

The Trinity of Tidbit

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Pairings: Harry/Remus/Sirius

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Spoilers: spoilers

Warnings: AU, slash, crack, massive OOC-ness, cross-dressing, certain kinks I refuse to name

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Summary: (each oneshot has it's own summary)

Notes:

1 : LITTLE SKIPPING TIDBIT

Summary: Another take on a fractured fairytale. Featuring cross-dressing Harry as Little Red Riding Hood.

Harry skipped along the path through the forest, on his way to see his grandpa. He liked to skip, as with every little jump his short pleated skirt flipped up to show off his naughty bits, flashing anyone he passed.

The people of the village thought he was quite strange; after all, he was a boy, but really preferred girl's clothing. Harry also liked to pick flowers, as when he'd crouch down to gather them up, the long grass would tickle his unmentionables in a pleasant sort of way.

So he was skipping along when a very strange sort of man appeared between two trees a short way down the path. Harry stopped, feeling quite curious.

"Why hello, my dear . . . tidbit," the man said.

Harry smiled and nodded. "Hello. It's a lovely day out, isn't it? Surely you're enjoying it as much as I am."

"Yes, yes I am. And where are you off to, tidbit, and in such a lovely outfit?"

Harry pranced in place, making his skirt flirt up briefly. "It is nice, isn't it? I'm on my way to see my grandpa. He's been feeling a bit poorly lately so I'm bringing him a basket of food."

"I'm sure he will be pleased," the strange man said. "And are you very near the end of your journey there?"

Harry swung the basket around behind him and bent over slightly. "It's not too much further. I'm sure you know of it. His cottage is just there where the river approaches the lane."

The strange man nodded and said, "Surely you'll not be bringing only food, tidbit. There are so many nice flowers growing wild here. Perhaps you should pause to pick some to help further brighten your grandpa's day?"

Harry bounced and nodded his head. "That's a wonderful idea!" He stepped sideways and bent over to put the basket down, then crouched to begin assessing the available blooms. "I think grandpa will love some flowers."

The strange man stayed to watch for a while as Harry crawled around on hands and knees in the grass and picked very specific blooms to add to his basket, then silently melted back into the darkness of the forest.

Eventually Harry thought he had enough and got back up, taking a few moments to brush off his knees and shins, then bent over to pick up his basket. As he did so he realized that rather a lot of time had passed and it was beginning to get dark.

He looked around almost warily, then quickly skipped off down the path, deeper into the forest, hoping to arrive before nightfall claimed the light. Harry arrived at the cottage and heaved a big sigh of relief; the forest at night scared him. He knocked quickly and loudly, then whipped the door open when he heard a voice inside acknowledge him, stepped in, and shut it tightly behind him.

“My dear child, it’s very late,” his grandpa said in a growly voice. “Whatever took you so long?”

Harry gasped slightly. “Grandpa! Have you become worse? Your voice. . . .”

“I’m fine, child, just fine. Now that you’ve come to see me, that is.”

“Are you sure?” he asked in concern. “I may have some cough drops to help soothe your throat.”

“I’m fine,” his grandpa assured him.

“Well, I’ve brought you some lovely soup, though I suppose it’s cold now,” Harry said with a cute little frown. “And some bread and cheese. And flowers! A nice man I met in the forest suggested those.”

“How very kind of him.”

Harry stepped a bit closer, then paused, only just having noticed something odd in the low light available from the fireplace. “Grandpa! When did you get colour-changing lenses?”

“They are a lovely shade of amber, aren’t they? And it’s so much nicer to not worry about my glasses.”

Harry took another step closer, then paused. “Grandpa! Whatever have you done to your hair?”

“Isn’t it nice?” his grandpa said, reaching up to tweak a lock. “Makes me look decades younger.”

“Oh! I quite agree. You look practically like a different person!” Harry exclaimed as he bent over to set his basket on the floor and open it. Out came the flowers he had picked, and when Harry turned back he noticed something quite peculiar.

