

“Hey? Macy? Are you sure we should do this? That you want to? You don’t have to do anything just because you think it is going to make me happy or whatever.”, you asked while the two of you cuddled in your bed with the privacy curtain closed, *quieting* charm on max.

“I am, Jenn. I really am. I want it, to try it with someone who I know really cares about me. I don’t know if I am ready for an actual relationship yet... are you okay with it? If this is all it comes to, for now at least?”, your thin, soft spoken best friend, little sister asks with her head pressed into your small chest.

“Yeah, of course. I’ll love you no matter what happens after. I just want to take care of you, never ever hurt you.”, you said softly, kissed her head some. “Make you happy, keep you safe, and warm, and-“

“You do, Jenn... I know what is going on is a lot. But I have never felt scared around you... not ever, even when you found me and I was having a panic attack. Always, always made me feel safe. Have always helped me even though I know I have issues. Problems. So... I want to try. With you. A person that I-loves me.”

All you could only plant a little kiss on the top her hair that stilled smelled like strawberry from a shower a few hours ago.

You and her, you were under the covers and dressed only in your panties and soft tees, thin enough you could feel the little brunette’s semi-erect nipples against you through both layers of cotton. ‘Brey had pulled some perfect magic to mess with your room’s enchantments to let Macy stay there that night and gave you a shit-eating grin when you had asked for her help; you returned it with an upturned middle finger.

Macy’s breath... it was warm and slow as it caressed your skin, hair as you ran your fingers through against the back of her neck; she seemed calm. Her breath felt good, honestly as it tickled you some.

“So, do you want to start... I don’t really know much about doing this. Sex. Being with a girl, aside from... what she “taught” me.”

“Then you can learn the right way with me, Macy. Just go with what you feel, what you want to do. I’m not just going to lay here like a dead fish, but this is special. It should be about you.”, you told the pretty green-eyed girl. Had her shift up some so her face was only an inch or two from yours; cute pink lips almost touching yours.

“Okay, Jenn. Thank you, thank you. I love you. My best friend. Big sister. L-lover?”

“Yeah. I can be all that for my little sis. Best friend. Lover.”

Then Macy just closed the tiny distance, put her lips on yours, placed a hand under you tee so it was against your abdomen.

You and her had kissed before; pretty often all things considered at this point, but those were just a way to show platonic affection, sisterly love. Acceptance of her.

Now?

The way Macy kissed you was like she was starving, passionate as much as someone with her issues could be. Almost desperate as she forced your lips and her’s together, opened your mouth some and experimentally slid her soft, slick tongue in.

You were taken off guard for a minute, having her use her free hand to keep your head in place, but you adapted quickly to her sudden aggression. Began returning Macy’s passionate motions, met her tongue with your own.

Your adoptive little sis wasn’t bad, really.

A little inexperienced. Still maybe a little frightened, had her heart thumping a mile a minute now as her moderately sized breasts squished up against your own petite chest. That was fine, she would get better, make the person she settled down with very happy.

You did have an advantage. Years of practicing with your twin had taught you to make out with someone well; you would be a good big sis for Macy, help teach her.

Took the lead just a bit more for Macy, pressing in and out with your lips, guiding her tongue some with your own; the young girl seemed surprised at first, how passionate you had become. Saw her eyes widen for a moment before she just let you guide her some, even as you let her stay mostly in control.

When you broke away and when you met back, she was giving you soft moans of pleasure, sighs of happiness and was a very quick learner given before long you were mirroring those noises. Felt Macy's cute nipples turn rock hard and had a warmth grow in between your legs as you got wet.

"Jenn... I liked it. I like that a lot. The way your lips feel, how you taste, Jenn. Was it good?"

"So good, MayMay- Ah! Your hand... that feels nice. Can I take my shirt off?", you asked after your little friend's hand moved up, covered one of your breasts and began ever so gently massaging the small mound, palm moving over your nipple.

"Yeah. Take it off, please. I want to do the same. Sorry they aren't that big."

You briefly returned Macy's gesture, slid your hand up her shirt, ran your fingers across her warm perfectly soft skin, cupped her tit, lightly traced around her areola.

