

Luna's Perfectly Normal Spell

Chapter 1

Harry sighed tiredly as he filed another completed document in the proper folder. He was beginning to regret letting Hermione talk him into taking an internship at the Ministry. He wanted to be an Auror and hoped he'd get a picture of what it was really like, but all they had him doing so far was filing seemingly useless paperwork.

On the upside, he did get to deliver some good news for once. The case against the Malfoys was finally finished, and many people affected by their cruelty were receiving a good bit of gold. Harry and Hermione had forgone their share, but Ron would be happy.

As he was finishing up his tedious paperwork for the day, he spotted a familiar name and smiled. Luna had been awarded her own settlement. Harry smiled to himself as he stacked Luna's folder on top of the pile and practically leapt from his chair. Grabbing his cloak off the back, he swung it around his shoulders and made his way to the lift.

It was packed with Ministry workers eager to leave at the end of the day. A few of them still stared at him like some kind of zoo animal, but most people had gotten used to his presence by now. The lift took them down to the Atrium, where Harry joined the queue for the Floo. When it was his turn, he stepped inside and Disapparated. An instant later, he appeared in a field of waist-high grass surrounding a tall, rook-shaped house.

He only had a moment to recognize the back of Luna's head, her long, golden mane shining in the summer's evening sunlight, before she shouted.

"-is Normalis!"

Harry was blinded by a bright blue flash. He raised a hand to his face while rapidly blinking away the floating blobs dancing in his vision.

“Bugger,” he grumbled.

“Oh, hello, Harry.”

“Hi, Luna,” he replied.

Uncovering his eyes, he looked towards the sound of her voice. Most of his vision had returned, but it still took a few seconds for him to register that the sight in front of him wasn’t a hallucination. Luna was watching him curiously, twirling a lock of hair repeatedly around her finger, and not a stitch of clothes on her body. The tall grass hid her most intimate parts, but Harry couldn’t help but glance down at her pert breasts and pale pink nipples.

“Luna, why are you naked?” he asked, forcing his eyes back up to her face.

“I was testing a new spell,” she said as if that was the most normal thing in the world. “Does it seem odd that I’m naked?”

“Er, yeah,” Harry said slowly, feeling almost like he was being asked a trick question.

“Oh fiddlesticks!”

Luna stomped her foot and crossed her arms under her breasts with a pout.

Harry admired the way her breasts jiggled before quickly catching himself and fixing a confused look on his face.

“Sorry?” he said, not really sure what he was apologizing for.

“Oh, it’s not your fault, