his head and smiled as he stood with his dates and followed Suzette and Hermione out of the Great Hall. It took only a couple of minutes, using Harry’s shortcuts, to get to the seventh floor. Suzette paced back and forth in front of the bare stretch of wall three times. On the third pass, just as Hermione was opening her mouth, a thick, wooden door melted out of the stone wall. Grinning, Suzette pushed open the door with a flourish. As they entered the room, it looked pretty bare, with only a fireplace, two couches, and a rug.

“What do you think?” Suzette asked.

“It’s... cozy,” Hermione said politely.

Rather than be put off by her lack of excitement, Suzette grinned even more broadly. Harry smiled as he watched her close her eyes and focus. A moment later, the back wall moved further back and two king sized bed sprouted from the floor about ten feet apart. Hermione gaped in shock while Suzette giggled at the expression on her face and followed her over as she went to inspect one of the beds.

“Wow, this magic is incredible,” Hermione said in awe as she ran her hand across the soft sheets. “Do you think it’s a form of Transfiguration or – umph!”

Hermione’s question was cut off as Suzette pushed her down on to the bed and kissed her passionately. Harry chuckled as Hestia and Flora stared at the two girls snogging heatedly on the bed like they weren’t there. He figured Suzette had seen something in his dates and brought them here for a reason, but even if she was wrong, he could always join her and Hermione a little later. Walking up behind the twins, Harry wrapped an arm around each of their shoulders.

“You know, there’s a free bed over there,” Harry pointed out.

Flora and Hestia looked away each other, turned back to the sound of Hermione's dress being unzipped, then turned back to each other and stared for a long moment. Just as Harry was starting to get worried, they smiled. Each of them took one of his hands, pulled it off of their shoulders, and pulled him over to the unoccupied bed. Flora pulled off his cloak and began working on his tie and shirt, while Hestia dropped to her knees and started unbuckling his belt.

Feeling pleasantly surprised by how fast the twins were moving things along, Harry pulled Flora close and kissed her. As their lips and tongues danced, she quickly unbuttoned his shirt and ran her hands over his chest. He felt his pants being pulled down and almost instantly felt the head of his cock enveloped in a hot, wet mouth.

"Bloody hell," Harry said.

Pulling back from Flora, he looked down to see Hestia looking up at him with his girth stretching her lips. While he was looking down at her slowly bobbing head, Flora undid the clasp behind her neck and unzipped her dress. Harry looked back up just in time to see the dark green material flutter to the floor and pool around her feet.

Like most of the girls Harry had taken to the ball, she wore no bra, leaving her in just a pair of silky, black panties. Flora was quite thin, and without her heels, stood a good four inches short than him. Her breasts, while small, looked fitting on her slender frame. They were also very perky, jutting from her chest and capped with light pink, puffy nipples, and small, red nipples. Every movement she made, no matter how small, caused them to bounce and jiggle enticingly on her chest.

Running a hand through Hestia's long, straight, black hair, Harry cupped one of Flora's breasts just as she leaned forward to kiss him again. His hand enveloped her small breast, and he enjoyed the way her soft mound felt as it gave way under his touch. Running his thumb of the tip, her areola felt smooth, and her tiny nipple barely stuck up above the rest of her breast. Taking it between his thumb and forefinger, he gave it a light squeeze, causing Flora to moan into his mouth.

Meanwhile, Hestia continued bobbing her head, her lips stretched wide around his impressive length. Gradually, she took him deeper and deeper until he slid along the roof of her mouth and

hit the back of her throat. Gagging lightly, she pulled back sharply, but settled quickly and sucked hard as she pulled all the way back to the head. With a wet pop, his rock-hard length came free from her mouth.

As she stood up next to him and Flora, Harry heard a loud gasp from across the room. Looking over, he found Hermione staring at him as she knelt over Suzette's face. Harry took a second to drink in the sight of her beautiful, naked body, before shrugging off his shirt and tossing it to the floor. Toeing off his shoes, he stepped out of his pants, leaving him just as naked.

With her sister out of the way, Flora licked her lips as she got her first good look at his pulsating erection. Harry picked her up and sat her down on the bed just as Hestia let her dress fall to the floor. Grabbing Flora's panties, he yanked them off of her and tossed them aside. His length looked almost monstrous in size as he placed it above her bald, taut slit. The head stopped nearly at her belly button, and it made him wonder if he'd actually be able to fit inside of her.

Flora seemed keen to find out as she wrapped her small hand around his shaft, her fingers barely touching, and lined him up with her damp entrance. Harry rubbed his thumb in circles just above her clit, causing her to let out a moan just as he started sinking into her. Hestia stepped up beside him, her eyes riveted to the sight of his thick shaft splitting open Flora's incredibly tight lips. As Harry sank slowly deeper into her grasping folds, he wrapped an arm around Hestia waist and kissed her hard.

Just past the halfway point, Flora began gasping and bucking her hips. Sitting up, her wide eyes stared at his thick shaft as more and more of it disappeared inside of her. When he finally bottomed out, she let out a high-pitched moan and collapsed onto her back. Hestia pulled her lips back from his at the sound and looked down at her sister.

"How does it feel?" she asked.

"So big," Flora panted. "This is so much better than our Muggle toys."

Harry pulsed at the thought of the two identical girls laying on their backs and passing a dildo back and forth between them. Harry tried to pull back, but Flora was so tight around him that

he started pulling her off the bed. Letting go of Hestia's waist, he gripped both of her thin hips firmly, his large hands wrapping around her easily, and held her in place. It was an incredible sensation as he dragged his length back out of her grasping folds. Flora fisted the sheets in a white knuckled grip and trembled as she stared open mouthed at his cock. With just his head trapped inside of her, Harry paused, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead. Her walls fluttered around him, as if trying desperately to suck him back in. After a brief moment, he obliged and slowly sank back into her.

