

## Tutor Me

### Chapter 1

“Why don’t you ask Granger? She’s looked right fit since the Ball.”

Hermione froze just before stepping into the courtyard, eyes narrowed as she heard the familiar Irish tones of Seamus Finnigan.

“Granger!?” Ron asked incredulously. “She might be nice to look at, but she’s completely frigid. She’d never put out. I heard she only gave Krum a kiss on the cheek.”

“Fine, what about Megan Jones from Hufflepuff?” Seamus asked.

“She does have a nice chest,” Ron said. “And she’s Gwenog’s cousin. Hey, maybe I could talk her into introducing me.”

Scoffing, Hermione slipped past the two boys unnoticed and made her way toward the library.

“Stupid, egotistical, misogynistic git,” she grumbled.

“Hey, Hermione,” Heather Potter said as they met in the corridor.

Heather was Harry Potter’s little sister and one of the few real friends she had in the school. Though Heather was a year younger than her, they still both shared the same drive to learn all they could about magic. When they first met, Hemione had expected Heather, sister to the famous Boy-Who-Lived, to be jealous of her brother’s fame. It turned out she was anything but. Being almost painfully shy in their younger years, she’d been more than happy to let him take the limelight.

Harry was, without a doubt, the best-looking and most popular boy in the school. By the start of the year, their seventh, he'd become the youngest Seeker in a century and gone on to win five Quidditch Cups. He'd become the youngest Triwizard Champion in history and won the European under eighteen Dueling Championship twice. Despite his hectic schedule, he still managed to keep pace with Hermione in terms of grades. While they weren't close friends, they had a friendly rivalry to see who would take the top spot in each class.

"Who's bothering you this time?" Heather asked.

"Oh, Ronald," Hermione sighed.

"What'd he do this time?" Heather asked, brushing a lock of red hair that had come loose from her ponytail behind her ear.

"He and Seamus were talking about which girls they were going to ask out to Hogsmeade again," Hermione said. "When Seamus suggested me, he called me frigid."

"Well, you're a bit of a wallflower, maybe, but definitely not frigid," Heather smiled teasingly. "Why is he getting to you so much? I mean, he's said worse things about you."

"I have been thinking about getting a boyfriend lately," Hermione admitted quietly. "I'd like to have some experience before I leave Hogwarts, but I don't even know where to start."

Sighing, Hermione ran a hand through her bushy hair and grimaced when they got stuck in a knot.

"I hope you're not asking me for advice," Heather said, "Because I have even less experience than you do. At least you had a date to the Ball. I stayed in the common room all night."

“Viktor wasn’t even interested in me,” Hermione huffed. “He was engaged. He just wanted a date that wasn’t going to fawn all over him. Ugh, why can’t someone just write a book on how to be a woman?”

“They do. It’s called Witch Weekly,” Heather said, giggling when Hermione rolled her eyes.

Entering the library, they split up to gather the books they needed and then met back up at their usual table in the back.

“Here’s a thought,” Heather whispered. “Why don’t you get someone to teach you?”

“Teach me what?” Hermione asked suspiciously.

“Teach you how to get a date,” Heather smiled.

“Like who, Lavender?” Hermione scoffed. “I have no interest in acting like a complete bimbo to attract boys.”

“You could ask Harry,” Heather suggested. “He’d be willing to teach you, and you know he won’t make you do anything you don’t want to or spread rumors. Besides, he’s never had trouble finding a date. He dated Penny, the Head Girl, in his third year. I know it was kind of a joke, but she still says he’s the best boyfriend she ever had. Then he dated Fleur for a while, and they only broke up because she went back to France. And until school started, he was dating an Auror Trainee named Tonks. She was super fun *and* a Metamorphmagus. Even though he’s broken things off with all of them, they’re all still good friends, and I know they’d all love to get back together with him.”

“I don’t know,” Hermione frowned thoughtfully as she nibbled on her bottom lip.

“That, or you could just go ask someone out and see how it goes,” Heather grinned. “Maybe you could ask Ron?”

Hermione swatted her shoulder with a book, and they both broke into giggles. Madam Pince poked her head around the corner and shushed them with a glare. Getting their laughter under control, they went back to their books. But Hermione's mind kept wandering to Heather's suggestion.

*Maybe it's not such a bad idea after all, she thought.*

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"I can't believe I'm doing this," Hermione muttered to herself.

Being Head Girl, she just so happened to share a suite off of the Gryffindor common room with Harry. At the start of the year, she hadn't really thought much about it. Harry was a considerate roommate, he let her study in peace, and he didn't bring girls around. All in all, she considered it an improvement over the dorm she'd shared with Parvati and Lavender for the last six years. Now, waiting for Harry to drop his bag off after class before heading down to dinner, she chewed her bottom lip and bounced her leg nervously.

All day, her mind had bounced back and forth between whether to ask him or not. Hermione had always been eager to learn, but human interactions had always been the area she struggled in most. Her thoughts came to a screeching halt when the door opened, and Harry walked in, his bag slung over his shoulder.

"Hey, Hermione," he smiled.

After tossing his bag on his bed, he paused and looked at her closely.

"Did you need something?" Harry asked.

"I – Well, I was hoping to get your help with something," Hermione stammered. "Would you be willing to tutor me?"

"Giving up in Runes so soon?" Harry asked with a teasing grin.

Hermione ignored the flip her stomach did when she looked at his crooked smile and huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Not a chance," she said. "My project is coming along just fine, thank you."

"Alright," Harry grinned, raising his hands in surrender. "What do you need help with?"

"I need you to teach me how to find a boyfriend," Hermione blurted before she lost her nerve.

"Do you want me to set you up with someone?" Harry asked, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"No – Well, maybe," Hermione said, sighing. "Later, perhaps. It's just... I don't even know how to attract a boy or go on a date or anything, really. And I don't have any experience, especially when it comes to being... physical. I wouldn't even know where to begin. Not to mention-"

"Whoa, Hermione, slow down," Harry said, smiling softly. "What, exactly, do you want me to teach you?"

"How to be a girlfriend?" Hermione asked before sighing. "That's the thing. I don't know enough to know what I need to learn."

"Alright, I think I understand," Harry said. "Sure, I'll teach you. But before we do anything, I need to know if you trust me."

“Of course I do,” Hermione said. “I wouldn’t have asked you if I didn’t.”

“Good,” he smiled. “Meet me on the seventh floor corridor after dinner tonight.”

“Why the seventh floor?” Hermione asked. “Can’t we do it here?”

“You’ll see,” Harry grinned. “Trust me.”

With a wink, he slipped out into the common room and closed the door. Blowing out a breath, Hermione fell into her chair, trying desperately to wrangle the maelstrom of emotions she was feeling.

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Hermione left dinner early, too nervous to stay and eat more than a few bites. Checking the watch her mother had given her last Christmas, she sighed. It would be another few minutes, at least, before Harry showed up. She began to pace back and forth, nibbling on her bottom lip as she tried to get her nerves under control. In an effort to keep her mind busy, she started to go over what she wanted to learn in her head.

After a couple of passes back and forth, Hermione noticed movement out of the corner of her eye. When she turned to see what it was, she was surprised to find a door where there had only been a blank wall a couple of minutes before. Furrowing her brow curiously, she slowly approached and turned the knob.

“Hello,” she called, cracking the door open.

When she didn’t receive a response, she pushed the door open further and looked inside. Inside were several shelves filled with oddly shaped objects, a few bookshelves, and a comfortable-looking bed. Intrigued, Hermione headed straight for the bookshelves and looked over the titles on the spines.

*'The Magick of Sex' 'A Witch's Guide to Pleasing Wizards' '101 Ways to Spice Up Your Love Life'  
'The Pleasures of Anal Sex'*

Blushing, Hermione looked around and found that every book she could see was about sex.

*What is this place,* she wondered.

Turning to look at the shelves behind her, she froze and gasped when she saw what was there. In her rush to look at the books, she'd walked right past shelves filled with dildos of all shapes, sizes, and colors. On the shelves beyond that were things like clamps, gags, and things she didn't even know the use for. Slowly, she started to back up towards the door.

"It's an amazing room, isn't it?"

Blushing harder than she ever had in her life, Hermione spun around to find Harry leaning against the doorframe with a smile on his face.

"What is this place?" Hermione asked defensively.

"Welcome to the Room of Requirement," Harry said, waving his hand around grandly. "Have you figured out what it does yet?"

"It's some sort of... sex room," Hermione said, trying to get her blush under control.

"Not quite," Harry smiled, stepping inside and closing the door. "Better than my first guess, though. It took me over a year to figure this place out. I found it in my second year by accident. I spent the first month just trying to find it again. Here, watch this."

Harry closed his eyes, looking like he was concentrating hard. Hermione yelped when the shelves started retracting into the floor. The walls expanded outwards rapidly until they were so far away she could no longer see them. Piles and piles of books, furniture, brooms, cauldrons, and even quills appeared from the floor. The once small room had turned into the largest warehouse she'd ever seen. There was so much to see she thought it could take years, maybe even decades, to go through it all.

"Wow," Hermione gasped. "This is massive."

"The House Elves call this the Room of Lost Things," Harry explained. "Basically, this is the repository of everything that's been lost or hidden in the castle over the last thousand years or so. From what research I've been able to do, this room was built by Rowena Ravenclaw, kind of like her version of the Chamber of Secrets. All you have to do is pace back and forth three times outside the door and think about what you want. The room's magic uses anything in here to give you what you want. It can't create anything, though. So, there are some limitations."

"That's – That's incredible," Hermione breathed. "There must be so much history in here."

"A thousand years of it," Harry smiled. "Here, close your eyes and think of a book, any book."

Thinking for a moment, Hermione closed her eyes and held out her hands. A moment later, a book fell into her arms. She would've dropped it if Harry hadn't rushed forward and helped her catch it. Feeling his hands touching hers, she blushed slightly and tried to ignore it by looking at the book. When she did, she let out a gasp.

"Oh my God," she said, bouncing excitedly. "It's a first edition copy of Hogwarts, a History! Do you have any idea how much this is worth?"

"Nope," Harry said. "I'm sure my mum and Heather would, though."

"Does Heather know about this?" Hermione asked.



“Yeah, but I made her promise not to tell anyone about it,” Harry said. “I know it was a bit selfish, but there were times I just needed to get away from everyone for a bit.”

Hermione bit her lip and nodded. Harry had been put under a lot of pressure over the years. The teachers all expected him to do well, and his classmates expected him to be larger than life. It seemed to her that they often forgot he was a student just like them. As much as she would've liked to have known about this room sooner, she could understand Harry wanting to keep it to himself.

The room began to change around them again, and Hermione watched as it began to look like a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room with a bed against one wall. It looked like a comfortable, peaceful place to spend an afternoon, making her wonder just how much time Harry had spent here.

Knowing what they would be getting to next, Hermione felt her nervousness return. Clearing her throat, she pushed her hair behind her ears and pulled a scrap of parchment out of her bag.

“I've given this some thought, and these are some of the things I'd like to learn,” she said.

As Harry began to look over the list, his eyebrows rose, and Hermione blushed, her hands fidgeting with her skirt.

“Flirting, dating, kissing, oral, and... sex?” he asked.

“If you're willing to, of course,” Hermione said, nibbling her bottom lip.

“Right,” Harry said.

Smiling, he crumbled the parchment into a ball and lobbed it into the fireplace.

“But-”

“This isn’t a class, Hermione,” Harry interrupted, though not unkindly, as he rested his hands on her shoulders. “I get what you’re trying to do. This is something that makes you uncomfortable, and you think having some sort of structure will make it easier, right?”

Blushing, she hadn’t even realized that’s what she’d done, but now that he said it, that’s exactly what her thoughts had been.

“Sorry,” Hermione mumbled.

“Nothing to be sorry about,” he told her gently. “Everyone’s nervous the first time. The first thing I need to teach you is how to be comfortable and confident in yourself.”

Running his hands along her collarbone, Harry undid her tie and pulled it free. Smiling kindly, he placed his hands on her waist and slowly pulled her closer until their faces were just inches apart. Hermione first placed her hands on his arms, then jerkily hung them over his shoulders. Her stomach felt like it was doing flips in her stomach as she stared into his bright green eyes.

“I’m going to kiss you now, okay?” Harry asked.

Hermione nodded, and suddenly his lips were on hers. After a brief, muffled yelp of surprise, she closed her eyes and moved her lips against his. Compared to what she’d seen in broom cupboards as a Prefect and through the windows of Madam Puddifoots, Harry was nearly as aggressive as she was expecting. She often thought the boys looked like they were trying to inhale a girl’s face, but this felt nothing like that.

It was so nice, in fact, that she opened her mouth without conscious thought, allowing his tongue to slip between her lips. As she tentatively pressed her tongue to his, she felt his hands slowly caress her back. Starting between her shoulders, he trailed them down, stopping just above the curve of her bum.

Suddenly, his arms tightened, and Harry pulled her body tightly against his. His thigh ended up between her legs, pressed against her mound, and caused her to inhale sharply through her nose. Her nipples hardened, and even through her bra, she could feel them rubbing against the hard muscles of his chest.

After a few more moments, Hermione ran out of breath and pulled her lips away from him. As she panted for breath, Harry trailed a line of kisses down her jaw to the side of her neck, where he sucked lightly at her pulse point. At the same time, his hand pressed against the small of her back, forcing her mound hard against his thigh. Hermione bit her bottom lip hard and tilted her head back, both to give him better access to her neck and to stifle the moan that threatened to break free.

After kissing his way back up her jaw, Harry claimed her lips again. This time, she couldn't hold back and moaned into his mouth. As if her body had a mind of its own, her hips jerked, grinding herself against his thigh. A blush stained her cheeks when she realized just how damp her knickers felt against her skin. Thankfully, Harry wouldn't be able to feel that through her skirt.

As he continued caressing her back, she noticed his hands dipping slightly lower each time. Hermione knew what was coming, but she still gasped lightly when his hands squeezed her bum. A few seconds later, Harry pulled back and rested his forehead against hers, his hands still lightly groping her bum.

The boyish grin on his face was infectious. Hermione smiled back even as she blushed and looked away embarrassedly.

"Ahem, was that alright?" she asked nervously.

Harry chuckled softly, "You tell me. Do you feel that?"

Hermione furrowed her brow and looked up at him curiously. Just as she opened her mouth to ask him what he meant, she felt something large, hard, and hot pulse against her leg. Heat rushed to her face as she stared at him in shock.

"Is that your – um... thing?" she stammered.

"My thing?" Harry asked teasingly.

"Your... penis," Hermione huffed, almost whispering the word.

"Okay, we definitely need to work on your dirty talk," Harry grinned. "And yes, that's my penis, dick, cock, whatever you want to call it. Now, do you know why it's hard?"

"Because you're... aroused," Hermione said, wondering if he could feel the heat radiating off of her face.

"Because of you," Harry said firmly, his gaze burning with intensity. "I'm like this all because of you."

"Oh," Hermione said, swallowing thickly.

Squeezing her bum firmly, he pulled her in for another kiss. Hermione moaned as her mound rubbed against his thigh, but this time, she was completely conscious of his erection as it dug into hers. She tried to map out the size and shape in her mind, but before she could, he pulled back.

"So, to answer your question. Yes. I think you're a very good kisser," Harry smiled. "And incredibly cute when you blush."

Hermione slapped his shoulder lightly but couldn't help but smile at the compliment. Harry chuckled in response and pecked her on the lips.

"As much as I'd like to stay here for the rest of the night, we both have Transfigurations homework to finish," Harry said. "You still okay with this?"

"I'm fine," Hermione nodded.

"Good," Harry smiled, letting go of her bum. "Do you want to keep this private, or do you want the full simulated boyfriend experience?"

"Could we just keep this between us for now?" Hermione asked, biting her lip.

"Sure," Harry said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and leading her toward the door. "I take it my sister knows about this?"

"Yes," Hermione admitted. "Why did she say something?"

"Just a couple of things she said in passing that make a lot more sense now," he told her with a smile.

He opened the door for her and gestured for her to go first. As soon as they stepped out into the corridor, the door melted back into a wall. Together they walked back to Gryffindor Tower. As their discussion turned to Transfigurations, Hermione relaxed around the more familiar, comfortable subject. By the time they made it to the Head's Suite, although her blush was under control, her mind kept going back to her kiss with Harry.

As they sat next to each other on the couch, doing their homework in relative silence, her mind drifted back to that moment in the Room of Requirement. At times, she swore she could feel the phantom of his excitement pressing against her thigh.

Harry finished his homework before she did. Turning on the Wireless, he grabbed a Quidditch magazine and sat back to relax. When Hermione finally finished hers, her shoulders were tired from spending hours hunched over her book. Smiling, Harry reached over and started rubbing her neck and shoulders.

“Ooh, that feels nice,” Hermione groaned.

“You still have one more assignment for tonight,” Harry told her.

“What assignment?” Hermione asked with a frown, wondering if she’d forgotten something.

“Mine,” he said.

“You’re giving me homework?” Hermione asked amusedly.

“Uh-huh,” Harry smiled, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her back against his chest.

“Tonight, before you go to bed, I want you to masturbate while thinking about me.”

“What, why!?” Hermione asked, her blush returning with a vengeance.

“To make you more comfortable thinking and talking about this sort of thing,” Harry said.

“Tomorrow, before we head down to breakfast, I’m going to ask you to tell me what you thought about. I want you to tell me exactly what I did to you in your fantasy. And to keep things fair, I’ll do the same thing. Deal?”

“Is that really necessary?” Hermione asked.

“No, but I really do think it will help,” Harry said. “It’s perfectly normal and acceptable to have desires about the people you know. I’m sure you’ve fantasized about me before, and I’ve certainly fantasized about you.”

“But what does this have to do with getting a boyfriend?” Hermione asked, her skin tingling as Harry’s hands caressed her ribs dangerously close to the bottom of her breasts.

“Sex is a big part of any romantic relationship,” Harry said. “Being able to talk about your desires is key. If you can’t talk about it, any problems you have are going to fester and destroy your relationship. Dirty talk is also great before and during sex. Really spices things up, especially if you want to try any roleplaying.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, fighting to keep her breathing under control.

The feel of his hands through her thin blouse, so close to parts of her that ached to be touched, was making her more aroused than she wanted to admit.

“Alright,” she agreed breathlessly.

Hermione could feel his smile as he kissed her neck. Closing her eyes, she bit her lip and tried to relax and enjoy the feeling. She’d never expected being with a boy to feel this good. Even just laying against him filled her with a warmth she’d never experienced before. It gave her a craving for more, something which honestly worried her slightly. Hermione was honest enough to admit she had an addictive personality and could easily see herself becoming addicted to Harry.

Sooner than she would’ve liked, it was time to head to bed. Changing into her pajamas, Hermione crawled on top of the covers and turned out the lights. Thinking back to the Room of Requirement, she slipped her hand under the waistband of her knickers. She thought back to the feeling of his lips, his tongue caressing hers, and his hands groping her bum. Soon, her mind began to conjure images of what could’ve happened next while her fingers teased her folds.

“Harry,” she moaned.

## Chapter 2

Hermione stretched as she gradually woke, feeling oddly relaxed. As memories of the day before came back to her, she blushed lightly and sat up. When she’d asked Harry to teach her about dating, she hadn’t expected things to get so... physical. She’d thought he’d tell her what to do, not snog her senseless.

That said, it was quite enjoyable. Even now, Hermione felt a swell of excitement, remembering the feel of his lips against hers. Biting her lip, she hopped out of bed and padded to the door. Cracking it open, she peeked out into their little common room to find it empty. Quickly, she made her way to the bathroom and closed the door. After using the loo and brushing her teeth, she looked at herself critically in the mirror.

Sighing at the sight of her bushy mane, she grabbed a brush off of the counter and ran it through her hair. She'd just gotten it to look presentable when there was a knock at the door, and her heart leapt.

"Are you going to be long, Hermione?" Harry called.

"Almost done," Hermione said, putting her brush away.

Looking in the mirror, she saw her cheeks were tinged pink. Pushing her hair behind her ears, she checked her teeth and face before taking a deep breath and opening the door. She thought she was ready to face Harry, but coming face to face with his shirtless chest. Her eyes went wide as she stared at his clearly defined pecs and washboard abs.

"Oh my," Hermione breathed.

Realizing she'd said those words aloud, she blushed and slipped passed him. Harry grinned, chuckling to himself as he stepped into the bathroom and closed the door. An explosive breath left Hermione's lips as she leaned against the wall.

She nearly shrieked when she heard a loud pop. Holding a hand to her chest, she watched as one of the Hogwarts House Elves set a breakfast tray on the coffee table and vanished as quickly as they'd arrived.

"Harry?" Hermione called, her brow furrowed.



“Yeah?” he called back over the sound of the running sink.

“Did you order breakfast?” she asked curiously.

“Yeah, I thought we could talk before heading down to the Great Hall,” Harry said, opening the door and giving her a smile. “Besides, I need to make sure you did your homework.”

Furrowing her brow, she opened her mouth to reply before she remembered what he was talking about. Her mouth snapped shut as she blushed hard. With a smile, Harry wrapped his arms around her, pulling her in for a hug. Hermione stiffened for a moment, feeling his firm chest and muscular back before slowly relaxing.

“Come on,” Harry said.

Pulling back, he took her hand and led her over to the couch. Harry took a seat first, and when Hermione moved to sit next to him, she yelped when he grabbed her hips and pulled her into his lap. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he chuckled and kissed her neck.

“Prat,” Hermione said, slapping his arm with a smile.

“So, are you okay with everything that happened yesterday?” Harry asked. “Any second thoughts?”

Turning sideways in his lap to look at him, Hermione sighed and leaned against him.

“No,” she admitted, biting her lip.

“Good,” Harry said, kissing her temple. “Now, did you do your homework, or do I have to give you detention?”

Hermione teeth dug sharply into her lip, and she squeezed her legs together at the thought of Harry giving her detention.

"I did it," she said, her breath speeding up as she thought back to last night.

"And what did you think about?" Harry asked softly, one hand caressing her stomach while the other rubbed her back.

"Well, I, um, I-," Swallowing thickly, Hermione broke off nervously, her face burning with embarrassment.

"How about I go first, then," Harry offered. "I thought about how you would've reacted to the Room of Requirement if I hadn't shown up so soon. I imagined you getting curious and looking at some of the books on the shelf. You picked one up and sat down in a nice comfy chair to read. The book you happened to pick up was one about spells to make sex better."

Hermione closed her eyes and trembled. She could easily picture herself doing what Harry was saying. In fact, she couldn't wait to get back to that room so she could look at those books more closely.

"You got excited looking at detailed drawings of spells to enhance certain body parts and then moved on to spells that enhance pleasure," Harry continued. "When you find one that makes your nipples more sensitive, you decide to give it a try. It's a simple spell."

Hermione panted, her eyes glazed over as his hand slipped under her loose t-shirt. Slowly, he trails his fingers up toward her naked breasts. Knowing what he was going to do, she shifted in his lap and felt his excitement pressing against her rear.

"You feel a tingle over your skin as you cast the spell and slide a hand under your blouse," Harry said, tracing his finger along the underside of her breast.

Suddenly, Harry cupped her breast, the soft, perky mound filling his hand. Hermione inhaled sharply, her mouth hanging open. It was shocking just how different it felt to have someone else touch her chest. She mounded as he firmly groped her chest, her nipple hardening against his palm. A moment later, he took the hardened nub between his fingers and squeezed lightly. As she arched her back, he rolled it between his thumb and forefinger, drawing a hiss from her lips.

Pulling her back against his chest, he kissed her neck and slipped his other hand under her shirt as well, lightly caressing her stomach.

“It felt good, so you kept teasing yourself while reading,” Harry said, his voice taking on a husky quality that caused Hermione to shiver. “Then you found a similar spell, but this time, for your clit.”

Hermione’s breath caught as he slipped his hand under the waistband of her shorts and panties. As his fingers touched the neatly trimmed strip of hair above her mound, she panicked and grabbed his wrist.

“Harry?” Hermione asked though she wasn’t sure what she was asking for.

Kissing her neck, he dragged his fingers through her bush as he pulled his hand back. For a moment, Hermione felt disappointed but didn’t know why. His hand slid under her shirt, grabbing her other breast and teasing her nipple.

“You cast the spell on your clit, and slipped a hand under your skirt,” Harry continued, his erection throbbing against her mound. “As you played with yourself, the feeling of your bra pressing against your nipples started bothering you, so you decided to take it off. Sitting there, you played with your hard nipples as you teased your clit. That’s when the door opened.”

Hermione whimpered, rocking herself against the hard, pulsating rod of flesh pressing against her folds. Her heart raced as if she were in that exact situation while Harry continued teasing her swollen nipples.

“I walk into the room and close the door behind me,” he said, his ministrations growing rougher by the word. “You know you should stop, cover yourself, but you can’t. It just feels too good.”

“Harry,” Hermione panted, heat pooling in her core.

“I just stand there, watching you as you tease your clit,” Harry whispered, tugging sharply at her nipple. “You close your eyes to escape the embarrassment, but it doesn’t help. You know I’m right there, staring at your perky tits and your wet pussy. And then, I came.”

Hermione gasped, her eyes flying open when his hands suddenly stopped. Glancing over her shoulder, Harry smirked and caressed her breasts lightly. One hand stayed in place while the other glided back down to her waistband. This time, the thought of stopping him never even crossed her mind. Her hips bucked when he ran his fingers through her trimmed bush, stopping just above her aching clit.

“Your turn,” he said, tugging the short hairs lightly.

With a gasp, Hermione grabbed his powerful forearm and bucked her hips, trying to get his hand to go lower. Harry chuckled, his muscular arm unmoved by her feeble attempt.

“Tell me,” he growled, plucking her nipple harshly.

“Oh, god,” Hermione moaned. “I thought about what it would be like if you didn’t stop at kissing me. I imagined you pushing me down on the bed, your hands moving all over my body. I – I was too nervous to ask you to stop.”

She broke off with a long, low moan when Harry’s hand moved down and cupped her mound. Her hips bucked, grinding her throbbing clit against his palm.

“Keep going,” Harry said, sucking at her neck while tapping his finger against her sensitive nub.

“You – You ripped my clothes off of me,” Hermione panted, closing her eyes and losing herself in her fantasy. “Before I realized what was happening, you’d tied me to the bed. I was completely helpless. I was so embarrassed when you crawled between my legs, staring at me. Then, you started licking me.”

Hissing, she bucked her hips hard when Harry’s finger slipped between her dripping folds. What felt even better was his palm grinding against her clit.

“It felt so good,” Hermione gasped, arching her back and mashing her breast into his groping hand. “I screamed and writhed, pulling against the ropes. You brought me to the edge and held me there. No matter how much I begged, you wouldn’t let me cum. Then, you took out your – your...”

“Cock,” Harry breathed, a second finger slipping between her folds.

“Yes!” Hermione hissed. “Your cock. You crawled on top of me, grabbed my throat, and looked me in the eyes as you slammed into me!”

The breath was knocked from her lungs as Hermione reached her climax. A low whine left her lips as she gushed over his softly thrusting fingers. Just when she thought the feelings she couldn’t get any more intense, Harry pinched her nipple hard. A spike of pleasure hit her like a lightning bolt, causing her eyes to fly open. Stars burst in her vision as she gasped for breath. Idly, she wondered if she’d just experienced her first multiple orgasm or if he’d simply extended the first.

After shaking and moaning her way through the most intense climax of her life, Hermione collapsed back against his firm chest, panting heavily. Harry caressed her body softly while kissing her neck as she slowly came back down to Earth. Gradually, she became aware of what she’d said and done. She blushed heavily and closed her eyes, wondering what he thought about her now.

Would he think she was a slut? A freak for fantasizing about being tied up and choked?

Suddenly, he pulled his hand out from under her clothes and turned her on his lap. His erection throbbed under her as he leaned down, kissing her softly. When he pulled back, he watched her face closely.

“What’s bothering you?” Harry asked.

“Nothing,” Hermione blushed, turning away.

Curling his fingers under her chin, he forced her to look at him.

“I can’t help you if I don’t know what’s wrong,” Harry said, his voice firm and expectant.

“I just – I can’t believe I told you about...” Hermione trailed off, blushing heavily.

“About your fantasies?” Harry asked, lifting an eyebrow. “Hermione, everyone has kinks. Trust me, I’ve done things way wilder than that. I had this girlfriend over the Summer. She liked to roleplay as a captured Auror, and I was the Dark Wizard that did whatever I wanted to. I fucked her throat til she could barely talk, bugged her til she could barely sit, and called her some of the worst names you can imagine. Not once did I ever think any less of her. There’s nothing wrong with being a dirty little slut for the person you care about.”

Biting her lip, Hermione thought about what he said and nodded. It made sense.

“Why don’t you go grab a shower while I go take care of this,” Harry smiled, flexing his erection against her bum. “Then we can eat.”

Blushing, Hermione climbed off of his lap. Glancing down, she blushed at the wet spot covering the large bulge in the front of his flannel pajama pants. Only then did she realize just how wet the front of her shorts were. If anyone saw her now, they’d think she’d wet herself. For a

moment, she thought about offering to help him take care of his erection but couldn't work up the courage to get the words out.

"Or, we could shower together," Harry offered.

Realizing she was staring, Hermione blushed and stammered. Harry chuckled as he climbed to his feet, completely unconcerned about the large bulge in the front of his pants. Giving her a quick kiss, he headed towards his room and closed the door. Hermione bolted for the bathroom and took a deep breath as she looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was flushed, there was a hickey on her neck, her nipples were protruding against the front of her shirt, and her hair was back to being a mess. Sighing, she stripped out of her clothes and stepped un the spray of hot water.

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't take her mind off the fact Harry was just on the other side of the wall, masturbating. Probably while thinking about her. Finishing her shower quickly, she wrapped a towel around herself and darted into her bedroom. Thankfully, Harry hadn't returned yet. Getting dressed in her uniform, she just sat down on the couch when the door to his room opened. He was dressed in his own uniform and smiled as he took a seat next to her.

"I have an idea to help with your confidence," Harry said, dishing up his breakfast. "But I'd need to ask a friend for help."

Hermione looked at him, startled.

"Don't worry, Penny won't say anything, and I think she can teach you something really useful," Harry said.

"Penny?" Hermione asked. "You mean Penelope Clearwater?"

"Yeah," Harry said.

“What do you want her to teach me?” she asked curiously.

“I’ll tell you after I have a chance to talk to her. I have to make sure she doesn’t mind me telling you a few personal things,” Harry told her. “Would you be willing to talk to her?”

Hermione thought back to Penny when she went to Hogwarts. She’d always been someone Hermione had looked up to and aspired to be like. A Muggleborn who went on to become a top student, prefect, and later, Head Girl.

“What are you going to tell her about me?” Hermione asked nervously.

“Just that you need help building your confidence,” Harry said.

Hermione bit her lips as she thought for a moment, “Alright.”

“Great,” Harry smiled. “I’ll owl her and see if she’ll meet us in Hogsmeade this weekend.”

~

“Why weren’t you at breakfast?” Heather asked, hooking her arm through Hermione on their way to the Great Hall.

“Harry and I had breakfast in our room,” Hermione replied.

Heather’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“No, I didn’t mean it like that,” Hermione corrected quickly, blushing. “We just talked.”



“How did it go yesterday?” Heather asked curiously. “I take it he agreed to help?”

“Yes,” Hermione said. “He showed me to a room on the seventh floor, and, um, well, we kissed.”

They’d done more than that this morning, but Hermione didn’t think she needed to know about that.

“He showed you the Room of Requirement?” Heather asked, to which Hermione nodded.

“Wow, he must really trust you. He made me swear never to tell anyone. It’s the only place in the castle he can go to be alone. So, how was it?”

“Amazing,” Hermione said. “There are so many books I want to look at. I bet there are things in there that aren’t even in the Restricted Section.”

“Not the room,” Heather said, rolling her eyes. “I meant the kiss.”

Hermione blinked in surprise, “Do you really want to know?”

Heather shrugged, “I want to learn more about boys and dating, too, but it’s not like I can ask my brother to teach me. So, I’ll just have to learn through you.”

Hermione sighed and thought. After a moment, she decided to tell her friend everything she could without going into detail about what she was doing with her brother.

~

Throughout the rest of the week, Harry spent time with Hermione whenever they were alone in their room together. Sometimes he would pin her against the wall or push her down on the couch and snog the breath out of her. Other times, he would cuddle with her while they read quietly. More and more, Hermione came to look forward to those moments with him.

She enjoyed the comfort she felt resting against his toned chest while his hands slipped under her shirt. Never in her life did she feel more attractive - more desired - than when she could feel his excitement pressing against her. A part of her was anxious to be pushed further, but Harry seemed content for the moment, and she thought she understood why. By the end of the week, she felt much more comfortable with being held and touched.