"Macy... you probably have better breasts than me. At least as big already and you still have some growing to do... they are great. Going to put me and Emmy to shame in a few years.", you whispered as she sighed and squirmed from your teasing her breasts some. Sat up and helped her take it off; pulled your tee off and kept helping her with her own. Hit a small switch on the wall to turn the enchanted lights up in your curtained bed so you could see her cute chest better.

She had kind of crossed her arms over herself some, seemed kind of embarrassed, so you leaned in for another quick kiss, wrapped her thin little wrists in your hands and gently guided her arms down. Touched the scars on their undersides a little, soft as you could.

"This... touching them? It doesn't hurt right?"

"Not really. Sometimes they ache a bit if I have to use my arms too much but they stopped mostly stopped being painful a few years ago. You touching the feels good. Like it. Love it."

"Alright, Macy. If anything feels bad, not something you want, just tell me. Going to move my hands around some... try and see what you like."

Then?

A small tight stomach leading up to a set of boobs that made a hint of jealousy flare for a moment; they were still fairly small but big for Macy's body... yeah. Going to bigger than yours before long. You loved mom but she had not blessed either you or Emmy with a huge chest, given that her own was hardly there.

But Macy?

Soft and perky round orbs, a small beauty mark on her right side and on her stomach, and even lighter olive skin than the rest of her which made sense since you doubted she sun bathed nude.

"Little sis? Can I give you a kiss or three? There? On your chest?"

"Y-you don't have to ask. But? I want to touch them after, you. Them. Your skin is so, so pretty... your nipples are... they are such a pretty pink. So pretty... is it because you are part Veela? Is that why I want it so, so badly?"

"No. Don't think so.", and you pushed in. Kissed Macy's collar bone, moved down to her sternum; soft touches with your lips, all there were.

"We really aren't that great looking. I mean, Emmy and I are hot but... nothing that amazing.", you assure her and move your mouth over, on to her right breast, licked her erect nipple. Kissed it. Put your mouth over and lightly sucked while tonguing it.

"You are... you are so special to me. Your dad and mom are good looking. You got that I suppose...", Macy chirped out between sighs of pleasure.

"Please do not try and break them up."

"What? N-never even if Nymeria is nice and Lucerne looks really good when he is in a suit. Ah, ah! Good... really good."

So cute.

So sexy.

Innocent...

Her soft voice. Her nipples; dark rose colored, puffy and soft. Hands beginning to skirt down to your hips. How she looked with her glasses off... such a bright, gentle green.

You had some experience with that color. But the spell you used? It could never match Macy's own green; you had fueled it with absolute hatred. A part of your already damaged soul. All you saw now was a pure, pure love.

In truth you didn't even know if the short olive-skinned girl you were sharing a bed with *[i]could[i/]* hate. She had... Macy seemed to have forgiven the woman who abused her, to a degree. Had forgiven everyone but herself.

"Macy? I love you. I really, really do. Please say you love me too?"

"I do. You know that, Jenn. Best friend. Lover, now... I still don't know if I can love you like... like a girlfriend. I... I can try if you want, maybe?"

"No. It's want *[i]you[/i]* want. And we can have tonight, no matter what. If only so you can get some experience that wasn't so...bad. Traumatic. Wrong. I will be...I'll be gentle as you want even if I want you bad."

You... you were going to corrupt her, weren't you? You already got her to make potions fueled by powerful drugs. Got her drunk. Seen her beat up people despite knowing she hated violence. Ruined her innocence. Ruined her too much.

But you still wanted the small, thin girl next to you.

[i]What the fuck is wrong with you, Jenn.[/i]

Why are you like this? So greedy?

She... Macy was a genius. Could live a nice, easy life. Maybe teach Potions at Hogwarts after Slughorn finally retired. Figure out things nobody ever had before. Find a nice wife... but you dragged her to Ilvermorny. Got her involved in all your stupid Seer and magic racist ancestor bullshit; are about to fuck her because you have been constantly horny since you were like 11 and she was beautiful, and she was yours, and...and...

You shouldn't be her real first.

You were nowhere near good enough.

[b]Should you really be doing this, Jennifer?[/b]

"Shut up Mini-Me!"

[b]Not my name and you know it![/b]

"Macy wants it. I want it... I would die if I ever hurt her. It will be safe. She can say no at any time."

[b]"She couldn't before. Macy is special. Comes attached to special problems."[/b]

"She is perfect. I love her!"

