

Girls Just Wanna Have Fun

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Draco was caressing her cheek and pushing her black hair away from her face. She had grown up, he had to admit it. Pansy Malfoy was now more than a smug-faced bitch walking down the corridors of Hogwarts. She had become a woman, his woman, his wife. When he thought of it, he couldn't have picked anyone better. She shared his beliefs and opinions and respected him. She made him a stronger and ambitious man who was able to conquer everything he wanted to. They were only in their twenties, it was true; but after finishing school, it is thought that a wizard should be prepared to face the world out there. And with a fierce woman by his side, he was certainly ready.

Everything had changed for him after the Battle of Hogwarts. He realized that he would never win by discriminating against people who were not Purebloods. In today's society – after the Dark Lord was defeated –everyone was afforded the same opportunities. Fortunately, he was able to penetrate his wife's mind with these ideas and eliminate her prejudices.

Actually, he was even able to discover Pansy's darkest secret: she fancied girls. And not fancy in an "I think they're cute" type of way; it was a more in an "I like to have wild sex with them" manner.

Not that he minded at all; actually, it was one of his fantasies to have two girls spoiling him with their bodies. The thing was that they didn't know anyone who wanted to have that experience with them. And of course, to make things more difficult, you couldn't introduce that theme in casual talk. Draco thought it to be rude to ask girls if they wanted to have sex with them.

Fortunately, he had made a truce with his old enemies. Including Potter and somewhat Weasley – the last one still getting on his nerves sometimes. So now he was in a good position to know people and see if he could catch his prey. He knew he was good looking and that his wife was beautiful, so the physical thing wasn't a problem. The problem was that it had taken him years to get to know his wife's secret. How long would it take to find that out from a not so intimate person?

"I know this bar," said Pansy, interrupting his thoughts. "I used to go there to look for some girls." She giggled at her old behaviour and Draco couldn't help a grin.

"Do you think we should try there?"

"Definitely. I always saw a lot of couples there, only now do I understand why they were there."

"What about tomorrow night?"

"Are you aware that I first need to meet the girl? Not any random girl can touch me and my husband." She made a purring sound as she seductively caressed his chest.

"Whatever you say, darling."

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The Malfoy couple entered a dimly-lighted bar with lots of tables that filled it entirely. For an unknown bar, Malfoy thought it was huge compared to most wizards' bars. Pansy must have read his amazement in his expression because she explained it to him.

"It's a little big, but that's because it's one of the very few in England. Wizards are still a little prejudiced about homosexuality. And you know how difficult it is to establish a wizard bar in the middle of a Muggle street."

They both sat at a round blue table. The chairs were very comfortable and the music wasn't too loud. Draco started to look around the bar, searching for victims. He could see blondes, brunettes, redheads, thin girls, fat girls, girls without decency and girls who were hidden in a corner.

He looked at Pansy to see if she was admiring someone when he saw that her jaw was dropped in surprise.

"Is something wrong?"

"Are you seeing who I'm seeing?"

Draco looked in the direction she was pointing at and even his mouth opened in shock. None other than Hermione Granger was dancing crazily in the middle of many other girls. Draco had to admire the fact that the girl had changed a lot since they left school. Where before you could only see school robes and a backpack, now a fit pair of jeans and black tank top accentuated her curves. Her brown curls jumped along with her and her dance.

"Do you think we should say hello? Do you think she would talk to us?" Pansy asked, giggling.

"That would be a nice conversation. 'Hi Granger, remember us, the people who mocked and hated you at school? Would you like to have a nice little chat to remember old times when we insulted you?'" Draco smirked and Pansy just rolled her eyes.

"We grew up, Draco. I think it's time to forget school times and just have fun." She lifted her hand and called the waitress. "Besides, she has *definitely* grown up. And at least she is someone we can trust." Draco was looking bedazzled at his wife while she asked the waitress to buy Granger a drink in her name.