Saturday morning, Harry joined Hermione and Heather on the trip to Hogsmeade. They wandered from shop to shop, and Hermione got her first real look at what Harry's life was like. She'd known he was popular at school, but it was shocking how that followed him into the real world. The shop owners and patrons alike greeted him like a local celebrity. A few even asked him for autographs. Despite smiling politely and greeting all of them, she could see he didn't really enjoy the attention. She also noticed that he visibly protected Heather from their attention, something the redhead shied away from. It was endearing to see how much he cared about his little sister.

Eventually, they separated from Heather and made their way to the Three. They didn't have to search long before Harry grinned and waved someone over. Looking up, Hermione tensed when she recognized Penelope Clearwater. Penny had always been one of the prettiest girls at Hogwarts. Now, in her early twenties, she was a bombshell. With long blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and an hourglass figure with a large bust, she was the kind of girl boys dreamed about. As she made her way over to their table, several boys turned in their seats to gawk like they'd never seen a girl before.

"Harry," Penny exclaimed, kissing his cheeks and hugging him tightly. "It's so good to see you. You too, Hermione."

"Hello," Hermione said, feeling a bit inadequate compared to the stunning blonde.

"I got us a room upstairs if you're ready," Penny said, smiling prettily.

"A room?" Hermione asked curiously.

Penny lifted a perfectly manicured brow and turned to Harry.

“You didn’t tell her?” she asked.

Harry shrugged, “I thought it would be better coming from you.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Penny sighed. “Why don’t you get some drinks and join us in a few minutes?”

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

As he turned to the bar to talk to Madam Rosmerta, Penny took Hermione by the hand and led her up the stairs. Several of her classmates gave her knowing smirks as they ascended, causing her to blush. Using her key, Penny unlocked the second door on the right and ushered her in.

“So, I take it Harry hasn’t told you much about why I’m here?” Penny asked.

“Not really,” Hermione admitted nervously.

“He didn’t tell me much about you either,” Penny smiled. “He just said you wanted to gain more confidence with boys, so he thought I should teach you how to strip?”

“Strip?” Hermione squeaked.

Giggling, Penny sat down on the bed and patted the mattress next to her. Hermione took a seat and looked at her expectantly.

“After Hogwarts, I struggled to find work,” Penny said. “After months of applying, I finally got a job in the mail room at the Ministry. I didn’t know it at the time, but a woman named Umbridge was trying to make sure Muggleborns didn’t get hired.”

Hermione nodded, remembering that name from a big scandal last year. She was also curious about where Penny was going with this.

“Well, working in the mail room didn’t pay very well, and there isn’t any room for advancement,” Penny said. “I ended up being forced to move in with a roommate just to avoid moving back in with my parents. Well, while I was struggling to find better work, my roommate suddenly started raking in the Galleons. It took a couple of weeks before she finally admitted she was working at a place called Witches, a strip club on the corner of Knockturn Alley.

“I’ll admit, I wasn’t in the best place then,” Penny admitted. “I was too prideful to give up and go back to the Muggle world, but I really was hurting for money. If Suzanna hadn’t covered the rent for me a couple of times, I would’ve been out on the streets. Eventually, I decided to take a job there waiting table. I was too scared to become a stripper, but the pay was still twice what I was making at the Ministry. The outfit I had to wear was basically lingerie, but I kept telling myself it was only temporary.”

Sighing, Penny shook her head ruefully.

“I knew it was a bad idea, but I did it anyways,” she said. “It didn’t help that when I constantly heard my ex, Percy, and people I knew from school talking about working their way up the ladder at the Ministry. Things were going fairly well for about a month. I was finally making decent money and thought I’d just keep applying for better jobs until I finally landed one. Then, one night, I ended up serving a table full of Ministry employees, although I didn’t realize it at the time. When I went to work the next day, the whole Ministry knew I was working at a strip club, and Umbridge fired me on the spot.”

“But you didn’t do anything wrong!” Hermione exclaimed, the injustice causing her to burn with anger.

“It didn’t matter,” Penny shrugged. “They were looking for any excuse to fire me. That day, practically every job I applied for over the last six months rejected me in a single day. That bitch went out of her way to tell everyone she knew what happened. At that point, I knew I had two choices. I could call it quits and head back to the Muggle world, or I could keep working at Witches. I love magic, and I really didn’t want to give it up, so I decided to send out new applications, explain my situation, and see what happened.

“I was still waiting to hear back when my roommate moved out a week later. She found some old, rich wizard to marry. Now, I had to pay the whole rent myself. I could barely afford it. When I told some of the girls at work what was happening, they tried to talk me into stripping. I turned them down, but they still gave me some lessons anyways. Well, a couple of weeks go by, and I get more and more rejections by owl every day. I got so angry one day I just thought, sod it. I went to work and told the owner I wanted to be a stripper.

“I can’t tell you how nervous I was when I stepped out onto the stage for the first time, but the longer I was out there, the more I liked it. I loved seeing all those guys staring at me, lusting after me. I even recognized a few faces from the Ministry. I made a killing that night, more than I usually made in a week working as a waitress. Just as I was about to call it a night, one of the girls came up to me and said a guy wanted a private dance for his nephew.”

Hermione swallowed down her indignation as Penny took a moment to fix her hair. Deep inside, a part of her was terrified at how someone as smart and talented as Penny had been sucked into a terrible situation. It didn’t take much imagination to see herself ending up in a similar way.

“You probably don’t know, but private dances are where a lot of money is made for dancers,” Penny continued. “Most of the girls would even prostitute themselves for enough gold. Anyways, I was still kind of riding high from my first striptease on stage, so I agreed. So, I go to the back room, and who should I find waiting for me? Harry Potter.”

“Harry went to a strip club!?” Hermione exclaimed.

“His Godfather, Sirius, took him as a sixteenth birthday present,” Penny said, smiling sadly. “As soon as I looked at him, all of the shame I’d been ignoring for months came crashing down. I

started bawling my eyes out, and Harry just held me, telling me everything was going to be alright. And, well – as I'm sure you know – Harry's pretty easy to talk to. I ended up telling him everything. We talked until the bouncer came in and told us it was time to close up for the night.

"I woke up the next day feeling worse than I ever had in my life," Penny sighed. "I was in the process of writing a letter to my parents when there was a knock at my door. I open it, and there's Lily Potter. You're not going to believe this, but after sneaking out of a strip club with his Godfather and getting away with it, he still went to his mum the next day to tell her about me that morning. Of course, Lily was pissed. She grounded him for the rest of the Summer, but she also hired me on the spot as long as I promised never to work at a strip club again. I sent an owl telling them I quit, and I never looked back."

"Wow," Hermione breathed. "I can't believe he did that."

"Neither could I," Penny smiled. "I honestly think he saved my life. I worked so hard in the Magical world to get nowhere, and going back to the Muggle world would've meant starting my education over again. If I hadn't run into him that night, I'd either be whoring myself out at a strip club or working some menial job in the Muggle world for the rest of my life. Now, I get to work on legislation to make sure what happened to me doesn't happen to anyone else."

"What happened to Umbridge?" Hermione asked. "I remember reading something about her, but I don't quite remember the details."

Penny's smile turned feral, "It was actually one of the girls I worked with that gave us the evidence. She was dancing for a guy when he started bragging about stopping a Muggleborn from becoming an Auror. After a few more drinks, he told her all about how they hid it from everyone else. She told me, I told Lily, and she told James. Since he knew what to look for, it took two weeks to uncover everything. Umbridge and fourteen other Ministry employees were fired. Umbridge was the only one to get jail time."

"Good riddance," Hermione huffed.

“You got that right,” Penny smiled. “Anyways, we’re not here about me, we’re here about you. Now, I’m pretty sure I know what Harry wanted you to get out of this. I was a lot like you before I started working at Witches. Percy had been my only boyfriend until we broke up in my seventh year, and Harry was more affectionate than Percy ever was.”

“What’s the story with that?” Hermione asked, unable to repress her curiosity. “There were a whole bunch of rumors, but they all sounded ridiculous.”

Penny’s eyes glazed over as she smiled fondly at something unseen.

“Towards the end of my seventh year, Percy decided he wanted to break up so he could focus on his NEWTs and his career,” she said. “I was pretty broken up about it. We’d been together for almost three years at that point. He was practically my first in everything. Right after it happened, I overheard the twins telling Harry why I was so sad. He was flabbergasted. Called Percy all sorts of names for dumping me. Then, he gets up, marches over, and asks me to be his girlfriend.”

Wiping her misty eyes, Penny chuckled to herself softly.

“It was so cute,” she said. “That was the first time in a week I’d actually smiled. I didn’t have the heart to tell him no, so I agreed to be his girlfriend until I graduated. I didn’t expect him to take it so seriously. He met me after class to carry my books, sat with me at lunch, and helped me quiz for exams – he even worked up the courage to hold my hand a few times when we studied together. Harry paid more attention to me and gave me more compliments in those three months than Percy did in the three years we were together. I gave him his very first kiss on the last day of school, and he was even better at that than Percy was.”

Covering her mouth with her hand, Hermione giggled. It seemed like Harry was just born to be the perfect boyfriend.

“Now, no more distractions,” Penny smiled.

Standing, she took Hermione hands and pulled her to her feet.

“I know it might sound odd, but learning to strip really does give you a confidence boost,” she continued. “Just learn from my mistakes and be very careful about who you choose to do it for. What kind of knickers are you wearing?”

“Nothing special,” Hermione said, blushing lightly.

Nodding, Penny set her purse down on the bed. Reaching inside, she pulled out a set of lacy white lingerie followed by a Hogwarts uniform.

“Here, go put these on,” she said. “Don’t worry about the fit. They’re charmed to resize themselves.”

Before Hermione could ask about the outfit, she was interrupted by a knock at the door.

“Girls, is it safe for me to come in?” Harry called through the door.

“Just a second,” Penny called, then turned to Hermione with a shooing motion. “Go.”

Clutching the outfit to her chest, Hermione trotted into the bathroom and closed the door. She heard Harry enter and start talking to Penny as she laid the clothes on the sink and looked at them closer. The bra and panties weren’t that bad, but the uniform was a mockery of what she usually wore to school. It was made of cheap, thin material, and everything was much tighter and shorter than it was supposed to be. Taking a deep breath, Hermione changed quickly.

For a moment, she was impressed by the quality of the Resizing Charm compared to the material it was on. Then, she looked at herself in the mirror. The white bra pushed her breasts up and together, making them look larger than they really were. Her impressive cleavage was in full view thanks to the blouse, which was too tight to button the top four buttons. Even the one



across her modest bust looked like it was straining. The bottom was tied in a knot just below her chest. Not out of choice – the blouse was designed that way.

Trailing her eyes down past her flat, toned stomach, she eyed the sinfully short skirt. It hardly covered what it should, and she imagined that any quick movement would reveal the panties she wore underneath. Looking past her exposed legs, she wore white stockings in place of the usual cotton or wool socks. There were no shoes to go with the outfit she was given, so she assumed she was supposed to go without.

Closing her eyes, Hermione took a deep breath before opening the door. She fought the urge to cover herself as Harry and Penny turned to look at her. While she'd been in the bathroom, they'd moved the bed against the wall and placed a single chair in the center of the room. Harry sat in the seat, a Butterbeer in his hand, while Penny perched on the arm. The blonde grinned while Harry's eyes raked over her with an appreciative gaze.

"You look fantastic," Penny grinned. "I bet your classmates would pay good money to see you dressed like that."

"I certainly would," Harry mumbled.

Despite her blush, Hermione appreciated the compliment. Standing up, Penny flicked her wand at the Wireless, turning it on. Music filled the room as she grabbed Hermione's hand and pulled her over to Harry.

"Now, stripping isn't just about getting naked. It's about the art of the tease," Penny said.

Smirking, she waved her wand over her clothes. They melted into a replica of what Hermione was wearing. The brunette blushed as he eyes fell on the blonde's expansive cleavage. Looking away, her eyes fell on her bum, which peeked out from under the hem of her skirt. Reaching back, Hermione's face heated up when she realized hers did the same.

"One last thing," Penny said.

With a wave of her wand, she conjured a pair of black high heels on Hermione's feet. She stumbled for a moment before getting her balance.

"Perfect," Penny grinned. "The first thing you need to learn is the strut. Head high, chest out. Place one foot in front of the other and pop your hips as you walk. Like this."

Giving Harry a smoky look, Penny walked forward. Harry eyed her appreciably as she moved closer, her hips swaying hypnotically. Hermione found herself watching the bottom of her cheeks peek out from under her skirt before shaking her head and paying more attention to her walk, trying to memorize the movements. When she reached Harry, Penny placed her hands on his arms and leaned forward, giving him a glimpse down her blouse before she pecked him on the lips.

The jealousy Hermione expected to feel never came. Before she could question her feelings, Penny straightened up and walked back to her with a wide smile and sparkling eyes.

"Your turn," she said.

"Right," Hermione said nervously.

Taking a deep breath, she stepped forward. Wobbling in her heels, she had to stop and catch her balance before continuing. Harry gave her an encouraging smile, but it was his eyes raking over her body that pushed her to keep going. Stopping in front of him, she rested her hands on his forearms and kissed him on the lips. As she tried to stand back up, she lost her balance and fell forward. Harry caught her by the waist, and they both laughed. Stealing another kiss, she straightened up and walked back to Penny.

"Not bad," Penny smiled. "At least you didn't fall on your bum like I did. Try it again."

Hermione did it again, performing much better this time. When she reached Harry, she stole a longer kiss, the excitement starting to get to her.

“Very good,” Penny grinned. “Next is adding a bit of dancing and losing the top.”

Strutting over to Harry the same way she did before, Penny climbed onto his lap, her knees on either side of his thighs. Gyrating in his lap, she untied the bottom of her blouse before ripping it open. Shrugging off the blouse, she spun it over her head before tossing it to the floor. Penny combed her fingers through Harry’s hair before pulling his head forward, sending him face first into her cleavage. With a giggle, she shook her chest before pushing his shoulders back. Climbing off his lap, she spun around and then sat back down while looking at Hermione.

“At a club, you want to keep your eyes on a guy’s hand so he doesn’t grab you,” Penny told her. “With your boyfriend, you might want to do it to tease him, but you don’t have to. This is all just about foreplay.”

Grabbing Harry’s hands, she trailed them up her toned stomach to her large breasts. Her back arched, and a sensual moan left her lips as his hand squeezed her pale globes. Suddenly, she pushed his hands away and stood up, giving him a teasing smirk over her shoulder. Walking over to her blouse, she bent over at the waist, deliberately giving him a glimpse of her panty covered bum.

“Your turn,” Penny grinned.

Flush with excitement, Hermione strutted up to Harry and climbed into his lap. With trembling fingers, she fumbled with the knot holding the bottom of her blouse closed. Giving her a reassuring smile, Harry caressed the back of her thighs, teasing the bottom of her cheeks. When she finally got the knot undone, Hermione tore open her shirt. She felt a flutter of arousal as he stared hungrily at her breasts.

Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled his face into her cleavage. While she lacked the bust to shake her chest like Penny had, Harry didn’t seem to mind. He licked, kissed, and sucked at the exposed flesh, his hands moving to cup her bum. Hermione moaned as she rocked her hips.

“Don’t let him take over,” Penny called, bringing her back to reality. “This is your time to be in control.”

Biting her lip, Hermione pushed Harry away from her breasts. A part of her just wanted to let him have his way with her, but a larger part wanted to learn everything Penny could teach her. Climbing off his lap, she walked back over to Penny, taking a deep breath to quell her growing excitement.

“Harry likes to have his way, and that can be fun, but it’s also fun to be in charge sometimes,” Penny said, smiling knowingly.

“Have you and Harry... sorry, that’s none of my business,” Hermione said.

“I don’t mind,” Penny shrugged before looking to Harry, who repeated the gesture. “Yes, we’ve had sex. Honestly, I thought it was a bit of a chore until we started sleeping together. Percy gave me a bad impression of sex.”

“Idiot,” Harry muttered.

Penny smiled at him affectionately.

“You couldn’t have picked a better guy to give you advice about sex and relationships,” she said. “Now we get to the fun stuff. There are a lot of ways you can take off your bra. It all depends on the situation. If you want to draw things out, you can try something like this.”

Covering her bra with one arm, Penny reached back with the other hand and undid the clasp. With a sultry smirk, she turned around and slowly pulled her arms free of the straps. Pulling it away from her body, she kept her breasts covered with her arm as she dropped it to the floor. Hermione swallowed thickly as she spun back around and raised her arms above her head, swaying to the beat coming from the Wireless.

Penny's breasts were, in a word, perfect. Large, pale, and perky, they were tear drop shaped with wide, light pink areolas and small bright red nipples. They swayed and bounced alluringly with the movements of her body. After a moment of dancing, Penny bent over and picked up her bra before putting it back on.

"That's great if you want to tease a guy until he snaps and ravages you," Penny smiled. "Now, if you just want to tease a bit, you can do something like this."

Strutting up to Harry, she once again climbed onto his lap. She ran her fingers through his hair and pulled his face toward her breasts. Holding him in place with one hand, she reached back with the other and unclasped her bra. Harry bit down on the bridge between the cups, holding the bra with his teeth so Penny could pull her arms free. Tossing the bra aside, he immediately latched onto one of her nipples and sucked. With a moan, Penny threw her head back, her fingers combing through his hair. Giggling, she pulled back, gave him a kiss, and climbed to her feet.

"You ready to give it a try?" she asked kindly.

Dragging her eyes away from Penny's amazing breasts, Hermione glanced at Harry and swallowed nervously. Taking off the remains of her blouse, she took a deep breath before walking up to Harry. As she reached him, she decided to try something slightly different than what Penny had done. Spinning around to face away from him, she sat in his lap and unclasped her bra. Taking a deep breath, she let it fall into her lap and leaned back against his chest.

Harry didn't hesitate to run his hands up her stomach, over her ribs, and grasp her C-cup breasts. Hermione moaned as his thumbs brushed her soft, puffy areolas and hard, red nipples. As she wiggled in his lap, Harry bent down and kissed her on the lips. Abruptly, he pinched her nipples and gave them a tug. Ripping her lips away from his, Hermione gasped. Across the room, Penny smirked knowingly. Pushing Harry's hands away, Hermione blushed as she climbed to her feet and cleared her throat.

"Do you know how to twerk?" Penny asked.

Hermione looked at her oddly, having never heard that word before. Penny's smile widened.

"Oh, you're going to like this," she grinned.

~

Penny spent another hour teaching Hermione countless tips and tricks of stripping and teasing. After spending most of that time more than half naked, she'd gotten used to it, though not quite comfortable. Surprisingly, she'd greatly enjoyed learning to shake and gyrate different parts of her body and seeing Harry's reaction to it. She thought a lot of that was down to the person teaching her. Penny was someone she'd respected growing up and seeing her doing this sort of thing made her feel better about doing it herself.

"Well, I think we've teased Harry more than enough," Penny smiled. "At the club, that's all you really need to do, but for a boyfriend, you need to make sure you please him, too. I'm going to fuck him now. You can stay and watch if you want to."

Hermione's pulse raced as she watched Penny step out of the only piece of clothing left on her body, her panties. Taking Harry's hand, she pulled him to his feet. Two flicks of her wand later, Harry was just as naked as she was, and the bed was back in the center of the room. Hermione clenched her thighs together as she raked her eyes over Harry's body. The most prominent part was the large erection jutting from his waist.

"Mmh, I've missed this," Penny said, wrapping her small hand around him.

"How do you want me?" Harry asked.

"Tied to my bed at home so you can never leave," Penny said, her eyes sparkling.

Laughing, Harry pulled her close and picked her up with his hands gripping her bum. Giggling, Penny wrapped her arms and legs around him, kissing him passionately. He carried her over to

the bed and crawled onto the mattress. With a shove, Penny pushed him onto his back and grinned as she straddled his waist, her folds hugging his thick shaft.

“Come over here, Hermione,” Penny said, patting the mattress next to her. “I want you to watch this.”

Swallowing thickly, Hermione padded over to the bed and climbed onto it. She stared, enraptured, as Penny lifted herself up and lined his purple, swollen helmet up with her taut folds. As she pushed down, Hermione thought for a moment that it wouldn't fit. Then, her entrance gave way and swallowed his shaft.

“Oh God,” Penny gasped.

“Does it hurt?” Hermione asked softly.

“No,” Penny panted, slowly sinking onto his length. “It does the first time, but it feels really good after that.”

Settling down at his base, she closed her eyes and let out a trembling breath.

“If you plan on fucking Harry, I suggest practicing with some toys first,” she continued. “Get the pain out of the way so you can just enjoy how good this feels.”

As Harry reached up, groping and caressing her large breasts, Penny began raising and lowering herself on his length. Hermione couldn't tear her eyes away from her tight folds as they clung to his thick shaft. Large drops of clear arousal leaked from her core to drip down his throbbing shaft. It was, without a doubt, the most erotic sight she'd ever seen.

Digging her nails into his shoulders, Penny rode him harder and faster, her breasts bouncing alluringly on her chest. Sliding a hand under her panties, Hermione slipped two fingers between

her folds and moved them in time with Penny's hips. With her free hand, she squeezed her breast roughly, trying and failing to replicate the possessive grip Harry used.

Panting heavily, Penny came suddenly and explosively. Even as she moaned and trembled her way through her climax, Harry rolled her over onto her back and continued thrusting. Hermione bit her lip as her fingers copied the motion of his hips, driving them hard and fast into her depths.

"Harry," Penny moaned, arching her back.

Smiling, he bent down and kissed her passionately while Hermione panted heavily as she neared her peak. As Harry growled, driving himself into Penny with deep, powerful thrusts, she finally let herself tip over the edge. Through the haze of pleasure, she heard Penny scream out Harry's name.

As Hermione collapsed tiredly onto the mattress, she watched Harry roll Penny onto her stomach, pull her up onto her hands and knees, and then drive back into her harshly.

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It was an hour later that Harry and Penny finally finished. Hermione had no idea how they kept going for so long. She'd fallen asleep twice after the intense climaxes she'd experienced. Making their way back to the castle, she got dragged away by Heather the moment she got back. After giving her an idea about what had happened, she returned to her shared dorm with Harry for a kip. An hour later, she walked back into their little common room and spotted him on the couch reading a book.

"Hey," Harry said, looking up at her with a smile.

"Hey," Hermione smiled.



Grabbing a book on Charms, she sat down next to him. A moment later, Harry scooted closer and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. Smiling, Hermione leaned against him and enjoyed the comfort she felt.

“Hermione?” Harry asked. “Would you take your top off?”

Blinking, she looked up at him curiously.

“Why?” she asked.

Harry shrugged, “I like looking at you.”

Laughing incredulously, Hermione shook her head. Even as she turned back to her book, she bit her lip thoughtfully. A few seconds later, she set her book in her lap and pulled her shirt over her head. Hesitating for just a moment, she then reached back and removed her bra before leaning back against him. She could feel his smile as he kissed the top of her head, his hand moving from her arm to cup one of her breasts.

### Chapter 3

It had been almost a week since the last Hogsmeade weekend, and Hermione finally had enough time in her schedule to check out the Room of Requirement. Since then, two things had become very clear to her. The first was that Harry’s methods, though perhaps unorthodox, were working. In the last few days, she’d become much more comfortable with her own body. So much so that she often spent hours sitting with Harry as she read at night completely topless, allowing him to freely explore her breasts. She’d even taken to walking around in the new lingerie she’d bought just to see his reaction. It always gave her a thrill to see his eyes rake over her figure with such clear desire reflected in his bright green eyes.

The second thing was that Harry had given her so much more than just a lesson in stripping and confidence when he’d asked Penny to help her. He’d given her something far more important. A friend. The day after her lesson with Penny, the former Head Girl had taken her to London

without Harry to go shopping. She'd spent the entire afternoon getting to know Penny better and they'd quickly bonded through their shared experiences and hardships. For Hermione, it felt like she had an older sister of sorts. One she could talk to about things her parents, no matter how hard they tried, couldn't understand.

The door appeared in front of Hermione, and she quickly looked around to make sure she was alone before slipping inside. The Room of Requirement was exactly the same as it had been the first time she accidentally summoned it. There were rows and rows of books and shelves containing every sex toy imaginable. Further back, she could even see a number of revealing outfits and costumes.

Ignoring the shelves for now, Hermione made her way over to the bookcases. Trailing her finger across the spines, she found everything from instructional and self-help books to spell books, and even history books, all about sex in the magical world. Selecting an introductory book on every subject she could find, Hermione made her way over to a comfortable reading chair with her arms full.

A few hours later, she was shocked by just how many spells and rituals were specifically made for sex. There was a vast array of sexual rituals that did everything from improving one's health and mental capacity to far darker ones used to completely rejuvenate a person's appearance or even to cast a persistent curse.

Some of the rituals to improve memory and recall were sorely tempting. They didn't appear to be dark and only required her to lose her virginity to perform them. Despite her desire to do them immediately, especially with NEWTs coming up, Hermione decided to do more research first. The professors had warned against performing rituals unless you knew exactly what you were doing.

Looking down at the books on the history of sex in the magical world, she couldn't help but shake her head. Having lived in the magical world for six years now, she never would've thought that sex played such a big part in its early history. Hermione had always seen the wizarding world as quite puritanical compared to the Muggle world. In reality, sex had played a huge role in how the wizarding world came to be what it was and still played a part, though much smaller and hidden from the public. Of course, the book she was reading was more than a hundred and fifty years old. While the wizarding world was slow to change, she was sure attitudes had changed slightly.

Standing, Hermione stretched, her shoulders and back popping from being seated for so long. As she replaced the books she'd read and looked for new ones, she reached a section she hadn't seen before. There were shelves upon shelves of fictional romance novels. Wondering if they were anything like the romance novels her mother read, she picked one at random.

On her way back to her chair, Hermione happened to glance over at the shelves of toys and paused. Remembering Penny's advice about practicing, she bit her lip and tentatively reached out to grab a glass phallus roughly the same size as Harry. The hard, cool glass appendage looked and felt intimidatingly large. Sighing, she decided to hold onto it but look for something smaller. As that thought passed through her mind, she felt the dildo shrink in her hand. It lost about a third of its girth and a couple of inches in length.

"I love magic," Hermione smiled.

Stuffing the books into her bag to read later. Looking at them, she waved her wand, transfiguring the covers into something less inappropriate. She then turned to the glass dildo in her hand, wondering if it could make itself look like something else. Suddenly, it began to grow rapidly and became so heavy she had to hold it with two hands. Wide-eyed, she stared at the member that looked like it belonged to some sort of magical creature. It was nearly two feet long, and the tip tapered to a point with a slight downward curve.

"Oh my," Hermione said.

"You've always been ambitious, Hermione, but don't you think that's a bit much?"

Hermione's head snapped in the direction of the door, and she blushed hard. She'd been so distracted she hadn't even heard Harry come in. He leaned back against the closed door, hands in his pockets, with a crooked grin on his face.

"I – I was just, umm....," Hermione trailed off embarrassedly, the phallus thankfully shrinking down in her hands.

“Oh, relax, Hermione. I’m just teasing you,” Harry said, pushing off the wall and walking closer to her. “So, you decided to take Penny’s advice about practicing?”

“I was thinking about it,” Hermione admitted softly.

Taking the dildo from her hand, he looked it over before handing it back.

“Toys can help, but they’re not as... responsive as the real thing,” Harry said. “You don’t really get the feedback of what works and what doesn’t.”

Hermione frowned, but she understood his point.

“Is there anything specific you wanted to learn?” Harry asked.

“I, er, well, I want to learn how to perform oral,” she said, blushing heavily.

Harry looked at her and smiled, “You mean a blowjob?”

Realizing she was being teased, Hermione smacked his shoulder.

“If you have to be crass, then yes,” she said, a smile tugging at her lips as Harry grinned.

“Being crass is part of the fun,” he said, wrapping his arms around her waist. “Would you rather hear a guy say he wants to perform oral sex with you or that he wants to eat your pretty little pussy?”

Hermione blushed heavily even as she felt a pulse of excitement at his words.

“I guess I can see your point,” she said, biting her lip.

Smiling, he pulled her closer and placed a kiss on her forehead. Hermione sighed softly, welcoming his embrace.

“I’m more than willing to help you practice,” Harry whispered teasingly before adding, “if and when you’re ready.”

Hermione buried her face in the crook of his neck and thought rapidly. After everything they’d done so far, especially the last week since the meeting with Penny. Since then, she felt more comfortable with herself and around Harry. So much so that she had no trouble spending an entire evening cuddling with him on the couch completely topless as they read or talked.

But was she ready to take that next step?

“I – I think I’m ready?” Hermione said softly.

“Then say it,” Harry said in a firm voice that caused her pulse to race. “Tell me you want to touch my cock.”

Hermione swallowed thickly as he pulled back and looked down at her expectantly. Refusing to be embarrassed, she straightened her back, pushing out her breasts, and bit her lip.

“I want to touch your cock,” she said, barely preventing herself from stammering.

“You have no idea how hot you look when you talk dirty,” Harry grinned.

Pressing a kiss to her lips, he led her over to the reading chair and sat down. Licking her lips in anticipation, Hermione knelt down between his legs. With trembling hands, she unbuckled his

belt and began undoing his trousers. A quivering breath left her lips as she pulled his boxers down and reached inside. Her fingers wrapped around the base of his warm shaft, and she swore she could feel it harden slightly as she pulled him out into the open. Seeing his size as he slowly hardened in her grip, she felt nervous and excited simultaneously.

“What, um, what should I do?” Hermione asked.

“Just do what feels natural,” Harry told her, brushing her hair behind her ear. “Take your time, explore, get comfortable with it.”

Biting her lip, she nodded and looked back down at his member. As she slowly stroked her hand up and down his length, he hardened in her grip. Soon, it was so thick her fingers barely touched around his girth. Even more surprising was how weighty it felt and how hot and smooth his skin was. Just holding him like this sent excitement coursing through her veins.

Hermione glanced up at Harry occasionally, seeking advice. But other than a patient, encouraging smile, he told her nothing. As she gradually grew more comfortable, she gripped him tighter and stroked his smooth shaft a little faster. She watched, entranced, while the head swelled, turning from pink to bright red. His erection throbbed in her hand like it had a heartbeat of its own and a small, clear drop oozed from the tip. Unconsciously, Hermione licked her lips, her mouth watering as she imagined leaning forward to taste him.

“Should I, uh, you know...,” she stammered blushing, her voice dropping to barely a whisper. “Suck it?”

“If you want to,” Harry said. “You can do anything you feel comfortable doing.”

Hermione bit her lip, thankful for the plush carpet as she shuffled forward on her knees. Glancing up at him once more, quickly dropped her eyes back down and pursed her lips, giving the head a light pack. The arousal leaking from his tip was thicker than she thought it would be. It stuck to her top lip, clinging to her skin and stretching out in a long string as she pulled back until it finally broke. Before she even realized what she was doing, Hermione licked her lips. It had a slightly salty taste, like sweat, but it was nowhere near as bad as some girls described it.

Leaning forward, she kissed the head again, this time parting her lips and staying in contact longer. Harry let out a low groan, his hand caressing the top of her head. The sound of his clear enjoyment spurred her on. She stuck out her tongue and ran it along the underside of his head. He hissed pleurably, his fingers rubbing her scalp in a way that nearly made her groan.

“You’re doing great, Hermione,” Harry told her. “That feels really good.”

A flutter of excitement ran through Hermione. She loved knowing she was bringing him pleasure. Taking a deep breath, she held him upright with both hands and opened her mouth, lips stretching wide as she enveloped his head. Harry groaned as she marveled at the heat of his tip as it throbbed against her tongue. Tentatively, she gave it a lick, more of his salty arousal staining her tastebuds. Swallowing around him, a shiver of excitement ran through her core while his fingers continued to massage her scalp.

Hermione bobbed her head up and down leisurely, moving her top hand out of the way when she bumped into it with her lips. As her confidence grew, all of her other thoughts and worries fell into the background. It felt like her entire world had shrunk down to just Harry’s length, the feel of it stretching her lips and the way it pulsed against her tongue. Other than to occasional groan, muttered praise, and the continued massaging of her scalp, he remained entirely passive, letting her move at her own pace.

Eventually, she felt him grow even harder, and she could feel his muscles tense. Even though she knew what was coming, the thought of pulling back never crossed her mind. The sole thought dominating her mind was to bring him to a climax.

“Hermione, I’m close,” Harry warned.

