

“Cho, I don’t think you really want to do... any of this.” Harry stood in the Room of Requirement with only the sixth year Ravenclaw for company. They’d just shared a frankly miserable first kiss under some mistletoe that the Room provided.

“What?” The pretty Chinese witch had tears streaming down her cheeks. It was a fairly regular state for her since the death of Cedric.

With a sigh, Harry ran a hand through his hair, “I think you miss Cedric... a whole heck of lot more than you even come close to liking me.” She tried to speak but no words came out, “Listen, you need to work past your grief... and trying to have a relationship with me isn’t a healthy way of doing that.” Given his home life growing up, Harry wasn’t the best at the emotional side of things, but he really thought he was doing what was best for her and him. *No matter how much I might fancy her.*

Cho started shaking with silent sobs, “But... but I thought... you liked me.”

“I do.” Harry did the only thing he could think of and leaned into give her a hug, trying to comfort her, “But... I don’t think you like me... at least not the way you think you do. And certainly not enough to compete with the memory of Cedric.”

Her body shook in his arms and he struggled to think what else he could do. *How in the ruddy hell do you comfort a crying girl?* “If you need to talk about Cedric, I’m willing to do that... but as your friend, who wants you to deal with your grief, alright?”

He felt her give a shaky nod against his shoulder as she took a great heaving breath, “I... I think I would like that... I just don’t think I could do it tonight.”

Harry chuckled and held her at arm’s length, “No, it’s already well late for that sort of talk.” He gave her a little smile, “Friends?” She returned his smile with a broken one of her own and a nod of her head. She beat a hasty retreat from the room after that, leaving him alone with his thoughts. *Well... that sucked. But better than being in a relationship with somebody who’s still in love with a dead man.*

Making for the door, Harry opened it just a crack before he headed out into the corridor. It was late and just before the Christmas holidays. *Even the Inquisitorial Squad doesn’t seem interested in trying to catch us tonight.* Walking toward Gryffindor Tower, Harry almost immediately came to regret that thought as he rounded the next corner only to come face to face with two Slytherin’s with the silver ‘I’ emblazoned on their robes.

While he didn’t know either of the two girls well, they were a year older than him after all, he recognized them immediately. The Carrow twins were beautiful girls with greyish- blue eyes, lightly tanned skin, and shiny, dark-brown locks that ran down to their shoulders. They were perfectly identical, with the same high cheekbones, small noses, full lips and slender shoulders.

If someone tried hard enough, they could notice the small differences in the Weasley twins, whether it be their demeanor or their appearance, and the same was true for the Patil twins. *But as far as I’ve been able to work out, the Carrow twins are right and truly identical. And never parted from one another’s company either.* He didn’t think he’d ever seen them in anyone’s company but their own.

He knew there was no hope of hiding, they definitely saw him as he came around the corner. The way they cocked their heads at his presence in perfect synchronization was indication enough of that. *Fuck...*

*things just keep getting better.* Resigned to the fact that his night was far from over and that he was about to have an impromptu meeting with his least favorite person in the castle, he took one step closer to them and said with a defeated sigh, "Let's get it over with then."

They both looked at him with the same curious eyes, it was slightly disconcerting to have their attention so firmly placed on him. Finally, one of them spoke, though he couldn't say which it was, "What do you mean?"

"You're going to take me to Umbridge." He was sure that any of the Slytherin's would be ecstatic to catch him out like this. *It could only get them more favor and privileges from that horrid bitch.*

They both cocked their heads further. It almost made him chuckle, but he managed to stop himself as the other twin spoke to him, "What makes you think that?"

"Because you're part of the Inquisitorial Squad," he said it as though it was obvious... because well it was.

"True," they said in unison, "But you're wrong." *Even their voices are identical.*

"What?" Now he really was confused. *If it were Malfoy or Parkinson that caught me, I'd already be sitting in her office.*

Both girls gave him a smile, and the one on the left spoke, "We hate the disgusting frog just as much as pretty much everyone else in the school. She's the worst teacher this school's ever seen, which really is saying something."