The moment the waitress reached Granger's side, while whispering in her ear and pointing to their table, he saw her gaze direct to their table. For a moment she didn't seem to acknowledge who they were, but as her mouth opened in astonishment, Draco realized she was as confused as he was. He looked at Pansy and noticed she was waving at the girl with a huge grin on her face. Sometimes he wondered if she remembered what they had done and said to Granger in school.

With the drink in her hand, Granger seemed to be fighting a deep struggle. One part of her didn't want to see them because of all the prejudices she had suffered from, some other part wanted to thank them as an educated person, and another one was feeling just like Draco: a deeper, inexplicable curiosity to see what could happen.

Since two of the possibilities directed her to their table, she excused herself from her group of girls and started walking in their direction. Pansy seemed radiant and Draco was only very confused. What would he say to her? ‘Hi! Me and my wife were thinking you could join us in sex and pretend we trusted each other since the beginning of times’?

That seemed to be exactly what was in Pansy’s mind when she spoke as Granger grabbed a chair and sat at their table. “Hi, Granger. Nice to see you! We didn’t expect to meet you here.”

“Hi, Parkin- Malfoy,” she corrected. “I didn’t expect to meet the two of you, either.”

“Oh well, it’s a small world. Especially when you frequent this type of bar.”

“Yes, I like it. I always have fun here.”

“That’s a new concept of you for us,” Draco blurted. He didn’t mean to offend her; he just wanted to know if she was still the same fierce Granger he had met in school. If she had changed that much this wouldn’t be half the fun.

“There are a lot of concepts about *me* that you have no idea about,” she quickly answered.

“Like what?”

“Like me kissing your wife to thank her for offering me a drink.” And as soon as she said this, she was already leaning for Pansy and joining her lips with a Malfoy. Draco was satisfied, this was definitely Granger. Just more perverse than he was used to. Okay, maybe a whole lot more perverse than usual.

With wide eyes, Pansy received the other girl’s kiss. However, after merely a second, she returned the kiss with passion, as far as Draco could see. And what he saw was not unpleasant at all. At first he thought he would be angry that someone was kissing Pansy other than him. But now he could see the excitement of creamy lips touching and savouring each other. It was so hot he even felt the desire to join them right away. Now he understood Pansy’s excitement about Granger; having one girl for you was great, so having two should be awesome. He agreed with himself to help Pansy take this girl home with them.

Granger was the one to end the kiss, because it seemed to Draco that Pansy was appreciating it way too much.

“Granger! If I had known you kissed like that I would have assaulted you in an empty corridor in Hogwarts without hesitating!”

Hermione laughed and he couldn’t help notice he had never heard her laugh before. It was free and wild, as if real happiness were floating around her. Pansy’s laugh was very different, as if it was only hers and she wouldn’t share with anyone. Even Draco smiled at their contentment.

“I was surprised when you offered me a drink.”

“Well, we were very surprised to see you here.”

“Me too. Is this the first time that you two have been here?”

“I’ve been here a few times before. It’s the first time Draco’s come.”

“Hope you’re enjoying the environment, Malfoy.”

“Very much, Granger. Especially since my wife had the brilliant idea of offering you a drink.”

Hermione seemed to blush; it was hard to see under those dim lights. Pansy looked at him with satisfaction at his behaviour. “Well, it was very nice of her.”

“We had to start from somewhere, didn’t we? We’ve been fighting for so many years; I think it’s time to settle our differences.”

Granger was surprised at such intelligent words coming from Pansy’s mouth. Probably because she was only used to hearing insults. Draco thought that maybe her rules didn’t imply you had to like a person to kiss them.

“Seven years is a lot of time for one night to solve everything,” Granger said with sorrow.

She seemed to be struggling again with herself, probably thinking if she should go to bed with the couple who had wanted to make her life hell but that now were being so nice.

“You’re totally right,” Draco said as Pansy was opening her mouth to reply. “But we’ve gotten rid of those prejudices against you and Pansy is anxious to take you to bed...” Draco went silent for a bit. “And so am I.”

Granger didn’t seem to have an answer for this; she was used to having them as enemies, not as people who wanted to share their bed with her. “I think we should talk,” she said finally.