Moaning, she continued to suck and bob, her tongue caressing his amazingly smooth skin. Hermione’s hand began to pump up and down when she felt him suddenly swell. His whole shaft quivered in her mouth, and she swore she could feel his climax surge through his shaft before he erupted with a groan. Harry came with much more force than she expected. Hermione nearly choked when the first jet hit the back of her throat, causing her eyes to water.

Through willpower alone, she forced herself not to cough and used her tongue to catch the rest of his molten hot seed.

The taste wasn't great, but it wasn't terrible either. However, the thought of what it was made Hermione feel delightfully naughty. When Harry finally finished erupting, she swallowed with two gulps, her lips still sealed around his shaft. He gasped so loudly that she looked up at him, wondering if she'd done something wrong. Seeing him sagging in the chair, head back and eyes closed as he panted filled her with such a sense of pride and fulfillment that she couldn't help but smile.

"Bloody hell," Harry muttered.

Opening his eyes, he looked down and smiled crookedly as she finally let slip out of her mouth.

"Did I do alright? Oh!" Hermione said, rubbing her cheeks. "My jaw's sore."

Harry chuckled and caressed her cheeks affectionately.

"You were brilliant," he smiled. "And I'm not surprised your jaw's sore. You were down there for about twenty minutes."

Hermione frowned and checked her watch, blushing when she realized he was right.

"But it only felt like a few minutes," she said, the confusion clear in her voice.

"You looked like you were enjoying yourself," Harry smiled. "In fact, the same thing used to happen to a girlfriend of mine."

"Really?" Hermione asked, feeling relieved it wasn't just her.



“Yeah,” Harry said, helping her to her feet and then pulling her into his lap. “She loved giving me blowjobs. I wish the next Hogsmeade weekend wasn’t so far away. She could teach you a lot more about that than I can. Too bad we can’t sneak her into the castle.”

As if responding to his words, the wall across from them shifted and morphed into a fireplace.

“No way,” Harry said.

Standing up with Hermione in his arms, he set her on her feet before quickly doing up his trousers. They both made their way over to the fireplace, and Harry grabbed the jar of Floo powder off the mantle.

“That won’t work,” Hermione said. “Hogwarts, A History says that only the professor’s Floos are connected outside the castle.”

“Hogwarts, A History doesn’t even mention this room,” Harry said. “Bathelda doesn’t even know about it. If it was created by Ravenclaw like we think, it could still be connected.”

“Bathelda? As in Bathelda Bagshot?” Hermione asked excitedly. “You know her?”

“She’s our neighbor,” Harry shrugged. “I could introduce you if you’d like.”

Beaming, Hermione hugged him as tightly as she could, nearly knocking the jar out of his hand in the process.

“Oh, that would be wonderful,” she squealed.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Harry chuckled. “I’ll ask my parents if you can visit this Christmas. Now, let’s see if this Floo works.”

“But who do we call?” Hermione asked nervously. “If it does work, we could get in trouble.”

“I know just the person,” Harry smiled.

Turning away from her, he grabbed a handful of Floo powder and tossed it into the flames. Instantly, they flare a bright, emerald green.

“Number eight Bathurst Lane!” he called.

Hermione expected him to just stick his head in, but instead, Harry stepped into the flames and vanished in a flash.

“Harry!” she yelled, despite knowing he couldn’t hear her.

Running a hand through her hair, she paced back and forth worriedly. What if the Floo wasn’t connected? Would he be stuck? Was he hurt? Should she go to Professor McGonagall? Those thoughts and more ran through her mind at a furious pace before the Floo suddenly flared to life again. A moment later, Harry stepped out with a smile on his face.

“You git!” Hermione yelled, smacking his chest.

“Ow! Hey!” Harry yelped, raising his hands placatingly.

“Don’t scare me like that!?” she hissed angrily. “What if it wasn’t connected? You could’ve been lost or hurt.”

“Hermione, if a Floo isn’t connected, nothing happens,” Harry explained gently. “I was perfectly safe.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, feeling a bit embarrassed. “So, it worked then?”

“Perfectly,” he grinned.

“Where did you go?” she asked.

“To visit a friend,” Harry said vaguely. “You’ll get to meet her this weekend. For now, it’s getting late. We should head back to Gryffindor Tower.”

Nodding, Hermione bit her lip as she put her things away and shouldered her bag.

“This friend won’t say anything, will she?” she asked hesitantly.

“I wouldn’t have asked for her help if I thought she would,” Harry said, taking her by the hand and leading her out of the door.

Hermione felt so comfortable around him that she didn’t even realize she’d held his hand the whole way to Gryffindor Tower until the Fat Lady smiled at her knowingly. Dropping it with a blush, they entered the common room. Immediately, a couple of giggling fourth year girls ran up to Harry and asked him to help them with their Charms homework.

He politely agreed, and it didn’t take long for Heather to spot her and wave her over. The redhead was sitting at a table off to the side, books and parchment spread out in front of her.

“So, how did it go?” Heather asked eagerly, though quietly.

Glancing around cautiously, Hermione took out her wand and waved it under the table while silently casting a privacy ward around their table.

"It went well," Hermione said.

"Come on, you've gotta give me more than that," Heather pouted.

"Do you really want to know?" Hermione asked, arching an eyebrow.

Heather ducked her head shyly, and Hermione immediately felt bad.

"I know he's my brother, but that really doesn't bother me," she admitted softly. "I just wish I had someone I could trust enough to do that stuff with. But since I don't, I was hoping I could at least learn a little bit through you."

"Well, if you're sure it won't bother you..." Hermione said, trailing off when Heather looked up and nodded eagerly. "I, um, I gave him a blowjob."

She knew her face was bright red just from the heat coming off of it as Heather gaped at her.

"Wow," she whispered. "How was it?"

"It was... more fun than I thought it would be," Hermione confessed. "A lot more. It was just really nice knowing I could make him that happy, you know?"

Heather nodded, twirling a lock of hair around her finger thoughtfully.

"Do you think you'll have sex with him?" she asked.

Hermione bit her lip and glanced over at Harry.

"I haven't decided yet," she replied, knowing deep down it was a lie.

She knew she would if he asked. Remembering the books in her bag, she vowed to read up on those rituals as soon as possible.

"I accidentally walked in on Harry and Tonks having sex over the Summer," Heather admitted softly. "It was... incredible. He was just so commanding and powerful... it made me wish he wasn't my brother."

"Heather!" Hermione exclaimed, laughing incredulously.

"Hey, you would've too if you were in my position," Heather said, smiling. "Tonks is like an older sister to me. We all grew up together. Then I walk in and see Harry shagging her against the wall and nearly folding her in half on the couch while she's screaming her head off. It was intense. I had no idea sex could be like that."

"And just how long were you watching for?" Hermione asked curiously.

Heather blushed and mumbled, "A while."

"And they didn't notice you?" Hermione asked.

"I hid under Harry's cloak," she admitted.

Hermione couldn't help but laugh and shake her head. Given the chance, she'd have probably done the same thing. Seeing Harry approaching, she gave Heather a warning look and took down her ward.

"Hey, girls," he smiled. "I'm not interrupting, am I?"

“No,” Heather replied far too quickly and loudly. “We were just talking about Runes.”

“Uh huh,” Harry smiled. “Is that why you have your Defense book out?”

“Oh, I – er,” Heather stammered while Harry chuckled.

“I just came over to let you know I’m going to go take a shower and get some homework done soon,” he said. “Do you need help with anything?”

“Not tonight, but could you help me with silent casting later this week?” Heather asked. “I’m really struggling with it.”

“Sure, just let me know when,” Harry smiled before dropping his voice to a whisper. “By the way, you know that room on the seventh floor? Hermione and I found out you can ask for a Floo. I thought you might like to know in case you ever wanted to talk to Mum and Dad or something.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Heather said.

Smiling, Harry leaned down to give her a hug and kissed the top of her head. Hermione smiled to herself, seeing how much he cared for his little sister. After he left, she stayed and talked with Heather for a little while longer before joining him. She heard the water running as she entered and decided to take a shower of her own. By the time she returned, Harry was already sitting on the couch, reading a book. Biting her lip thoughtfully, she smiled and slipped back into her bedroom.

Hermione took off the pajamas she’d just put on, leaving her in just a tiny pair of red, frilly panties. Walking back out into their private common room, she approached the couch, waiting for Harry to notice her. He looked up from his book and smiled, his eyes raking over every inch of exposed skin. Hermione felt goosebumps on her arms, and her nipples hardened as he set down his book and held out his hand.

Taking it, she let him pull her into his lap. Harry kissed her heatedly, one hand fondling her bum while the other cupped and massaged her breast. When he took her nipple between his fingers and gave it a playful tug, she couldn't stop herself from moaning into his mouth. They snogged for several minutes before Hermione pulled away and curled up against his side. Picking her book up off of the coffee table, she began to read about sex based rituals. If Harry noticed what she was reading, he said nothing about it.

They stayed like that, reading their books while Harry's hands continually caressed her body, and Hermione luxuriated in the feeling. It was a couple of hours later that they shared another long kiss before heading off to bed. As she lay on her mattress, Hermione brought the glass dildo out of her bag and rubbed it along her damp folds. Closing her eyes, she thought of Harry as she eased it into her opening with a gasp.

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The rest of the week passed quickly, with the only event of note being when Malfoy decided to try and hex Hermione from behind after Potions. Harry appeared out of nowhere and swatted it back at the blonde ponce like it was nothing. While Malfoy was carried off to the Hospital Wing, vomiting slugs, Harry pulled Hermione away before Professor Snape could make an appearance.

Saturday evening, after spending hours in the library doing research for their Charms project, they made their way to the Room of Requirement. Though she tried not to show it, Hermione had been secretly anticipating this all week. Not only was she curious about who would be teaching her, but she was genuinely excited to learn a new skill. That this new skill would be about sex only made it more exhilarating.

While Hermione was trembling with nervous excitement, Harry looked completely unaffected. He walked calmly into the Room of Requirement – which took the shape of a comfortable room with a couch, bed, and a pair of wingbacked chairs – and walked over to the fireplace. Grabbing a handful of Floo Powder, he tossed it into the flames and stuck his head inside.

“Hey, you can come through,” he told the person on the other side. “Just say Hogwarts, Room of Requirement, and it'll bring you right through.”

Pulling his head back out, Harry stood and took a couple of steps back. Barely a second after the flames went back to orange, they flared green again, and the most beautiful woman Hermione had ever met stepped out. If anything, Fleur Delacour looked even better than the last time she'd seen her during the Triwizard Tournament. Biting her lip, Hermione started to wonder if Harry had a thing for tall, curvy blondes.

"Arry!" Fleur beamed.

She glided gracefully over to him and kissed both of his cheeks before hugging him tightly. Hermione couldn't help but feel slightly inadequate when compared to the French beauty. Fleur was every man's wet dream, and despite having broken things off with Harry when she left Hogwarts three years ago, the look in her eyes clearly showed she still cared deeply for him.

"Eet's so good to see you again," she said softly.

"It's good to see you, too," Harry smiled. "How's Gabrielle?"

"She's excited to be at Beauxbatons, but she misses maman," Fleur said. "And thank you for writing to 'er. She always tells me 'ow much zhey mean to 'er."

"I'm glad I could help," Harry said.

Smiling softly, Fleur supped his cheeks and kissed him soundly on the lips. As she pulled back, her bright blue eyes flickered over to Hermione, and she smiled.

"And you must be 'Ermione, oui?" she asked.

"Yes," Hermione said, holding out her hand. "It's nice to meet you."



“Enchanté,” Fleur smiled. “Arry says you would like to learn about sex?”

Hermione blushed slightly at the blunt question but nodded.

“Of course. What would you like me to teach you?” Fleur asked, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

“Um, well, Harry’s been teaching me about oral sex...” Hermione said, trailing off embarrassedly.

“Ah,” Fleur smiled. “A very good skill to learn. But you must be careful. Set zhe limits of what you are willing to do and stick to zhem. Some men will always want more no matter ‘ow much you do for zhem...”

She trailed off, staring off into the distance. Hermione wasn’t sure what to say. She knew Fleur must’ve had a bad experience with someone to say something like that. While she didn’t know how to react, Harry reached out and took her hand, squeezing it gently. Shaking her head, Fleur gave him a loving smile.

“Zhen again, zhere are men zhat inspire you to push your limits because zhey do so much for you,” Fleur finished softly.

Stroking her cheek, Harry kissed her tenderly. Hermione felt like she was intruding on a private moment but couldn’t bring herself to look away. When they separated, Fleur gave him a heartfelt smile before looking at Hermione with a serious expression.

“Just remember, you may feel vulnerable, but you still have teeth,” she said, eyes gleaming. “Don’t be afraid to give zhem a warning if zhey push you too far.”

Hermione nodded, taking the warning in the way it was meant. Not all men could control themselves like Harry. She was beginning to realize just how lucky she was to have him as a teacher.

Smiling playfully, Fleur waved her wand. Hermione yelped as her clothes were banished from her body. They landed on the table a few feet away, neatly folded, right next to Harry and Fleur's. Surprised, she couldn't help but gape at the stunning blonde. Everything about her body seemed to be just slightly exaggerated, from the size and shape of her breasts to the narrowness of her waist before flaring out to a wide set of hips and so on. Fleur was simply stunning in every way.

Blushing at her own thoughts, Hermione crossed her arms self-consciously and turned to Harry. She expected him to be staring at Fleur, only to realize they were both smiling at her for some reason.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" Harry asked.

"Oui," Fleur agreed, her eyes raking over Hermione's figure with a sparkle. "She 'as a very nice derriere."

"I'm not that pretty," Hermione said shyly. "Not compared to someone like you."

"I'm Veela," Fleur replied with a shrug, her breasts trembling. "You've done zhis before, non?"

"Just once," Hermione said.

"Zhen come. Let's see what you can do," Fleur told her.

Taking Harry by the hand, she led him over to the couch. Pushing him down in the middle seat, she sat on his right and curled up against his side, legs tucked under her bum. Hermione nibbled her bottom lip as she knelt between his legs. Hermione took a deep breath while wrapping her

hand around his rapidly hardening length. In moments, he was fully erect, his head throbbing an angry red.

Glancing up, Hermione flushed when she found Fleur resting her head on Harry's chest, watching her intently. She also noticed Harry's arm wrapped around her back, hand caressing her large, firm breast. Shuffling forward slightly, she rubbed her thighs together excitedly and bent down, taking him into her mouth.

Despite knowing she had an audience, Hermione couldn't stop herself from getting lost in the act. Her entire world once again narrowed down to the feel and taste of his pulsating erection trapped between her lips. It wasn't until she heard Fleur giggle that she realized what had happened. Pulling off of Harry's length, she wiped her mouth and blushed.

"You like doing zhat as much as I do," Fleur smiled. "I used to see 'ow many times I could make him cum in my mouth until my jaw was too sore to keep going. Until I met 'Arry I used to zhink it as an unpleasant task. All zhe ozzer boys I was wiz would lose control. 'Arry is zhe only one 'oo dosen't try to force 'imself down my zhroat."

Lifting her head, she kissed Harry passionately before falling to her knees. Hermione shuffled to the side to make room for her.

"Are all guys like that, or is that just because you're a Veela?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Partly because I'm a Veela," Fleur admitted. "But some men are just like zhat. Don't misunderstand. I don't mind when a man is rough. It's zhe loss of control I cannot stand. Now, zhere are zhree important zhings I need to teach you. Zhe first, is eye contact. Men love knowing you are doing zhis for zhem, not just zheir cock."

Smiling, Fleur looked up at Harry and held his gaze as she took him into her mouth. He licked his lips, hissing pleurably when her cheeks hollowed. When she pulled back up his length, he came free with a loud *pop*. As he let out a groan, his shaft bobbed eagerly in front of her face, causing her and Hermione to giggle.

“Patience, mon amour,” Fleur said promisingly before turning to Hermione. “The second thing you need to learn is ‘ow to use your tongue. Give me your ‘and.”

Hermione lifted her hand, and Fleur took it gently. Holding her first two fingers extended, she bent the others out of the way. With a smirk, Fleur looked her in the eye and leaned forward, wrapping her lips around them. Hermione gasped at the tingling sensation she felt wash over her fingers as Fleur swirled her tongue around her fingers in a circular motion. She also noticed that Fleur sucked harder than she did, something she stored in her mind to try on Harry later.

After a few seconds, her tongue pressed flat against her fingertips and began to unguilate, all while keeping her steamy gaze on hers. Hermione couldn’t help but think about what that would feel like on a more sensitive part of her body. Seconds later, she demonstrated a third technique. Curling her tongue around her fingers to get as much contact as possible, she rolled it from one side and then back the other way. On the third pass, she flicked the tip of her tongue over her fingertips before pulling back completely.

“There are more zhat I can teach you later, but zthose are ‘Arry’s favorites,” Fleur said. “And don’t be afraid to try somezing new. Now, zhe zhird zthing is zhe most difficult, but zhe most rewarding. Zhe depthroat drives men wild.”

With a smirk, Fleur turned back to Harry and gave him a couple of strokes before wrapping her lips around him. Hermione watched closely as she bobbed her head up and down several times, taking special note of the way she rotated her hand as it moved in time with her mouth. Pulling back to the tip, she gazed up at Harry and then descended. Hermione’s eyes widened as she took inch after inch until her nose ended up pressed against his pubic bone.

“Shit, Fleur!” Harry gasped.

With a smirk in her eyes and her lips stretched wide, Fleur held herself in place for several long seconds before pulling back. She drew in a deep breath when she came off his length, a thin string of saliva connected her bottom lip to his swollen head.

“There’s no way I can do that,” Hermione said.

“Anyone can,” Fleur told her. “It just takes practice. Not that you need to learn, but men love it.”

“How?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Take as much as you can and relax your zhroat,” Fleur said. “Just don’t panic. You won’t be able to breathe when ‘es in your zhroat. And only ever do zhis wiz someone you trust.”

With that warning, she took Harry in her mouth and sent him straight down her throat. Groaning loudly, Harry stroked her hair gently. Pulling off of him a few moments later, she moved back to the couch and gave him a kiss.

“Now, let’s see you practice what I taught you,” Fleur said.

Shuffling back between Harry’s legs, Hermione bent down and wrapped her lips around him. As she practiced the tongue movements Fleur showed her, she noticed that slight, pleasant tingle from before spreading around the inside of her mouth. Her core pulsed with arousal when she realized it was coming from Fleur’s saliva. Sucking harder and adding in the twisting hand movement on the lower part of his shaft that she’d seen Fleur use, Hermione noticed an immediate difference. Harry groaned loudly, hissing occasionally as he panted. After a couple of minutes, she remembered Fleur’s tip about eye contact. Seeing him gaze down at her so lustfully, even as he groped the beautiful Veela kissing his neck, she rubbed her legs together as a drop of arousal ran down her thigh. In just a few minutes, she felt his length swell and tremble against her tongue.

“Hermione,” Harry panted warningly.

“Don’t swallow,” Fleur said quickly. “Just ‘old it.”

Hermione didn’t know why she wanted her to do that, but she listened anyway. This time, she used her tongue to catch his cum as he erupted in her mouth. The thick, salty liquid flooded her tongue each time he pulsed, a groan leaving his lips. Hermione sucked hard to make sure she

got all of it before pulling back, keeping her lips sealed as best she could. A small amount dripped down onto her chest, but she was able to keep most of it.

“Show me,” Fleur said, scooting to the edge of her seat.

Hermione opened her mouth, revealing the white pool covering her tongue. Fleur grinned as she dropped down to her knees in front of her.

“Do you know what else excites men?” she purred. “When you share it with another woman.”

Hermione’s eyes went wide as Fleur leaned forward and captured her lips in an open-mouthed kiss. She froze at first, but it felt so good she gave in and kissed her back. Their tongues danced, transferring some of Harry’s cum to her mouth before they both swallowed their share. They continued kissing for a long moment before breaking apart breathlessly. Fleur grinned, a sparkle in her eye as she stroked Hermione’s cheek.

“Let me show you what else you can do with your tongue,” she said.

## Chapter 4

Fleur took Hermione by the hand and led her over to the bed. Harry followed behind them, his large, swollen length swinging between his legs.

“Lay down on the bed,” Fleur said in a soft, seductive purr.

Hermione felt a shiver of excitement as she crawled onto the mattress. Fleur’s Allure grew heavier, making her skin tingle and causing her core to throb needily. Rolling over onto her back, she bit her lip as she watched Fleur climb onto the bed on her hands and knees, her bright blue eyes sparkling lustfully and her heavy breasts swaying under her. Grabbing Hermione’s legs, she pushed them open and leaned down to kiss the inside of her thigh, just above the knee.

“Fleur?” she asked tremulously.

“You wanted to learn about oral sex, non?” Fleur asked with a sexy smirk as she kissed her thigh a little higher up.

Hermione opened her mouth to reply but choked on the words when Fleur raked her nails lightly up her legs to her hips. As she tried to gather her thoughts, Harry laid down next to her on his side. His tip brushed her hip at the same time his hand caressed her cheek. With a smile, he leaned down and kissed her softly.

“It’s okay if you want to stop,” he whispered.

Chewing her lip, Hermione lifted her head and looked down at Fleur. The blonde pushed her legs further apart and placed a kiss at the junction between her folds and her thigh.

“Oh, God,” she groaned, dropping her head back on the mattress.

Running his fingers along her skin, Harry chuckled. Hermione opened her eyes and looked at him questioningly.

“I just watching you like this,” he shrugged. “It’s hot.”

Hermione felt her face flush as she looked at him. A couple of boys had called her pretty before, and Harry had called her beautiful often, but no one had ever referred to her as hot.

“Mmh, oui, eet is,” Fleur purred.

Hermione’s face turned bright red, knowing she was referring to the heat coming from her aroused core. Suddenly, Fleur leaned forward and licked along the length of her slit. Hermione

gasped, her hands curling into fists as she let out a low moan. As Fleur's smooth, wet tongue caressed her folds, it left behind a warm, tingling sensation, further enflaming her arousal.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Harry asked with a smile.

Hermione nodded, taking a deep, shaky breath as his hand ran up to caress her breast. She moaned again when Fleur ran her tongue up and down, slipping between her lips and stopping just short of her clit. At the same time, Harry took her stiff nipple between her fingers and squeezed it lightly. Moaning again, Hermione clenched her hands, only realizing then that her right hand was wrapped around Harry's shaft.

Closing her eyes, she stroked him lightly and savored the feeling of Fleur's tongue and lips on her folds. After teasing her for several long moments, she finally circled her clit. With a gasp, she bucked her hips and groaned, her chest rising and falling sharply with each breath. Harry bent down, taking one of her nipples between his lips while Fleur's wrapped around her clit. For a moment, the two acted in concert, their tongues moving in unison on both of her sensitive nubs.

"Oh!" Hermione gasped, arching her back with her mouth hanging open.

Harry's teeth grazed her swollen nipple while Fleur swirled her tongue around her throbbing clit. The sensations were amazing and overwhelming. Hermione's head spun as she gasped for breath. Clenching her eyes shut, her muscles tightened, and her body shook as a tremendous climax rose to its peak. Pleasure consumed her entire being for several long moments before she came down from her crest. Hermione's body slowly relaxed, her back coming back down to rest on the mattress while she panted for breath.

Giggling, Fleur crawled up her body, pausing briefly to kiss and nip playfully at her nipple. Hermione felt her stop, the warmth of her body hovering above hers, her soft breasts resting lightly on her chest. Suddenly, she felt a pair of full, pouty lips press against hers. Hermione's eyes shot open wide, staring at Fleur's breathtakingly beautiful face as she kissed her. Slowly, her eyes fluttered closed, and she gave in. It just felt too good to resist. She was really coming to enjoy these moments when she could just turn off her brain and savor the pleasure she was feeling.



As that thought passed through her mind, Fleur abruptly gasped and raised herself up before letting out the most sensual, erotic moan Hermione had ever heard.

“Oui,” she panted breathlessly. “Fuck me.”

Lifting her head, Hermione looked over her shoulder to see Harry on his knees behind Fleur. Though she couldn't see it from her angle, she knew he was buried deep in the stunning blonde. With a pleased groan, he caressed her back and began thrusting slowly. Fleur moaned and leaned down, capturing Hermione's lips in a demanding kiss. She could feel every thrust as Fleur rocked above her.

A tingle ran through Hermione's core, her folds dripping with arousal. It almost felt like Harry was making love to her through Fleur. As the blonde pulled back to take a deep breath and let out a long, low moan, she couldn't help but run her hands over her amazing body.

“More,” Fleur purred, thrusting her chest into Hermione's hands.

Hermione groped her chest roughly, her fingers plucking and tugging at her hard little nipples. Fleur moaned loudly and arched her back. She had such a look of absolute pleasure on her face was so beautiful, so arousing, that Hermione bucked her hips, wishing that Harry would just sink himself into her.

Fleur smirked as if she could read her thoughts. Twisting her upper body to the side, she kissed Hermione's neck while reaching between her legs and caressing her folds. Hermione moaned and bucked her hips, her eyes sliding closed as two of Fleur's fingers slid into her depths. Suddenly, lips were on hers, and she was forced to swallow Fleur's moan as Harry thrust hard, making their bodies jolt in unison. Hermione became lost in a fog of pleasure, her hips bucking to the rhythm of Harry's thrusts. Each time he plowed into Fleur, his thighs clapped loudly against her round bum.

Fleur found a spot inside of her that caused her to gasp, her back arching sharply as she tore their lips apart with a guttural moan. When Fleur cried out, their eyes met, and her Allure

flared. Hermione could practically feel Fleur's orgasm grow through her pulsating magic. As she crested her peak, so did Hermione. They screamed in unison, hugging and trembling while Harry grunted out his own climax.

Hermione clung to Fleur as they rode out their climaxes together until both of them were panting, trembling messes.

"Well, that was incredible," Harry said, collapsing on the mattress next to them.

Hermione and Fleur giggle tiredly. After rolling to the other side, Harry and Fleur cuddled up on either side of Hermione and took turns kissing her. Settling down, they all rest quietly, dozing and caressing each other on and off for the next couple of hours.

Eventually, Harry and Hermione needed to return to the common room before they were missed. As they were getting dressed, Fleur looked at Hermione's bra and frowned.

"We need to get you new clothes," she huffed.

"What's wrong with them?" Hermione asked self-consciously.

They were a rather plain pair of white cotton knickers, but she didn't think they were too bad.

"You're too beautiful to wear something so plain," Fleur huffed. "Penny and I will take you shopping on the next Hogswatcher weekend and help you pick out something nice."

"Oh, you don't have to do that," Hermione said.

"I want to," Fleur said, smiling as she took her hand.

Hermione wasn't sure why she wanted to, but she smiled thankfully anyways. Fleur walked up and gave her a hug before pulling back with a bright smile. Turning to Harry, she kissed him passionately for a long moment, then made her way to the Floo.

"Rady to head back to the tower?" Harry asked.

Nodding, Hermione looped her arm through his, and they left the Room of Requirement. Just as they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, Lavender and Parvati came up behind them. Taking one glance at their linked arms, the girls giggled and whispered quietly. Hermione rolled her eyes as she stepped into the common room with a yawn.

"Tired?" Harry asked, opening the door to the Head's suite.

"That took a lot out of me," she muttered quietly.

Harry chuckled, "Fleur does that."

"Her Allure can get a bit... intense," she admitted, closing the door behind her. "I think I'm going to head to bed."

"Why don't you stay with me tonight?" Harry asked.

"You mean just to sleep?" Hermione asked.

"Just sleep," Harry smiled.

"Alright," Hermione said.

She still didn't know if she wanted to have sex with Harry. Well, that wasn't quite true. A part of her did want to sleep with him. She certainly dreamed about it enough. But she just wasn't sure if she wanted her first time to be with someone she wasn't in a serious relationship with.

Not that Hermione was against dating Harry, it was just that she didn't think she had much of a chance considering he had women like Penny and Fleur ready and waiting for him. How on earth was she supposed to compete with women like that?

Lost in thought, she didn't even realize Harry had led her to the bathroom until she heard the shower turn on. Turning back to her, he smiled and chuckled softly.

"Knut for your thoughts?" he asked.

"Nothing important," Hermione murmured, blushing.

Smiling, Harry kissed her gently on the lips and started stripping out of his clothes. Hermione followed his lead before they stepped under the water. She closed her eyes, relaxing under the hot spray and sighing as Harry started soaping up her body. Once he was finished polishing her breasts until they practically shined, Hermione turned around and did the same for him.

When they climbed out of the shower and dried off, neither of them bothered putting clothes on before walking into Harry's room and climbing into bed. He spooned her from behind, his hand resting on her waist and his hips pressed firmly against her bum. Harry's comforting warmth and gentle caresses lulled her to sleep.

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Over the next week, Hermione continued sleeping in Harry's room at night. During the day, when they were alone in their rooms, she practiced her oral skills. Hermione took great pleasure in bringing him to his peak. It excited her to know she could get those kinds of reactions out of a man. After she grew a bit more confident in her abilities and herself, she began drawing his pleasure out more and more.

Hermione bring him to the brink of climax before slowing down and letting him recover before starting again. She'd repeat that two or three times, or until her jaw was sore, before finally bringing him to completion. The first time she did that, she was surprised by the amount he came and choked. When she pulled back to cough, her face and hair ended up drenched. By the end of the week, she was able to swallow all of it without losing a single drop, something made her feel smug and a little bit slutty, but in a good way.

On Saturday, they made their way down to Hogsmeade, where Penny and Fleur met her as soon as they got off the carriage. After greeting Harry with hugs and kisses that left several people glaring at him jealously, they took him and Hermione by the arms and whisked them off to London.

"We're getting clothes in the Muggle world?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Yeah," Penny said. "The Wizarding World doesn't really have good lingerie."

"Zhey do in France," Fleur said. "You should come visit sometime. Madam Renaud's 'as some wonderful clothes and some of zhe best Charms."

"What kind of Charms?" Hermione asked interestedly.

"Self-cleaning, re-sizing, color-changing... zhey're best known for zheir shirts wiz built in Lifting Charms," Fleur replied.

"Lifting Charm?" Hermione asked.

"Eet acts like a bra," Fleur explained. "My dress for zhe ball 'ad one on eet."

Hermione nodded, remembering how busty the French witch had looked in her light blue, strapless gown.

“Heather said your parents usually visit France over the Summer,” Harry said. “Maybe we can all meet up.”

Fleur beamed and kissed him on the cheek. She must have released some of her Allure unconsciously because a man in a business suit walking by was so captured by her that he walked straight into a pole.

Making their way to Harrods, they entered the large department store and went straight to the women’s department.

“Penelope,” one of the assistants, a pretty brunette who looked to be in her thirties, called out with a smile. “It’s lovely to see you again.”

“Hello, Matilda,” Penny smiled.

“It’s been a while since you’ve been back. Is there anything I can help you find?” Matilda asked.

“Oh, I’m not shopping for me today,” Penny said. “I’m just helping my friend find some new lingerie.”

“I see,” Matilda smiled. “Well, I’m sure you remember the way. If you need any help, just give me a shout.”

“Thanks, Matilda,” Penny said.

“Do you know her?” Hermione asked curiously as they made their way deeper into the store.

“I used to buy a lot of lingerie for my old job,” Penny shrugged. “Matilda gave me a lot of great advice when I first started there.”

Hermione nodded as they started perusing through the racks. Penny and Fleur started talking about different styles she didn't understand and discussed which colors might work best for her. They occasionally asked for her opinion, but she really didn't have that much input to give. Meanwhile, Harry followed behind quietly, acting like a moving rack for them to store the ones they thought Hermione should try on. She grew a bit nervous as she watched the pile grow and looked at some of the price tags.

"Um, I don't have that much Muggle money on me," Hermione said.

"Don't worry, I'll pay for it," Harry said.

"But-"

"Consider it a thank you," Harry interrupted.

"You really don't need to-"

"Hermione, when a man you like gives you a gift, take it," Fleur said with a smirk. "Eet makes zhem feel useful."

Rolling his eyes, Harry poked her in the side, causing Fleur to squeal and giggle. Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully before sighing.

"Oh, alright," she said. "But don't go overboard."

"You know, with Hermione's legs, she would look great in stockings," Penny said.

"Oui, she would," Fleur agreed.

After a bit more shopping, they filled Harry's arms. Leading Hermione to the changing rooms, they grabbed a handful of lingerie and told her to try some of them on. The first thing Hermione tried on was a rather basic but nice red bra and panties. Looking at herself in the mirror, she was surprised at how nice they looked and how the bra made her breasts look bigger. Taking them off, she put on a black set that was just didn't fit her right. The next set she grabbed from the pile was white and included stockings, a garter belt, and suspenders. Hermione thought it was a bit over the top but put it on anyways.