“Grandpa! What a wolfish smile you’re sporting. Do you like the flowers so much?”

“Why, yes, I do. They’re lovely. And . . . you said something about bread and cheese, my dear child?”

Harry bounced in place and nodded, then skipped over to get a vase for the flowers. Those went on the little table under a window at the front, and then he returned to bend over the basket to fetch the requested food. Perhaps he could heat up the soup in a bit.

Harry turned back and approached the bed, getting quite nearly beside it. “Grandpa!” he said as he held out a delicate china plate bearing the impromptu sandwich. “Why ever are your blankets poking up so strangely?”

His grandpa reached out, saying, “Because what’s underneath is all the better to violate you with, my dear little tidbit!”

Harry shrieked as a strong hand wrapped around his wrist in an iron grip; the plate went flying, bread and cheese separating and heading off in opposite directions. He continued to shriek as he was yanked onto the bed, finally realizing that it was not, in fact, his grandpa, but that strange man from earlier.

And then, the front door burst open!

A man charged through, and Harry held hope that he might be saved from a terrible fate, and thus began struggling even harder against the impossibly strong arms which held him captive.

“Oh, ho!” said the rescuer, a man with shiny dark hair and grey eyes. “What have we here?” He slid a sword out of a sheath strapped to his belt and advanced, his entire body promising a swift death for the horrible man holding Harry against his will.

“Say, my stunningly handsome would-be executioner,” came a suddenly smooth voice near Harry’s ear. “Don’t suppose you’d like to . . . join me instead? He’s a tempting little tidbit, don’t you think?”

The man actually paused, causing Harry to struggle again in disbelief. Then the man extended his sword and used the tip to lift up Harry’s skirt, and let out a low whistle. “Well, I don’t know. How do you feel about animals in the bedroom?”

Harry stilled as the man behind him began laughing; it was strangely melodious. “My handsome friend, I’m a werewolf, so I hardly think having animals in the bedroom is anything to worry myself over.”

Harry thought he might well pass out at that bit of unwelcome information. Instead he began whimpering in fear, knowing his doom was fast approaching.

“Well, well. My name is Sirius. It hardly seems polite to not introduce myself under the circumstances.”

“What a lovely name. Mine is Remus. Apropos, hm?”

Sirius threw his head back and laughed, then sheathed his sword. Within a minute or two, before Harry’s astonished eyes, the man had divested himself of his weapon entirely and transformed into a huge black dog with frighteningly intelligent eyes.

He shrieked again as it leapt onto the bed and shoved its muzzle between his legs. Within seconds his unmentionables were being licked by a very wet tongue. Harry was beyond shocked! But . . . it felt . . . so good. No! He tried his hardest to resist the strangely beguiling feeling, but felt himself not only relaxing but trying to arch his hips!

Harry couldn’t bring himself to shriek again (aside from having the start of a sore throat) when strong arms lifted him up. The dog pushed in even closer and began swiping that long, wet tongue over his anus. With each and every drawn out lick he felt himself slip more deeply into a haze of pleasure, unwilling as it was, of course.

Eventually the dog’s tongue worked its way back to his unmentionables, but he backed off when Remus said, “Need a little help here, Sirius. I can’t deal with the covers and keep our tidbit from escaping at the same time. And while we’re at it, there’s some lubricant in the side drawer there.”

The dog barked softly and changed back to human form, then yanked the covers away from Remus’s body. It barely took any time at all for him to retrieve the lubricant, either.

“Fabulous. Be an angel and slick me up, would you? And maybe the tidbit?”

A few minutes later found Harry moaning without thought and attempting to ride the fingers inside his ass. He felt bereft when they disappeared, and whimpered, despite a part of him trying desperately to object to this horrible, horrible fate he was forced to.

Sirius returned to dog form and barked, then sat back on his haunches to watch as Remus eased his cock inside Harry’s virgin ass. He whimpered in pain, but was quickly distracted as that wet tongue once again began licking his unmentionables.