The one on the right carried on, "We only joined her Squad because it's what was expected of us... and it gives a chance to explore the castle without having to worry about curfew... we imagine you could appreciate that. We haven't taken a single student to her since we started..."

"Oh," That certainly wasn't what he'd been expecting, "So... I'm free to go." They both looked at him unblinking for a long moment. Giving a nervous cough, he started shuffling a bit in anticipation. He was entirely at their mercy and the way their eyes were on him, he couldn't help feeling like prey.

They reached some silent agreement between them as the one on the left spoke, "You're free to head to Gryffindor Tower."

He breathed out in relief, "Brilliant."

"But," the other cut in, "we'll expect something from you in future... as... payment."

"For our magnanimous actions tonight."

*Of course, it couldn't be simple with Slytherins.* Shaking his head, he conceded in his own mind that there wasn't anything else to be done, "Agreed. As long as it doesn't include me hurting anyone... or walking right up to Voldemort." He gave a weak chuckle at the end, nervous that might really be what they intended.

Neither girl shuddered or shrieked at the mention of his name, but they did scowl, faces pinched like they'd swallowed a particularly sour lemon... which was actually some comfort, "No..." the one on the right bit out.

“It won’t be anything like that.”

“Well... brilliant.” He gave them the best smile he could manage. Without any further words they walked past him, one on each side, heads turned to look at him. *That was odd.*

The rest of the year went by without Harry running into the Carrow twins again. Though, there were occasions where he would’ve sworn he caught them looking away just as he looked at them. But every time it happened, he just wrote it off as his mind playing tricks on him. When he was in the hospital wing after the Ministry incident, he thought nothing of it when he received an anonymous thing of his favorite treacle tart.

Every once in a while, Harry would think about that odd encounter, but it didn’t become relevant to him again until he was on the Hogwarts Express at the start of his sixth year. As he entered Slughorn’s cabin for the first Slug Club meeting of the year, he felt their eyes on him immediately, though theirs weren’t the only ones.

Sitting across from them, he was beside Hermione, and he couldn’t help but glance in their direction over the course of the meal. Harry did what he could to ingratiate himself with the new Potions Professor, just as Dumbledore asked, but when the lunch was over, he left along with the other students.

Out in the corridor of the train compartment, he was stopped by the Carrow twins together, “Hello Harry.” Hermione and Ginny both stopped, sharing a look but he just waved them off.

“Hello, Hestia, Flora.” He still didn’t know which was which, but he thought it would be rude to just call them the Carrows.

They gave him a small smile before the one on the left spoke up, “You still remember our... encounter before Christmas last year?”

“I do.” He’d been expecting them to collect at some point, but he really couldn’t fathom what they would actually want from him.

“Good,” the other twin responded, “your payment will be...” he wasn’t sure if she hesitated and tucked a hair behind her ear. Whether it was because she was nervous or if they were coming to some silent agreement, he didn’t know but with a small nod of her head she continued, “taking Hestia to the first Hogsmeade weekend.” *Well, that must mean she’s Flora.*

Harry imagined he must’ve looked quite comical in that moment. *You could’ve given me a hundred guesses and I probably wouldn’t have come close to getting that one right.*

“On a date?” he asked dumbly.

They both snickered slightly, amused at the shock on his face, “Yes, on a date. We’ll be looking forward to it.” Hestia told him. With a pat on his shoulder, they left him there in his stupor. His surprise was so great, he didn’t even think to bother with Malfoy on the rest of the journey.

The early weeks of the year passed quickly, a blur of classes and quidditch practice and lessons with Dumbledore. Though all the while, in the back of his mind, he was anticipating the first Hogsmeade weekend. This time he was sure he caught Hestia and Flora watching him when he wasn’t looking. The

slight blushes that tinted their cheeks when he managed it was endearing. *Half the school might end up in the hospital wing seeing a Gryffindor with a Slytherin.*

The day before the first trip, Harry made sure to speak with Hestia in the hall after dinner, "I'll meet you in the entrance hall then we can head down to the village together if that's alright."