The end result looked better than she expected and made her feel sexy. It seemed counterintuitive that wearing more would make her feel that way, but she liked the way the stockings looked and felt on her legs.

"Yes," Hermione said. "The black one was too tight, but I kind of like the stockings."

"I thought you would," Penny said, and Hermione could hear the smile in her voice. "Here, Fleur just found this and thought you should try it."

Reaching over the top of the door, she handed her a black bustier and a pair of panties. Slipping out of what she had on, Hermione tried on the new one. It was a bit much to wear during the day, but she could see herself wearing it on a special occasion.

She tried on lingerie for over two hours before picking out her favorites. Fleur and Penny had picked out a couple while they were there as well and told Hermione to wear a set she licked out of the store.

"Harry earned a bit of a show for being so patient," Penny told her with a grin.

Wearing the red set she'd first tried on, they made their way to the counter. She nearly choked when she saw the final cost, but Harry didn't even bat an eye. He just handed Matilda his credit card.



“Harry, that’s too much,” Hermione whispered.

“It’s fine, Hermione,” he told her.

“Just let him,” Penny smiled. “He did the same for me after I started working for Lily.”

“Why would he buy you lingerie for that?” Hermione asked.

“Well, he was a bit disappointed he only got to see me dance once, so I told him I’d give him a show for his birthday in any lingerie he wanted,” she replied with a grin. “I didn’t think he’d buy me half the store. I spent half the Summer giving him his own private shows.”

Hermione giggled, smiling as they left the store. Though she tried not to show it, inside, she was excited to give Harry her own show later. Heading back to Hogsmeade, they stopped for lunch at the Three Broomsticks. When they finished eating, Fleur rented them a room upstairs. Hermione blushed under the knowing smirk Madam Rosmerta gave her.

Making their way upstairs to room two, Harry took a seat on the bed while Penny, Hermione, and Fleur went into the bathroom. As the other two began taking off their clothes, Hermione got the hint and followed their lead. Fleur wore a black set of lingerie, but she only wore a half-cup bra. Hermione had tried one on, but she hadn’t liked the way it looked on her. Fleur, on the other hand, looked amazing. Her full breasts were prominently displayed, the fabric ending just under her large, pale areolas.

Penny wore a white bustier, much like the one Hermione had chosen, but she paired it with a pair of stockings. Though she was much more covered than Fleur, she looked no less alluring. Her large breasts, perhaps even larger than Fleur’s, looked like they’d pop out at even the slightest movement. Compared to them, Hermione felt rather plain in her red, lacy knickers. It made her wish she’d chosen something a bit more daring.

“Shall we go see what Harry thinks?” Penny asked with a smile.

Without waiting for a reply, she opened the door and stepped outside. Harry looked up and smiled crookedly as they stood shoulder to shoulder in front of him.

“So, what do you think?” Penny asked, striking a pose.

“I think I’m the luckiest man alive,” Harry grinned.

## Chapter 5

Hermione blinked her eyes open as she felt someone shaking her awake.

“We’re almost at the station,” Harry told her.

Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she lifted her head from his shoulder and sat up. Looking up from her book, Heather gave her a knowing smile and marked the page with a bookmark.

“This is going to be so much fun,” Heather grinned, slipping her book into her bag. “I’m so glad you and your parents are staying this Christmas. It’ll be nice to have another girl around for a change.”

“At least you have a brother,” Hermione replied. “At home, it’s always just the three of us.”

The train lurched as it began to slow and pull into King’s Cross Station. Standing up, Harry reached into the overhead rack and began to pull down their trunks.

“You girls go ahead,” he told them. “I’ll carry these out.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Heather smiled.

She grabbed Hermione by the arm and pulled her out into the aisle before it got too crowded. Together, they exited the train and started looking around.

“There they are!” Heather said, pointing.

Hermione followed her finger and spotted her parents standing next to the Potters. She smiled widely as she made her way over and hugged her mother.

“Hello, sweetheart,” Emma said, hugging her daughter. “Have a good term?”

“It’s been great,” Hermione smiled.

“Did you learn a lot?” Dan, her father, asked as he hugged her.

Hermione fought a blush even as she smirked to herself.

“More than I thought I would,” she muttered.

“Do you need anything from home?” Emma asked. “We already took our things over to the Potters this morning, but you need anything...”

“No, I’m fine,” Hermione told her.

“You won’t believe how we got here,” Dan smiled. “I thought we were going to use that Floo you told us about, but James and Lily teleported us. What did he call it again? Appearing?”

“Apparating,” Hermione corrected him.

“Yes, Apparating,” he grinned. “Your mother didn’t like it too much, but I thought it was brilliant.”

“I thought I was going to be sick,” Emma sighed. “Lily said that’s normal. Your father’s the odd one.”

“Most people find it uncomfortable at first,” Lily assured her as she, James, and Heather joined them. “Only the Weasley twins, your husband, and my son actually seem to enjoy the feeling.”

“Harry enjoys Apparating?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“He started when he was four,” Lily sighed. “I had to put wards around the house to get him to stop. He used to terrorize the poor cat.”

“And us,” James grinned. “I nearly had a heart attack the first time I found him on the roof. By the time I finally got up there to get him down, he Apparated away.”

“Thank God Hermione never did anything that bad,” Emma said. “The worst she ever did was make books come to her and turn her dress from pink to yellow.”

“You know, it’s funny looking back on all the excuses and rationalizations the school made when she did magic,” Dan chuckled. “Honestly, how could anyone think she slipped away to the bathroom and died her dress without anyone noticing?”

Lily sighed and rolled her eyes.

“We really do need to change those laws,” she muttered. “Parents need to be told as soon as their child ends up on the Hogwarts Register. It’s not the eighteenth century anymore. No one’s going around burning witches.”

“Uh-oh,” Harry said, stopping the trolley loaded with their trunks next to them. “Who got her going again.”

“She did it!” James said, pointing at Emma.

“Oh, stop it, you two,” Lily said, smacking her husband’s arm. “Now, come here and give your mother a hug.”

Smiling, Harry stepped forward and hugged Lily before turning and doing the same to his father.

“Dobby!” Lily called loudly.

The Grangers looked at her curiously, but before they could voice the obvious question, there was a loud *pop*, and a House Elf appeared next to the redhead.

“Yes, Mistress?” Dobby asked.

“Can you take the kids’ trunks back to the house?” she asked him kindly.

“Of course,” Dobby nodded.

Walking quickly over to the trunks, he placed his long, spindly fingers on the trunks and vanished with another *pop*, taking the luggage with him. Dan blinked in surprise before shaking his head with a smile.

“We need to go on holiday with you more often,” he chuckled. “Then Emma can pack as much as she wants, and my back won’t hurt.”

“This from the man who thinks a day off is spending eight hours carrying a bag of clubs around a golf course,” Emma replied teasingly.

“Hermione mentioned you like to visit France over the Summer,” Harry said, glancing at Hermione as he smiled. “You should come with us this Summer. I have a friend with a villa on the beach.”

“That sounds brilliant!” James agreed enthusiastically.

Folding her arms over her chest, Lily quirked an eyebrow dangerously.

“What?” James asked defensively. “You know Harry just wants to see Fleur again.”

“That’s what has you so excited, is it?” Lily asked.

“But Lily... Veela,” James pouted.

“James,” she hissed.

“Oh, come on,” James said. “You know you’re the only one for me Lily flower.”

He puckered his lips and leaned down to give her a kiss, only for his wife to move out of the way, leaving him in an awkward position.

“Ready to go?” Lily asked.

Heather, Hermione, and Harry snickered as James straightened up and pouted exaggeratedly. Dan patted him on the back consolingly as they followed their wives to the Apparation point. They disappeared in pairs. First, Lily Disapparated with Emma, then James with Dan. Hermione

was about to follow them and then paused when she suddenly realized she didn't know where she was going.

"Don't worry," Harry said, catching her look. "I can Side-Along you and Heather."

Wrapping his arm around the girls' waists, he twisted on the spot and vanished with barely a sound. Hermione shut her eyes as she felt like she was being squeezed through a tube. When the sensation stopped, she opened them to find herself standing in the backyard of a two-story house in a quaint, quiet village. As they walked toward the open back door, she caught movement out of the corner of her eye. Glancing next door, she spotted the familiar face of an old woman watching them from her curtains. Hermione gasped when she recognized her.

"Harry, it's her!" she whispered excitedly. "It's Bathelda Bagshot!"

"I told you she was our neighbor," he grinned. "I'll introduce you to her later."

"Oh, I have so many questions to ask," Hermione gushed. "I wonder if she'll sign my first edition copy of Hogwarts, A History?"

"Probably," Heather told her. "Come on, I'll show you my room."

Stepping inside, Hermione knew the inside had been enlarged. She spent a moment marveling at the impressive Charms work that had gone into the home as she followed Heather upstairs. Turning right at the top of the stairs, they walked past two doors before turning left into Heather's bedroom. Like the rest of the house, the inside was larger than it should've been. Seeing two four-poster beds set up inside, she wondered if they'd done it just for her.

"The bathroom is through there," Heather said, pointing to a door on the right side of the room. "There's another door on the other side that leads to Harry's room. Should make sneaking into his bed a little easier for you."

“Heather,” Hermione gasped as her friend smirked.

“What? It’s not like you weren’t thinking about it,” she pointed out.

Hermione stayed quiet, mostly out of embarrassment because she was right.

“This Charms work is amazing,” she deflected. “Is it permanent?”

“You mean the Expansion Charms?” Heather asked, to which Hermione nodded. “The one in is only temporary, but the rest of the house is. Mum did it herself. And before you ask, no, I don’t know how she did it. You’d have to ask her.”

“Where are my parents staying?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Downstairs,” Heather replied. “Dad cleaned out his office and turned it into a bedroom.”

They talked for a little while longer as they both unpacked their clothes. Once they were done, Heather went to take a shower while Hermione headed downstairs to check on her parents. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she heard whispered voices coming from the kitchen. Curious, she crept closer, not wanting to interrupt if it was personal.

“Any word on Voldemort?” Harry asked softly.

“No,” James sighed. “Not a single sighting since the Tournament. Even worse, the Ministry isn’t even pretending to look for him anymore.”

“Not like they tried hard in the first place,” Harry scoffed. “That idiot Fudge thinks if he buries his head far enough up his arse the problem will go away.”



“Better not let your mother hear you talking like that,” James said teasingly.

“Why do you think I said it quietly?” Harry asked, causing his father to snicker. “He must be leaving some kind of trail, though.”

“If he is, we can’t find it,” James told him. “Don’t worry, son, we’ll find him.”

“I’m more worried about him finding us,” Harry muttered.

Hermione shivered as a chill ran down her spine. Turning away, she went to find her parents. She could understand Harry’s curiosity about Voldemort after what happened during the Tournament, but the less she heard about that monster, the better.

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“Dinner’s ready!” Lily called.

Turning away from the Charmed bookshelf that Heather was showing her, the two of them headed into the kitchen. Lily and Emma stood over the stove, talking and laughing as they cooked, while Harry set the table with a flick of his wand. James and Dan came in from the backyard, Butterbeer in hand. Just as they were about to sit down at the table, there was a knock at the front door.

“I’ll get it,” Heather said.

While she left to go answer the door, Hermione helped her mother and Lily move food from the counter to the table.

“Hey, Lils. Mind if we crash the party?”

Looking over her shoulder, she spotted a man with long dark hair and a stylish goatee and a young woman with a pretty, pixie-like face and bright purple hair standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Both of them were wearing Auror robes and looked like they'd just gotten off work.

"Of course not," Lily smiled. "These are Hermione's parents, Dan and Emma, and this is Sirius Black and Nymphadora Tonks. Neither of them can cook to save their lives, so you can expect to see them around mealtimes."

"Just Tonks is fine," the woman said as she entered and shook her parents' hands.

Hermione recognized the name of Harry's most recent ex and looked her over closely. She was certainly pretty, though it was hard to tell how shapely she was in her thick robes. A part of her had started to worry that Harry was only interested in tall, leggy, busty blondes after meeting Penny and Fleur.

After everything she'd experienced over the last couple of months, Hermione could admit that a part of her was attracted to other women, and Tonks was quite attractive. Besides her pretty face, she was one of those people with a magnetic personality. Like Harry, she just drew attention to herself effortlessly.

Suddenly, Tonks shrugged off her Auror's robes, revealing a rather punk rock outfit underneath. She wore a faded Weird Sisters t-shirt, the graphic on the front pulled taught over her moderate bust. Though she was certainly at least a cup size larger than Hermione, she noted that she was nowhere near as busty as Penny or Fleur. A pair of tight, artfully ripped jeans covered her toned legs, creamy white skin peeking out from the gaps in the fabric. Surprisingly, on her feet, she wore a pair of boots that looked like they were from the Muggle military.

Sitting down at the table, Hermione looked up and was met with Tonks' light green, almond-shaped eyes and a knowing quirk of the lips. She blushed at getting caught, and Tonks gave her a wink as she took the seat next to Harry. The two sat with their heads close together, talking and smiling affectionately. Glancing back over at Hermione, she gave a small smirk and rested her hand on his thigh.

Hermione immediately knew that Harry had told her about their arrangement, and she was in for another 'lesson' over break. Under the table, she rubbed her legs together in anticipation.

~

A few hours later, Sirius bid everyone goodnight and took his leave through the Floo. On the other hand, Tonks was curled up against Harry's side, his arm around her shoulders, and looked like she had no plans to get up any time soon. Throughout the evening, she'd continued to send teasing looks at Hermione when no one was looking before running her hands over Harry's chest or caressing his thigh.

Once again, Hermione found herself aroused rather than jealous. By now, she'd stopped questioning why she found the thought of Harry with beautiful women exciting and just accepted that she did.

"Hey, Lily?" Tonks asked. "Do you mind if I crash here tonight?"

James smirked, but before he could say anything, Lily elbowed him lightly.

"Of course not," Lily smiled. "You know you're always welcome here."

"Are you going to magic up another room?" Dan asked.

Hermione and Emma shared a look at his obliviousness and started to giggle.

"No need," Tonks grinned. "Harry's bed's nice and comfy."

Dan blinked a couple of times before realization washed over him.

“Oh,” he said, causing the room to chuckle.

~

An hour later, though it was still early, everyone started to head to bed. Normally, Hermione would have been knackered from the long train journey and the flurry of settling in, but this time, she was too excited to be tired.

After her parents had headed to their room for the night and James and Lily had moved to the kitchen, Tonks pulled her to the side.

“Give us a few minutes, and then come to Harry’s room,” she whispered with a smirk. “And tell Heather she might want to use her mirror for this one.”

“Mirror?” Hermione asked curiously.

Tonks’ only reply was a wink before she walked over to Harry, took him by the hand, and quickly pulled him upstairs. Turning to Heather, she waved her over.

“Mum. Dad. Hermione and I are going to bed,” Heather called.

“Okay. Goodnight, sweetheart,” Lily called back.

“Remind Harry and Tonks to put up Silencing Charms,” James said.

“I will,” Heather smirked.

She and Hermione raced up the stairs and headed directly into her room, where they closed the door. Moving over to her trunk, Hermione started digging through her clothes, looking for some lingerie to put on.

“Tonks told me to meet her and Harry in his room,” she told her redheaded friend. “You don’t mind, do you?”

“Course not,” Heather said, sitting on her bed.

“Thank you,” Hermione replied, throwing a smile over her shoulder.

Picking out a blue bra and panty set that was practically see-through, Hermione quickly got undressed.

“Oh, and Tonks said you might want to use your mirror,” she said.

When she got no reply, she glanced over at the bed. Heather was bright red with a horrified look in her eyes.

“She knows about that?” she squeaked. “She didn’t tell Harry, did she?”

“That was all she said,” Hermione told her, fastening her bra in place. “I don’t even know what mirror she’s talking about.”

Impossibly, Heather blushed even harder.

“Heather?” Hermione asked expectantly.

"I – Oh, Merlin," she said, burying her face in her hands before looking back up at her pleadingly. "Just promise me you won't tell Harry. Please."

"Alright, I promise," Hermione said, her curiosity winning out.

Climbing off the bed, Heather walked over to her vanity and tapped the tip of her wand to the mirror. The reflection shimmered before clearing into an image of Harry's bedroom. Hermione could see Harry and Tonks sitting on his bed, snogging heavily. Gaping, she turned to her friend, who was burying her face into a pillow she was hugging to her chest. The only part of her skin that she could see, her ears, were practically glowing red.

"Heather," she gasped.

"I was curious," Heather said, her voice muffled by the pillow.

Hermione knew it was wrong. A total invasion of privacy. But the idea of her best friend watching her was undeniably exciting.

"We'll talk about this later," she said, shaking her head.

Throwing on a silk robe Harry had bought her, Hermione slipped into the bathroom and closed the door. She leaned her back against it and took a deep breath before padding across the tile floor and opening the door to Harry's room. He and Tonks stopped kissing and turned to look at her in unison.

"Good, you're here," Tonks grinned. "I was about to start without you."

Kicking off her heavy boots, she jumped to her feet and pulled her shirt over her head.

"Strip," she ordered, tossing her shirt to the floor.

Hermione obeyed without conscious thought. Immediately, she dropped her robe to the floor, goosebumps rising on her skin from the excitement.

“All of it,” Tonks said, looking over her body critically as she removed her own bra. “I need to see what I’m working with.”

Hermione didn’t quite understand what she meant by that but still did as she was told. Losing her bra, she blinked as Tonks stepped out of her panties, revealing a purple lightning bolt shaped patch of hair above her mound.

“Harry told you I’m a Metamorphmagus, right?” she asked.

“Oh, um, yes,” Hermione said, losing the last of her clothes.

“Did he tell you what I can do?” Tonks asked with a smirk. “Spin.”

“No, he didn’t go into detail, but I’ve read about it,” Hermione said, blushing lightly as she spun in a slow circle.

“Really? And did you read about this?” Tonks asked.

Closing her eyes, a pained look came over her face as her skin began to ripple. Her hair darkened and grew into long, curly locks, her body shifted into a smaller, thinner shape, her bust shrank, and her bum swelled. When she opened her chocolate brown eyes, Hermione gaped as she stared at her own face, smirking back at her.

None of her research had mentioned this.

"I hear you've been teasing poor Harry with this sexy little body of yours, but you still haven't fucked him yet," Tonks said, and even her voice matched Hermione's.

"I – um – That is, I-,"

"It's alright," Tonks said, slowly stalking forward with a confidence Hermione wished she possessed. "I'll make it up to him. Tonight, I'm going to let Harry do anything he wants to you. You're going to watch yourself get royally fucked in ways you never even thought were possible."

Hermione didn't realize she'd been backing up until she hit the wall. Tonks pinning her in place, their identical nipples rubbing against each other as she pushed their bodies together.

"Harry wanted me to teach you how to handle the rough stuff, but I think you need a much more important lesson," Tonks said. "Never pass up a good thing because you're worried about what other people will think."

Suddenly, she leaned forward, and Hermione discovered what it was like to kiss herself. For a moment, she froze in shock, but then Tonks' words sank in, and she started kissing her back. The taboo of what she was doing set her blood on fire. Heat pooled in her core, and by the time they separated, she was practically panting.

Tonks grabbed her by the hand, led her over to a chair facing the bed, and pushed her into it. As she sat, Hermione spotted the mirror over Harry's dresser that Heather was looking through. It would give her an unobstructed view of all three of them.

"Watch and take notes," Tonks smirked. "There'll be an oral exam later."

As Tonks turned and walked over to the bed, Hermione marveled at the roundness of her own bum. She had no idea it was so... bubbly. Dropping to her knees, she ran her hand over the bulge in Harry's jeans and bit her lip cutely.



“I’m sorry I’ve been holding out on you, Harry,” Tonks said in Hermione’s voice. “I promise I’ll make it up to you. I’ll let you use me any way you want tonight.”

Reaching up, she unbuckled his belt and opened his trousers. Harry’s throbbing shaft leapt free and landed on Tonks’ upturned face, the length of his shaft reaching from the bottom of her chin to the top of her hairline. She trailed a line of kisses from the base to the tip before opening her lips and swallowing the tip.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Suddenly, he grabbed a fistful of her bushy brown hair and thrust his hips forward. Tonks gagged loudly as she was forced to take every inch of his intimidating length down her throat. Hermione gasped as she watched her stare up at him, hands in her lap while a string of thick saliva fell from her lips and landed between her breasts.

With her, Harry had always been slow and caring. With Penny, he was sweet and passionate. With Fleur, he was wild and animalistic. But this was totally different. Here, Harry was dominant and controlling. It was a side of him Hermione had never seen outside of her wildest fantasies, and she found it beyond arousing. Without thought, her hand slipped between her legs, and she teased her clit.

Harry held Tonks in place for a few seconds before letting her up for air. He gave her enough time to take a couple of breaths before he started thrusting his whole length in and out of her throat. Hermione could see her thin neck bulge each time he plunged deep. She swallowed thickly in a sympathetic response as she watched her own body mold itself to fit him.

Biting her lip, she eased two fingers into her dripping folds.

Groaning, Harry held Tonks in place with one hand and pulled his belt free with the other. He wrapped one end around each hand before pulling the strap taut against the back of her head. Rocking his hips, he used the belt to bounce her head back and forth on his shaft, never pulling back quite far enough to let her breathe. Tonks squirmed in place as she fought the desire for

air, her eyes watering as she allowed herself to be used. Loud, squelching gags left her lips, and Hermione had no doubt they were real.

Finally, it became too much, and Tonks lifted her hands from her lap to tap his thighs. Harry let go of the belt, and she shot off of his length, desperately sucking in air. Before she could recover, he grabbed another fistful of her hair and pulled her to her feet. Standing up, he bent her over the edge of the mattress, using his grip on her hair to keep her pinned in place. After admiring her bum for a moment, he folded the belt in half and trailed it lightly over her skin.

Hermione felt her own body tense as he raised it up and brought it down swiftly with a loud *smack!* She clenched her legs together around her hand as she watched a faint pink line the exact width of the belt form on her pale skin.

Again, he brought the belt down, this time on the other cheek. He knew exactly how much power to use to make it painfully fun instead of just painful. Several more light smacks left Tonks squirming on the bed, not from discomfort but from need. Harry proved that when he ran the belt between her legs, leaving the black leather shining with her arousal.

Stepping out of his pants, he let go of Tonks' hair to remove his shirt. Hermione panted excitedly as she watched him step behind her, his rigid length poised at her entrance. As Tonks lifted her head, Harry looped the belt through the buckle, threw it over her head, and pulled. The belt cinched closed like a leash as he pulled her head back at the same time as he thrust forward savagely.

Hermione's and Tonks' faces mirrored each other in look and expression. Both were gaping, eyes wide. Both were due to shock but for very different reasons. Unknowingly, Hermione sank a third finger into her entrance just as she let out a long, low moan. She fingered herself furiously as she watched her own shocked face distort with pleasure as Harry began to thrust.

"Fuck!" Tonks shouted.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted, though he never slowed in his thrusts. "Did you make yourself tighter?"

“No,” Tonks gasped. “I haven’t been laid since I saw you six months ago. Merlin, I missed you.”

“I can tell,” Harry smirked. “Your pussy doesn’t want to let me go.”

Tonks opened her mouth to respond, but her words came out as a yelp when Harry spanked her tender bum. Letting go of the belt, he yanked it free from her neck and tossed it to the floor carelessly. A moment later, he wrapped his hands around Tonks’ chin. Hermione watched her back arch more than she thought possible as Harry pummeled her body with primal, savage thrusts. He plunged into her depths so brutally and vigorously that the headboard bounced off of the wall in time with his thrusts.

A wordless gurgle left Tonks’ lips, the only sound she was capable of making. Her hands scrabbled and tore at the bedding as her eyes widened in a glazed stare. She began to lose control of her body, the color of her eyes and hair flashing different colors as she lost sense of herself. Harry panted as he drove into her like a machine, and Hermione stimulated herself furiously, recognizing the end was near.

Tonks reached her peak first. With a scream, her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Harry followed her a moment later. Every muscle in his body flexed taut as he buried himself as deeply as humanly possible. He let out an animalistic roar as he climaxed, his hips pumping to try and get even deeper.

For just a moment, Hermione had the absurd thought that he was trying to break the Anti-Pregnancy Charm through sheer force of will. A second later, all thought fled her mind as she reached her explosive end. Stars burst in her vision as she teased her clit as mercilessly as Harry had treated her body. She kept going, hunching and squirming in her chair, until the sensation became too much for her to take.

Panting heavily, she collapsed in the chair while Harry hugged Tonks to his chest and kissed her neck. Eyes clearing, she looked up at Hermione with her own face and grinned.

“Give me a few minutes, and I’ll show you something I know Penny and Fleur haven’t,” she said breathlessly.

Hermione looked at her curiously, and Tonks smirked.

“You’ve got a great arse. I bet Harry’s been dying to bugger it.”

## Chapter 6

Hermione felt a little odd - like she was having an out-of-body experience - as she watched Tonks smirk at her while wearing her own face. Climbing off the bed, Tonks dug her wand out of her jeans, walked over to the dresser, and pulled out a black sock.

“Is that what I really look like from behind?” Hermione asked.

For the first time in her life, she got a good view of her own backside. It looked much fuller, more muscular, and frankly better than she expected. Turning her head as far as she could, she tried to compare her own bum to the one Tonks was sporting.

“Yep,” Tonks chirped with a grin.

“It looks right to me,” Harry smiled.

Reaching over, he gave her bum a squeeze and kissed her softly. When they broke apart a moment later, they turned back to Tonks as she twirled her wand over the sock. Slowly, it shifted and morphed into a small, rounded glass tube with a gentle curve. It was only a few inches long and fairly thin but got noticeably thicker about three-quarters of the way down the length.

Picking up the glass, phallic-shaped object, Tonks crawled back onto the bed on all fours. Hermione swallowed thickly, feeling slightly disconcerted when she caught herself admiring her own body. As if reading her thoughts, Tonks stopped and swayed her hips back and forth.

“You might watch this,” she smirked.

She turned to look at Harry, who knelt behind her and handed him her wand. Hermione watched, nervous and excited, as he spread open her firm, muscular cheeks and pressed the tip against her rosebud. With a muttered incantation, a jet of clear, viscous fluid poured from the wand. Some ran down between Tonks’ cheeks and over her folds before Harry gently pushed the wooden shaft into her wrinkled hole. She gasped, then groaned when he sawed it back and forth a couple of times, only penetrating a couple of inches, before pulling the wand out completely.

Harry tossed the wand carelessly onto the bed as he shuffled closer to Tonks and laid his hard, throbbing shaft between her cheeks. He gripped her bum, sandwiched it tightly around his length, and rocked his hips back and forth. The motion coated his shaft with excess lubricant, causing it to glisten in the soft light that filled the room.

Hermione’s mouth unconsciously opened as she watched Harry pull his hips back, spread Tonks open, and press his thick, swollen head at her puckered entrance. When he began to push, she thought there was no way it could possibly fit. His engorged tip was so engorged and her entrance so tiny that the thought was almost laughable. It was like watching someone try to fit an apple through a straw.

Then, Harry gripped Tonks’ hips hard enough to indent the skin and pushed harder. His shaft bent from the force, and just as she thought he would slip free, Tonks’ entrance gave way. Hermione gasped with her, staring wide-eyed as his flared head was slowly swallowed.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” Tonks hissed, arching her back.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” Hermione asked incredulously.

Despite her question, she stared while Harry rocked his hips back and forth, slowly easing more of his shaft inside of her depths.

“A little,” Tonks admitted breathlessly. “But it’s a good kind of hurt once you get used to it. Merlin, it feels good! Here, come lay down in front of me.”

Finally tearing her eyes away from the entrancing sight, Hermione crawled over in front of Tonks and laid down on her back.

“No, the other way,” Tonks said, making a circular motion with her finger. “Roll over.”

Doing as she was asked, Hermione blushed when she found herself facing the mirror. However, her thoughts about what Heather might think of her only last for a moment. She quickly found herself distracted by the sight of Harry’s hips touching Tonks’ bum. When Tonks pulled her up to her hands and knees, it almost looked like it was just her and Harry in the room.

“You’re going to love this,” Tonks said.

Hermione gasped when she licked her folds. Moaning, she stared at their reflections in the mirror as Harry switched from rocking his hips to long, deep thrusts. With a moan of her own, Tonks slithered her tongue up to Hermione’s entrance.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped.

Her mouth fell open as she felt Tonks’ tongue grow longer inside of her. It reached impossibly deep, the soft tip teasing sensitive nerves that caused her breath to hitch. It was like nothing she’d ever felt before. Where the toys she’d used reached that deep, they were hard, rigid, and lacked the amazing dexterity Tonks’ tongue displayed. The wriggling appendage sought out her most sensitive places, lapping and undulating with precise moments that left Hermione gasping for breath.

Far too soon, Tonks' tongue retracted, and the woman chuckled.

"Wow," Hermione said breathlessly.

"Told you," Tonks said, a smile in her tone.

Picking the glass toy up off of the bed, she eased it into Hermione's dripping entrance. She moaned, but more out of frustration than pleasure. It felt nice but not nearly as good as Tonks' tongue. Before she could work up the nerve to ask her to go back to what she was doing, she felt Tonks' tongue press against her again, but not where she expected. Her eyes widened when she felt it teasing her puckered entrance. She opened her mouth to speak but choked on the words when she felt it push inside.

Hermione felt like she should protest, but she had to admit that it felt good. After a few seconds, she realized she was clenching and relaxed. Closing her eyes, she licked her lips and focused on the feeling, trying to put words to what she was experiencing. Before she could, Tonks pulled back, and Hermione felt the glass toy pressed against her entrance.

"Just relax," Tonks said.

There was no time to respond before she pushed it forward, slowly and gently sinking it into Hermione's depths. Mouth falling open as she panted, her heart beat rapidly in her chest as she started to feel a little overwhelmed. Until this moment, she'd never even considered trying to put something up there, and now it was happening outside of her control.

Taking a deep breath, she dropped her head onto her arms and forced herself to relax. The moment she did, everything changed. Tonks easily slipped the thin, smooth toy in deeper, and Hermione gasped from the feeling. It was different but good. At least until Tonks started pumping it back and forth, then it started to feel amazing. Lifting her head and throwing her hair back, she watched their reflections and let out a long, low groan.

“If you think this feels good, just wait until you have Harry’s fat cock splitting you open,” Tonks grinned.

Pushing the toy in deeper, the wider base stretched her open, causing Hermione to gasp. It was just like Tonks had described earlier. A little stinging pain that only heightened the pleasure she was feeling. Seeing Harry pumping his hips, his muscles flexing, she imagined it was him behind her and trembled.

With a chuckle, Tonks bent down and lapped at her folds while continuing to thrust the toy in and out, the wide base stretching her open each time it bottomed out. The taboo experience and new sensations were already overwhelming for Hermione when she felt Tonks’ inhumanly long tongue plunge into her depths.

“Oh God!” Hermione gasped.

Wriggling and writhing, her tongue probed and teased every nook and cranny it could find. Eventually, Tonks found a spot that caused Hermione to jolt and her insides to squirm. Both of them froze, and Hermione didn’t need to see Tonks’ face to know what was going to happen next.

“No!” she yelped.

Tonks ignored her and attacked that spot with vigor. Hermione gasped as the breath was knocked from her lungs and clawed at the sheets. Stars burst in her vision, making her wonder if she was going to pass out. The pleasure she felt was so intense she couldn’t catch her breath enough to speak. All she could do was gasp for air and tremble.

Suddenly, Tonks thrust the toy even deeper, stretching her more than ever. Hermione opened her mouth in a silent scream as a climax thundered through her body. After several seconds of the most intense orgasm of her life, she inhaled deeply and let out a scream. Clawing at the sheets, she scrambled away to escape the agonizing pleasure and collapsed onto her side. As she gasps for breath, shivering and twitching uncontrollably, her hand covered her mound protectively and her legs clamped together.



“You okay, Hermione?” Harry asked.

Opening her eyes, she nodded weakly as her body spasmed. Slowly, her senses came back to her, and she found herself staring at her own face, her lips twisted into a smug grin.

“She’ll be fine,” Tonks said, locking her eyes with Hermione’s before she licked the toy and tossed it aside.

Hermione shivered as it landed next to her.

“Don’t tease her, or I’ll make you look like that,” Harry threatened playfully.

“Promise?” Tonks asked, rocking her hips as she looked back at him with a smirk.