Draco didn’t understand what she wanted to talk about. But Pansy seemed to know what was happening and immediately started to ask where she was working, her hobbies, relationships, hair product... Every now and then Draco talked with them about what courses their lives had taken.

“So, what are you *really* doing here?” she asked after Pansy finished talking about how she kept her hair so straight.

“Well... actually, we were looking for someone to join us. I’m feeling a little experimental.” Pansy leaned over and this time kissed Granger more gently. Draco saw their tongues twirl and wished they were some place else. He saw Hermione’s hand grab Pansy’s neck as a way to get her closer.

“I’ve never done it,” said Granger the moment she released Pansy. “I mean, with more than one.”

“Neither have we,” Draco husked. Watching the two women kiss was beginning to affect his senses. “But we’re willing to give it a try.”

“Well, wouldn’t it be awkward because of our past?”

Without hesitation, Draco grabbed her arm and Apparated them both to his and Pansy’s house. He saw Granger’s head twirl a little because of the sudden trip.

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Hermione felt the dizziness go away just before she realized where she was. Or where she thought she was. Obviously, Malfoy thought he could make decisions for her and had brought her directly to their house. She heard a second crack which, she thought, belonged to Pansy Malfoy.

To be truthful, she wasn’t entirely against the idea. It had been a while since she had been with a girl, and when they offered her the drink and told her how much they wanted to have sex with her, her head had spun quickly enough to understand she could have a very good time with them. The thing that was keeping her from taking her trousers off that instant was the fact that they were Malfoys. The people who had wanted to make her life hell in school. Harry had already told her they had changed a lot and had eliminated their prejudices too.

She felt against a wall, looking for support. She really hated Apparating.

“Are you okay, darling?” a woman’s voice asked while caressing her neck gently.

“No. Fuck.” She realized someone was trying to get her get the straps from her top down while other person’s lips were sucking her collarbone.

“You asked, dear.” As these words were proffered, a strong hand slid up her thigh.

Hermione became conscious of what was happening. Malfoy was next to her, looking at her with a lustful look, and with his hand on her thigh; and his wife was the one kissing her neck. It felt close to great having two people dedicated to her. She could get used to it.

“We just want to take care of you,” Draco Malfoy whispered in her ear.

“Okay, Malfoy,” Hermione moaned as the other girl licked behind her ear.

“Call me Pansy,” she said seductively.

Hermione saw Draco – she thought, ironically, that now they were intimate enough to call each other by their first names – take off his shirt. His muscles were well defined for someone who was slim. “Let us do the work.” And he kissed her.

Kissing Draco was nothing like kissing Pansy, but still good. While she was sweet and smug at the same time, he was demanding and gentle. Draco broke the kiss and lay with his back against the wall. Pansy stopped having fun with her neck. Hermione was beginning to wonder if it was already over when Draco grabbed her hips and pulled her back against him. He grabbed the tail of her top and removed it above her head. She saw Pansy, in front of her, remove her top and bra. Draco, behind her, unclasped her bra. Then his hands went directly to her breasts and started caressing them. Hermione felt jolts of pleasure go through her as Pansy bent before her and started licking her right nipple while rubbing the other with her wet fingers.

She grabbed Pansy's chin and lifted her mouth to hers. She returned the favour by playing with Pansy's breasts for awhile, whilst Draco still teased her nipples.

"You're so good, Hermione," Draco whispered in her ear. "You have no idea how turned on I am by seeing you two kiss."

Pansy approached her body and started kissing Draco, leaning over Hermione. His hands dropped to Hermione's waist and she felt his hand unbuttoning her trousers and dragging them down. He then caressed her entrance above her panties, feeling how wet she was because of them. She groaned next to Pansy's ear.

"We made her wet, love," Draco told Pansy when she broke their kiss.

"Let me help." Pansy got on her knees.