[b]"And that is why you will lose her."[/b]

“I will fucking not! Why are you doing this!? You are me, right? You love her too! Think she is pretty! Cute! Amazing!”

[b]”I do. All the we-, well not really “wet” dreams you had involving her? Or pretty wet considering you needed to change pajamas... I recall them too. But she is going to get hurt, die if she stays with us.”[b/]

No. No you would not. [i]No.[/i] You would not allow it. Mom? She had lost her best friend, another shy and smart girl to a prediction. You would not lose yours.

“[b]What ever you say... I’m just a little piece of you. You run the show.”[b/]

“M-macy? I want it but? Are you-“

Then? You felt as your best friend’s arms wrapped behind your back and head as she tumbled backwards. Had her hold you there as you suckled and licked; your own hands just gliding over any part of the thin and awkward girl you could reach. Settled for one on her pelvic crest and another behind her, right at the base of her skull with nails lightly scratching her head like you knew she loved.

“Jenn, Jenn! Yes! You know I trust you. So please? Other one too, pleeease. So good. So good. I love you. I-I love you so much.”, your little friend, little sister began crying out. Too loud, much to loud.

“MayMay! I will. What ever you want. You just need to keep it down a bit, unless you want Emmy to wake up. Want her to join.”, you said as you moved over to the other rose-colored nipple.

“I-I’ll try, Jennnn. Oh, oh Merlin’s Air Jordan’s that feel good. Please keep on going, I’ll be quieter... but I wouldn’t mind, I think.”

Pulling your head up, you looked her in her eyes. They were all but rimmed with tears but there was a huge glowing smile on Macy’s face.

“So, I guess I’m not enough?”

“No! No... more than I could ever want, already.”, and you had your head gently pulled up so Macy could nuzzle your head. “So, so beautiful. Could be on magazine covers. So, so nice. So kind and smart and brave and I really like the green in your eyes now and-”, the thin slightly olive skinned girl just babbled out while keeping her hands on your bare skin, rubbing your back.

“Shush. I’m not that amazing... and? Do you want to touch them some? I’ll lay back in your lap. And if me or Emmy could be models? On magazines? You are going to be a super-model. On the cover of far better publications, Macy. You are the amazing one. Me and my twin just got lucky with some genetics, at best.”

Macy frowned a tad but helped you turn around so you were laying against her, chest, abdomen and slightly damp panties exposed while one hand began to caress your left breast as the other went between your thighs.

“I am not that special... kind of smart, I guess. Pretty plain, aren’t part Veela. Can’t speak well sometimes, have trouble with people, faces, directions; I-“

“Can’t, can’t, aren’t. BS. What you certainly are is so sexy this pair of underwear might be ruined. What you can do is touch my nipples a bit; squeeze or pinch some since I like it rough. And... put your hand down there. All the way in with your fingers? Please?”, and guided her right hand to your undies. To the top and then under them, and moaned softly when her fingers slid over you swollen, warm pussy.

Then before you knew it, the smaller younger girl had a few fingers under the slightly stretchy cloth of your cranberry and dark blue checkered underthings, other hand massaging your breasts and giving a slight squeeze to your small pink nipples every so often, ones that made you gasp slightly, yet felt so, so, good.

“Ah! Ahh! M-Macy... feels great. Amazing. H-harder. Maybe? Harder? And rub down there some more... put them in. Your fingers, please. There won’t be any blood, so stick them in as much as you want, MayMay!”

“Jenn...Jenn. Your breasts, your nipples are so nice, so perky but... like an adult. Mine are still developing, feel like a kid sometimes, but you are... are amazing. And? Jenn? It is so warm. Your p-pussy. So warm and smooth. I have a bit of hair, just a little line going to it. Is that going to be okay?”, Macy asked, head on your shoulder lips right next to your ear, as she squeezed tighter on one of your little pink nipples. Put a single finger inside of your cunt. You almost whimpered from how fantastic it felt; aside from you and Emmy playing around? This was your first, technically. Even if you didn’t think you deserved her... you wanted Macy.

“Y-yeah. Of course it is. Veela blood... can’t grow hair even if we wanted. And-oh Merlin keep putting it in! Macy, Macy keep going, please! Ah...ah... me and Emmy are the one’s still as bald as we were as girls. Your tits, your nipples are great. Can, can I take off my panties? Can I take yours of? But just in a-a-a minute, keep going, another finger.”, and you start breathing in fast and shallow, wrapped your arms around the one currently teasing your breasts. Almost cried out, screamed in pleasure when your little sis added a second finger; began finger fucking you quicker and harder at your insistence.