Growling, Harry gripped a handful of her bushy man and pulled, causing her back to arch impressively. He leaned over her, sucking at her neck harshly before pummeling his hips forwards. Tonks yelped pleasurably as the hammering thrusts forced her to lie flat on her stomach. Harry relentlessly pounded into her, his hips meeting her upturned bum with a rhythmic clap. His large, muscular frame completely covered Tonks smaller form, pinning her to the bed.

Despite herself, Hermione couldn’t stop from teasing her clit. The sight of Harry completely dominating her, his hard, thick length driving unrelentingly into her body, was extremely arousing.

Suddenly, Harry sat up on his knees, pulling Tonks’ hips with him, and using them as handles to pull her demandingly into every powerful thrust. Seeing Tonks crying out, her face buried in the blankets, Hermione bit her lip and got to her hands and knees. Slowly, she crawled over and stopped beside Harry. Her eyes were riveted to the sight of his large shaft pistoning in and out of Tonks entrance.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks cried.

A rainbow of colors rippled through her hair as her body tensed and trembled. With a scream, she came, drenching the bedding with a flood of arousal. Harry grunted like an animal and buried himself as deep as he possibly could. Because of Tonks’ – and Hermione supposed her – thick, muscular bum, he couldn’t quite get all the way in. That left her able to see the base of his shaft pulse in time with the spasmodic grinding of his hips.

The two of them grunted and moaned for a few moments before Harry collapsed backward, his length falling out of Tonks. Laying on his back, his length softening, he panted with a blissful look on his face. Hermione smiled at him before turning back to Tonks and gaping at the stretched, ruined hole he’d left behind. Or so she thought. Even as she watched, it began to slowly close back up while Tonks groaned. Shaking her head and deciding to leave those thoughts for later, Hermione crawled over to Harry and curled up against his side, her head resting on his chest. Her lips curled up in a smile when she felt his strong arms wrap around her, and his lips placed a kiss on the top of her head.

As much as Hermione enjoyed the pleasure Harry and his ex-girlfriends gave her, she loved the cuddling afterward just as much. A few moments later, Tonks, now back to looking like her usual self, crawled over and tiredly collapsed on his other side.

“Merlin, I needed that,” she sighed, grinning brightly at Hermione. “Six months without sex is too long.”

“I invited you to Hogsmeade,” Harry said softly, his eyes closed.

“I couldn’t get anyone to take my shift,” Tonks pouted. “Trust me, I wanted to be there. I’ve wanted to get Fleur in bed since you showed me that picture of her.”

“She has a Floo,” Harry pointed out tiredly.

“I know, but it’ll be more fun with you there,” Tonks said and then sat up to poke his chest. “And don’t you dare bugger her if I’m not there. I want to know if a Veela can take it as well as a Metamorphmagus.”

Harry chuckled and pulled her back down to his chest. A few seconds later, his breathing evened out as he fell asleep.

“So, what did you think?” Tonks asked.

“That was amazing,” Hermione smiled. “I had no idea Metamorphmagi could turn into other people like that.”

“Read up on it, did you?” Tonks asked with a smile. “Most can’t, but some, like me, can. It sure livens up the bedroom, doesn’t it? You should’ve seen what Harry and I got up to over the Summer.”

“But you’re beautiful,” Hermione said, her brow furrowed. “Why would you turn into other women.”

“I only do it once in a while to spice things up,” Tonks explained. “I like roleplaying. One time, I pretended to be Narcissa Malfoy and spent a whole night letting Harry do whatever he wanted so he’d stop making Draco look bad.”

“No!” Hermione gasped, covering her mouth as she laughed.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned. “I also gave him detention as Aurora Sinistra – we used to date – I begged for a loan as Madam Rosmerta, and Harry played the big, bad dark wizard that captured Amelia Bones. The woman’s a ball buster, but her body is incredible. Her tits are the size of my head.”

Blushing lightly, Hermione laughed as they continued talking late into the night.

~

The next morning, Hermione had the unpleasant task of waking Nymphadora Tonks. She tried to do it without waking Harry, but the woman was not a morning person. With a bit cajoling, they managed to get her up and out of the room before anyone came looking for them. The last thing Hermione wanted was for her parents to find her sleeping in Harry's room.

As they walked down the hall to the guest rooms, Heather stepped out of her room and paused at the sight of them.

"Oh, morning," she said, blushing.

"Morning," Tonks smirked. "Enjoy the show last night?"

Heather's eyes widened in fright, "W-what?"

"Oh, come on," Tonks said, rolling her eyes. "Did you really think I didn't know you were watching?"

Hermione bit her lip to stop herself from laughing at the look of shock on her friend's face. She knew she should feel bad. It was an embarrassing situation, but seeing the redhead blush to the roots of her hair over something she knew Tonks wasn't upset about was too entertaining.

"I'm sorry," Heather muttered, gazing at Tonks pleadingly. "Please, just don't tell Harry."

"Oh, of course I won't," Tonks said, pulling her in for a hug and then letting go with a big grin that Hermione knew meant trouble. "I don't need to. Who do you think told me?"

Hermione and Heather gaped at her as she turned and went to the guest room with a grin etched on her face.

~

Heather spent most of the next two days hiding in her room to avoid looking at Harry. Hermione tried to point out that he'd likely known for a while and that it clearly didn't bother him, but that didn't seem to help much. While hiding away with her friend to show her some support, Hermione flipped through some of the books she'd brought from Hogwarts.

One of them happened to be a book on sex-based rituals that she'd found in the Room of Requirement. In it, she found a ritual that had to be performed within a week of the Winter Solstice. As she tossed the idea back and forth in her head, she realized she'd already made up her mind to finally lose her virginity.

Now, the only question was, did she want to go through with the ritual?

## Chapter 7

Hermione woke up on Boxing Day and stretched. Blinking her eyes open, she spotted her autographed, first-edition copy of *Hogwarts, A History*, and smiled. Christmas with the Potters had been an amazing experience, and not just because of the amazing gift Harry had got her.

Normally, her holidays were spent with her family in their quiet Hampstead home. Once, she had spent Christmas at Hogwarts with only the professors and a handful of other students she barely knew to keep her company. In contrast, the Potter home was full of boisterous conversation, laughter, and warmth. Sirius and Tonks had made their return for the evening, as well as some new guests Hermione had not met.

The first to arrive was Remus Lupin, a Werewolf who helped Lily draft legislation proposals. Next had been Tonks' parents, Ted and Andromeda Tonks. Hermione had been surprised to learn that Andromeda was the sister of both Narcissa Malfoy and Bellatrix Lestrange, though she didn't hold it against her. The last and most surprising guest had been Bathilda Bagshot. When Harry told the woman how much of a fan she was of her work, much to her embarrassment, Bathilda

had been more than happy to talk for hours on history. It was truly a subject the woman loved, and it had left Hermione with one of the most memorable experiences of her life.

Sitting up in bed, she looked at the clock. She'd woken surprisingly early after such an eventful day, but the thought of going back to sleep was only fleeting. A mischievous little smirk flitted across her face as a much better idea came to mind. Hermione threw off the covers and hopped out of bed. Careful not to wake Heather, she crept to the door and slipped into the hall. Her bare feet padded across the carpeted floor as she made her way down the hallway to Harry's bedroom, peeked inside, and stifled a giggle.

Harry lay on his back, his bare legs and chest exposed. Only a small corner of the blanket covered his modesty. Next to him, Tonks lay sprawled out on her stomach, taking up most of the bed. Her head rested on Harry's chest, visible as only a head of bright purple hair, while the rest of her remained bundled in the blanket.

Well, most of her, Hermione corrected mentally as she stifled another giggle.

Tonks lay at an odd angle, and one of her bare feet hung off the side of the mattress. Shaking her head, Hermione slipped silently into the bedroom and closed the door behind her. She quickly and quietly padded over to the bed and paused, nervousness and excitement causing a flutter in her stomach. Slowly, she grabbed the corner of the blanket covering Harry's groin and aside, revealing his nakedness.

In his sleep, Harry let out what she could only describe as a resigned groan and turned his head to the side. Biting her lip to hold back a giggle, Hermione gently climbed onto the bed and crawled between his legs. With a smirk, she leaned her head close to his limp member and breathed on it. The warmth of her breath caused him to let out a pleasant moan, and a smile flitted across his lips.

*Poor Harry*, she thought with an affectionate smile.

Leaning down again, Hermione used her tongue to feed his limp length into her mouth. The now familiar taste of another woman's arousal tingled her tastebuds and sent a shiver of

excitement down her spine. Harry let out a sigh in his sleep and bucked his hips lightly. His length rapidly began to swell and harden against her tongue. In moments, he became too large for her to hold all of him, and part of his shaft began to peek from between her lips.

Hermione felt delightfully naughty when he reached his full size and throbbed eagerly against the roof of her mouth. Swirling her tongue around his pulsating head, she pulled back to the tip before bobbing forward slowly, enjoying the feeling of his hot, hard flesh filling her mouth.

Suddenly, Harry inhaled deeply through his nose and blinked open his bright green eyes. Lifting his head, he looked from the head of purple hair resting on his chest to his lap in confusion. It took a moment for the sleep to leave his gaze, at which point he smiled crookedly and stroked his fingers through her hair.

Hermione closed her eyes and focused on her own enjoyment of the act rather than solely on his pleasure. It surprised her how much she'd missed doing this for him. At Hogwarts, she did this practically every night. So much so that it had unconsciously become part of her routine. Staying at the Potters had made it harder to slip into his room on a nightly basis and made her realize just how much she missed being a dirty little slut – as Harry affectionately called her.

*If only Lavender and Parvati could see me now,* Hermione thought with a muffled chuckle.

“Something funny?” Harry asked softly.

Opening her eyes, Hermione looked up and shook her head without removing him from her mouth. With her focus back on the task at hand, she pressed her head downward, gagging lightly when he bumped the entrance of her throat. Pausing, she decided to try something she'd been practicing after some more advice from Fleur. Hermione took a deep breath through her nose and dove forward. Immediately, she gagged loudly, saliva falling from her lips, and pulled back with a cough.

“You need to relax,” Tonks said, staring down at her with a sleepy smile. “Or, I can use a spell to get rid of your gag reflex.”

Stroking Harry's length, Hermione considered the offer thoughtfully before shaking her head.

"No, I want to learn it on my own," she said firmly. "You're a blanket hog, by the way."

"I know," Tonks smirked. "I'm used to sleeping alone, unfortunately. Not all of us get to share a private dorm with the most eligible bachelor in Britain."

Smiling, Hermione dipped her head and took Harry's hot, hard length back into her mouth. She decided to stick to what she knew until she could practice some more. Maybe she could write a letter to Fleur and ask her for some more advice. While she worked her mouth up and down his shaft and pondered those thoughts, Harry slipped a hand under the blankets and started groping Tonks' chest. With a smirk, the purple-haired witch shifted her head to make it easier to watch Hermione and trailed her fingers across his stomach.

"You might want to hurry up," Tonks told her. "Lily will be coming to wake us up soon."

Hermione looked up at her and gave an irritated huff but recognized she had a point. Bobbing her head quickly, she worked over Harry's length using every trick she'd learned. Her tongue swirled around his sensitive head on the way down before her cheeks hollowed on the way back up. Harry let out a long, low groan when she began working in a slight twisting motion on the part of his shaft she couldn't fit in her mouth. It wasn't long before she felt his length stiffen and his muscles.

Hermione was so focused on bringing him to a spectacular climax that her brain took a moment to register the sound of someone knocking on the door. Panic filled her as he erupted in her mouth at the same time the doorknob turned. Pulling off of him, she turned towards the door and met Lily's gaze right before a large, hot string of cum splattered against her cheek. Hermione blushed harder than she ever had in her life and sat petrified, barely even registering the rest of Harry's climax decorating her face and hair.

For a moment, Lily looked just as surprised as Hermione before arching a brow and crossing her arms over her chest.



“Morning,” Tonks said brightly, tossing the blanket over Harry’s wilting length.

“Good morning,” Lily said. “What have I told you about locking the door? What if I’d sent your sister, or Merlin forbid, Hermione’s parents to come wake you up?”

“Sorry,” Harry muttered.

Shaking her head, Lily grabbed the doorknob.

“Breakfast is ready when you three get cleaned up and dressed,” she told them, backing out of the room and closing the door.

There was a beat of silence before the lock clicked loudly into place, and Tonks cackled.

“Oh, Merlin!” she laughed. “The look on your face!”

“It’s not funny!” Hermione hissed angrily. “She’s going to hate me!”

“No, she’s not,” Harry said, sitting up and wrapping his arms around her.

“He’s right,” Tonks said, her laughter calming.

Tossing the blanket off of her nude body, she stretched out on the mattress, her bones cracking loudly.

“Trust me, this isn’t the first time Lily’s walked in on Harry,” she told her. “He got a stern talking to after she caught him with Penny the first time.”

“She walked in on you and Penny?” Hermione asked, hoping Tonks wasn’t lying just to make her feel better.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “To be fair, she was more upset we had sex in the office than anything.”

“They got cum all over her papers,” Tonks chuckled. “The whole Ministry heard about her rant. I don’t know if he ever got caught with Fleur...”

“Not by mum,” Harry said. “Her mum walked in on us a few times, though. Never even batted an eye.”

“Must be a Veela thing,” Tonks said, sitting up and shrugging. “Anyways, the last time we got caught, I was tied up in the living room and getting railed like a Knockturn Alley whore. Honestly, this is probably the least traumatizing thing she’s seen.”

“You did it in the living room?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Heather was at the Weasleys, and James and Lily were at some Ministry party,” Tonks told her. “How were we supposed to know they’d come home two hours early? Speaking of cum, you might want to wash that out before it starts to dry.”

Hermione reached up to check her hair and frowned when her fingers touched the damp, sticky strands. Sighing, she climbed off of the bed and trotted into the bathroom.

~

Breakfast was a bit awkward, and despite Harry’s reassurances, Hermione worried about Lily telling her parents. Getting caught with Harry was one thing, getting caught blowing him while the ex-girlfriend he’d slept with the night before watched was quite another. The fact that Tonks and Harry acted normally settled some of her nerves but not all of them.

After she finished eating, Hermione quickly excused herself to Heather's room under the guise of wanting to read one of the books she'd gotten for Christmas. Now, it was Heather's turn to try and convince her that everything was fine and no one was mad at her, but the words had little effect. She stayed upstairs for a few hours before finally reemerging for lunch. Surprisingly, they found the house empty.

"They left a note," Heather said, pulling a yellow post-it from the refrigerator door. "They took your parents to explore the shops in the village."

"Oh, good," Hermione sighed.

They warmed up some leftovers and had a light lunch before settling on the living room couch. Heather flipped through a copy of *Witch Weekly* while Hermione checked over her notes for the ritual she wanted to perform with Harry.

"That looks interesting."

Hermione stiffened at the sound of Lily's voice and looked over her shoulder.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I, uh, I thought you went into town with my parents."

"I stayed behind to do some laundry," Lily said before turning to her daughter. "Would you give us a few minutes, Heather? I think Hermione and I need a little chat."

"Um, alright," Heather said reluctantly.

Sending Hermione an apologetic look, she stood and made her way toward the stairs. As Lily took her seat, Hermione bit her lip and waited, lamenting the fact it was far too late to try and cover her notes.

“So, a ritual,” Lily said. “Those can be pretty dangerous. Do you mind if I take a look?”

Bowing her head meekly, Hermione handed them over without a word of protest. She waited nervously and silently as Lily Potter read over them.

“Well, it looks like you covered all of your bases,” Lily said after a few moments. “I take it you plan to do this with Harry. Have you asked him about it yet?”

“Not yet,” Hermione admitted softly. “I wanted to make sure I had it all figured out first.”

Lily hummed and handed the notes back to her.

“You know, everyone compares Harry to James, but he’s really a lot more like me,” she said with a sigh.

Lifting her head, Hermione looked at her curiously, and Lily smiled softly.

“James was considered quite the ladies’ man while we were at school,” Lily explained. “They see Harry with these stunning, brilliant women and think he must be the same. But there’s a big difference between them. James got girls because of his looks and his... swagger; I guess you could call it. Their attraction to him was superficial. Harry finds his way into people’s hearts. Penny, Fleur, Tonks... they all love him. And you do, too, don’t you?”

Hermione bit her lip, her heart fluttering as she seriously considered the question.

“I – I think so,” she replied, sitting back with a sigh. “I don’t really know. I’ve never felt like this about anyone before.”

"I think you do," Lily said. "I can see it in the way you two look at each other. He looks at you the same way James looks at me. It's the same way the other girls look at him. Which is why your ritual will do almost nothing."

"What?" Hermione asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

"Hermione, rituals require a sacrifice," Lily told her. "You can't sacrifice your virginity if you gift it to Harry. Magic is all about intent. You'd be giving a part of yourself to him, not for the ritual, and magic would know that. For this to work, you'd have to do it with someone you either don't know or don't want to be with. Even then, you'd only get permanent results if they took you forcefully. I doubt that's something you want to experience."

Hermione felt sick at the thought and shook her head.

"And that is why rituals are useless for anyone but dark witches and wizards," Lily said. "Some of the older families like to argue they're not dark magic, but they haven't performed a truly successful ritual in centuries. They get a temporary benefit at most, and even then, it's marginal. It's a bit of a monkey's Paw situation. In order to get what you want, you have to give up something most people aren't willing to lose."

"I had no idea," Hermione said with a frown. "The book made it sound like it wasn't that big of a deal as long as you got the Arithmancy right."

"Of course it did," Lily said. "Books are only as unbiased as the writer. Now, how did you and Harry end up getting involved? I don't mean any offense, but you're not his usual type, and he barely mentioned you before this year. I'm just curious."

Looking away, Hermione blushed.

"Well, it's a bit of a long story," she said.

“We’ve got time,” Lily smiled.

Sighing, Hermione decided to just tell her the truth.

“Well, I asked Harry to teach me how to attract boys and about...”

“Sex?” Lily asked gently.

Biting her lip, Hermione nodded.

“Let me guess,” Lily said with a smile. “It started out that way, but you started falling for him. The only thing I don’t understand is how Tonks got involved.”

Again, Hermione blushed.

“Um... Harry thought it would be a good idea to have some of his exes teach me,” she confessed softly. “Penny helped me get some new clothes and taught me how to dance; Fleur taught me how to... give oral, and Tonks... well, I don’t think I know what she’s supposed to be teaching me. One thing just led to another and...”

Hermione dropped her face into her hands and rubbed her eyes. Saying it out loud made her realize how ridiculous her situation was.

“It’s alright,” Lily said, rubbing her back soothingly. “You’re not the first to enjoy another witch’s company, and you certainly won’t be the last.”

Lifting her head, Hermione blinked at her in surprise, and Lily smiled.

“What?” she asked. “I wasn’t interested in any boys until James finally grew up, but I wasn’t a nun. Just don’t tell James. He’d beg me for a threesome until the end of time if he ever found out.”

Hermione smiled briefly before it fell, and she began worrying her bottom lip.

“You’re not... disappointed?” she asked, feeling like that wasn’t quite the right word.

“Oh, no. Of course not,” Lily said, wrapping an arm around her shoulder. “I’m concerned, certainly, but I’m not disappointed in any of you.”

“Concerned?” Hermione asked.

“While multi-partner relationships are more common in the wizarding world, they rarely work out,” Lily told her. “If anyone can make it work, it’s my son, but I still worry. And I worry about you girls, too. You’re all wonderful, exceptional witches. Harry wouldn’t be as interested in you if you weren’t. I just don’t want to see any of you get your hearts broken. Have you talked to any of them about how this whole thing might work?”

“No,” Hermione admitted with a sigh. “I don’t even know if Harry’s that interested in me. Besides, I’m not that close with Penny or Fleur, and I just met Tonks a week ago. I thought it would be best to wait until later in the year and-”

“Put it off for as long as possible,” Lily interrupted with a knowing look. “My advice is don’t. Start talking about it now. You need to be open and honest about what you want in a relationship. You should figure out now if all of you are going to be with him – with each other – or if you’re all going to compete and try to stay friends when he has to pick just one of you.”

Hermione bit her lip hard to fight against the stinging in her eyes at the thought of Harry leaving her for one of the other girls at the end of the year. She’d understand and be happy for them, of course, but it would hurt.

*Maybe I am in love with him, she thought.*

“You’re right,” she admitted. “I’ll talk to them.”

*Maybe it would be best if I talked with Penny, Fleur, and Tonks first, Hermione thought. There’s no sense in getting Harry’s hopes up if we all don’t agree.*

“Good,” Lily smiled. “Now, Harry mentioned you were interested in coming to work for me after you graduate.”

Hermione smiled, grateful for the change of subject.

~

“We’re home!” Tonks yelled as she walked in the front door a couple of hours later. “And we brought company.”

Behind her, James and Hermione’s parents followed after her, their arms loaded with bags.

“If it’s a stray, we don’t want it,” Lily said.

“It’s not Sirius,” Tonks smirked.

“Bonjour.” Fleur smiled as she walked into the house, followed by Harry.

“Fleur,” Lily grinned, getting to her feet. “It’s so good to see you again. How have you been?”



“Bon,” Fleur said, greeting Lily by kissing her cheeks. “I went ‘ome to France for Christmas, but I ‘ave to be back to work on Monday.”

“Would you like to stay for dinner?” Lily asked. “I was just about to get started.”

“Eef eet’s no trouble,” Fleur shrugged.

“Nonsense,” Lily replied. “You know you’re always welcome.”

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

“How was the village?” Hermione asked her parents, absently watching as Fleur and Tonks settled on the couch on the other side of the room.

“Beautiful,” Emma smiled. “Although, your father seemed to find something else he liked better.”

“What?” Dan said, dragging his gaze away from Fleur.

Covering her mouth, Hermione giggled while Emma rolled her eyes and huffed.

“It’s not entirely his fault, Mum,” she explained. “Fleur is a Veela. They have an Allure that attracts attention, especially from men. You should have seen the boys at Hogwarts when she came for the Triwizard Tournament. Ronald Weasley’s head looked like it was going to explode every time he looked at her.”

“Oh, that’s right. I remember you writing about that,” Emma said thoughtfully.

Reaching over, she took the bags from Dan's hand and rolled her eyes when his eye trailed back over to Fleur. Emma rolled her eyes again and poked him hard in the side. He spun around just in time to watch her walk off to the guest room they were staying in.

"Bugger," Dan muttered. "How much trouble am I in?"

"Nothing too bad... yet," Hermione smirked.

"Oh, good," Dan nodded, following after his wife.

Shaking her head, Hermione made her way over to the other side of the room to join the others. Dinner was an enjoyable affair, where she learned something quite interesting. Sirius had stopped by after work, and he was even worse than Ron when it came to Fleur's Allure. He could fight the Allure for a time, but eventually it would get the best of him and he would flirt outrageously. Much to the amusement of the rest of the table, a quick Stinging Hex from Lily brought him back to his senses.

"We need to bring 'im to France," Fleur told Harry. "Maman would enjoy 'im."

Sirius looked torn between embarrassed and intrigued, and given the smirk on the blonde's lips, she'd intentionally worded it to get that reaction. On the bright side, seeing how Sirius acted made Emma more willing to let her husband's glance go unmentioned. Rather predictably, Tonks took full advantage of the situation to tease Sirius relentlessly. Meanwhile, Hermione and Heather watched and snickered to themselves for the entire meal.

"Are you staying the night, Fleur?" Lily asked as James and Harry started to clear the table.

"Eef you don't mind," Fleur said.

"Not at all," Lily smiled. "Do you want me to make up another room?"

“Non, I can stay wiz ‘Arry,” she replied, glancing at Tonks, who shrugged carelessly, but her hair flashing pink gave away her excitement.

James and Sirius froze, staring between Lily and Fleur with comical expressions. Hermione’s parents shared a surprised look, and her stomach tightened with worry, wondering what they would think.

“I’ll get you an extra blanket,” Lily smirked. “I hear Tonks likes to hog the covers.”

Fleur smirked, “Zen ‘Arry weel ‘ave to keep me warm, non?”

“No way,” Sirius whispered.

As one, he and James, their mouths gaping, turned to face Harry.

“I’m so proud,” James said, wiping away an imaginary tear.

“How?” Sirius asked, striding forward to grab Harry by his jumper. “Teach me.”

“Use less cheesy pickup lines,” Harry said, patting his shoulder.

Grumbling under his breath, Sirius let go of him and turned to James.

“We’ve taught him too well,” he muttered. “Prongs, your son is making us look bad.”

“Just remember, we taught him everything he knows,” James said consolingly.

Lily snorted softly and glanced at Hermione. Remembering the conversation they'd had earlier, they shared a smile.

"You don't mind two women sharing a room with your son?" Emma whispered to Lily just loudly enough for Hermione to overhear.

"I know it might seem a bit unusual, but this sort of thing happens more often in the magical world," Lily told her softly. "It took me a while to get used to seeing too. As long as Harry is happy and no one is getting hurt, I don't see a problem. I hope that doesn't make you uncomfortable."

"Oh no," Emma replied quickly. "I'm just surprised, that's all. What do you mean that this happens more in the magical world, though?"

Lily flashed a brief, triumphant smile in Hermione's direction before answering her mother's question. It was at that moment she realized just how devious Lily could be. She wasn't just explaining the situation; she was easing her parents into accepting that some things were just different in the magical world. As Lily explained how magic could bring people together in unexpected ways, Hermione looked over at Harry and smiled.

Maybe, just maybe, things would work out the way she hoped.

~

Hermione didn't even pretend she was going to stay in her room that night. With her parents downstairs and James going to bed early for work in the morning, she bid Heather and Lily goodnight and made her way straight to his room. Surprisingly, Harry was nowhere to be seen. On the bed, Tonks and Fleur were snogging heavily, their hands groping roughly over each other's clothes as they rolled around on the mattress.

"I'm not sure if I should feel jealous or not."

Turning, Hermione spotted Harry standing in the bathroom doorway with a smile on his face. He had clearly just gotten out of the shower with his wet hair and a towel wrapped around his waist.

“I think she wants to fuck Fleur more than I do,” he joked.

“Have you seen her?” Tonks asked, yanking Fleur’s jumper over her head and revealing her large, pale breasts in a white designer bra. “Seriously, look at these tits!”

“Must you be so crude?” Fleur asked, her bright blue eyes sparkling as Tonks molested her chest.

“Yes,” Tonks said, her eyes locked on Fleur’s breasts.

Diving down, she buried her face in the mountain of cleavage, sucking and nipping at the pale, delicate flesh. Fleur moaned, her fingers threading through Tonks’ purple hair as she arched her back.

“Hermione,” Tonks said, her voice muffled by the mounds rubbing her cheeks. “Get Harry hard, would you? I have an idea.”

Hermione looked at her with a raised eyebrow, but Tonks was too busy trying to remove Fleur’s bra to see it. Rolling her eyes with a smile, she made her way over to Harry and stopped in front of him. Before she could drop to her knees, he grabbed her hips and pulled her against his chest. His lips crashed against hers while his hands began tugging at her clothes. A smile tugged at the corner of her lips as she helped him. Hermione found it flattering that even with Fleur and Tonks in the room, he still wanted to see her naked as well.

In moments, she was completely naked. One of Harry’s hands groped her bum roughly while the other palmed her breast, his palm rubbing wonderfully against her engorged nipple. She felt his erection rub against her thigh through the towel and remembered what she was supposed to be doing. Pulling back from his lips breathlessly, she yanked the towel out of the way and

squealed when his hot, rigid length jumped up and slapped against her mound. Letting out a low moan, Hermione rolled her hips, sliding him along her excited folds.

“He’s ready,” Hermione called, biting her lips as she backed away.

“Hmm? Oh, right,” Tonks said.

She and Fleur had both completely lost their clothes while Hermione had been busy with Harry. Grinning, Tonks hopped off of the bed, her perky breasts bouncing wildly. Fleur sat up on her arms and watched curiously as Tonks stopped side-by-side with Harry. She closed her eyes, and her brow furrowed with intense focus. Hermione scanned her gaze over her body, waiting for something to happen. After a moment, her pubic hair vanished, and the skin above her mound began to protrude. Slowly, it grew longer and thicker until the appendage sprouting between her legs looked almost identical to the one between Harry’s.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur gasped.

“Is that real?” Hermione asked, watching as Tonks’ newly grown erection throbbed.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned. “Fully functional. We’ll sort of. I can’t do the balls for some reason.”

Crawling off of the bed in a daze, Fleur walked over, stopped in front of them, and dropped to her knees. With a look of wonder, she reached out and took Harry’s shaft in her right hand and Tonks’ in her left.

“Magnifique,” Fleur whispered, inspecting them closely.

When she lifted them up, Hermione noticed that Tonks’ folds looked unchanged. Thoughts of all the possibilities raced through her mind, sending her libido into overdrive.

“Ever had two cocks at once, Fleur?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

“Non,” she replied, shaking her head as she stroked their shafts. “But I ‘ave imagined...”

Trailing off, Fleur leaned forward and took Harry into her mouth, then quickly turned and did the same to Tonks.

“Fuck,” Tonks hissed. “What the fuck is that tingling?”

“Feels good, non?” Fleur asked.

Smirking, she lifted Tonks’ length and ran her tongue along her damp slit. Tonks gasped and bucked her hips.

“Bloody hell!” Tonks exclaimed.

“I told you,” Harry grinned smugly.

“Fine, it feels amazing,” Tonks grumbled even as she hissed pleurably when Fleur ran her tongue up her length. “But I still say Metamorphs are better in bed than Veela.”

Hermione giggled while Harry rolled his eyes.

“It’s not a competition,” he told her.

“Speak for yourself,” Tonks muttered.

“Are we competing, Nymphadora?” Fleur purred.

Before she could respond to the question or the use of her first name, Fleur swallowed her length whole.

“Holy fuck!” Tonks shouted.

Grabbing the back of Fleur’s head, she bucked her hips until Fleur pulled back slowly, her cheeks hollowed. Tonks shivered when her full, pouty lips came off of her red, pulsating tip with a light *pop*.

“Do you really zhink you can compete wiz me, Nymphadora?” Fleur asked silkily.

“That’s it,” Tonks said, her eyes flashing open.

She screwed up her face, and her body grew, her muscles becoming larger and more defined. By the time she stopped, Tonks had the physique of a bodybuilder. Fleur’s eyes widened when she suddenly bent down and lifted her into the air like she was nothing.

“So strong,” Fleur gasped, running her hands over Tonks’ bulging muscles.

Harry shook his head and chuckled as Tonks tossed her onto the bed and crawled after her. Bending down, she elongated her tongue to a ridiculous length. Fleur gasped, her eyes sparkling excitedly just a moment before Tonks shoved it into her depths. The French witch let out a string of French curses before throwing her head back with a long moan.

“Harry,” Hermione said. “Can we invite Penny over tomorrow?”

She’d asked the question as soon as it popped into her head and blushed lightly when Harry looked at her curiously.



“Sure,” he shrugged. “Any reason why?”

Taking a deep breath, Hermione chewed her bottom lip.

“I’m ready,” she said. “I want you to be my first, but I want all of them to be here. It seems... fitting.”

Harry smiled and wrapped an arm around her waist. Pulling her against his side, he kissed the top of her head affectionately.

“If that’s what you want, I’ll owl her first thing in the morning,” he said.

Hermione smiled, turned into him, and kissed him on the lips. As they pulled apart, Fleur cried out loudly.

“Thank you,” she said, smiling.

“Oi, Potter!” Tonks barked. “Get your arse over here!”

They both turned back to the bed to find Fleur sprawled out, obviously recovering from an intense climax. Tonks lay on her back, stroking her length as she gazed lustfully at the panting French witch.

“Unless Frenchie here wants to admit defeat,” she smirked.

Opening her eyes, Fleur huffed and seemed to recover almost instantly. Without a word, she crawled over to Tonks and impaled herself on her length. Both of them moaned long and low, heads thrown back. Laughing lightly, Harry turned to Hermione with a questioning look.

“Oh, go on,” she told him with a smile. “I want to see this.”

With a lopsided grin, Harry gave her a brief but passionate kiss before making her way over to the bed. Hermione lounged at the foot of the mattress, biting her lip and teasing her folds while Tonks grabbed Fleur by the hips and used her impressive strength to raise and lower her on her length.

“Where do you want me?” Harry asked.

With a smirk, Tonks shifted her grip to Fleur’s pillowy cheeks and pulled them apart, her index finger grazing her backdoor.

“Here,” she said, staring at Fleur’s face expectantly.

Surprisingly, Fleur merely laughed.

“Oh, Nymphadora,” she purred almost mockingly. “I am Veela. I was born for sex.”

Tonks huffed and glared at her smiling face while Harry lubed himself up and placed his tip at her wrinkled entrance. Hermione let out a trembling, excited breath as he eased forward. She accepted him with a pleased moan, taking inch after inch of his shaft effortlessly.