Only then did Hermione realize that Pansy was already without her skirt and Draco without his trousers. She could now feel his length against her bottom, covered only by his boxers. If someone had ever told her she would be having sex one day with Pansy and Draco, at the same time, she would have thought they were mad. Now, she thought this was brilliant.

And hot.

Draco started to lick her neck to distract her from the fact that Pansy was removing her panties, and that she was about to be completely naked before them. In that moment, Hermione felt Draco's fingers, moving over her bottom, and getting wet on her entrance. Fire erupted through her when she felt Pansy's tongue on her clit. Her body panted and Draco dug two fingers inside her, rubbing gently while Pansy was now dedicated to sucking her labia and licking her entirely.

Hermione panted enthusiastically and Draco fastened his fingering pace while Pansy was dedicated to Hermione's clit. She felt waves of pleasure travel through her and a fire that came from inside her as she climaxed.

"She tastes good," Draco heard Pansy say as she rose from the floor. He kissed her and agreed with her. Hermione's juice felt good on Pansy's lips, almost as fresh as dew.

"I think we should try the comfort of the bed now," Pansy suggested, looking at a limp Hermione. "And you better carry her, she seems tired." She giggled.

“I’m okay,” Hermione said quickly. She grabbed Pansy and removed her panties, making Draco observe the two girls entirely naked only for him. Yup, he was a guy full of luck. Especially for having a wife so perverse.

He followed the girls quickly into his and Pansy’s bedroom. It was good that they were rich and had been able to buy a big bed. Now they could all fit in.

When he entered the room, the girls were already kissing on the bed. They were kneeling in front of each other and Hermione’s hand was on Pansy’s thigh and going up in a slow velocity. He had to admit that when had been behind Hermione moments ago, he had had an extreme desire to fuck her immensely. He had never noticed how the brown curls made her face rounder and cuter. Fuckable cute, of course. However, his wife with long black hair and deep black eyes was still extremely hot for him after all these years. And the fact that she was having so much fun with this made him want to be with her for more years to come.

He sat on the bed, next to the pillows, and started stroking himself watching the girls. Pansy opened her eyes, saw him, and winked. She then moved to Hermione’s neck, making the girl move her hand definitively to Pansy’s cunt. He saw the girls kiss with passion and lust, Pansy rubbing her thumb over Hermione’s nipple and the brunette sticking two fingers inside Pansy. He could almost come watching them like this, but he still wanted to fuck at least one of them.

He saw Pansy panting and getting more excited by the second with Hermione’s touch. Hermione whispered something in Pansy’s ear. She lay down and Hermione started licking her all over, making Pansy mewl and groan.

“Draco, fuck Hermione,” Pansy said between heavy breaths. “She deserves it.”

Draco stopped stroking himself immediately and got close to Hermione’s back. She was bent forward and kneeling, allowing him full access to her entrance. He grabbed his cock and started by teasing her with its tip. He heard Hermione moan, probably begging for him to satisfy her. He allowed himself some forwardness and smacked her ass gently.

“You’re a bad girl, Hermione,” Pansy said, trying to giggle between her heavy sighs. “Good Gryffindors don’t have sex with bad Slytherins.”

Draco stuck half of his cock inside Hermione and she groaned loudly. “If this is punishment, than I’m willing to sin.”

“Just continue what you were doing to me and maybe Draco will fuck you more.”

Draco stuck his entire cock inside her slowly and smacked her ass again along the way. Probably she hadn’t had sex for some time because Draco could feel her tightness. Her muscles were pressing his penis and he could feel more than waves of pleasure from watching his wife being licked and from fucking Hermione. He started to move inside her, feeling her wet cunt, and seeing how that affected her movements on Pansy’s cunt. When Draco started to go faster, Hermione started to lick faster. He continued to thrust inside her, feeling his climax coming and Pansy’s too. All three of them were moaning

loudly and the heat intensified inside Draco's body. Pansy and Hermione came soon with their bodies convulsing. Draco gave one final thrust inside the girl and felt his own divine pleasure spread over him.

The last thing he remembered was lying down in bed and falling asleep, a girl on each side.