Shortly thereafter he was quite nearly being split in half (or so it felt) as his body was lifted and lowered, but that was mitigated by the intense pleasure he felt at the same time. The dog was devilishly clever with its tongue, and Harry’s moans expressed his feelings for what both men were doing to him.

It wasn’t very long at all when his traitorous body betrayed him completely, and Harry began jerking around in Remus’s grasp, his head thrown back in ecstasy. The dog licked him more fervently, capturing every single drop of the almost pearly fluid spurting from his. . . . Oh, blast, a part of him thought in faint exasperation—from his cock!

And barely had he relaxed, sort of, when the arms holding him tightened painfully and he was being quite nearly slammed down onto Remus's cock. Seconds later the man behind him let out a howl; Harry fancied he could feel the cock in his ass pulse as Remus was claimed by orgasm.

Things were eventually quiet, and Harry dared to hope he might be released. He would surely run away, even through the scary dark forest, to the village. But that was not to be. The dog became human, and Sirius said, "So, my turn fucking the tidbit?"

He moaned and struggled weakly, but to no avail. Even as Sirius was stripping off his clothing, Remus was manhandling Harry into a new position, and then the horrible torture began all over again. Sirius was quick to take advantage, and sheathed his cock in Harry's now not-so-virgin ass and began thrusting, altering his angle of attack after a bit, something that made Harry begin moaning in almost sheer pleasure.

And it didn't hurt when a hand snaked over to begin stroking and playing with his already recovering cock.

Not so terribly long later Sirius was slamming into him with exceptional vigor, and the hand at his cock was leading him to another mind-blowing (yet unwilling) orgasm. When they did finally release him Harry was just too tuckered out to try to escape.

"A few more days of this," Remus commented, "and our dear little tidbit won't even dream of denying us."

Harry reached up to lazily smack the werewolf. "As if I ever deny you anyway. That was an absolutely fantastic little game, by the way."

"It was, wasn't it," Sirius said with a smug grin. He also received a lazy smack, but Harry quickly found himself being hauled up and kissed lustily.

On being let go he said, "I'm tired. Can we go to sleep now?"

"Aw," Remus said. "We wore tidbit out. Aren't you proud, Siri? Well, fine, time for bed. And in the morning you can skip about like you always do, Harry, and tease us until we can't stand it any more."

"And then you'll ravish me," he said sleepily, wriggling around until he could rest his head on Remus's chest. Sirius slipped in behind him and molded himself to Harry's back, and the three quickly drifted off into dreamland.

2 : SLEEPING TIDBIT

Summary: Another fractured fairytale, featuring the return of Tidbit as Sleeping Beauty.

There was a bit of an argument at the door.

“I made it through those horribly overgrown grounds and a castle full of creepy sleeping people, so I’m the one who should obviously have first crack at things!” insisted the dark-haired man.

Remus tried, and failed, to not roll his eyes. “You seem to be forgetting about how I helped you as much as you helped me, good sir, so I think the question of who goes first is up in the air. And besides, we don’t even know what awaits us.”

“Sir? I’ll have you know I am Prince Sirius Black of Black Forest!”

Remus sighed and shook his head. “And I am Prince Remus Lupin of Loup Garou. In other words, you don’t outrank me. Now, shall we enter?”

Sirius huffed and whipped open the door. “Fine,” he said and strode through.

Remus heard him gasp and quickly followed, only to stop dead on seeing the absolutely gorgeous creature resting on a snowy white bier. Just like all the others in the castle, the young man was trapped in an enchanted sleep, to waken only when his true love was found. And, as legend went, that would likewise awaken the inhabitants of the castle and grounds, asleep for countless years.

Sirius whistled and shook one of his hands. “My my my.”

Remus licked his lips and nodded. “Well, we could dice for it.”

“You brought dice?” Sirius asked incredulously.

He sniffed. “I like a little danger in my life.” Remus moved closer to the bier and reached out to flip back the light blanket covering the youth, then tossed it to the floor.