“Oh,” Fleur gasped when he bottomed out. “Zis feels even better zan I thought eet would. Fuck me.”

“You heard her,” Tonks grinned. “Let’s see how she likes this!”

Harry and Tonks began to thrust back and forth. It took a few moments for them to get into a rhythm, but when they did, Fleur’s Allure flooded the room as she moaned. Hermione plunged

two fingers into her depths and rubbed her throbbing clit, her eyes locked on the entrancing scene.

“More,” Fleur gasped. “Harder!”

Growling, Tonks gripped her hips harshly, her thrusts becoming harder and faster. Harry had to hold onto Fleur’s shoulders to keep pace. His hips pummeled her thick, firm cheeks, sending ripples through the pale globes. As Fleur threw her head back, looking like a goddess as she took the brutal pounding with ease, Tonks panted and huffed like a lust-crazed animal. Sweat beaded on her forehead, causing the fringe of her hair to become damp and limp. She blew it out of her face angrily and hammered up into Fleur with all the strength she could muster.

Suddenly, Fleur’s Allure enveloped the room as she cried out in climax. Hermione gasped and shuddered as pure arousal flooded her veins. Her folds leaked copiously as she fingered herself furiously. Biting her lip, she trailed one finger through her wetness and pressed it against her own rear entrance. She gasped when it slipped inside, then moaned as she bucked her hips.

“More!” Fleur growled, throwing herself into their thrusts.

“Bloody hell!” Tonks gasped.

Tonks’ strength began to flag noticeably as her breath became erratic and uneven. Fleur took over seamlessly, driving herself down onto the towering pillar of flesh. Behind her, Harry quickly adjusted to her movements.

“Are you going to cum for me, Nymphadora?” Fleur asked with a smirk.

“Not. Fair,” Tonks panted.

“Of course not,” Fleur said, her eyes sparkling. “I am Veela.”

Tonks whimpered and closed her eyes as she visibly tried to hold back her climax. Meanwhile, Harry leaned over Fleur's back, kissing her neck and groping her breasts. With a moan, Fleur arched her back and reached behind to run her fingers through his hair.

"Fuck!" Tonks shouted in frustration. "Why does it feel so good?"

"Nozzing beats a Veela," Fleur smirked.

With a defeated groan, Tonks bucked her hips twice before a cry left her lips. Her muscles flexed impressively as she pulled Fleur down with her powerful arms. Fleur gasped and trembled as Harry gave her several rapid, savage thrusts. They moaned in unison as he stiffened and erupted inside of her.

Imagining herself in her position, Hermione followed after them a few moments later. The room was filled with heavy panting and the occasional groan for the next couple of minutes. Eventually, Harry pulled out of Fleur and rolled onto his back. Staring down at Tonks, Fleur sighed and shook her head.

"Done so soon?" she asked disappointedly.

Tonks cracked an eye open and groaned tiredly.

Sighing, Fleur shook her head with an affectionate smile.

"Zat was fun, but we need to work on your stamina," she said.

Pressing her hands against her muscular chest, Fleur lifted herself off of her curled up next to Harry. With another groan, Tonks' body went back to normal.

"I don't normally get tired that quickly," she panted tiredly. "Giving myself those muscles was a mistake. They use up a lot of energy."

"Zen I 'ope you last longer next time," Fleur said, smirking challengingly.

"Count on it," Tonks said determinedly.

Hermione shared an amused look with Harry and giggled.

## Chapter 8

Hermione stepped out of the Floo and into the Leaky Cauldron just behind Fleur. Moving out of the way while cleaning soot from her slacks with her wand, it only took a moment for Tonks and Penny to step out after her. As they walked towards the back door, she noticed heads turn, eyes following them, especially Fleur, the entire way. When they passed by the bar, Hermione smiled at Tom and gave him a friendly wave on her way out of the pub. Fleur quickly tapped the familiar pattern that caused the worn brick wall to tumble out of the way, and they stepped out into Diagon Alley.

"Where are we going?" Hermione asked.

"Lucinda's," Tonks grinned.

"What's that?" Hermione asked curiously.

All three of her friends stopped to stare at her incredulously.

"What?" she asked.

"You've never heard of Lucinda's?" Tonks asked.

Hermione bit her lip and shook her head.

"Even I heard of eet when I was at 'Ogwarts," Fleur said.

"Didn't the girls in Gryffindor talk about it?" Penny asked gently.

"I don't really get along with them," Hermione admitted.

"Ah, that explains it," Penny nodded. "Well, Lucinda's is a sex shop—"

"It's *the* sex shop," Tonks corrected. "The only one in Wizarding Britain."

"Well, yes," Penny said as they began moving again.

"Really?" Hermione asked curiously. "I'm surprised the Ministry allows a shop like that. I've always thought they were a bit..."

"Prude?" Tonks finished. "They pretend to be, but witches and wizards are much bigger perverts than they let on. Every few years, someone tries to lead a crusade against getting it closed, but they always fail. Hell, most of the Wizengamot shops there. Plus, everything Lucinda does is legal, even if she could probably get away with breaking a few laws if she wanted to."

"You Eenglish," Fleur sighed, shaking her head. "Lucinda's ees impressive, but we 'ave many shops like eet een France. Eef you ever come, I weel take you to Claudette's."

“Hey, is it true Veela have orgies every night at their enclaves?” Tonks asked suddenly.

Fleur turned to her, blinked twice, and then her pearls of laughter filled the alley. More than one wizard in that turned to look had to be given a not-so-gentle nudge to look away. One rather unfortunate wizard had to be dragged away by the ear by his angry wife.

“Maybe een ze old days,” Fleur said, getting her laughter under control. “Back when Veela ensnared wizards to protect zem.”

“Aw,” Tonks groaned disappointedly. “I wanted to see how many Veela Harry could ruin before he passed out.”

Fleur smirked, “I said zey don’t ‘ave zem every night. I didn’t say zey don’t steel ‘appen.”

Tonks turned to her hopefully, “Birthday present?” she asked pleadingly.

“Yours or Arry’s?” Fleur giggled.

Hermione shared a look with Penny, and they both laughed quietly.

“Either,” Tonks replied eagerly.

Fleur shrugged, “I’ll see what I can do.”

Shaking her head with a smile, Hermione continued following the group as they walked further down the alley. Right at the corner of Diagon and Knockturn Alley, Tonks headed for the door of

a dark red building. There were no signs to tell you what the shop was, nor were there any advertisements to draw in customers. The light dancing in the tiny cracks between the heavy black curtains was the only sign that there might be someone inside.

The inside was dark compared to the bright sun outside, and it took Hermione's eyes a moment to adjust as the door closed behind her. Only the dim light of candles from two hanging chandeliers lit the shelves arranged in the shape of an L. The counter and register sat in the back corner of the shop, with more shelves hanging on the walls around it. As her eyes finally adjusted, Hermione finally got a good look at the merchandise.

Dildos of all shapes and sizes, made from an array of different materials, dominated the aisle shelf to her left. Most of them looked relatively normal, but a few seemed to have been modeled after different kinds of magical beasts. To her right, there were stacks of toys directed toward men that she didn't even know existed. A mouth attached to a long, fleshy tube licked its lips salaciously. Next to that was a witch-shaped torso, the breasts and bum growing and shrinking. At the end of the shelf stood a life-size doll dressed in a mockery of a maid's uniform. Looking at Hermione with a plastic smile, it raised a hand and waved with stiff, wooden movements.

Awestruck, she spun around to look around the rest of the shop. An array of different costumes sat on wire frame busts in front of the windows. Along the right wall hung whips, paddles, and all sorts of different restraints. From simple handcuffs to elaborate harnesses, they had everything. On the back wall, to the left of the counter, was a changing curtain, a mirror, and a closed door. Directly behind the counter sat a large cabinet full of potions.

A pretty brunette who looked to be in her mid-thirties stood at the register. She wore an outfit similar to Madame Rosmerta's and had a bust to match. Bright red, glossy lipstick covered her lips as she smiled at Tonks. Shaking herself mentally, Hermione quickly hurried over to join the others at the counter.

"I think I have just what you're looking for," the woman smiled before her eyes flickered over to Hermione. "Hello, dear. I don't think I've seen you here before. I'm Lucinda."

"Hermione," she said, shaking the offered hand.



“Pleasure,” Lucinda smiled, her dark blue eyes sparkling. “If you ever need anything, no matter how odd the request, don’t hesitate to ask. Trust me, I’ve heard it all before.”

“Oh, umm, thanks,” Hermione said awkwardly.

“Oh, no need to be so nervous, dear,” Lucinda chuckled, then turned back to Tonks. “Now, let’s see if we can find what you’re looking for.”

Walking out from behind the counter, she led them over to the shelf displaying dildos and hummed thoughtfully as she looked through the models on display. Fleur paused in front of a red, tapered dildo that had to be at least a foot long and tilted her head curiously.

“What ees zis from?” she asked curiously.

Lucinda looked over and smiled, “That’s modeled after a Werewolf,” she said before going back to her search. “Not one of our best sellers, I’ll admit, but not everything can be.”

“Zere are women ‘oo enjoy zis?” she asked, arching a brow.

“I think it’s more about the fantasy of being taken by a beast for most of them,” Lucinda said. “Like most magical dildos, you can adjust the size. Ah ha! Here we are.”

Bending at the waist and displaying her wide hips and generous bum, she straightened up and held up a pale, normal-looking dildo. The only thing that set it apart from some of the others was the testicles attached to the shaft.

“Size adjustable, of course,” Lucinda said as she held it up for Tonks to inspect. “The balls produce a realistic amount, and we have several potions to change the flavor. They’ll work on your wizard, too. You should try our new and improved chocolate. It’s so delicious. And, best of all, this has a completely realistic Sensory Charm.”

“I’ll be the judge of that,” Tonks scoffed. “Mind if I give it a try?”

“Be my guest,” Lucinda smiled.

Hermione gasped when Tonks opened her jeans, but no one else seemed surprised. Pulling her jeans and knickers down just far enough to bare her mound, she grabbed the offered dildo and held the base to her pelvis. There was a loud, sucking slurp as it attached itself to her skin.

“Whoa,” Tonks said, stroking the dildo. “That does feel real.”

“Well, I’m glad to know the advertising isn’t false,” Lucinda smiled.

Suddenly, Fleur reached out, wrapped her hand around the dildo, and frowned. As she stroked it a few times with a thoughtful look, Tonks leaned her head back and groaned shamelessly.

“Eet might feel real to you, but I can tell ze difference,” she said, letting go. “I prefer ze real zing.”

“Bloody hell,” Tonks groaned, shaking her head. “Yeah, well, since you can’t grow one like I can, this is the best we can do.”

Fleur tilted her head, acknowledging the point.

“We do have sex change potions,” Lucinda offered. “However, those do change the whole body.”

“I don’t think Harry would like that very much,” Penny smirked.

“Neither would I,” Tonks said, removing the dildo with a loud pop. “I like Frenchy just the way she is.”

Smiling, Fleur kissed her cheek as she handed the toy back to Lucinda. The older woman cleaned it with a tap of her wand and set it back on the shelf.

“We’ll take three of those,” Tonks said, fixing her jeans.

“And some of zat chocolate potion,” Fleur added.

“Of course,” Lucinda smiled. “Anything else?”

“Are we in a hurry, or can I look at some outfits?” Penny asked.

“We’ve got plenty of time,” Tonks said.

“I’ll keep everything up front until you’re ready,” Lucinda told them.

As she returned to the counter, Hermione browsed the shelves while Penny looked at the costumes. Tonks headed straight for the wall of restraints, and Fleur examined the dildos curiously.

“Are you ready for tonight?” Penny asked.

“Yes,” Hermione replied firmly. “I’m a little nervous, but I really want to do it.”

Penny smiled happily before turning back to the Vampire costume she was looking at. It consisted mostly of a sparkling black dress with a plunging neckline and a long slit up the front that stopped just short of revealing the red knickers underneath. Well, so long as the witch wearing it didn’t try to move.

“Have you thought about how you want it to happen?” Penny asked. “Like, do you want it slow and romantic? Do you want to roleplay...?”

“Well, I kind of like the idea of Harry taking me,” Hermione confessed, biting her lip. “I don’t know if I’m ready for him to be rough, but I always get really excited when he orders me around, you know?”

“Oh, I know,” Penny grinned. “Assertive Harry is hot.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed firmly, causing the three of them to laugh.

“Maybe we should get him a professor outfit,” Penny teased.

Hermione rolled her eyes good-naturedly. Although, she had to admit. The idea was appealing.

“Are you sure you want us to be zere?” Fleur asked.

“Yes,” she replied. “I like the idea of all of us together. Besides, how are you going to grade me if you aren’t there when I take the practical?”

Penny and Fleur laughed just as Tonks walked over with her hand behind her back and a grin on her face.

“I think I found the perfect thing for you,” she said, bringing her hands around to the front.

Hermione sucked in a sharp breath, her heart racing in her chest.

“You’re right,” she smiled. “It’s perfect.”

~

Hermione stared at her naked body in the bathroom mirror and took a deep, nervous breath. Her hands trembled slightly as she reached down and picked up the black and silver choker from the sink. Tonks had already stealthily gotten a hair from Harry and applied the charms. As soon as she put it on, her body would be forced to obey any order he gave her.

Lifting the choker, she clasped it around her slender neck with a shuddering breath. Excitement and nervousness sent her pulse racing in her veins and butterflies fluttering in her stomach. Hearing a muffled giggle, Hermione turned towards the door and nibbled her bottom lip.

On the other side, in Harry’s bedroom, Tonks, Fleur, and Penny would have already told him what to expect. Tonight, Hermione didn’t want him to check if she was ready or ask if she was ready. She wanted to be taken. She wanted to be ravished. And the moment she stepped through that door, she knew she would get it.

Just the thought had her nipples hardening and sent heat pooling in her core.

Taking one last glance in the mirror to make sure her hair and makeup were good, Hermione took a final deep breath and reached for the doorknob.

“Tonks!” Penny exclaimed. “Watch it!”

Furrowing her brow curiously, Hermione quietly pushed open the door. A gasp left her lips, and she covered her mouth to hold back a laugh. Tonks was already wearing her new stick-on dildo and had apparently decided to test the Re-sizing Charm. The massive, unnaturally pale phallus jutted out a ridiculous length. While it stood a good foot or more in length, it remained impressively ridged and almost comically thin. Fleur held her stomach and laughed heartily as Tonks scrambled to pick up the lamp. As she turned to face the blonde with a huff, her dildo followed after a momentary delay, the head nicking Harry’s cheek.

“Gah,” Harry said, leaning back and making a face. “Watch it with that thing.”

Tonks huffed and stuck out her tongue, “You’re just mad because mine’s bigger.”

“Tonks, that thing’s a death trap,” Penny giggled. “Put it back to a normal size before you take someone’s eye out.”

“Aw,” Tonks pouted, stroking her length with both hands. “You don’t want to take this bad boy for a ride?”

“Ow would you even use eet?” Fleur laughed.

Rolling her eyes, Tonks cocked her hip and picked up her wand.

“Fine,” she grumbled.

With a wave, the dildo shrank back down to a much more manageable size.

“Better?” Tonks asked.

“Mmh, much,” Fleur purred.

Rolling over onto her hands and knees, she crawled over to the edge of the bed and took the dildo in her mouth. Tonks let out a long, low moan and threaded her fingers through her long blonde hair.

“Fuck!” Tonks hissed. “Now that I don’t have to waste so much energy holding my morph, I’m gonna fuck you up.”

Blue eyes sparkling, Fleur smirked around the shaft between her lips. Suddenly, her cheeks hollowed, and Tonks gasped, her eyes slamming shut as her body shuddered. Fleur drew back slowly to the tip, then let the head slip from her lips with a loud *pop*.

“You zink so?” Fleur asked coyly, swaying her bum teasingly.

Tonks growled and roughly pushed her onto her back. Hermione watched and laughed as Fleur easily wrestled Tonks onto her back and then impaled herself on the stick-on in a single smooth motion. With a groan, Tonks grabbed her hips and began to thrust hard. When she only got a teasing smirk in return, she growled in frustration and smacked Fleur’s bum.

“Penny, get over here and help me,” Tonks huffed. “Frenchy’s getting too full of herself.”

“I think she’s pretty full of you right now,” Penny joked.

“Just bugger her already!” Tonks yelled.

“I’m coming. I’m coming,” Penny said, standing up.

Grabbing her stick-on off of the bed, she attached it to her bare mons and crawled onto the mattress. Hermione bit her lip as Fleur stuck out her bum invitingly. While Penny lubed and lined herself up, Tonks attacked Fleur’s nipples with her mouth. Fleur moaned and then gasped as she was double-teamed for the second time that week.

“Come here, Hermione,” Harry said.

Hermione was moving before her brain could register the words. It was odd but arousing to have her movements outside of her control. It was almost like an out-of-body experience that left her with more time to think about her own feelings and emotions than about what to do with her body. When Harry commanded her, she was a passenger in her own body. She had nothing to distract her from the avalanche of feelings coursing through her body.

“Suck my cock,” he ordered.

Hermione dropped to her knees and wrapped her lips around his hard, throbbing length without thought. Her body knew what to do, and the choker forced her to act. Closing her eyes, she moaned and enjoyed the moment.

“Such a good cocksucker,” Harry groaned. “Play with yourself, but don’t cum. I want you nice and wet when I fuck you.”



Hermione inhaled sharply from the crude tone, her entrance already moistening as her hand found her folds. Even as she focused on her task, the sounds of the threesome happening just a couple of feet away filled the room. Penny, Fleur, and Tonks moaned and groaned constantly. Without anything to distract her, Hermione's imagination took over, showing her detailed images of what they could possibly be doing. After just a couple of minutes, she had to stop and start teasing herself to stop from climaxing too soon. This was like something out of her naughtiest dreams, and all she could focus on was just how real it was.

Suddenly, Harry grabbed her head with both of his hands and lifted her from his length. Bending down, he kissed her on the lips passionately before resting his forehead against hers and staring into her eyes.

"I'm going to fuck you now," he said.

Hermione gasped, her legs trembling as she was pulled to her feet and pushed onto the bed. Climbing between her legs, Harry pressed his engorged head against her entrance. Poised at her entrance, he paused and smirked down at her.

"I like this," he said, running a finger along her choker. "Maybe you should wear it all the time. Imagine how much more interesting class would be if I could just order you to get under the desk and blow me."

Hermione bit her lip and groaned, her hips rocking needily as the thought filled her mind. Images of Harry bending her over in the middle of class, taking her for everyone to see, filled her mind. Unconsciously, her hips bucked harder, nearly driving herself onto his rigid length. Before she could, however, Harry hooked her legs with his arms and threw them over her shoulder. Hermione whined as she lost all leverage, and the pressure on her entrance eased. The disappointment she felt quickly fled when Harry leaned forward, nearly folding her in half as he hovered over her. He was completely in control, and she was loving every torturous second of it.

Pausing briefly, Harry stared at her face and pressed his hips forward. A gasp left her lips as he slowly, inexorably, sank into her depths. None of the toys that she'd used had matched his length, girth, or the sheer heat of his cock. She hadn't wanted them to, and now she was glad

for it. Harry filled her like nothing else ever had. He stretched her in ways that were both slightly painful yet immensely pleasurable at the same time and touched parts of her depths that she didn't even know existed.

There was no hesitation with his movements. No pausing to see if she was alright or needed a break. He was taking her. Using her for his own pleasure.

His slow, unrelenting descent into her core didn't stop until he had nothing left to give. His pelvis ground against her clit, drawing a low groan from her lips as he hilted himself inside of her.

"Merlin," Harry gasped. "You feel even better than I thought. Fuck, I've wanted to do this for so long."

"Me too," Hermione whispered.

Smiling, Harry kissed her softly. With her legs still trapped on his shoulders, he grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her head with a single hand. Leaning his weight on the other, his firm muscles flexing, he began to thrust in and out of her. Hermione gasped and panted as she felt him sliding in and out of her depths. She swore she could feel every ridge and vein of his shaft as he moved slowly.

Gradually, he moved faster, drawing his hips back further before thrusting back in more harshly. The harder he went, the higher Hermione's pleasure rose. In no time at all, she was tipping over the edge, crying out as her inner muscles fluttered around his length. Harry gave her no respite. With a growl, he hammered his hips against the back of her thighs. She could barely catch her breath as he pounded her smaller frame into the soft mattress. His pulsing cock plunged in and out of her depths, heedless to the futile attempts of her tight walls to keep him inside.

Hermione lost track of time and reality as she was fucked from one peak to the next. Senseless gasps and moans poured from her lips in a constant stream, occasionally punctuated by the

odd, pleased scream. Eventually, it became hard to catch her breath. Hermione began to feel light-headed, and just when she thought she might pass out, she felt his length throb. Burying himself to the hilt, Harry groaned as he burst inside of her. She gasped loudly when she felt his hot ejaculate splash forcefully against her walls.

After several bursts and a shudder, Harry removed her legs from his shoulders and collapsed on top of her. Hermione winced slightly when her muscles ached but wrapped her arms around him and soaked in the moment. She loved the feeling of his weight pinning her to bed as he softened inside of her. Neither of them felt the need to move, so she caressed his back and closed her eyes.

“Harry,” Tonks called.

Tiredly, Harry and Hermione turned their heads. Tonks was still on her back with Fleur riding her, but Penny had collapsed to the side, her chest rising and falling sharply as she tried to catch her breath. Tonks looked utterly exhausted, while Fleur looked as fresh and lively as ever. With a smirk on her lips, the blonde rolled her hips, causing Tonks to groan and shudder.

“Help me,” Tonks begged. “We can beat her if we work together.”

Harry snorted, and Hermione giggled.

“I told you this was a bad idea,” Penny panted. “She’s a bloody Veela!”

“I know,” Tonks groaned, her face scrunching up as she shuddered through another climax.

“Go save Tonks before Fleur literally fucks her brains out,” Hermione said, patting Harry’s shoulders.

Smiling, he gave her a passionate, lingering kiss before getting off of her. Crawling over to Fleur, he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her off of an exhausted Tonks. He tossed the giggling blonde onto her back and groped her breasts while latching his mouth onto one of her nipples.

“Mmh,” Fleur moaned, reaching down to stroke his hardening length. “Finally, a real cock. Nymphadora just can’t keep up like you, mon amour.”

“Bitch,” Tonks panted. “I’m gonna... bugger the shit out of you... as soon as I... catch my breath.”

“I look forward to eet,” Fleur purred as Harry speared into her depths.

Hermione laughed when Tonks let out a frustrated growl and pounded her fist on the bed.

“So, how was it?” Penny asked, sliding down beside Hermione and caressing her stomach.

“Amazing,” Hermione grinned. “It was... perfect.”

“Good,” Penny smiled.

Leaning down, she kissed her softly and caressed her breast before pulling back. With a playful smile, she held up the stick-on she’d been wearing.

“Since Harry’s going to be busy for a while, want to try losing your other virginity?” Penny asked.

“Sure,” Hermione said, taking the dildo.

Moving the base down to her mons, she gasped when it attached itself to her skin. She chewed her lip as she gave herself an experimental stroke.

“Wow, is that what it feels like for Harry?” she asked curiously.

“According to Tonks,” Penny shrugged.

Trailing her fingers over Hermione’s stomach, she grabbed the shaft from her hand and stroked it softly. Hermione leaned her head back and groaned from the feeling.

“It can’t feel that good,” she said, shaking her head. “Maybe we can get Harry to wear one so he can compare.”

“Maybe,” Penny said. “Later, though. Right now, I want to give you your very first blowjob.”

Shimmying between Hermione legs, Penny smiled and took her in her mouth.

“Oh my!” Hermione gasped.

## Chapter 9

Hermione gasped and tensed as a shudder ran up her spine. Kneeling next to her on the bed, Penny gently brushed her hair away from her face and caressed her cheek.

“You need to relax,” Fleur said softly.

Hermione felt her shift behind her and teasingly ran her nails over her naked bum. Letting out a breath she hadn’t realized she was holding, she consciously forced her muscles to relax.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Penny asked.

“Yes,” Hermione replied determinedly. “I at least want to try it once.”

“Well, then you’re braver than I am,” Penny smiled. “There’s no way I’m letting that thing anywhere near my bum.”

“But it feels so good,” Tonks moaned.

Looking to her right, Hermione bit her lip as she watched Harry thrust into her from above while Tonks lay prone on her stomach. Seeing her hooded gaze and hearing her breathy moans filled her with excitement, but one glance at Harry and seeing a visual reminder of his size caused her muscles to involuntarily clench again.

“Ermione,” Fleur called gently.

“Sorry,” Hermione said, taking in a deep breath and making herself relax.

“Ere, maybe this weel ‘elp,” Fleur said.

Hermione gasped as she felt Fleur’s Allure wash over her. Her pulse raced, her nipples hardened, and her core pulsed.

“Oh fuck, yes!” Tonks yelled.

Turning her head, she watched as her friend tensed, her fists gripping the sheets tightly. Her mouth hung open in a silent scream while her body trembled. Above her, Harry grunted, his thrusts becoming savage before he pinned his hips to her bum with a groan. Laying over Tonks' back, he hugged her possessively as they rode out their climaxes.

Hermione inhaled sharply when she felt the cool glass of the phallic-shaped toy in Fleur's hand brush her skin. Penny stroked her back soothingly as the well-lubricated tip pressed against her entrance. Fleur pushed it forward, gently at first, and then slowly increased the pressure until, with a gasp, Hermione felt her tight ring give way, and it was in.

"Oh!" she gasped, her mind buzzing from the odd, unfamiliar sensation.

"Are you alright?" Penny asked with concern while Fleur stilled.

"Mh hmm," Hermione murmured. "It doesn't hurt. It just feels... different."

"You get used to it," Fleur said, caressing her bum. "Then eet weel start to feel good."

Hermione gasped when she pulled the small glass toy out of her bum and then groaned when she gently pushed it back in. It felt strange and uncomfortable, just like Tonks and Fleur had described. But they'd also told her that if she persevered and got accustomed to it, the pleasure would be worth it. Thankfully, the charms and magical lube Fleur had used to prepare her would ease the process.

At least, that's what Hermione told herself as the glass dildo was slowly driven deeper into her bum.

Rolling onto her back, Penny shimmied under her and reached up to caress her cheek. As she closed her eyes, Hermione felt her other hand land on her breast. Then, Penny sat up and started peppering her face with slow, sensuous kisses. Slowly, she worked her way down the column of her throat, along her collarbone, and finally down to her breasts.

Hermione moaned, focusing on the pleasure she felt from Penny's lips on her sensitive nipples while Fleur continued to gradually work the toy deeper and deeper. When the vaguely phallic-shaped dildo reached the halfway point, it flared out, growing wider towards the base. As the tip pushed deeper and the base gently stretched her open, the feeling of discomfort began to fade.

Penny kissed her way back up to her lips and captured them in a sensual kiss. Hermione moaned and leaned into her, arching her back. Fleur seemed to be done stretching her open and began working the toy in and out with long, deep strokes. Surprisingly, it felt rather nice. Not pleasurable, exactly, but good.

"Get Harry 'ard," Fleur said. "She's almost ready."

"Gladly," Tonks replied happily.

Pulling her lips away from Penny's, Hermione turned her head. Tonks pushed Harry on his back, cleaned his length with a quick wave of her wand, and then laid the partially swollen shaft along his stomach. With a sultry grin, she stuck out her tongue and licked it from the base to the tip. As she kissed and licked every inch, Harry quickly swelled and hardened until his rigid length was bobbing in front of her face.

Suddenly, she opened her mouth and swallowed him whole. Harry groaned, his head tilting back while one of his hands gripped Tonks' pink hair. Behind Hermione, Fleur murmured and her eyes widened when she felt the dildo begin to change shape inside of her. Slowly, it grew slightly longer and thicker each time it was pumped in and out of her depths. Her mouth fell open as Penny continued to kiss and caress her face, chest, and back. To her surprise, the slight stretching she felt this time was more pleasurable than uncomfortable. Panting, she unconsciously drove her hips back, hoping Fleur would go faster. The action only earned her a giggle and a light swat on the bum in response.

"She's ready," Fleur declared.



With a loud, wet slurp, Tonks pulled off of Harry's length and smirked as she moved out of the way. Hermione took a deep, steadying breath when she felt Fleur move to the side and then Harry take her place. Caressing her bum, he reached between her cheek and pulled out the glass dildo that was lodged deep inside of her. Harry set it to the side, shuffled around, and then she felt the hot, swollen tip of his member press against her opening. Nervously, she rocked forward and took a trembling breath.

"It's okay," Penny said soothingly, her hand stroking Hermione's cheek. "Harry will stop if you tell him to."

Hermione nodded and tried to hold still but couldn't stop her body from shaking nervously. Yet, despite her apprehension, she couldn't deny the thrill of excitement that bubbled in the pit of her stomach. A part of her wanted him to use every part of her body, wanted him to take her any way he wished. There was an element of pride driving her, as well. Hermione wanted to prove she could do anything Tonks and Fleur could, even if it took her a little more work.

Those thoughts fled from her mind when Harry pressed against her opening again. This time, she forced her body to remain still and licked her dry lips. Penny caressed her body soothingly while Fleur poured more of the lube they'd gotten from Lucinda's on her bum and along his length. After taking a moment to spread it around, Harry placed himself at her entrance and pushed.

Hermione's breath caught in her throat as he stretched and invaded her depths. The magic properties of the lube and the use of the dildo eased his passage, and before she knew it, his entire head was lodged inside of her.

"Holy shit!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Are you okay?" Penny asked worriedly while Harry came to a complete stop.

"I'm fine," Hermione said, quick to reassure them. "That... wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be."

"I told you," Fleur said.

Her hand lashed out and gave her right cheek a sharp spank. Hermione gasped, involuntarily tightening around Harry and causing him to groan pleurably. Biting her bottom lip, she laid her chest down on top of Penny's and buried her face in the crook of her neck.

"You can start moving," she told Harry. "Just go slow."

Harry grabbed her hips and eased back slightly before pushing forward and driving his length just a bit deeper than before. Hermione moaned and hugged Penny while the blonde caressed her back and kissed her neck. The discomfort was back, but there was undeniable pleasure as well. Harry would rock his hips back and forth at a comfortable depth, just long enough for it to start feeling really good, before slipping a little deeper. Then, that burning, stretching sensation would return, but only for a moment. It took several minutes, but eventually, Harry's hips came to rest against her bum.

"You did it!" Tonks cheered.

"Impressionnante," Fleur said.

"How's it feel?" Penny asked.

"Big," Hermione panted, garnering a brief laugh from the others. "But I kind of like it."

"Just wait until he really starts fucking you," Tonks grinned. "Go on, Harry. Give it to her."

"You okay to keep going, Hermione, or do you need a minute?" Harry asked.

"I'm okay," Hermione said.

Tightening his grip on her waist, he pulled back about an inch before driving back in. Hermione moaned as he continued his slow, deliberate thrusts. Each time, he would pull back just a bit further before thrusting forward. Soon, he was moving in and out in long, slow strokes, but for Hermione, it wasn't enough. Biting her lip to stifle a moan, she rocked her hips back as he thrust forward, wordlessly pleading with him to go faster.

Harry proved once again that, when it came to sex, he knew her better than she knew herself. Chuckling, he stopped entirely and traced his fingers up her spine before suddenly and harshly grabbing a handful of her bushy brown hair. Hermione moaned lewdly as her head was pulled back, and she felt Harry slowly retreat from her depths. When he was halfway out, Harry abruptly stopped and surged forward. Her eyes shot open, and the breath was forced from her lungs at the intense feelings that coursed through her body. He didn't pause or slow to give her fuzzy mind a chance to catch up with what her body was feeling, however. Harry continued his thrusts, his hips clapping loudly against her round bum.

The moment Hermione caught her breath, she let out a long, whorish moan. Laughing, Fleur smacked her bum, and the involuntary clenching of her muscles that it caused nearly drove her to climax. The sensation was maddening. Pleasurable, but nearly to the point of being unbearable. Harry seemed to know just how fast and how hard to thrust to keep her just on the cusp of insanity.

Fleur seemed to sense what she was going through, too, and spanked her again. Hermione cried out as she tipped over the edge. Harry grunted and slowed as she tightened around his shaft. With a groan, he gripped her hips and rode out her climax, gently humping her. By the time she collapsed, Hermione felt more satisfied and exhausted than she ever had in her life. And given what she'd been up to with Harry and the others over break, that was quite an achievement.

Suddenly, Harry pulled himself free. She could feel the bed shake as he furiously stroked himself to completion. With a groan, his hot excitement landed on her bum and back.