"Yes, sounds great." He'd been making an honest effort to tell the two apart since the start of the new term, but still couldn't manage it. He parted ways with them that night genuinely eager for the next day. *I must be going barmy... excited to spend time with a Slytherin.*

The next morning, he spent more time in front of the mirror than he normally would, much to Ron's amusement. *I'm sure I'll get an earful from him when he finds out I'm going with a snake.* He'd kept his date a secret from both of his closest friends. He decided it was none of their business. *I should be allowed some secrets to myself.*

When he reached the entrance hall, he found that Hestia was already there waiting for him, looking as nervous as he felt. She was wearing a pair of wonderfully hugging jeans that looked fantastic hanging low on her hips. They made her already eye-catching legs look that much better. When she saw him, her shoulders sagged slightly in relief. *Did she think I wouldn't show?* He couldn't help but note it was the first time he'd seen her without her sister.

He approached her with a smile, "Ready?"

"Yes." He offered her his arm and she slipped her own slender one through it. Eyes followed them intently as they made their way to the carriages. He stopped himself from rolling his eyes as he saw people's jaws drop seeing them together. Hestia actually did roll hers when they saw one younger Gryffindor run off crying because he was out on a date.

When they reached the carriages, he helped her up before joining her. Their time in the village was... fun. He wasn't sure what he was expecting, or even if he had any real expectations for their time together. But as they moved from shop to shop, he learned that she loved Arithmancy and had a dry sense of humor and was afraid of heights but still loved watching quidditch.

Without him saying anything, she bought him a treacle tart at Honeydukes, and for some reason that just confirmed to him that it'd been her that'd sent him the anonymous treat at the end of the previous year. He held every door for her and paid where he could, including their lunch at the Three Broomsticks.

When they returned to the castle hours later, he meant it wholeheartedly when he told her, "I had a great time."

"Me too." She hooked a stray bit of hair behind her ear, and it was only the second time he saw her looking nervous, "We should do it again."

"I'd really like that." He beamed at her. Then she surprised him by leaning up to kiss him. It was far more pleasant than the one he'd shared with Cho nearly a year prior. Soft and sweet, and over far too quickly, "We could do that again, too... if you'd like."

She chuckled a bit at that, and for just a second he thought he heard an echo of it, but what she said next drove that thought from her mind, "Well if I'm your girlfriend, I think I'd like that." He leaned down to give her another quick kiss in answer.

They both ignored the looks they were getting again, eyes only for one another. Hestia squeezed his hand briefly, "I'll see you later. I need to go back to my dorm, see Flora." She gestured to the bag in her hand, "Put some things away."

"Alright." He stood on the spot and watched her go, eyes drifting down to her lovely bum as she left. *Who would've thought getting caught by the Inquisitorial Squad would work out so well down the line.*

The weeks that followed were... amazing. Some of the best and most relaxed of his life. He was read the riot act by both Hermione and Ron, and must have heard a hundred times how it was a ploy by the Death Eaters to hurt him to which he told them quite firmly, "The only Death Eater plot going on in this school right now is whatever Draco's up to." That shut them both up, and when they saw there was no convincing him they gave it up as a lost cause.

As the months wore on, there was only one thing about his newfound relationship that bothered him. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to tell the Carrow twins apart. Luckily, he hadn't been smacked in the face for kissing Flora instead of Hestia so, he must be getting it right somehow. There were moments where he felt truly terrible about it, because he was growing to love Hestia... deeply. *But half the time I don't even know if it's her or Flora...*

They ate together, went to Slug Club together, and studied together. *Much to the benefit of my grades.* His girlfriend was no slouch academically, and unlike Hermione she wasn't willing to just do the work for him. And whatever they did, Flora was there as well. *Well except for when we're snogging.*

The days seemed to fly by, and Valentine's Day was quickly approaching. He'd been told in no uncertain terms by Hestia, "I'm going to treat you because you've treated me so brilliantly since we've gotten together."