Sirius, not to be outdone, stepped to the other side and fetched out a knife, then began slicing away the young man’s clothing. Shortly thereafter the youth was quite naked. “Breathtaking,” he said. “I wonder what his name is.”

“He’s a succulent little morsel, a delicious little tidbit.”

“Tidbit? I like it. Let’s call him that. But that doesn’t answer the question of who has the honor of trying to awaken him first.”

Remus arched a brow at his companion and reached out to glide the fingers of one hand down Tidbit's chest. "We could share him, you know. After all, I'm a second son, with no particular duty toward the kingdom."

"What a strange coincidence," Sirius said. "So am I. Do you even have any idea what we're supposed to do?"

Remus shrugged and let his fingers glide lower. "The usual sort of thing is a kiss. If you agree that we'll share Tidbit, regardless of who wakes him up, then you can try that first." His fingers curled around the youth's flaccid cock and began to tease at it.

Sirius shot him a narrow-eyed look. "I might, but how do I know you'll stick to the agreement if you're the one who wakes him?" He reached out to tweak one of Tidbit's nipples and twist it, then sweep a hand across the youth's chest.

"How do I know *you* will?"

"Because I'm honest?"

Remus snorted and said, "Why don't we write up a quick contract? We'll agree on the terms, then both sign it, all right?"

"Fine." Sirius tweaked Tidbit's other nipple and stepped away. "Then let's hash it out."

A half hour later they each had a copy of the agreement (Remus always carried all sorts of supplies with him, as one never knew what might come in handy), signed by both.

Sirius immediately returned to the bier and leaned over to kiss Tidbit. Nothing happened.

Remus nudged him out of the way and kissed the youth as well. Again, nothing happened. "Hm. So much for stereotypes."

Sirius gave a little gasp. "Look! He twitched, I swear it."

"But he's not awake." Remus pondered for a few minutes, then looked at Sirius. "You know, I've been thinking. I'm a bit concerned given how delicious looking he is. Other people might try something once we've woken him up and taken him away from this place."

Sirius frowned and shot a look at the youth. "You think so?"

"Certainly. Wouldn't you be tempted if you saw him prancing about? Tempted to spirit him away?"

Sirius had another long look at Tidbit. "Are you . . . suggesting something?"

“I think we should make it very plain that Tidbit here belongs to someone. That way, anyone seeing him would know to stay away. Like . . . a mark.”

Sirius frowned again and planted a hand on one hip. “Okay, what the hell? This isn’t in the script, Remy.”

Remus threw his hands up in the air and let out a pained groan. “Just once I wish you’d play along. But no! Okay, look. I really am concerned. You think about it. Harry likes to prance around in his little skirt, flashing everyone. It’s the reason *we* noticed him in the first place.”

“Yeah, so?”

“Siri, buy a clue! Haven’t you seen the way some of the villagers *look* at him? Like they want to eat him? Yeah, sure, Harry was innocent once, and honestly didn’t understand what effect he was having on people. But he knows now, and he finds it amusing. He’s a monumental tease, a born exhibitionist.”

Sirius absently hauled a chair over and had a seat. “You’re serious about this. And what exactly is this . . . mark . . . supposed to do?”

Remus got a chair for himself and sat down, then leaned forward. “A visual cue, a warning. The villagers would see it and know Harry isn’t up for grabs. And, should they try to lay hands on him anyway, they’ll be in for one hell of a nasty shock.”

Sirius nodded, then said, “Uh huh. Why do I get the feeling you’ve been thinking about this for quite some time, and suggested *this* particular game purely because Harry wouldn’t be able to protest?”

Remus smirked wickedly. “You know me so well. Yes, exactly.”

“Well, all right. I take it you’ve got the glyphs and runes and whatnot already worked out?”

“Certainly. When am I ever not prepared?” Remus replied with mock indignation. “I was thinking maybe we could place it on his hip.”

Sirius shook his head almost violently. “No.”

“Why not?”