Panting heavily, Hermione blinked her eyes open and stared at the stick-on dildo Tonks held in front of her grinning face.

"Ready to try a DP?" Tonks asked, wagging the faux-phallus back and forth.

“I think we’ve pushed Hermione far enough for one night,” Harry said.

Collapsing, Hermione let herself relax and slowly drifted off to sleep as Penny caressed her hair.

~

Hermione made her way through the crowded King’s Cross station to platform nine and three-quarters. For the first time in her life, she wasn’t excited to be returning to school. She did want to go back, of course, but a large part of her was going to miss spending her nights with the other girls. Unfortunately, Tonks, Fleur, and Penny all had to work, so they hadn’t been able to come to see them off.

“So, you and Harry?”

Startled, Hermione glanced at her mother and felt her heart jump into her throat. Looking around for her father, she was relieved to see him further ahead, talking to James.

“What makes you think that?” she asked nervously.

Emma rolled her eyes at her daughter, “I’m not blind, dear. I see the way you look at each other. And I noticed the way you’re limping this morning.”

Hermione blushed, remembering the buggering she’d received the night before as her mother looped her arm through hers and slowed their pace a little bit more.

“Are you happy?” she asked softly.

“Yes,” Hermione replied without hesitation.

“Even though he has three other girlfriends?” Emma asked, arching her brow.

“I’m happy, Mum,” Hermione insisted. “Tonks, Fleur, and Penny are great, and Harry’s... well... I’m not sure how to explain.”

“I think I get it,” Emma said, smiling briefly. Lily and I had a talk, and she gave me a couple of books to read. I can understand your attraction to him. Harry’s a handsome young man. I guess I just struggle to understand the pull he has on you girls. It’s probably because I’m a Muggle. But I trust your judgment, and if you say you’re happy, then I’m happy for you.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said, sighing in relief.

“I’ll talk to your father, but you know you’re going to have to tell him eventually,” Emma said.

“I know,” Hermione sighed.

They continued in companionable silence for a long moment before Emma turned to her daughter with a smile.

“So, how was your first time?” she asked.

“Mum,” Hermione groaned.

“What?” Emma asked. “I need to make sure he’s taking care of my daughter, don’t I?”

“It was wonderful,” Hermione admitted, smiling at the memory.

“Good,” Emma smiled. “I have to ask, though, how does he keep up with all of you? Do you take turns, or is it something to do with magic?”

Hermione licked her lips, wondering just how much to tell her mother before realizing that honesty was the best policy.

“We take turns,” she murmured quietly. “Harry’s got a lot of... stamina, but I don’t think it has anything to do with magic.”

“Teenagers are like that,” Emma said with a smirk.

“It helps that we’re all attracted to each other as much as we’re attracted to Harry,” Hermione said.

“Oh,” Emma said, blinking and shaking her head. “I suppose I should have guessed. I didn’t know you were attracted to women.”

“Neither did I before I met Harry,” Hermione confessed with a smile.

Their quiet conversation came to an end as they reached the pillar between platforms nine and ten. Quickly, they all ran through the barrier and found themselves staring at the bright red Hogwarts Express. Harry was already loading the trunks onto the train when her father rejoined them. It hit Hermione then that this would be the last time she took the train to Hogwarts as a student. Turning around, she hugged her mother tightly.

“I love you,” she said, feeling unexpectedly emotional.

“We love you, too,” Emma said, patting her daughter’s back while Dan looked on, bewildered.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” he asked.

"I'm fine," Hermione said, wiping her eyes even though there were no tears. "I just realized this is the last time we're going to be doing this."

"Time really flies, doesn't it?" Dan asked with a smile. "Before you know it, you'll be here with your kids."

Hermione smiled at the thought and gave her father a hug. As she left her parents and passed the Potters, Lily smiled and pulled her in for a hug.

"You're welcome to stay with us anytime you like," she whispered.

"Thank you," Hermione said.

Surprising James with a hug, she made her way to the train before turning back to wave one last time. The whistle sounded, marking the five-minute warning, and Hermione stepped back onto the train. Looking down the aisle, she spotted Harry lugging all three of their trunks into a compartment while Heather watched. Smiling, she made her way over and silently levitated one of the trunks onto the luggage rack.

"Did you forget you can do magic?" Hermione asked.

"Hey, I gotta stay in shape somehow," Harry smiled, hauling another trunk above his head.

Hermione watched the muscles in his arms flex and bit her lip. He did have a point, she conceded. After he'd hauled the last trunk into the compartment, they stepped inside and closed the door. Sitting next to Harry, she took his hand in hers and leaned against his side. It was the first time she'd ever displayed her affection for him publicly, and a small part of her was nervous about how he'd react. Those worries were cast aside when he leaned down and kissed the top of her head.

As they waited for the train to leave, their closeness garnered numerous odd looks, giggles, and jealous glares. The gob-smacked look on Ronald Weasley's face when he spotted them was particularly satisfying, as was Lavender's wide-eyed, incredulous look. Smiling at them, Hermione waved and rested her head on Harry's shoulder.

## Chapter 10

Hermione had never been happier at Hogwarts. Sure, she'd been happy before, but dating Harry publicly just made the world seem brighter and more vibrant. The first few days back, she smiled so much that her cheeks hurt.

Admittedly, there were a couple of downsides.

Firstly, Hermione missed the other girls. She missed Fleur's intoxicating Allure and her nearly overwhelming sexuality. She missed Tonks and her boundless energy and cock attitude. And she missed Penny for the easy friendship they'd formed and her soft and gentle nature. The bed Hermione now shared in Harry's room felt too empty in the morning. It lacked the warmth of their soft bodies. Oddly, she found she even missed Tonks' snores and her habit of hogging the blankets.

Fortunately, there were only a few months left in the school year before they could all be together again.

The only other issue Hermione had was with the gossip and jealous glares of her female classmates. And a few of the males. Ginny Weasley and Romilda Vane were the worst. Oh, they were perfectly polite when Harry was around, but the second he looked away, they glared at her like she'd just canceled Christmas and Quidditch.

Still, they weren't that bad.

No. Much worse was the gossip. More than one of her classmates – mostly Slytherins – liked to comment about how she'd gotten the position of 'Head' Girl. It wasn't very original, but it was



annoying. The worst part, however, was one Ronald Weasley. For reasons she couldn't fathom, he was particularly upset that Harry was dating her, of all people. He took to disparaging her looks and attitude every time Harry left the room.

Hermione tried to let it go. She really did. But after two weeks of listening to him while valiantly resisting the urge to hex off his mouth, she finally had enough. The final straw came when she was helping Heather with her homework as she waited for Harry to get back from Quidditch practice.

"I can't believe he's dating her," Ron said not so quietly to Lavender.

Hermione rolled her eyes and focused on helping Heather with her Ancient Runes assignment. Ron had been dancing around the blonde since they'd gotten back from Christmas break, and his horrible attempts at wooing were laughable.

"I mean, Harry can have any girl he wants," Ron continued. "I'm surprised he didn't go after you. You're much prettier than she is."

Hermione bristled as Lavender giggled and sidled closer to him on the loveseat.

"You really think so?" she simpered.

Heather looked up from her work and mimed being sick. Hermione covered a laugh and smacked her leg lightly.

"He'll probably get tired of her soon, anyway," Ron said. "I bet she hasn't done anything more than snog him."

"Yeah. You're probably right," Lavender agreed.

Any humor Hermione got from the conversation died as she glared at her notes. Heather bumped her shoulder to get her attention and shot her a concerned look. She flashed her friend a reassuring smile, but as they worked, thoughts churned in the back of her mind. Hermione was sick and tired of Ronald Weasley and his constant insults. And, quite frankly, she was tired of Lavender's mindless simpering.

When Harry returned to the Common Room a few minutes later, Hermione bid Heather a hasty goodbye, grabbed him by the arm, and pulled him into the suite.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked, looking at her curiously.

"I want you to help me with something," Hermione said, biting her lip.

~

Hermione had to wait a couple of days before enacting her plan. Thankfully, Lavender was quite predictable.

As soon as they returned from dinner on Wednesday – the day they had Transfigurations – she plopped herself down on the couch next to Hermione with a sigh.

"Hey, Hermione," Lavender smiled. "Do you have time to help me with my homework?"

"I have a couple of hours," Hermione said, checking her watch. "Harry has practice again tonight. Why don't we use my suite? It's quieter in there, and that's where my notes are."

Lavender perked up at the opportunity to check out the Heads' suite, just like Hermione thought she would.

"Sure!" she said excitedly.

Getting to her feet, Hermione led her over to the door and invited her inside. As she closed the door, she spotted Ron glaring at her while he muttered to Dean. She couldn't help but shoot him a smirk before closing the door and turning back to Lavender, who was looking around the cozy little Common Room she shared with Harry.

"Have a seat and make yourself comfortable," Hermione said. "I'll just grab my notes."

Making her way into her bedroom, she grabbed her notes. As she walked back to the Common Room, she heard the door open and looked up. Surprisingly, it was Harry. Half of his body was covered in mud, and he had a frown on his face.

"Harry?" she asked worriedly. "Is everything alright? I thought you had practice."

"We did," he said, shedding his robe and pulling off his shirt. "Demelza took a Bludger and broke her collarbone. I caught her before she hit the ground, and Madam Pomfrey fixed her up, but I gave the team the rest of the night off. Oh, sorry, Lavender. I didn't know you were here."

"Hi, Harry," Lavender smiled as she twirled a lock of her hair and stared at his shirtless chest.

Fighting the urge to roll her eyes, Hermione walked up to Harry and hugged him gently. He placed a kiss on the side of her head and placed his lips next to her ear.

"You still want to go through with this?" he whispered.

"Mh hmm," she murmured.

With a smile, Harry pulled back and kissed her softly on the lips.

"I'll get out of your hair and go take a shower," he said loudly.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond, but Lavender beat her to it.

“Oh, you can join us,” she said, smiling flirtatiously. “I don’t mind.”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

Grabbing his robes from the floor, he started toward the bathroom while Hermione sat back down on the couch. She noticed Lavender staring after him, her eyes raking over his shirtless body until the door to the bathroom closed.

“Oh, Morgana,” Lavender said, squealing softly. “Did you see his muscles?”

“I might have noticed,” Hermione smiled.

“You’re so lucky, Hermione,” Lavender sighed. “I can’t believe you get to share a private room with him.”

Hermione smirked and took a seat on the couch while Lavender took the armchair next to it. Going through her notes, she figured they might as well get some work done before Harry returned. She managed to get through the basic explanation of human to animal Transfiguration when the bathroom door opened again, and Harry walked out with damp hair and just a blue towel wrapped around his waist. Smiling, he gave the girls a little wave before ducking into the bedroom.

Lavender sighed dreamily when Hermione got her attention again, but she didn’t keep it for long. It took Harry only a couple of minutes to get dressed in a loose pair of trousers and a T-shirt and join Hermione on the couch. He sat next to her with a book in his hand, wrapped an arm around her waist, and kissed her temple.

“So, what are you working on?” Harry asked curiously.

“Lavender just needs some help with Transfigurations,” Hermione replied, leaning against his chest.

“It’s my worst subject,” Lavender added. “I’m much better at Charms.”

“Transfigurations is difficult, especially when you start using it on humans,” Harry said consolingly. “Well, I’ll leave you girls to it. If you want me to help explain anything, just let me know.”

With that said, he opened his book and began to read. As Hermione turned back to continue tutoring Lavender, his hand slowly started to wander. She bit her bottom lip when his fingers traced over her stomach. For a moment, she had the urge to kick Lavender out of the room so she could take off her shirt and feel his touch on her bare skin, something she’d grown used to over the last couple of months. But they had a plan in mind, so she tried to look unaffected as his hand trailed upward.

His finger was tracing along the bottom edge of her bra by the time Lavender noticed. Hermione saw the blonde’s bright blue eyes widen, and she completely stopped paying attention when Harry’s hand drifted higher and grabbed a handful of her breast. Hermione had to bite her lip to stifle a moan while Lavender gasped quietly. She let Harry grope her for a few seconds before slapping his leg playfully.

“Harry, you’re distracting Lavender,” she said with a smile.

“Hmm?” Harry hummed, looking up from his book. He seemed so genuinely distracted that Hermione couldn’t tell if he was just so used to having his hands on her while they were studying that he had forgotten what they were doing or if he was just that good of an actor. “Oh, sorry. Habit.”

He smiled at Lavender and moved his hand back down to Hermione’s stomach.

“Habit?” Lavender asked curiously, her eyes gleaming at the prospect of more gossip to spread. “Do you usually grope our poor innocent Hermione while she’s trying to study?”

“My hands like to wander,” Harry admitted with a smile and a shrug. “I’ll try to behave myself while you’re here.”

“Oh, don’t mind me,” Lavender smirked. “Pretend I’m not even here.”

Harry chuckled deeply, “If I did that, you two wouldn’t get any studying done.”

“Harry!” Hermione gasped while Lavender giggled.

Laughing, Harry lifted her up and planted her on his lap. His arm wrapped around her waist, and his hand rested on her stomach. Instead of teasing her over her blouse, he grabbed the hem and pulled it out of her skirt before slipping his hand underneath to caress her bare skin. Hermione leaned back against his chest with a sigh and tried to focus on teaching Lavender, but the blonde’s attention wasn’t on her. It was on the hand under her blouse, watching it intently as it slid under her bra to cup her bare breast.

“I’m not distracting you, am I?” Harry asked with a knowing grin.

“Oh! No, of course not,” Lavender said quickly. “Go on. What were you saying, Hermione.”

“I was saying that the most important thing in human Transfiguration is to have a very clear picture of what you want in your mind,” Hermione said.

As she continued, Harry’s finger started circling her nipple. The one he wasn’t teasing hardened sympathetically, and when she glanced down at her notes, she could see it poking against her blouse. Shimmying in his lap teasingly, Hermione smiled and tried her best to teach Lavender what she needed to finish their assignment.

After a few minutes, however, she started to squirm in discomfort. The band of her bra was digging painfully into her side. With a grimace, she grabbed Harry's wrist and pulled his hand out from under her shirt.

"Sorry," she said, rubbing her ribs. "My bra was hurting."

"Then take it off," Harry shrugged before kissing her neck.

"I doubt Lavender wants me to tutor her topless," Hermione said, rolling her eyes.

"I don't mind," Lavender grinned. "We shared a dorm for six years, Hermione. It's not like we haven't seen each other naked before."

"I meant you should change out of your uniform, but if Lavender's okay with it..." Harry said.

With a grin, his hands moved to the bottom of her blouse and started popping the buttons open one by one. Hermione leaned back, closed her eyes, and shivered in excitement as more and more of her skin was exposed. And she wasn't the only one getting excited. Harry's erection pressed firmly against her bum by the time his hands reached her collar. Pulling her tie from around her neck, he slipped her blouse from her shoulder. She sat forward so he could pull it off completely, then bit her lip and made eye contact with Lavender just as his fingers opened the clasp of her bra.

The simple but elegant black garment was tossed aside to join her blouse. Harry didn't hesitate to grasp both of her breasts, pulling her against his chest so he could plant a trail of kisses along the side of her neck.

"Is this how you two usually study?" Lavender asked, her cheeks turning pink.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "Well, normally, we do this *after* we've shagged."

Lavender laughed incredulously and gaped at Hermione.

“Wow, Hermione. I didn’t think you had it in you,” she grinned.

“She did,” Harry smirked. “Just last night, in fact.”

“Harry!” Hermione scolded while Lavender burst out laughing.

“I can’t believe this,” Lavender said. “Well, like I said. Pretend like I’m not even here.”

“Lavender!” Hermione gasped.

Despite her reaction, this was exactly what she wanted. Hermione wasn’t the same shy, quiet bookworm Lavender had grown up with. She was much more confident in herself and her sexuality now. She wanted to show off what she’d become and the amazing lover she’d found in Harry.

Hermione also knew there was no way Lavender wouldn’t be comparing any potential boyfriends, like Ronald Weasley, to Harry, and she would find them falling short of her expectations. This was Hermione’s revenge for all the jokes, snickers, and teasing she’d endured for the last six years. And with Lavender’s inability to keep anything to herself, the entire school would know soon enough.

Hermione only had a moment to bask in the success of her plan before Harry turned and laid her down on her back. Pulling off her shoes, he smirked, hooked his fingers in the waistband of her knickers, and pulled them out from under her skirt. The thought that only a flap of black fabric covered her remaining modesty flitted through her mind before Harry grabbed the back of her thighs and pushed them toward her chest. She gasped as her skirt fell to her waist, leaving her glistening folds bared to the room.



“H-Harry. We shouldn’t,” Hermione stammered, trying to keep up her acting in front of Lavender.

Flashing her a lopsided grin, Harry practically folded her in half as he leaned down and kissed all around her smooth mound. In complete contrast with her words, Hermione moaned wantonly, tangled her fingers in his damp hair, and guided his teasing tongue to her folds.

“Merlin,” Lavender gasped softly.

Her eyes were wide as she stared at them, her thighs rubbing together unconsciously. Hermione groaned and rolled her hips firmly against Harry’s face. As his lips found her sensitive clit, she gasped and arched her back. One of his hands made its way back to her breast, groping and pinching the hard nipple. A whimper left her lips as she felt herself racing towards a rapid climax. Just moments later, she squealed as she came, her face scrunched up while her body trembled.

Harry chuckled when she relaxed after a few moments. Placing a loving kiss on her thigh, he tugged off her skirt and got to his feet. Hermione and Lavender wore matching, hungry expressions while they watched him pull off his shirt and push down the cotton trousers he’d put on only a few minutes before. Their identical expressions quickly shifted when his rigid, towering erection sprang into view. Hermione licked her lips in anticipation while Lavender gaped at his throbbing length.

“Holy shit,” Lavender gasped softly.

Hermione smirked as she moved to sit on the edge of the couch and wrapped her fingers around his shaft. Stroking him a few times, she flicked her long, bushy hair over her shoulder so Lavender had a clear view as she wrapped her lips around his swollen tip. Harry groaned and ran his fingers through her hair. As if reading her mind, he gathered it into a ponytail and then transferred it to his left hand so it wouldn’t get in the way. Hermione showed her appreciation by gazing up at him and taking his length deeper into her mouth.

As Harry groaned pleurably, she closed her eyes and focused on showing off her newly developed skills to her former dormmate. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed her throat and took him even deeper. Hermione thought back to every tip and trick that Fleur and Tonks had given her as she tried to swallow him whole. She made it just two inches from the base, a new personal best, before she gagged, and her body forced her to pull back.

Stroking his length expertly as she caught her breath, Hermione gazed at the base of his shaft determinedly. She took him back into her mouth and held him right at the entrance of her throat before grabbing his hips and taking a deep breath through her nose. Suddenly, she surged forward, plunging his length down her throat. Fighting against the desire to gag, she pushed forward until, finally, her nose pressed against Harry's groin.

"No way," Lavender gasped incredulously.

Hermione pulled back and smiled in triumph as she inhaled sharply. Just as she leaned forward to do it again, Harry cupped her cheeks and turned her face up to look at his.

"As amazing as that feels, I really need to fuck you," he said huskily.

Nodding, Hermione stood up. Harry gripped her bum and lifted her like she weighed nothing. Turning around, he sat back down on the couch and settled her over his lap. One hand went to his shoulder to steady herself, and Hermione used the other to line him up with her entrance. They both moaned and kissed as she sank onto his length. His hand roughly groped her bum, and he used his firm grip to guide her up and down his rigid shaft. Pulling her lips from his to moan, she rested her face in the crook of his neck and worked her hips. Harry spread her cheeks wide, and she shivered in arousal, knowing he was giving Lavender an unimpeded view of his long, thick manhood penetrating her depths.

"You know, Hermione's always wanted to have sex with an audience," Harry said.

"Really?" Lavender asked in surprise.

Hermione buried her face in his shoulder to cover a smirk. From Lavender's angle, it probably looked like she was trying to hide out of embarrassment. In reality, she was fighting the urge to really show off and take him in her bum. But knowing that rumors would be all over the school by tomorrow, she didn't know if she wanted to have quite that kind of reputation.

"Yeah," Harry replied, kissing her neck. "She's talked about it quite a bit. Who knew my quiet little bookworm could be so kinky?"

"I didn't," Lavender said. "I don't think she's even had a real boyfriend before."

"She hasn't," Harry told her as he caressed Hermione's back and kissed her neck. "She's all mine."

Hermione shivered at the possessiveness of his tone and kissed his shoulder. A moment later, his breath ghosted over her ear when he placed his lips next to her ear.

"Do you want to show off for Lavender, love?" he asked loudly enough that she was sure Lavender had heard.

Biting her lip with anticipation, Hermione put on a shy, timid expression and nodded her head. Harry smiled and patted her bum before lifting her off of his length. Turning her around, she gasped as he guided her back into his lap. While her back was turned, Lavender had unbuttoned her blouse, removed her bra, and hiked up her skirt. As much as she hated to admit it, the blonde's breasts were amazing. Nearly as amazing as Fleur's, though not quite as big.

Hermione closed her eyes as she descended back down Harry's length. Not because of the penetration but to school her expression so she didn't glare at Lavender. That bitch was trying to entice Harry. She knew it. Well, that wasn't going to happen.

It might have seemed hypocritical to someone on the outside. She was willing to share Harry with three other women, but not Lavender? But what she had with Tonks, Fleur, and Penny was different. They all cared for each other as much as they cared for Harry. They were a team — a

team Lavender most certainly wasn't a part of — and never would be if Hermione had any say in the matter.

Keeping her eyes closed to stop herself from glaring, Hermione leaned back against Harry's chest and rolled her hips.

"Harry," she whined breathily in her sluttiest voice. "Fuck me."

Chuckling, he caressed her body and kissed her neck lovingly.

"How do you want it, love?" he asked.

"Hard," Hermione said firmly.

Smiling, Harry suddenly hooked his arms under her legs and locked his hands behind her head. Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide. Lavender looked just as surprised when she watched her bookish classmate get folded in half like a lawn chair. Slouching down on the couch, Harry adjusted his angle and started to thrust. Hard.

There was no teasing, no build-up. Harry just went all out from the first thrust. Hermione squealed and threw her head back, eyes glazed over as her body jolted from each furious, hammering penetration. Belatedly, she realized this was the hardest he's ever fucked her, but the thought only lasted a moment. With her body splayed open like a cheap Knockturn Alley whore and his brutal thrusts hitting her erogenous zones with every back-and-forth movement, she rapidly climbed to an explosive peak.

No wonder Tonks liked him to get so rough.

Hermione's muscles strained as she neared a titanic climax, but Harry's strong arms didn't even seem to notice. Her face and chest turned red, the veins in her neck bulged, and her muscles

twitched uncontrollably. It was at once the most incredible and overwhelming pleasure she'd ever felt. Each rapid, jackhammer-like thrust of his length brought her to the very edge of sanity.

Sucking in a deep breath, she screamed when she tipped over the edge. Hermione felt herself soak Harry's lap and the couch in her arousal, but there was nothing she could do about it. Her body twitched and convulsed as she rode through her peak, completely at his mercy.

But the monstrous pace Harry had set had taken its toll on him as well. A moment later, he erupted inside of her with a satisfied groan. His hips pounded into her depths with every pulse of his length. When they both went limp a few moments later, Harry released her legs and held her to his chest. Hermione sighed contentedly as he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her cheek.

"That took a lot out of me," he mumbled. "Sorry, Lavender, but I think you'll have to finish studying with Hermione tomorrow."

"Oh, uh, no problem," Lavender said, looking disappointed.

Standing up, she made a show of jiggling her breasts while she put on her bra. She was much faster at fixing her shirt and grabbing her books. With a flirtatious smile directed at Harry, she flipped her hair over her shoulder and slipped out of the door.

"How was that?" Harry asked.

"Perfect," Hermione smiled, letting him slip out of her depths and snuggling up to him.

~

Loud, frantic knocking woke Hermione from her sleep. Blinking her eyes open and looking around Harry's dark bedroom, she sat up at the same time he did. They shared a confused, worried look before he held his finger up to his lips and climbed out of bed.

“Coming!” Harry called as he slipped on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt.

Hermione made sure she was covered as he opened the door.

“Professor?” Harry asked. “Is something wrong?”

“The Headmaster needs to see you at once,” Professor McGonagall said heavily.

“What’s happened?” Harry demanded, a note of fear in his tone. “Are my parents-”

“Your parents are fine,” McGonagall assured him. “Something has happened, but I don’t know the details. I was instructed to retrieve you before the headmaster would explain.”

“Shit. It’s him,” Harry muttered.

Hermione furrowed her brow worriedly as he turned around, put on his shoes, and walked over to the bed.

“I’ll explain as soon as I get back. I promise,” he assured her.

She nodded, but questions raced through her mind. Obviously, something bad had happened, and Harry had some idea what it was. Leaning down, he kissed her softly. When he pulled back, Hermione spotted Professor McGonagall glancing into the room with a small, soft smile on her face. Then, Harry turned and left the room, closing the door behind him. Hermione sighed and laid back on the bed, left in the dark with only unanswered questions to keep her company.

Hermione held Harry's hand, her fingers interlaced with his, as he led her through the halls of Hogwarts. When they reached the Room of Requirement, she was surprised when he pushed open the door—not to the comfortable room he usually summoned but to a bright, sunny courtyard. A hundred little questions ran through her mind about how the room was able to produce something like this, but Hermione pushed them to the back of her mind.

She had much more important questions to ask, like why the headmaster had called him out of bed in the middle of the night. Biting her lip to stop the questions on the tip of her tongue, followed him over to a stone bench and sat down next to him. With a sigh, Harry stared off into the distance, his green eyes burning with troubled thoughts.

"I know you want to know what happened last night, but it's a bit of a long explanation," Harry said.

Hermione nodded, but he didn't seem to notice, so she squeezed his hand comfortingly.

"Voldemort didn't die the night he came to our house," he continued heavily. "His body was destroyed, but there was something anchoring him here."

Harry paused and took a deep breath. His eyes remained riveted straight ahead, almost like he was afraid to look at her.

"When you commit cold-blooded murder, it fractures the soul," he said, his tone nearly a whisper. "Dumbledore thinks that Voldemort had taken so many innocent, defenseless lives before he came to our home that his soul was like a puzzle ready to fall apart the moment you picked it up from the table. When his Killing Curse rebounded and destroyed his body, most of those pieces fled, looking for someplace safe to hide. Voldemort's terrified of death, you see."

Harry stopped again and turned to look at Hermione. His gaze seemed to penetrate her soul, pinning her in place.

“I need you to promise to keep this next part to yourself,” he said gravely. “No one can know about this.”

“I promise,” Hermione said.

Staring at her for a moment longer, Harry nodded, his eyes gazing down to his lap.

“One piece of his soul stayed behind and latched itself onto the closest living thing in the room,” he told her.

Pushing his bangs out of the way, he showed her the scar that made him famous all over the world. Hermione’s mouth fell open in horror as the bottom of her stomach dropped like she’d just fallen off a cliff. She tried to comfort him; assure him everything would be alright, but the words wouldn’t form. All she could do was cling to his hand like a lifeline.

“I’m the only thing that kept him alive,” Harry said, slowly turning his head until he was once again staring into the distance. “Everyone thought he was gone for good, but Dumbledore and my parents knew he wasn’t. He possessed Professor Quirell in first year to try and get the Philosopher’s Stone to bring himself back, but I managed to stop him. He tried again in second year when he used a cursed diary to release Slytherin’s Basilisk and tried to trick Ginny Weasley into performing a ritual that would have given him a new body. And then there was the Tournament. You remember fourth year when my name came out of the Goblet, and everyone thought I was just trying to show off?”

Hermione did remember. Even she had been angry at him for cheating. His name and face had been plastered all over the paper for months. At first, they’d called him a rebel and a cheater like the rest of his classmates, but when he started to win, they quickly changed their tune. No one wanted to vilify the youngest Triwizard Champion in history, especially when he was doing it while saving a fellow Champion and making the education at Hogwarts look so good.

“Well, I didn’t enter my name,” Harry continued. “We didn’t know who did until after it was over. When the trophy Portkeyed me away, and Dumbledore told everyone that it had been a



freak accident caused by haywire magic? Well, that was a lie. It took me straight to Peter Pettigrew, who had found Voldemort and was nursing him back to health.”

Hermione gasped and clutched his hand tightly in both of hers.

“We found out later that Barty Crouch Jr. wasn’t as dead as everyone thought. His mother, who was dying, took his place in Azkaban, and his father snuck him out. He spent years hiding him in his house under the Imperious Curse until he finally escaped. Crouch ran off to find Voldemort and found him with Pettigrew in Romania. They came up with a plan to give Voldemort back his body and came back to England. Pettigrew hid away with Voldemort and helped keep him alive while Crouch Imperioused his father, captured Alistair Moody, and used Polyjuice Potion to impersonate him. We were taught by a Death Eater for an entire year, and no one knew about it. Not even Dumbledore figured it out.”

Shaking his head, Harry hunched forward, his elbows coming to rest on his knees.

“Crouch was the one that put my name in the Goblet,” he said. “He did everything he could to help me win the Tournament so I would be the first to touch the Goblet, which he’d spelled into a Portkey. It took me to a graveyard where Voldemort’s father was buried. That bastard Pettigrew hit me from behind the second I landed. He tied me to a statue and used my blood in a ritual to give Voldemort his body back.”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“Why did he use your blood?” Hermione asked, wracking her brain for ways to help him.

“My Mum used ancient blood magic to protect me and my sister as soon as they realized Voldemort was after us,” Harry replied. “Using my blood in the ritual means that protection won’t work against him anymore.”

Hermione nodded but mentally added researching blood magic to her to-do list.

“Anyways, after he took my blood, he wanted to duel,” Harry said, letting out a short, bitter laugh. “I thought I was dead, but it turns out our wands are brothers. They share a core. A single tail feather from Fawkes. It saved my life. Our spells connected. I don’t really know how to explain it. Dumbledore said it was more like a battle of wills rather than magic, which is why I won. My desire to survive was more powerful than his desire to kill me, I guess. As soon as my spell hit his wand, all the ghosts of the people he’d killed came out of it. They bought me enough time to run to the Cup and get back to Hogwarts.

“I told Dumbledore and the Minister what had happened as soon as I got back, but Fudge refused to believe it,” Harry sighed. “That useless idiot takes too much money from Death Eaters like Lucius Malfoy to believe a word against them. Dumbledore didn’t want to start a fight with the Ministry, so he and my dad started warning people quietly. He even has a secret organization he runs, keeping tabs on Voldemort and his Death Eaters.”

“So, that’s what last night was about?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Last night, Voldemort tried to kill Amelia Bones. She’s fine. My dad warned her this might happen, so she was prepared. She managed to kill a few before escaping. Fudge is trying to cover everything up, but Dumbledore leaked some stuff to the press. The Prophet isn’t covering it yet, but the international papers are.”

“That’s good, isn’t it?” Hermione asked encouragingly.

Harry shrugged, “It might help convince a few, but not enough to make a difference. My dad thinks maybe a third of the Wizengamot believe him and Dumbledore. They need more votes on their side before they go public, or they might lose their seats, and then they can’t help anyone. I know this is a lot to take in, and if it’s too dangerous for you-”

“How can I help?” Hermione interrupted.

Harry had told her there really wasn't much she could do, but Hermione refused to believe that. A week after her conversation with Harry, she slipped back into the Room of Requirement alone and used the Floo to call Lily. Surprisingly, she wasn't the least bit surprised Harry had let her in on his big secret.

"Honestly, since Tonks, Penny, and Fleur are part of the Order and already know, I would've been more surprised if he hadn't told you," Lily had admitted.

They'd talked for hours about the ancient blood magic Lily had rediscovered and used to protect her family. She even gave her the names of the books that she'd read about it in. Hermione was a little disappointed it wasn't in any long-lost ancient tome that Lily had found tucked away in a secret part of the school. Rather, the books were readily available in the library for anyone to check out, the magic inside being discarded as useless and outdated.

Hermione spent the next four months reading any books she could find on blood magic whenever she wasn't studying for her NEWTs. Harry had seen the books she was reading as they cuddled on the couch in their private room, but he never brought it up. She asked him a few questions about it, but he readily admitted that, while he'd read the books, it wasn't an area of magic he was talented at.

Which was why, on a warm, sunny day in early May, Hermione was excited to be going to Hogsmeade. This would be the first time since Christmas that she'd be able to meet up with Tonks, Penny, and Fleur at the same time. For the last few months, their schedules had conflicted, leaving at least one of them unable to meet them. Finally, she'd be able to bring up the subject and pick her friends' brains. She was sure that, between the four of them, they could come up with a solution.

