

You are Helga Hufflepuff. Founder of the greatest school of witchcraft and wizardry to ever exist. One of the most powerful witches to live in the last 1000 years. A paragon of virtue and nobility, founder of the House of the Kind, Loyal, and Hardworking. And you, at this exact moment are biting the lower lip of the small body you are borrowing while a 15 year old girl, who looks like your twin, is eating your pussy so eagerly you would think she hadn't had a bite of food in weeks.

It was in fact a very odd situation, even by magical standards... borrowing the old body of the tiny girl currently sucking on your clit and making you moan softly. "Sharing", to a degree her boyfriend; the man you had until a couple of months prior been living in the mind of.

"Oh... oh, Merlin Arty... right there, right there. Please keep going, I'm almost there!"

"Right there? Right there, Helga?", the devious auburn-haired girl says, looking up and more importantly, no longer licking and sucking. "Say the nice words... Lady Hufflepuff. Say the nice words if you want to come."

"P-please? Please, Arty? Let me come, go back down on me?", you say softly and desperate and have to force your hands to not reach in-between your legs, the legs of Arty's old body.

"Good. Here you go.", and Artemis Pertinger knew her old body well... well enough to know what it needed, and turned her tongue once more against your clit, opened the lips up of your pussy just a bit with her fingers before running her tongue up your slit.

"Oh- oh Melins beard... Arty... even better than Rae... keep going, please?"

"Am I? Better than your old friend?", the tiny girl who is a mirror of you in more than a few ways asks coyly, rubs your thigh.

"Yes, yes, fuck, Arty! I love her but please keep licking, eating me out, fuck!", you say and almost feel like you are going insane... Arty, her old body it was... it was very sensitive. Very horny. And playing with yourself... it could only do so much.

"You said the nice word... alright, Helga. Sit up a hair, you get to come. Then... we will see, heh."

And as you had your small cunt licked, all your hands could manage was to lightly brush Arty's hair, touch her small shoulders some. "Artemis, Artemis! I-I- almost there, almost! Please more, please!", and while biting your lower lip once more... you came as hard as you had since the young girl between your legs lent you her old body. Teared up just a hair because just as you felt her tongue, you felt her love even if those tears dried quickly when your small "twin" came up to kiss you.

"Helga... I think Elliot will be here soon. Do you think you can go again?"

"Can I have you and him tonight?"

"Yeah, if you can handle both of us.. Price is a kiss."