“No, no, no. If we’re going to do this, it goes on his ass. The villagers won’t be looking at his damn hip. On the other hand, he bends over enough in front of people for his ass to make sense.”

“Hm, excellent point, Siri. I’m quite proud of you.” He leaned forward to engage his lover in a passionate kiss, then pulled back before things could get out of hand. “In that case. . . .”

Remus rummaged around in his pockets for the parchment he needed, then stood up and kicked the chair out of the way.

“Okay, Siri. Back in character.”

Sirius nodded and stood, took care of his chair, then stood on one side of the bier again. “Uh, where were we again?”

Remus closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He loved Sirius, he did. Really he did. With all his heart. Then he repeated, “I think we should make it very plain that Tidbit here belongs to someone. That way, anyone seeing him would know to stay away. Like . . . a mark.”

Sirius’s eyes went wide in remembrance. “That’s an excellent idea!” he enthused, then hauled Tidbit up and gently flipped him over. “I think it should go right here!” he said and slapped the youth on the ass.

“I find myself to be agreeable,” he said.

“Is this going to hurt him?” asked Sirius worriedly.

“Oh, probably,” Remus said blithely. “But I’ve got some potions we can use afterward to heal him up.” He showed the parchment to his companion. “Luckily, I happen to have just the thing on hand. We just need to brand this into place, coat it in our blood, chant a bit, and voilà!”

Sirius blanched and went a bit queasy looking. “Brand?”

He nodded. “I don’t know how else you’d expect to do it. Oh look, there’s a fireplace over there. Just what I need.” Remus headed that way and busied himself with his self-appointed task, preparing an iron that just happened to be sitting there, already fashioned, almost as though someone had . . . known it would be needed.

Once it was nicely glowing hot Remus slipped on a heavy glove and grabbed the handle, then brought it over to the bier. “Get your knife ready,” he instructed, then handed over a sheet of parchment. “And this is what we’ll need to be chanting, okay?”

As Sirius was fetching out his knife Remus pressed the red-hot metal against Tidbit’s left ass cheek and winced at the sound and smell, not to mention the fact that the youth moaned in pain. He held it there for a second or two, then flung the iron at the fireplace and stripped off the glove.

“Ooo, that does look nice,” he commented, then held out his hand. “Make a small cut in the palm of my hand, then do the same to your own. We need to seal this now.” Remus fetched out a potion with his other hand and yanked the cork out with his teeth as he let blood drip from his wound onto the brand.

He then poured a small amount of the potion in his palm to heal the wound, and likewise took care of Sirius's hand after he was done. The potion was resealed and tucked away, and Remus said, "Now we chant." And they did.

A short time later Remus poured a potion over Tidbit's ass and watched in satisfaction as everything healed up nicely, leaving behind a stark black design branded into the sun-kissed flesh.

"You know, I rather like it," Sirius said musingly. "It's going to look gorgeous when he's skipping about and his skirt flips up to show it off."

"Siri, darling? In character, please."

"Oh, right." Sirius shifted guiltily and blinked a few times. "So now what do we try? A kiss didn't do it."

"Well, we could try kissing something else? I suppose if it comes to it, maybe this is a very special case and we'll need to . . . break him in?"

Sirius smacked his hands together. "I have it. I think I know what we ought to do. One of us can deflower that tight little ass while the other finds out just how delicious he really is. And if that doesn't work, well . . . you get to figure something out."

Remus grinned and nodded. "You got to go first last time. I think it's my option to choose which I'd like to do, and I would like to taste him."

Sirius let out a growl of pleasure. "It's a shame. I'd rather like to break him in from behind so I can see that nice new mark, but that'd be kinda awkward I suppose."

"Yes," Remus agreed, then paused. "Actually," he said, "we could manage that." Tidbit was carefully shifted down the bier until his waist was past the edge, and Remus knelt at the end of the bier, using it as support.

Sirius moved to stand behind Tidbit, unfastened his trousers, and dipped his fingers into a jar Remus held out, slicked up his cock, then dipped in again so he could begin preparing Tidbit.