He'd tried to protest, but found it fell on deaf ears. After his fifth attempt, he finally just gave up and let her have her way. So, she planned, and he anticipated it until the day finally arrived.

Just like their first date, he met her down in the entrance hall and they made their way to the village. Given that it was Valentine's Day, Madam Pudifoot's was filled with customers and he breathed a sigh of relief when she walked him right past the garish shop.

It was a cold snowy February day. A heavy blanket of white powder covered the ground, as they trudged through the village. They were both wrapped in heavy robes with scarves around their necks, as they went right through the village toward the Shrieking Shack. *Well, that's not what I was expecting. Not sure how she expects to get inside.*

Harry knew better than anyone that none of the windows or doors were of any use, the only way onto the premises was through the tunnel between it and the Whomping Willow. Sensing his thoughts she told him, "Just follow me."

They approached the lonely, abandoned building together and went round the side. She pointed her wand at a small nook in the shack and it opened to allow them inside. *Damn, she really has been planning this.*

They entered and Harry found the inside was drastically different to the last time he'd been there. Where before it'd disordered and dusty with paper peeling from the walls and stains all over the room, now it looked pristine. There was fresh silver paint on the walls, the wooden floors looked freshly polished and there was brand new furniture, including a table with a delicious smelling meal on it. *How long has she been working on this? And when did she find the time?*

Hestia took off her robes and he had to stop and stare at the lovely silver dress that she had on underneath. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, so he knew that she was a little anxious, "I know you prefer something a bit more private, and so do I. I thought this would be good."

Looking around, Harry could only shake his head in disbelief before stepping over to her and giving her a deep kiss, "This is brilliant." She gave him a beaming grin in return and leaned in for a kiss of her own. Grabbing his hand, she pulled him over to the table.

They ate and chatted and just generally enjoyed the fantastic company and food. The meal was long finished as they sat there talking about everything and nothing. They both leaned toward each other over the table, enthralled with one another without really noticing it.

Hestia grabbed his hand with her own slim, delicate one and started toying with her fingers. With her other hand she pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear. He could only quirk an eyebrow, "What has you anxious?"

Her eyes widened slightly and she tried to play it off, "I'm not anxious... what're you talking about?"

"Yes, you are." He laced her fingers with his, "you only do that with your hair when you're worried, or anxious, or nervous."

He watched her eyes soften, as though that simple observation of the girl he really loved meant the world to her. She squeezed his hand, and stood, pulling him along with her, "Come on. The day's not quite done yet."

She guided him up the stairs to a room that he knew quite well, or at least he used to. The magnificent four poster bed that'd been all but destroyed the last time he was in the shack was repaired and then some. The sheets were smooth silk, the pillows plush and fluffy, even the chair in the corner of the room had been repaired and restored. She walked them over to the bed, turned and planted her bum on the edge of it.

Grabbing him by the shirt, she pulled him down to capture his lips. He hummed in surprise but responded to her affections in kind. One hand came up to graze against her ribs, and the other came up to cup the back of her neck and deepen their kiss. Hestia moaned low in the back of her throat and nipped at his lower lip.

With her hand still wrapped in his shirt, she leaned back and pulled him on top of her. His hips were planted firmly between her legs as he held himself up on his arms to keep his weight off her. She wasn't idle as they kept snogging, her hands skimmed down his shirt to the waist of trousers. She pulled it free

and unsnapped the button. Harry groaned as he felt her soft, dainty hand wrap around his growing cock, "Fuck... that's..." He couldn't finish the thought as he shuddered from the intimate contact. *That feels a hell of a lot better than my own hand.*

His girlfriend kissed her way along his jaw to his ear, "Harry, I want you." He'd had more than one dream of her saying those words in the last few months.

The wanton desire in her voice made him throb in his pants. His finger drifted up her nylon clad thighs to grip her hips beneath her dress, "I want you... soo badly." He pulled away, kicked off his shoes, pushed his trousers down his legs, and pulled his shirt over his head. There was a gasp as his erection bobbed and hung heavy between his legs. In no time, he was naked as the day he was born.