“Jenn? Are you oka-“

“Coming, coming. For fuck’s sake don’t stop Macy please, please, harder! Make it hurt some fuck, fuck me god, fuck! Deeper. Talk dirty! Squeeze my tits, whatever!”

“A-alright. S-such a little slut. You are, right Jennifer?”, and with you arms around one of her’s, Macy actually clamped down hard on you right breast, dug her short nails in some while forcing her fingers in as deep as they would go, inside of you, hand between your thighs. A few seconds later, it was like Fiendfyre was flowing in your veins, like you had been hit with a [i]Confundus.[/i] There were some tears on your cheeks as you screamed in pleasure some.

“Ahhhhh! Arruuuugh. Ahhh. Ahh. Ah. A-ahahaha. Macy... Macy, it felt so, so good. I came. You made me come. So hard. Oh Merlin...I am a slut for you, my little sis.”

“It was good, Jenn? Big sis?”

“Fan-fucking-tastic. G-give me your hand.”

And then Macy’s hand was up close to your mouth and you were licking. Cleaning her hand off. You... maybe it was just who had done it, but you thought your pussy juices tasted amazing. Just a tad sweet, a little sour. Salty... and tasting your own juices? All it did was make you want to bury your head between Macy’s legs.

“Macy? I’m going to take your underwear off now. Then? I am going you clean you like it is a plate of waffles.”

“That...haha... that didn’t sound all that sexy, aside from the way your voice... I really like it, Jenn. It is pretty. Can you sing?”, and you are down in between her thin light olive legs pulling away the cute little panties with a small red bow she had worn.

“A bit? Little sis? Not as good as mom but me and Emmy were in the choir first year?”, and that was the last thing before you couldn’t help yourself. Got to licking between soft little folds.

She wasn’t lying. There was a tiny strip of brown hair there, though it was mostly bare aside.

“Ah! Ah! Right there, right there Jenn. It... your mouth is good for that too, s-slut. And if I am your little sister? This is really messed up.”

Pulling your face up and cleaning your lips, you just kind of giggled while looking your best friend in her bright emerald eyes.

“Macy? Basically every old family is like an incestuous mess; never look up the Black family tree. More like a bush, really. I’ve been “practicing” with Emmy since we were like 11. I don’t think mom and daddy are related... but if my little sis wants her pussy eaten, she gets her pussy eaten. Can I put them in a bit? Fingers?”

“Haha. I’ve seen some of them, the family trees. Yeah, just one at first. I’m small... and I suppose that makes you a really good big sis, in a way. And I might get jealous of Em. She’s had you since you were born. I’ve only gotten five years.”

“We were little brats at those ages. You didn’t miss much. But here... just one at first. And if I am a good big sister, a good slut for you? A kiss. I want another kiss.”, you demanded while adjusting some, to get up to Macy’s cute little lips.

Once more...Macy wasn’t lying. Would have made for a terrible Slytherin; she was warm and wet but terribly tight. But she seemed to like it. Maybe you could fit another inside in a couples of minutes. And her little arms are around you. Holding tight.

“MayMay is it good?”

“R-really good. I normally get two in... I don’t really have any toys, just a back massage I use at home. But please? Keep going? Little s-slut?”

“Whatever my littler little sister wants.”, and you gently stuck another finger in. Massaged her little clit with your palm while Macy tightened her arms on you, began to breath hot and fast against the side of your face.

“I-I am almost! Keep going, keep going, keep doing that! Right there! Com-coming. Ahrgh...ah-ah-ahaha. I love you; I love you, Jenn... so good...so good.”, and when your best friend stopped shivering some you removed your fingers from her little cunt. Rolled away just a hair so you could bring your hand towards your mouth before it was stolen and in-between a soft set of lips that were cleaning up. Noticed just a hint of pink on them before you had them almost scourged by Macy.

“F-fuck...Macy? I didn’t hurt you... please, please, please, say no.”

“Jenn...sis. I bleed a little some times. You didn’t. Would never. And I am like half Wiggerweld at this point. I’m okay; but if you could hand me a towel, that would be amazing... wipe off a bit.”

