

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 pleasurably. 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.

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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 bugging 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.