And, despite the enchanted sleep, the youth began moaning softly and twitching. The jar was shortly set aside and Sirius pressed the head of his cock against Tidbit's anus, then started to ease forward.

Remus took that as his cue and began fondling Tidbit's cock prior to capturing it within his mouth. He knew damn well that Harry wasn't going to wake up until they had both had their pleasure of his ass, but Harry would feel everything as though he was awake, so Remus gave it his all, using every trick he knew of to bring their beloved third to orgasm.

Sirius collapsed over Tidbit's back just a few seconds later, and stayed like that for several minutes, absently running a hand up and down Harry's leg. Remus slapped his lover on the ass sharply, causing Sirius to jerk upright with an, "Ow."

"You looked like you needed motivation," Remus said dryly. "And it's obvious that wasn't enough, so I suggest we switch places."

And so they did, and it was Remus collapsed over Tidbit's back a while later. Just about the time he was standing up and easing free Tidbit began to stir from his enchanted sleep.

Remus quickly fixed his trousers and moved to help the youth up to a seated position. He staggered back when Tidbit shrieked and slapped his arm, then burst into tears. "Harry?"

"You branded me!" Harry sobbed. "Like a damn cow!" He shrieked again and buried his face in his hands.

Remus was quick to pull their beloved third into a hug as Sirius stroked Tidbit's hair. "It was for your protection, sweetheart."

Another shriek rang out and Harry slapped them both before hiding his face again and sobbing wildly. It was a good ten minutes before he quieted, and Remus carefully pried Harry's hands away from his face. The poor dear looked just pathetic, with swollen red eyes and a seemingly permanent pout.

"M'not a cow," Harry mumbled.

"No, you're our tidbit, love, and we want you safe."

"Nobody'd do anything."

Remus rolled his eyes at Sirius over Harry's head. "Sweetheart, you're quite nearly irresistible. Those village men have been eyeing you like dessert. For that matter, so have some of the girls."

"Have not," Harry said sulkily.

Remus frowned. "Harry, when have I ever lied to you?"

Harry's gaze shifted off to the side. "Never."

"Precisely," Remus said with a nod. "And I know you, tidbit. So instead of trying to convince you to be someone you're not, I found a way to help keep you safe from the depredations of others. And now you have something else to show off when you skip about."

A minute passed, then Harry mumbled, "What's it look like?"

Remus fetched out the parchment that showed the design and held it in front of Harry.

“Oh.” There was a pause, then, “It’s sorta pretty.”

“Just like you,” Sirius said.

“It hurt,” Harry said peevishly.

Remus tucked the parchment away and pulled Harry close so he could try to kiss that pout away. “I’ll make it up to you, tidbit,” he said coaxingly.

Harry gave him a suspicious look. “Oh? Are you going to let me brand your ass, then?”

He blinked a few times. “That wasn’t what I had in mind, I admit.”

Harry scowled. “Maybe both of you should have one.”

A loud thud made both Remus and Harry look toward the sound, only to see that Sirius was passed out cold on the floor.

“You know,” Remus said casually, “if it wasn’t for the fact that what I worked out for you won’t work for him, now would be the perfect time for Siri to get his done.”

Harry laughed and kissed him.

3: DANGLY BITS

Summary: Not a fractured fairy tale, but does feature Tidbit, who has a request.

Remus watched his beloved little tidbit with fond amusement. Harry stood facing away from a mirror, looking over his shoulder and twisting this way and that in an attempt to see his brand better. Several minutes later Harry dropped his skirt and looked at him with an expression that usually didn't bode well.

And then he said, "I want more dangly bits."

Remus was given to blinking repeatedly, but managed to say, "I'm . . . sorry?"

"I want more dangly bits," Harry repeated.

"Tidbit, you're not a snake. You don't need any, er, extras."

Harry dashed over to the bed and flopped down, then proceeded to indulge in a massive giggling fit. Eventually he rolled onto his back and said, "No! That's not what I meant!"