Hestia stared with dark, hooded eyes at his manhood. Her pink tongue darted out to wet her lips as she looked from his leaking cockhead to meet his emerald-eyed gaze. Leaning back over her, his fingers wrapped around her hips and pulled her right against him. His spongy cockhead pressed against her soft leg and caused her to whimper.

With calloused hands, he pushed her dress up her body, revealing her tantalizing, taut tummy. He kissed his way up the newly exposed skin, "Get it off me... now!" Hestia command, desperate and breathy, "I want... need to feel your skin on mine."

They worked together to get her dress off. Harry could only stare as her perfectly perky tits were revealed. They were a bit on the small side, beautifully shaped, so incredibly firm she didn't even need to wear a bra... and the most wonderful sight of his young life. Her areolas were smaller than a muggle ten-pence coin and a light brown slightly darker than her tan skin. Her nipples were as long as the first knuckle of his pinky, and mouth-wateringly inviting. Absently, he noticed that there wasn't a hint of tan-lines on her body.

He dove down and captured the inviting little nub between his teeth. He bit down a bit too hard, and her hand came up to pull at his dark hair, "Careful Harry... gentle." He sucked and licked and absolutely lavished that little nub with attention. *I could do this all day.*

Hestia had other ideas though as her slim fingers wrapped around his girth and pointed him to her still covered womanhood, "I need you in there, Harry. I'm not going to tell you again... please." She looked a little crazed with desire, her dark tresses fanned around her head.

He clutched the stretchy material of her nylons in his fingers and pulled. He could feel the heat coming from her sex already. *Rrrripp*. A sinful whimper escaped her throat as he exposed her needy hole to the air. Her pussy was a vivid, rosy, red with tiny butterfly lips. Her little slit was absolutely dripping in anticipation of what they were about to do.

Spreading her legs wide, she bent her knee and angled her hips up to the best of her ability, making an obscene display of herself for him, "Please..."

Gripping himself at the base, he positioned his crown at her entrance. Gripping her slender thighs in his hands, he started sliding into her damp heat. Her eyes fluttered shut and she whispered out, "Oh fuck... yes!" It was the most awe-inspiring feeling of his entire life. Her twat was perfectly tight, and stretchy, and slick as he plunged inch by inch into her. With steady little thrusts of his hips, he broke her barrier and eventually was hilted balls-deep in her sheath.

For a moment, they both just stared down at the place where they were joined. He didn't know how it was possible but it felt like she was actually massaging the underside of his cock with the muscles of her tunnel.

Hestia poked at her own belly, right where his crown was prodding against her womb. She giggled at the sensation, but bit back a groan as he throbbed within her, "You're stretching me sooo... fucking good, Harry."

He pulled back slightly and humped back into her gently, her mouth opened in silent joy, "I need to..."

"You can... we're ready..." Given her permission, he wasn't going to wait another second. He started pounding into her beautiful body, his movements measured if a bit unpracticed. *I'll finish in less than a minute if I take things too quickly.* But it was hard to control himself through the mind-boggling pleasure.

Body rocking with every snap of his hips, she reached up to tweak her own nipple. For the briefest of moments, her eyes drifted over to the chair in the room, but he was too focused on the beautiful sight of her lips stretched wide around his cock to notice. He was pulling out until just the tip remained inside of her cock-hugging little hole. He could see the ridges of his cock imposed on her lightly distended labia with every retreat.

Then entirely by accident, he popped free of her pussy without meaning to. Hestia groaned in disappointment, hand immediately going to his slippery cockhead to put him back inside, but that wasn't what caught his attention. No, it was the cry that came from the chair that grabbed him, "No! Put it back! We need it back!"

He recognized the voice because it was exactly the same as Hestia's, "Harry..." His girlfriend's eyes were wide with a hint of fear. There was a foot peeking out seemingly from nowhere up on the arm of the chair.

