

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 aisle 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.”

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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 his 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.