Remus took a seat on the edge and began stroking Harry's thigh. "Then what do you mean?"

"Just what I said." Harry spread his legs apart and flipped his skirt up, then reached down to slide a hand under his scrotum and lift things out of the way. "Here," he said, and tapped with a finger.

Remus re-situated himself and licked that exact spot, then lifted his head. "Here?"

"Uh huh. Right there."

Remus licked him again and said, "Dangly bits, Harry?"

"Mmm. I want you to pierce me, Remus. Right there. And then I can attach a chain that has bells or crystals at the end."

"I see," he said, then licked again, this time letting his tongue trail up over Harry's fingers to tease at his scrotum. "You want me to poke holes in your flesh and put in a ring?"

"Uh. Yeah." Harry paused briefly, probably because Remus had begun nibbling his inner thigh, then said, "Yeah, a ring. And when I skipped around I'd have something else to show off. Or when one of you took me from behind."

"And would this ring be permanent, tidbit?"

Harry moaned softly and nodded. “Like . . . that mark.”

Remus pulled back a bit, causing his beloved to frown. “I hope you don’t have the notion in that head of yours that we should all get one of these, too?”

Harry giggled and shook his head.

Remus leaned back in to swipe his tongue along the length of Harry’s rapidly hardening cock. “It might be dangerous,” he murmured. “A chain dangling down might get caught on something as you skipped about and tear your skin, tidbit.”

“You promised to make it up to me,” Harry said a bit sulkily.

Remus nudged Harry’s hand out of the way and engulfed his cock, sucking on it for several minutes before pulling away to say, “Yes, I did. But would you have even thought of this if I hadn’t given you that mark?”

“I don’t know,” Harry mumbled.

“Mmmhmm. I think we should wait for Siri to come home and see what he thinks about this.”

“Do we have to?”

“Yes, we do,” he said and sat up properly.

Harry pouted at him and said, “You know he’ll say yes.”

Remus snorted and shook his head. “Of course he’ll say yes. He’ll take one look at your expression and cave. And that, my dearest tidbit, is why I’m the brains around here. I, at least, can still think clearly when you do that.”

“I’ll let you spank me even though I’ve not been naughty,” Harry offered hopefully.

He snorted again. “You already are being naughty, though that’s beside the point, as we all know you enjoy being spanked.”

“I am not,” Harry protested indignantly. “And I don’t!”

“You’re being difficult and trying to wheedle what you want out of me. That counts as being naughty.”

Harry nibbled his lower lip and absently began stroking his own cock. Remus quickly stopped that and leaned in to resume fellating his tidbit. He was pleased when Harry failed to speak again and instead started moaning, so Remus slid two fingers into the youth’s anus and began to thrust with them as he continued to suck his beloved off.

Harry was shortly enough overcome by orgasm, Remus milking him dry and greedily swallowing everything his tidbit had to offer. He was just sitting up and licking his lips when Sirius arrived.

“Aw, you know I hate it when you start without me,” Sirius whined.

“Chin up, love. He’s being difficult, so you can spank him if you like.”

A Harry that had seemed halfway to sleep suddenly shrieked and scrambled off the bed to make a break for the front door. Sirius caught him as he raced by and lifted him off the floor. “Now where do you think you’re going, hm?”

And Harry, as he always did, protested. “I’ve been good! Remus is being unreasonable!”

Sirius set Harry down, but kept an arm around him tightly, then administered a sharp slap to Harry’s ass. A second later he studiously averted his gaze as Harry pouted, and slapped him again. “You never act like this when you’re innocent, so I must assume you’ve been bad. Now where did we put. . . .?”

Remus chuckled and slid down the bed, then opened the bedside table’s drawer and retrieved a paddle. Sirius brightened and hauled their tidbit to the bed, sat down, and pulled Harry over his lap. A second later Harry’s skirt was flipped up and the paddling had commenced.