Stepping out of the carriage with Harry and Heather, they made their way through the bustling village and to the Three Broomsticks. Just before they stepped inside, a barn owl landed on Harry's shoulder with a letter clutched in its beak.

"Hello," Harry said, stroking the bird's feathers before taking the letter and opening it. "It's from Sirius. He wants me to meet him down at the stile."

“Do you want us to go with you?” Heather asked.

“No, he probably just wants to try talking me into joining the Aurors again,” Harry sighed. “You go ahead. Tell the girls I’ll be along in a bit.”

“Alright,” Hermione said.

Wrapping her arms around his shoulder, she kissed him briefly before letting go. With a smile and a wave, Harry turned and walked down the road while Hermione and Heather entered the pub. The first thing they heard when they walked in was Tonks laughing loudly. Looking over, Hermione covered her mouth to hide a laugh as she watched Ronald Weasley gape at Fleur like he’d never seen a girl before. Lavender, his date, huffed angrily and stomped on his foot before marching out of the pub. The pain brought Ronald out of his daze, his ears going bright red as he raced after her.

“Hey, Hermione. Heather,” Tonks grinned while they took their seats at the table. “Enjoy the show?”

“Very much,” Hermione smiled.

“Where’s ‘Arry?” Fleur asked.

“Sirius asked him to meet him at the stile,” Heather replied.

“You’re kidding,” Tonks groaned. “I swear I’m going to hex that mutt as soon as I get back to the office.”

“He said he’d only be a few minutes,” Hermione said. “Let’s get a room and go upstairs. There’s something I wanted to talk to you about before he gets back.”

“Let me know what room you’re in, and I’ll tell Harry when he gets back,” Heather told her.

“Actually, I think you should come, too,” Hermione said.

Tonks grinned, “Kinky.”

“Talk. I said, talk,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes. “Get your mind out of the gutter.”

Standing, she walked over to the bar and asked Rosmerta for a room. After months of dating Harry, she’d gotten used to the woman’s knowing smiles and no longer blushed. By the time she’d paid for the room, the other girls had joined her and followed her up the stairs to room three. As she closed the door, Hermione turned and warded the room the best she could. That finally got Tonks to turn serious.

“What’s up, Hermione?” she asked, sitting on the end of the bed.

“You all know about the blood magic Lily used and what Harry’s scar means, right?” Hermione asked.

The other girls all shared looks and nodded their heads.

“Right,” she continued nervously. “I’ve been looking into both, but I haven’t found anything yet. I was wondering if any of you have found anything. I’ve only been looking for a few months.”

“That sort of magic really isn’t my strong suit,” Tonks admitted.

“Lily and I have been working on the blood magic for a couple of years now, but it doesn’t look like there’s a way to counter what Voldemort did,” Penny said. “The best we could come up with would be to destroy his body again and hope he doesn’t get Harry’s blood again. As for his scar, we’ve looked, but we haven’t found anything useful.”

"I looked zrough ze Veela archive in France," Fleur added. "We do not 'ave much on blood magic, 'oweve we do 'ave books on soul magic zat are illegal in England. I 'ave looked zrough a few, but zere are steel many I 'ave not read yet."

"Is there any chance I could take a look at them?" Hermione asked hopefully.

Fleur nodded, "You would 'ave to come to France. Zey do not allow ze books to leave ze Enclave. Per'aps you could visit zis Summer?"

"Do they really not allow you to take the books out, or is that just an excuse to take Harry to France so you can show him off to all the other Veela?" Tonks asked teasingly.

Fleur turned to her and smirked while Hermione rolled her eyes.

"ALL STUDENTS AND HOGSMEADE RESIDENTS RETURN TO HOGWARTS IMMEDIATELY!"  
Dumbledore's voice boomed through the village.

Sharing a worried look with the others, Hermione jumped to her feet and raced over to the window.

"What the hell is going on?" Tonks asked, drawing her wand.

Gazing out of the window, Hermione saw students and residents all heading outside and looking around curiously. Nothing seemed out of place, but they slowly made their way to the castle.

"I don't see anything," Hermione said.

"Let's get back to the castle and find out what's going on," Tonks said, striding towards the door.

She left so quickly that the other girls had to rush to catch up to her. Hermione ran down the stairs, pushed her way past the patrons lazily making their way to the door, and burst through the door.

“ALL STUDENTS AND HOGSMEADE RESIDENTS RETURN TO HOGWARTS!” Dumbledore’s voice boomed again. “DEATH EATERS ARE COMING!”

“Shit!” Tonks cursed.

She came to a dead stop so suddenly that Hermione nearly crashed into her. Students and residents walked past them quickly, but apparently, they weren’t moving fast enough for Tonks.

“You heard Dumbledore, move your arse!” Tonks shouted. “Run! Get out of here!”

Hermione, along with Penny and Fleur, joined her in encouraging people to move faster. As the flood of people fleeing to the castle turned from a flood into a trickle, and she still didn’t see Harry, Hermione began to worry. Seeing the last of the residents evacuate the village, luggage in hand, she was just about to go and look for him when Professors McGonagall, Vector, and Sinistra came jogging down the road.

“Ms. Tonks, is everyone out of the village?” Professor McGonagall asked.

Tonks turned and cast a Revealing Charm. A transparent blue wave of magic flowed seamlessly over the buildings.

“Yes, ma’am,” she replied.

“Professor, we haven’t seen Harry,” Hermione said.

“He’s not here, Ms. Granger,” Professor McGonagall said. “Come. We need to get back to the castle quickly.”

Hermione bit her lip and looked back over her shoulder at the stile worriedly before turning back and following Professor McGonagall to the carriages. Just a moment after climbing aboard the last one, they heard a loud explosion in the distance. A massive pillar of fire could be seen from the end of the village, where Madam Puddifoot’s sat. As the carriage climbed the hill towards the front gate, Hermione could make out dozens of figures in white masks and black cloaks scurrying through Hogsmeade, attacking every building in sight.

When they arrived, Dumbledore stood just in front of the main gate, looking out over the village with a sad expression. Behind him, just beyond the gate, stood teachers, Aurors, and a number of other people, only some of whom Hermione recognized. Among those were the Potters.

“Is that everyone, Argus?” Dumbledore asked.

Filch checked the list of students that had gone to Hogsmeade and then nodded.

“All but one, headmaster,” he replied.

Hermione felt a sinking feeling in her stomach as Dumbledore nodded gravely. Sharing a look with the other girls, she could tell from the looks on their faces that they felt the same way.

“Very well,” Dumbledore said.

Closing his eyes, he raised his wand high above his head. Slowly, he brought the wand down while muttering under his breath. Hermione could feel the magic cracking in the air as the famous Hogwarts wards were brought to bear. Starting at a point high above the castle, an enormous, pearlescent dome descended until it touched the ground, sealing Hogwarts away from the rest of the world.



“Professor, where’s Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Perhaps we should take this inside,” the headmaster replied.

“Mum?” Heather asked tumultuously.

Lily blinked back tears and turned to look at James. Taking her hand in his, he gave it a supportive squeeze before nodded.

“Harry’s been kidnapped,” Lily said, her voice trembling with emotion.

With a gasp, Heather hugged her mother tightly as both of them cried silently.

“How?” Hermione asked, her voice cracking as she fought back her own tears. “Are you sure?”

“We are certain,” Dumbledore said heavily. “The information comes from a very reliable source. As for how – perhaps you could tell us. When was the last time you saw him?”

“We – we were just about to go into the Three Broomsticks when an owl delivered a letter from Sirius asking Harry to meet him at the stile,” Hermione said.

Looking around, Hermione’s heart sank when she spotted Sirius just behind James, killing any hope that this might be some kind of mistake.

“Wormtail,” James growled. “He was always forging letters when we were at school.”

“We’ll get him back, James,” Sirius said, patting him on the shoulder.

“Albus,” Professor McGonagall called, looking over his shoulder.

Hermione followed her line of sight and gasped when she saw hundreds of black-cloaked Death Eaters marching from Hogsmeade toward the castle. Hearing a noise behind her, she looked over her shoulder and saw students pouring out onto the front lawn. Neville Longbottom was at the front with a determined expression on his face, and his wand gripped tightly in his hand. It took her a moment to realize only the older students were coming outside. Hermione imagined the professors were keeping the younger students someplace safe.

As she turned back to watch the Death Eaters approach, she spotted a man with no hair, pale skin, and bright red eyes at the front. Hermione knew without a doubt that he had to be Voldemort. And just behind him, with his hands bound behind his back and being pushed by a woman with wild black hair and gleaming violet eyes, was Harry. James, Lily, and Sirius rushed past Hermione and stopped just at the edge of the wards to get a better look. She followed nervously a moment later, slipping in beside Heather, who gripped her hand tightly.

Voldemort stopped just short of the wards, his red eyes gleaming with sinister delight as he smirked at them.

“Lower the wards and surrender, or the Boy-Who-Lived... dies.”

## Chapter 12

“Don’t do it!” Harry shouted.

The woman with dark, curly hair and violet eyes—who Hermione now recognized as Bellatrix Lestrange—turned to Harry with a glare and jammed the tip of her twisted wand into the small of his back.

“Crucio,” Bellatrix spat.

Harry collapsed to the ground, writhing in agony as he let out a torturous scream. The crowd behind Dumbledore, including Hermione, surged forward, but Dumbledore stopped them with raised arms.

“Stop!” he yelled firmly. “If you touch the wards, they’ll kill you.”

Mercifully, Bellatrix stopped the curse, leaving Harry trembling and groaning on the ground. Voldemort laughed cruelly and turned to Dumbledore with a triumphant look.

“You’ve lost, Dumbledore!” he crowed with a smirk. “I know the full prophecy now. Lower the wards, or I will kill your only hope of stopping me. Harry Potter!”

Dumbledore frowned and lowered his arms slowly; his brow creased as a troubled look crossed his vibrant blue eyes.

A low chuckle broke the silence, slowly gaining volume. Slowly climbing to his knees, Harry grinned and laughed. Bellatrix glared hatefully and raised her wand to curse him again but was stopped by a wordless gesture from Voldemort. He stared at Harry curiously and, Hermione noted, with a hint of caution. Her eyes met Harry’s, and she was struck by the reassuring smile he gave her and the complete lack of fear in his eyes.

Hope blossomed in her heart. Harry had a plan to get out of this.

“What are you laughing at, Potter?” Voldemort asked.

“You,” Harry said with a chuckle. “All these years, and you still don’t get it. The prophecy was never about me.”

“Harry, no! You can’t!” Heather shouted, her face pale and eyes glimmering with tears.

"It's okay, Heather," Harry said, flashing her a smile.

"Enough!" Voldemort yelled angrily. "I heard the prophecy myself. It can only apply to you."

"Can it?" Harry asked, looking amused. "The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches. Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies. And the Dark Lord will them as his equal, but they will have power the Dark Lord knows not--"

"And either must die at the hand of the other, for neither can live while the other survives," Voldemort finished. "You were born as the seventh month dies; your parents defied me thrice, and that scar marks you as my equal."

"But there was another that fit the prophecy," Harry smirked.

"Yes, Longbottom," Voldemort hissed.

Everyone turned to look at Neville, who looked shocked.

"He fits part of it," Harry conceded. "But you didn't attack him."

"Then it can be no one else," Voldemort said.

"Really? Are you sure?" Harry asked. "My sister and I were born exactly one year apart, and she was in the room that night."

"But you're the one with the scar," Voldemort pointed out.

"Did you really never go back to look at the memory of that night to see what went wrong?" Harry asked, climbing to his feet with a confident smirk. "I did. The prophecy said you would

make them as an equal. It said nothing about a scar. Your curse might have been aimed at me, but I wasn't the one who stopped your curse and destroyed your body. It was Heather. The prophecy is about her."

Hermione turned to Heather, who stood staring down at her feet as tears fell from her eyes.

"Lies!" Voldemort spat angrily.

"Think back," Harry said, staring at him defiantly. "Heather reflected your Killing Curse. It had nothing to do with the ritual my parents performed. It was all her. This scar is just from a piece of wood that hit me in the head when the roof was destroyed."

Voldemort turned away, staring off into the distance. Hermione could practically see him replaying the scene in his mind. As the seconds passed, he frowned, his face growing more and more troubled until Harry once again laughed.

"All these years," he chuckled. "All those times we fought, and I stopped you. You always thought it was because of the prophecy, but it wasn't. I'm just a normal, ordinary student, and I still kicked your arse."

Harry laughed while Voldemort scowled and turned back to him, his red eyes burning furiously.

"And I still am," Harry laughed as he continued. "Two years of waiting and planning, and you captured the wrong Potter. You lose, Tom."

Voldemort's lips curled back in an enraged snarl. Hermione gasped when he suddenly whipped his wand up and aimed it at Harry.

"Avada Kedavra!" he screamed.

A bright green, hissing curse left his wand and slammed into Harry's chest. His body was thrown backward, twisting through the air as Death Eaters scrambled to get out of the way. He landed in their midst with a thud and lay completely still, his chest unmoving.

"NO!" Lily screamed.

She tried to run to him, but James wrapped an arm around her waist. Hermione stared in shock, her mind refusing to believe what she'd just seen. He couldn't be gone. He just couldn't.

Bellatrix cackled madly and twirled her wand.

"Crucio!" she shouted.

The curse hit Harry's back, and for a moment, Hermione prayed she would hear his tortured scream just to know he was still alive. But there was nothing. Just the Death Eaters' sick laughter as the demented woman continued to curse his lifeless body.

"Stop it! Stop!" Lily cried heartbrokenly as James and Sirius held her back.

"Bellatrix!" Voldemort barked, causing her to stop and the Death Eaters to fall silent as he turned to Dumbledore. "You have fifteen minutes to surrender."

Turning around, he walked towards Harry and paused before looking back over his shoulder.

"If you refuse, this is what will happen to all that resist!" he yelled.

With a flick of his wand, he sent Harry's body flying towards them. He hit the ground and rolled to a stop just short of the wards. Hot tears fell from Hermione's eyes when she saw his face. His eyes were closed, and there was a small, smug smirk forever etched on his lips.

“We need to return to the castle,” Dumbledore said heavily as he watched Voldemort and his Death Eaters walk back toward the smoldering village.

“We can’t leave him there,” Lily said with tearful desperation. “Albus, please.”

Dumbledore turned to her and rested his hands on her shoulders.

“I’m sorry, Lily,” he said sadly. “There’s nothing you can do for him.”

Lily collapsed with only James’ arms holding her up.

“We need to get back to the castle,” he said softly. “Protecting the younger students must be our priority. It’s what Harry would want us to do.”

Lily nodded and allowed herself to be led back up to the castle, her arm wrapped tightly around Heather. Dumbledore and the other professors formed a wall behind them as if to protect them from themselves and stop them from turning back. Hermione felt a tug on her hand and numbly allowed herself to be pulled along. Glancing at Penny, Tonks, and Fleur, she could see the sadness on their tear-streaked faces. For some reason, that seemed to make the reality of the situation finally sink in.

Harry was gone.

“What do we do now?” she asked, her voice soft and weak even in her own ears.

“We fight,” Tonks replied angrily. “We make every single one of those bastards pay.”

“Oui,” Fleur nodded as they entered the castle.

The Great Hall was empty of younger students. Only older students, teachers, and the few Aurors that had arrived were walking around. Penny led Hermione over to the Gryffindor table and sat them down next to Lily and Heather. Lily reached over and took her hand while Heather cried into her shoulder.

“We need to alert the Ministry,” James said.

“I tried. The Floo is down,” McGonagall told him softly.

“Then send a Patronus,” James said.

“We have, but you know it will take an hour at least to reach London,” McGonagall replied.

“Then we must hold out,” Dumbledore said. “If Hogwarts falls, Voldemort will use the children to force the Ministry’s hand. They will have no choice but to give into his demands.”

“How long will the wards hold?” Sirius asked.

“Against Voldemort, not long enough, I’m afraid,” Dumbledore sighed. “It won’t take him long to overpower them.”

“Then we need to prepare to fight,” James said.

“The wards aren’t Hogwarts’ only defenses,” Dumbledore told him. “Minerva, take Sirius and the other Aurors and get started on a plan. James and I will be along in a moment.”

McGonagall nodded and left with Sirius while Dumbledore led James over to the Gryffindor table. Grabbing one of the benches from the Ravenclaw table, he pulled it closer and sat in front of Lily and Heather. Gently, he reached out and took one of Heather’s hands in hers.



“Heather, I know you’re in a lot of pain right now, but this is very important,” Dumbledore said. “Did you know the prophecy was about you?”

Looking down at her feet, Heather sniffled and nodded.

“It’s okay, sweetheart,” Lily whispered, rubbing her back soothingly.

“No, it’s not,” Heather said brokenly. “It’s all my fault.”

“I can assure you nothing that’s happened is your fault,” Dumbledore said softly. “When did you find out?”

“When I was seven,” Heather admitted quietly.

Lily, James, and Dumbledore shared a shocked look.

“Who told you about the prophecy?” Dumbledore asked.

“We didn’t know about that part,” Heather said, wiping her eyes but refusing to look up. “Harry had a nightmare about the night Voldemort came to our house, and he wanted to know what really happened. When Mum fell asleep on the couch, Harry took her wand, and we used the Pensieve in Dad’s office. When Voldemort tried to kill Harry, I made a bright, gold shield that stopped it. That’s when we knew I was the Girl-Who-Lived.”

Heather sobbed, and Lily hugged her tightly while James sat down on the other side of his daughter and wrapped an arm around both of them.

“I was scared,” Heather cried. “Everyone thought Harry was the Boy Who Lived, and it was horrible. They always wanted pictures and autographs, and everyone always expected him to be good at everything. I—I didn’t...”

“You didn’t want that to be put on you,” Dumbledore said softly.

Heather nodded and sniffled, “Harry said we should keep it a secret. I thought about telling you, but then first year happened, and I knew I couldn’t fight him... not like Harry could. When you told us about the prophecy after the Tournament, I thought we should tell you, but Harry convinced me we shouldn’t. He said we could use it. I—I didn’t know... I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Shh,” Lily hushed her, hugging Heather as she bawled. “It’s not your fault. None of this is your fault.”

“Thank you for sharing that with me,” Dumbledore said, tears falling freely into his beard. And your mother is right. None of this is your fault. Harry was protecting you, as a brother should.”

Hermione thought she saw a flicker of shame cross the headmaster’s face as he got to his feet.

“I will do all I can to weaken Voldemort before you meet him, but it will be you that must defeat him,” he said.

“But how?” Heather asked desperately.

“I’m afraid I don’t know,” Dumbledore replied sadly.

“We’ll be right there with you, love,” Lily assured her daughter. “You won’t face him alone.”

“I’ll help, too,” Hermione said.

Lily looked over and gave her a grateful smile.

“Me, too,” Penny added.

“We all will,” Tonks said determinedly while Fleur nodded next to her.

“Thank you,” James said sincerely. “I should go help the other Aurors make a plan, and we need to make sure the younger students are in a safe place.”

“I believe Professor Flitwick sent them to their dorms,” Dumbledore said.

“We could hide them in the Room of Requirement,” Hermione suggested.

Dumbledore, James, and Lily turned to look at her curiously.

“It’s a room Harry found on the seventh floor across from the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy,” she explained. “If you pace in front of the wall three times while thinking about the room you want, it will appear. It even has a Floo.”

“Ah, excellent,” Dumbledore said. “If we can hold off long enough for Minerva’s Patronus to reach the Ministry, we can get them safely out of the castle.”

Lily kissed the top of Heather’s head and stood.

“I’ll go tell the professors,” she said, wiping her red, puffy eyes. “You two go and talk with the Aurors.”

James nodded and gave his wife a brief kiss before they separated. Sliding closer to Heather, Hermione hugged her tightly, taking the place where Lily had just been. Tonks, Penny, and Fleur joined them a moment later as they collectively mourned the loss of the man they’d all loved in their own way.

Unfortunately, they didn't have time to mourn for long.

"Can I have everyone's attention!" James yelled, standing on one of the benches. "We have a plan. When the wards come down, the professors and the Aurors will meet the Death Eaters outside while the students remain in the Entrance Hall."

"But we want to fight!" Neville yelled.

The students behind him cheered their agreement.

"And you will," James nodded. "But we're severely outnumbered, so we need to fight smart. We're going to use the castle itself to help beat the Death Eaters. The suits of armor and statues in the castle will attack any invaders. We want you to wait down the hall, hit them as they come around the corner, and then fall back before they can regroup. You're going to make your way up to the seventh floor, taking out as many as you can. We already have two professors there waiting to tell you what to do next. Understood?"

The students cheered again, this time even louder.

"We should go help," Heather said softly.

"Are you sure?" Penny asked, rubbing her back.

Wiping her face, Heather nodded.

"Dumbledore was right. Harry would want us to help," she said.

"Let go kick some arse," Tonks said, helping her to her feet.

The next ten minutes passed far too quickly as Hermione, Penny, and Heather helped the students form teams and plan routes through the castle. Meanwhile, Tonks and Fleur told them what spells and techniques to use to cause the most damage with the least amount of risk. They were interrupted when a loud bang resounded through the Great Hall.

“We are out of time,” Dumbledore said heavily. “Everyone, get to your positions.”

The students rushed into the Entrance Hall, bounding with nervous energy, while the professors and Aurors moved slower but with purpose. Hermione, not wanting to be separated from Heather and her girlfriends, left the castle with them. Professor McGonagall gave her a look, although she didn’t say anything. Thankfully, neither did anyone else.

Hermione gasped when she looked down the hill toward the ruined village of Hogsmeade. Over a hundred Death Eaters, with their wands raised, were raining deadly hexes and curses on the wards. It almost looked like the air was filled with fireworks as they exploded in multi-colored bursts. But that wasn’t the worst of it. At the head of the crowd, Voldemort unleashed curses that hit the wards like a battering ram. They were so powerful that the air reverberated each time they struck the wards.

Hermione looked back at the castle and did a quick count in her head. There were maybe half as many defenders at Hogwarts as there were Death Eaters, most of them students. They were severely outnumbered.

Suddenly, one of Voldemort’s curses hammered into the wards, and a resounding crack echoed over the ground like a gunshot. The Death Eaters cheered loudly as a massive crack formed in the wards protecting Hogwarts. With renewed vigor, they focused on the weakened spot, hitting it again and again. The crack widened, spreading out like a massive spider’s web, growing larger with every hit until, finally, they could take no more. Shattering like glass, the wards collapsed. Flakes of the remaining magic fell from the sky, burning up well before they could hit the ground.

Voldemort led his celebrating Death Eaters up the road to the castle, stepping over Harry’s body as he reached the front gate. Hermione prayed for a miracle. Hoped that he would spring back

to life and curse the man in the back to end this nightmare. But he didn't. He lay still and unmoving as the Death Eaters stepped over his lifeless body on their march up to the castle.

"Remember, our focus is to delay them as long as possible," Dumbledore said.

Hermione took a deep, steadying breath and drew her wand as Voldemort and his army of Death Eaters stopped a short distance away. There wasn't a single part of her that felt ready for this, but she couldn't turn and run either. Too many defenseless students were relying on them.

"Surrender, Dumbledore," Voldemort said, stepping forward while his Death Eaters waited. "You have no hope of winning. Spare your students a long and painful death."

"I doubt they would listen even if I told them to," Dumbledore said, taking a few steps forward to meet him in the middle of the two crowds. "I'm afraid killing Harry accomplished nothing but hardening their resolve."

Dumbledore's hand flashed forward faster than Hermione thought possible and let loose a powerful spell that crackled as it flew toward Voldemort. His red eyes narrowed, and he conjured a silver shield in front of himself. The headmaster's spell bounced off with a loud *gong* and flew up into the air. With a swing of his wand, Voldemort turned his shield on its side and flung it at Dumbledore. Quickly flicking his wand, he slapped it aside, and the two began to exchange spells at a furious pace.

Out of the corner of her eye, Hermione noticed an odd movement and turned for a better look. The Hog statues on either side of the front gate came to life, shaking their heads as they sprouted wings. Leaping from their pedestals, they took to the air and circled over the dueling wizards. One of them suddenly dove down, heading straight for Voldemort's unprotected back. Hermione's hope that it would bring a swift end to the fight grew as it got closer and closer. That hope was shattered, along with the statue, when Voldemort hit it with a negligent flick of his wand, his glowing red eyes never leaving the headmaster.

Before the chunks of stone could hit the ground, Voldemort transfigured them into spears, which he hurled at Dumbledore. As the headmaster shielded himself, the Dark Lord took a

moment to destroy the other hog without even looking in its direction. Using the debris to send more spears at Dumbledore, a vicious smirk stretched across his thin lips as he raised his wand. A sickly yellow stream of magic left the tip, sputtering and hissing like it was alive.

Dumbledore swept aside the spears and raised a bluish, silver shield. He grunted under the strain of stopping the curse, and Voldemort snarled as he thrust his arm forward, pouring more power into it. Dumbledore strained behind his shield, sweat dripping from his brow. In moments, he visibly began to tire, and in seconds, he dropped to one knee. Voldemort grinned cruelly and pushed even harder, forcing Dumbledore to lean on one of his hands for support. Hermione felt her stomach sink as his shield flickered twice and then failed completely.

The yellow curse struck Dumbledore in the chest. He screamed out in pain as he was thrown backward, rolling to a stop at James' feet. A grimace marred the headmaster's kind face while James knelt down to check on him. Movement caught Hermione's attention, and she watched helplessly as Dumbledore's wand sailed into Voldemort's hand. Laughing, he held up the wand triumphantly, drawing a thunderous cheer from the waiting Death Eaters.

"Get ready," Tonks whispered, her face set in a determined mask.

Hermione nodded and tightened her grip on her wand. Voldemort motioned for his Death Eaters to fall silent and stalked back toward Dumbledore with a smirk.

"It's over," he said loudly. "You have no hope. Surrender, and Lord Voldemort will show you mercy."

"Go to hell!" James yelled, climbing to his feet and squaring his shoulders defiantly.

Voldemort laughed and raised his wand.

"Then you will die," he said with a malicious grin stretched across his face.

“VOLDEMORRRRT!”

Everyone froze. The shout had come from behind the Death Eaters, and Hermione allowed an impossible hope to build in her chest. The defenders and Death Eaters turned toward the sound as one.

The mass of black cloaks began to part, starting at the back. They stepped aside out of fear, shuffling and bumping into each other to get out of the way. Someone was walking towards them, someone with dark hair and bright green eyes.

“It’s him!” Penny gasped. “It’s Harry! He’s alive!”

Tears sprang to Hermione’s eyes, her feelings a jumbled mess. Her heart soared seeing him alive, but a ball of terror grew in her stomach as he marched straight towards the man who had killed him a short time ago.

She couldn’t bear to lose him again. She just couldn’t.

But she wasn’t the only one that was afraid. Voldemort took an unconscious step backward as Harry stepped into the clearing between the two groups, her red eyes wide.

“Impossible,” he hissed, the shocked look on his face quickly morphing into a hateful snarl. “Why won’t you die!?”

“You first,” Harry replied.

“I can’t die!” Voldemort shouted furiously. “I’m Lord Voldemort! I have defeated death!”

“The only thing you’ve defeated is yourself,” Harry scoffed. “All those rituals you used to try and make yourself immortal won’t save you this time. It was a fluke you survived that night you



attacked my family. You should have died, but your soul was so fractured from all the things you've done to yourself that a piece stayed behind. It attached itself to me, hanging on like a parasite. It was kind of pathetic, really."

"Lies!" Voldemort screamed.

"How do you think I survived?" Harry asked. "You didn't kill me. You killed the only thing that kept you alive that night."

Dumbledore let out a wheezing, coughing laugh as Professor McGonagall helped him sit up.

"It's true," he said, pausing to catch his breath. "You may have beaten me, Tom, but once again, you've overreached yourself."

His smile was so relieved and peaceful that Hermione couldn't help but believe him.

"And now, the prophecy does apply to me," Harry said, lifting his bangs to show the red, bleeding scar on his forehead. "Neither can live while the other survives."

"You can't defeat me!" Voldemort screamed furiously, his eyes glimmering with madness and fear. "I'm Lord Voldemort! The most powerful wizard to ever live!"

"You're Tom Marvovlo Riddle!" Harry shouted back. "The son of a Muggle and a Squib! You're nothing but a bitter and twisted old man too arrogant to realize he's lost!"

"Avada Kedavra!" Voldemort screamed as he thrust his wand at Harry.

Harry calmly raised his wand, and without a word, a red beam of magic shot from the tip. It connected with the Killing Curse and stopped it in its tracks. Golden threads were spat into the air from where the two spells met and formed a dome around Harry and Voldemort.

Slowly, gradually, Harry's red spell pushed back Voldemort's sickly green Killing Curse, creeping closer and closer to his wand.

"It's over, Tom!" Harry yelled over the crackling of their spells.

"No!" Voldemort screamed fearfully as the center inched closer to his wand tip. "Stop! I'll leave! You can have this blasted country!"

"It's too late for that," Harry said, meeting his terrified stare with a steady gaze. "This is the end."

Harry's spell connected with the tip of Voldemort's wand with a bright flash, forcing everyone to cover their eyes for a moment. When they looked back, dozens of ghosts spewed from his wand and surrounded him. Grimacing, Voldemort struggled, and for a second, Hermione thought he was fighting back, but she soon realized that he was just trying to yank his wand free to escape. He looked desperate and terrified as he tugged fruitlessly at his wand. He looked weak.

"Goodbye, Tom," Harry said, looking at the man with pity.

"No!" Voldemort screamed as his wand began to vibrate in his hand. "No!"

Suddenly, his wand exploded, and Harry's red spell hit him in the chest. With a look of terror etched on his face, Voldemort's breath froze. Harry released his spell, causing the dome to collapse. Voldemort teetered for a moment before he fell backward and landed on the ground, his eyes staring at the sky, dead and lifeless.

For a long moment, no one dared to move. They stared at Voldemort, but he didn't twitch, his chest didn't move up and down, and his eyes didn't blink.

It was over.

The cheer that came from the defenders was so sudden and loud that it caused Hermione to jump. Death Eaters began to Apparate away en masse, but she ignored them. Without thought, she sprinted towards Harry and hugged him as tightly as she could.

"I thought you were dead," she sniffled, burying her face in the crook of his neck.

"Sorry," Harry said, kissing the top of her head.

"Hermione! Look out!" Tonks shouted.

Harry and Hermione turned back to the Death Eaters and found Bellatrix staring at them with demented glee, her wand raised.

"Avada—"

*Bang!*

A bright blue spell slammed into Bellatrix's chest, sending her flying into the few other Death Eaters that had stayed and knocking them over like bowling pins. Hermione looked back and saw Lily stalking forward with a look of pure fury on her face while the tip of her wand smoked. James, Heather, Penny, Tonks, and Fleur were right behind her, their wands raised.

"Don't you dare touch my son," Lily growled.

"Drop your wands!" James ordered.

The Death Eaters shared a look and Disapparated, taking Bellatrix with them.

“Damn it!” James growled.

Heather suddenly slammed into Harry and Hermione, nearly knocking them over. With a chuckle, Harry wrapped an arm around her and hugged her. Wiping her eyes, Hermione stepped back so Lily could take her place. She couldn't help but smile as James patted him on the back proudly while his mother scolded him for scaring her. The moment Lily stepped aside, Penny and Tonks hugged him while Fleur walked right up and snogged him deeply.

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“Fred, George, they're ready,” Angelina said, smoothing out the front of her blue dress robes.

“We're on it,” Fred grinned.

Turning to his brother, they reached out and straightened each other's bowties before stepping onto the stage that had been set up on the Hogwarts grounds.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” George said into the microphone, drawing the attention of the crowd.

“It's our distinct pleasure to announce Mr. and Mrs.-“ Fred began.

“And Mrs.-“ George added.

“And Mrs.-“

“And Mrs.-“

“POTTER!” they shouted in unison.

Hermione chuckled as Harry led her, Tonks, Penny, and Fleur out of the tent and onto the dance floor. Smiling the brightest smile of her life, she gazed around at the faces of her family and friends.

“Way ter go, Harry!” Hagrid boomed.

Dumbledore clapped and smiled from his wheelchair. The curse Voldemort had hit him with had weakened him greatly, but he was slowly recovering. From his shoulder, Fawkes took to the air with a thrill, sending feelings of pure joy through the crowd.

“It’ll be interesting to see who he dances with first,” Fred said, drawing laughter from the reception.

“We drew straws,” Tonks yelled back, prompting even more laughter.

As the music started to play, Harry took Hermione’s hand and pulled her to him for the first dance.