Flora keened as his thick length forced her tight folds open around him, her eyes clamped shut. Hestia grabbed his face and turned his head to kiss him briefly before pulling away. Climbing onto the bed, she crawled over to Flora before, shockingly, she bent down and kissed her on the lips passionately. Harry's cock throbbed as he watched their tongues meet just before his view was obscured by a curtain of dark hair. After a few seconds, Hestia sat up on her knees and shuffled around until she knelt over Flora's head. As soon as she was in reach, Flora eagerly kissed and licked her folds.

Incredibly aroused, Harry leaned forward and began thrusting faster into the girl pinned under him. Flora loud, sensual moan was muffled by Hestia's bare mound. As she began to loosen around him slightly, he increased his tempo while leaning forward to kiss Hestia on the lips. With one hand, he reached up and caressed one of her breasts. Moaning lightly into his mouth, she placed her hand over his and squeezed it firmly. Realizing what she wanted, Harry's touch grew much firmer. Hestia inhaled sharply through her nose and moaned much more loudly as he groped her chest roughly.

Under them, Flora began to pant and moan heavily. With each new thrust of his cock, she arched her back and bucked her hips to meet him. Suddenly, her folds clamped so tightly around him he could hardly move. Harry groaned as she spasmed around him from her powerful climax. Hestia moaned as Flora screamed into her slit.

When she finally calmed, Harry gripped her hips tightly and pulled his hips back. Slowly, his drenched cock came free from her tight gasp. He was barely out of her before Hestia crawled forward and hugged him while grinding herself down on his length. Chuckling against her lips, Harry easily lifted her up in his arms. Hestia reached under herself and placed his swollen head at her entrance before lowering her weight onto him.

"She likes it rough," Flora panted.

Harry pulled back and looked at Flora, who nodded her head eagerly. Smiling, he walked between the two beds and pinned her against the wall. Staring into her eyes, he drove his hips forward relentlessly. Hestia gasped and clawed at his back as his cock stretched out her tight walls. Just like her sister, she was so tight he had trouble pulling out of her.

Hooking his arms under her legs, Hestia was folded in half as her knees pressed against her chest. With her entire body pinned to the wall by his arms, Harry was able to hold her in place as he drew his cock back. With just the head between her lips, he changed course and plowed into her. Hestia gasped and threw her head back to moan while her hands clutched at his shoulders.

Hearing a scream behind him, he turned his head and looked back to see Hermione climaxing hard. The most exciting part for Harry, was that she was watching him as she did. Grinning, Harry pulled Hestia away from the wall as she stared at them with wide eyes. Standing next to Hermione as she slid off of Suzette's face with a deep blush, he held Hestia tightly and started hammering into her with short, fast strokes. Somehow, Hermione's brown eyes got even wider.

Laughing, Suzette stood up and turned Harry's head to give him a kiss. When she pulled back, they shared a brief but meaningful look before she kissed Hestia cheek and squeezed one of her wildly jiggling breasts.

"Do you mind sharing?" Flora asked Suzette nervously.

"Not if you don't?" Suzette told her.

Grinning, Flora jumped off the bed and trotted quickly over to the other one, her pretty little tits bouncing beautifully. Surprisingly, she walked right past them and crawled onto the bed with Hermione. His best friend turned her head just in time for Flora to lean forward and kiss her on the lips. Hermione moaned in surprise but relaxed after a moment and kissed the younger Slytherin back.

"I didn't see that coming," Harry said with a laugh.

Slowing his thrusts to a stop, he laid Hestia down a couple of feet away from where her sister was snogging Hermione heatedly.

“We’ve always fancied you and Hermione,” Hestia said with a smirk.

Shaking his head incredulously, Harry leaned down to kiss her before pulling out of her completely. Hestia moaned in disappointment, but he ignored it in favor of rolling her over onto her stomach. Gripping her small ass firmly, he groped her rear briefly before smacking her cheek playfully. Smiling at her small yelp, Harry grabbed her shoulders and slammed back into her. Hestia clawed at the bedding and cried out as she came from that single, brutal thrust.

Crawling onto the bed, Suzette knelt over Hermione’s face this time, while Flora was between her legs. Harry throbbed at the sight as he ignored Hestia’s climax and began pounding into her with hard, deep thrusts. His muscles strained as he fought to drag his length out of her each time he filled her clutching depths. He’d never had to work so hard to get off before, but the feeling of her silky walls hugging his sensitive head was well worth the effort.

As he hammered Hestia into the mattress with powerful thrusts, he looked over to watch the other three girls. It was an orgy of visual stimulation as he watched the busty blonde, the curvy, curly haired brunette, and the thin, dark-haired doppelganger of the girl he was ruining. Suzette, in particular, looked incredible as she panted and rolled her hips while groping one of her large breasts. That fact that she was doing that while riding Hermione face like it was her own personal sex toy didn’t hurt either.

Just as that thought crossed his mind, Suzette looked at him with a lustful smile. Cupping her breasts, she shook them for him and then lifted on up to suck her own hard, pink nipple. Excitedly, Harry throbbed and fucked Hestia even harder as he neared his peak. Grinning, Suzette reached down, pinched one of Hermione’s nipples with each hand, and pulled them roughly. Hermione arched her back with a loud, pleased moan just as Harry slammed deep into Hestia and let loose a torrent of cum.

Feeling him climax inside of her, Hestia moaned and shivered. As he pulled out of her, Suzette cried out as she tipped over the edge. Harry had barely softened before the sight had him hardening all over again.

Sliding off of Hermione's face, Suzette crawled over to him with a smile and kissed him deeply. As she pulled him onto the bed, he knew it was going to be a long night.