Walking over there, he reached out and his fingers wrapped around something softer than silk. He knew the feel of an invisibility cloak all too well. He pulled it off to reveal Flora splayed on the chair, fingers still sunk in her own bare pussy. Despite his confusion there was one thing that came to his mind. *They really are identical.*

Every curve and shade was exactly the same on Flora as it was on Hestia. Even the way her pussy wrapped around her digits and squelched as she continued to chase her peak was the same. Hestia bit down on her tongue to stop a groan from escaping her as Harry turned to look at her, "What the fuck is going on?"

"I can explain." Hestia said standing on shaky legs to come to his side.

Flora had something else in mind as she tried to grab Harry's cock and pull him toward her sex, "Please, put it back. We were so close."

Leaning into Harry, Hestia slapped Flora's hand away. Harry watched the other Carrow with wide eyes, unable to take his eyes off the sight. Swallowing dryly he asked Hestia, "You said you could explain?" The beautiful doppelganger of his girlfriend so desperately playing with her pussy was doing nothing to lessen his arousal.



Tucking a hair behind her ear, she took a steadying breath. The little gesture almost made him chuckle. But he wouldn't be distracted, he needed to know what was going on, "Flora and I aren't siblings ... not even a little actually."

"What?" That didn't make much sense to him.

"We're quite literally the same person in two different bodies." She explained, as Flora's fingers returned to his cock, "We share one soul. We share the same thoughts, the same sensations. We're Hestia and we're Flora, all the time and interchangeably. We can't even be too far apart because of the nature of our soul. So, every time you went on a date with one of our bodies, the other was beneath an invisibility cloak."

"So, all the times I kissed you in the morning?" It suddenly made so much sense, how he never seemed to get it wrong, "That's why you never got mad that I couldn't tell you apart."

"There's nothing to tell apart. She's me, I'm her. You were always kissing me... just not always the same body." She looked a little guilty, "We... I... didn't know how to tell you. I just know that I liked you... loved you..."

"So much," Flora said. *Or Hestia, does it really matter when they're just one person.* Both girls groaned from Flora's continued attention to her pussy.

Hestia leaned into him and started kissing at his neck, "Please... she's right! We really need it back." Harry was a mess of thoughts and emotions, but the one that was still overwhelming them all was unbridled lust and desire. Grabbing Hestia's chin, he tilted her face up and kissed her deeply. Both her and Flora groaned... in pin-point perfect unison.

Turning the girl in his arms around he pushed her over the chair. Her bouncy bum, jiggled as he stepped up to her and nestled his glands into her pussy from the back. Two gorgeous bodies pressed together as he sunk his length back into her wonderful heat. Hestia and Flora or Flora and Hestia, it didn't matter to him at that moment.

All that mattered was chasing the building pressure in his bollocks, "So tight..." He whispered into her ear, hunching over her back.

"So big..." The words came from Flora's mouth but were just as much Hestia's, "Please... please cum. I... we want it so fucking bad."

"I do... fuck... it's all that we've been thinking about for weeks... since I... we planned this."

"Please... fill us... fill me... please." They spoke in unison, their voices completely indistinguishable. Cream was leaking down his cock and squirting out of Hestia's plugged hole to drip on the floor at their feet, while Flora stained the plush chair beneath her with her own juices. The heavenly hole he was pounding away at became even better as he felt it start spasming and shuddering through a climax.

Unable to hold on any longer, he snapped his hips forward, pulling a silent scream from his lover. Hilted deep as he could go, his bollocks pulled up tight to his shaft and he started pulsing in her depths. Ropes of cum battered her womb, painting every inch of her tunnel white,

"So warm..." Flora whispered, rubbing at her clit as he filled them.

“So much...” Hestia shivered and ground her bum back into his groin. When he pulled his cock free of her hole, a thick strand of his seed dripped down and landed on Flora’s puffy pussy mound. She immediately gathered it on her fingers and pushed it into her own depths.

Spent, at least for the time being, he pulled both girls to the bed. *Or is it just one.* Harry didn’t know if he’d be able to work it out anytime soon, and he didn’t know if he really cared to. As he lay in the bed, he just knew he was happier than he’d ever been.