Shortly thereafter found Remus amused, Sirius slightly out of breath, and Harry tearfully glaring at them, though he did absolutely nothing to hide the fact that his penis was hard again. “Meanies.”

“Now,” Sirius said as Remus put the paddle away, “what caused our tidbit to be difficult?”

“Tidbit wants more dangly bits,” Remus explained.

“O . . . kay?”

Harry reached over and smacked Remus on the arm. “You’re just confusing him!” he accused.

“Like you confused me?” Remus asked dryly, then explained for real. “I told him that decision would have to wait until you came home. He didn’t like that and tried to tempt me to change my mind.”

“Tidbit!” Sirius scolded. “You definitely deserved that spanking, you little minx.”

Harry glared harder and crossed his arms over his chest. Then he abruptly scrambled over to straddle Sirius’s legs and said, “Please, Siri?”

Sirius shot a sidelong look at Remus, then said, “And what if I’d prefer to pierce something else, huh?” He twisted one of Harry’s nipples roughly through the thin shirt covering them.

“Well. . . .” Harry’s mouth curved in an unmistakably wicked smile. “I’ll let you pierce one if you let me give your ass a brand like mine.”

Remus laughed as Sirius hastily said, “Ah, I suppose it’s not that important where.”

Harry leaned forward to kiss Sirius and shifted his hips, then whispered, “Wouldn’t it be cute, Siri? Every time I skipped around you could hear the bells chime? And the chain could be just long enough for them to peek out under the hem of the skirt.” He gave Sirius another kiss and pressed closer. “And just imagine, when you made l—”

Remus reached over and clapped a hand over Harry’s mouth, using the other to wrench Sirius’s head around by the chin. “I perceive possible danger with this little request,” he said, then yelped and snatched his hand away when Harry bit him.

“Unless you’re angling for another spanking, tidbit, I suggest you behave,” he said sternly.

Harry shrieked and was immediately wrapped tightly in Sirius’s arms to prevent escape. “Danger?” Sirius asked.

Remus explained about that, then waited to see what his lover would say.

“Well, then he just couldn’t wear the chain all the time, right?”

“Okay, so what do you think? Should we let him?”

“So long as he follows any rules you think are proper, I suppose so,” said Sirius, absently loosening his hold and reaching down to stroke Harry’s ass.

Remus eyed their beloved third, then nodded. “All right.”

Harry squealed and kissed Sirius while wriggling in excitement. “Will you ravish me now?” he asked hopefully, angling his hips suggestively.

“No.”

Harry blinked. “No? Why not?”

Sirius shook his head. “Knowing you, you have everything all set just in case we’d said yes. So no, I won’t ravish you right now. First we’re going to take care of this little piercing.”

“Oh.” Harry gnawed on his lower lip a bit guiltily.

“Go fetch things,” Remus said, “then come back here and lie down. And remember, tidbit, this constitutes having made it up to you, okay?”

Harry nodded and slipped off Sirius’s lap, and was back in a flash with a handful of items. After handing them to Remus he got on the bed and flopped onto his back, then drew his legs apart and up.

“Siri, shove a few pillows under his ass, will you? Then fetch a healing potion.” To Harry he said, “You do realize this is going to hurt.”

Their tidbit arched his ass off the bed and nodded. “I know.”

A short time later a curved needle had made the necessary holes and a gold ring was threaded through, then sealed off; a few drops of potion took care of the rest. Remus then attached the chain Harry had given him, one that sported a trio of miniature bells.

He set everything aside and nodded. “All done.”

“Will you ravish me *now*?”

Before Remus could respond Sirius said, “No.”

“No!?”

Sirius grinned and pulled their beloved third up into a hug. “Of course not. You bit Remus, so you earned another spanking.” Harry barely got a shriek out when his mouth was covered, so Sirius was able to continue, “And besides, I want to see how loud those bells are before one of us takes you.”

More than five but less than ten minutes later, Harry was once again tearfully glaring at them. And incredibly aroused.

“Now I’ll ravish you,” Sirius said, then lunged.