“Of course! Yeah. But... good?”

“You felt how hard I c-came. Was I okay?”

“The best. Here.”, and your ass was bent over the edge of the bed to grab a small towel, there was a small kiss on your lower back. One so warm it almost melted the ice in your heart.

“Gay. So fucking gay.”

“Em! How long have you been up?!”

“Probably since you nearly flooded the room when you came.”

“Just... go back to bed?”

“Sure, Jenn. I am still your favorite little sister, right? Been collecting a lot lately, what with Anna, Aubrey, and Maria.”

“Mom and daddy taught us to not play favorites! What you are is insufferable! And still... the other half of me. Still my twin. Still the girl I used to take baths with and slept in a bed with for a decade and change. One who climbed up a light pole to keep me company.”, you said through the curtains while your thin lover, apparently, helped yank you back into the bed when you almost fell onto the floor.

“Still my twin... just try and keep it down. I want to get some flying in tomorrow before we take out Sally.”

“Fuck... it’s your turn, isn’t it.”

“And don’t forget it.”, and you can slightly make out Emmy shuffling her sheets some. Then you are back in bed with your naked friend... helped to pull the cover up over her shoulders while she was clenched in tight and giving a few kisses to your breasts, collar bones, and neck. Your hand in her pretty brown-red hair.

“You are warm, Macy.”

“I get cold at night... might be a bit anemic.”

“Need to get some extra breakfast in you. I know you can’t eat much at one time...”, so you... well couldn’t wake people up to fix her a plate of waffles and bacon. You just did what you could. Gave her a kiss. Kept your best friend close. Scratched her head some. “I can do this for now. Want me to grab my wand? Put an extra Heating Charm on the blankets?”

“It is... you are more than enough. I don’t know what I would have done if I hadn’t met you, Jenn. I know you aren’t perfect. Should not curse as much. Maybe? And not try and get yourself killed... too brave by half. I don’t care if you are the last True Seer for however long. I know you have a fate though. A destiny. A doom. But? I don’t really care if I die... nothing special...”, and she just nuzzled into you and put one of your hands on her breasts; the one right over her heart.

“Never fucking say that. [i]Never.[/i] The one thing I will not allow.”, then your lips are on hers. It wasn’t erotic. Not like before. Just affection and a small heartbeat in your palm. A smaller girl under your arm.

Maybe? Maybe you could flee... you think the Canary Islands are nice this time of year.

“No. If you are fated... what is coming sounds bad. We can’t run. I [i]am[/i] going to protect you... my sister. Best friend. First one. So, we are going to fight, Jenn.”, and the brown-haired girl had one hand on your cheek.

“Macy? I think I can change some things. Protect you. Emmy. David. Anna-Beth, Vu, Travis, Mary, even Aubrey though I swear she is going to blow her head off or blow us all up someday. Mom, daddy. Your parents too. But? I... Mini-Me can’t see that far... me or my sister? If the prophecy I spat out was true... one of us is going to fall. I think that means dead. I have been doing everything I can to not think about it. Especially because my eyes aren’t entirely blue now. And? If Emmy died? Because of me? I don’t know what would happen. I...I might do things. Terrible ones.”

“Jenn... I said I will protect you. You and Em both. I will stick on contacts that are blue and dye my hair if I have too.”

“Little sis?”, and you grabbed her butt and back. Pulled her in as close as possible. “I am the big sister. Have to protect [i]you and Em and Maria and Aubrey and Anna[/i]. Came with the job.”

“No. I have people I really love... people who care. None of you are going anywhere.”

And?

You believed her. A thin lightly-olive skin girl, nude and pressed up against you... one who sucked with battle magic.

Didn’t like hurting people.

Had some brain problems, even for how smart she was.

Could barely navigate a straight hallway or a conversation with anyone aside from her close friends.

But?

If Albus Dumbledore and your friend? Lover? Maybe girlfriend? If both had both said the same thing? You would trust Macy over him.

“Alright, little dork. Come here. Can you sleep on my chest then? If you can do all that? Defy a prophecy? Help save all of us?”

“Yeah... I like your boobs. I can do that. Will you rub my thighs some... it feels really good. Scratch my neck a little. Maybe another few kisses?”

“That... it sounds like a really good deal. I love you?”

“I love you, Jenn. And your bottom is better than Em’s, no matter what she says.”