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Draco woke up the next day, naked and sweaty, in the exact same position he had fallen asleep in. Fortunately, it was the middle of the summer, or he would have caught a cold. He decided to take a shower to clean himself since the girls were still asleep. Obviously that wasn't a problem, since he had three bathrooms in his house: one for him, another for Pansy, and the third one was for guests.

As he was washing himself, he heard the door open. He didn't have any time to think what was happening before Pansy opened the curtain suddenly.

"Why didn't you invite us?" she said, tapping her foot.

"You were sleeping so peacefully. And I was afraid Hermione may wake up and regret our wild night, so I left you to deal with her fury." He smirked maliciously

"Did you have fun?"

"Yes."

"Hermione and I talked, and we've decided it's not over yet." She closed the curtain as abruptly as she had opened it. Draco wondered what she meant by that. He never knew what could come out from 'girl talk'.

His morning arousal still hadn't lowered from the shower. Maybe it was because of Pansy's words. He knew that whatever was about to happen, it was good for him. He exited the bathroom and found the girls caressing each other in the bed. Well, if he wasn't excited then, he would certainly be now. They were still naked, but they seemed to have washed themselves. His mind wildly wondered if together.

"Come and sit with us, Draco," Hermione invited him. Judging by her light mood, he thought she was okay about last night. That was good, since he didn't want her to do something she regretted due to booze or similar.

He jumped to the bed and made the girls giggle. He sat next to the pillows, with his legs stretched, and remembered last night when they were in this exact position and the girls were kissing each other. If possible his member became even thicker with this thought.

"I didn't give you a good morning kiss, love." Pansy approached him and kissed him deeply. He grabbed her by the waist and pulled her closer. His hand squeezed her bottom and she moaned in his mouth. Her hand went to his cock and started caressing it up and down slowly. He wondered quickly about Hermione and if she was feeling lonely at the end of the bed; but Pansy's movements were distracting him too much.

What he didn't know was that the girls had things planned for him beyond his imagination. As soon as he almost whined when Pansy released her hand from his penis, he felt something deliciously wet sucking its head. He looked down and saw Hermione looking innocent next to his cock, sticking her tongue out. If he thought this was heaven already, he was entirely wrong. Pansy joined Hermione a moment later and helped the brunette making delicious movement with her tongue around his cock. Both girls were now licking the whole extent of his – now thicker than ever – member.

He felt Pansy going down on him and Hermione cupping his testicles. When Pansy removed her mouth, she sucked his head and Hermione licked the hardest part. Both girls continued to caress him with her mouths and he started to pant.

“Don't you prefer to come inside me?” Pansy asked.

“Yes, please,” he said hoarsely.

He lay down and stretched himself along the bed and Pansy opened herself above him. Hermione kissed him while he felt Pansy surrounding his cock with her vagina. He didn't want to leave Hermione alone without pleasure, so he picked her up and threw one of her legs above him. Her arousal was now facing his face and he knew exactly what he could do to keep her satisfied. He licked Hermione and saw her grabbing the bedspread while opening her legs more to allow him better access. He could feel Pansy fucking him intensely, her hotness tightening around his arousal, making him grab Hermione's thighs more firmly and sticking his tongue inside her. While he savoured Hermione's juices and sucked her entrance, he kept hearing Pansy moaning while she jumped with his cock inside her. He imagined the girls kissing up there and he bucked up to help Pansy orgasm. He dug his tongue deep inside Hermione. As he heard the two girls orgasming, Draco came with them, feeling waves of heat and seeing nothing in front of him as the biggest orgasm of his life hit him.

Both girls collapsed next to him, for the second time in twenty-four hours.

“Did you have fun, Hermione?” he asked her.

“Yes.” She didn't seem to have much strength to talk.

“Be free to join us whenever you want.”

“Yes, we must repeat this!” Pansy exclaimed from the other side of the bed.

“I will certainly.” Draco saw Hermione close her eyes as Pansy had. He closed his eyes too, knowing he would certainly listen to Pansy's ideas more often from now on.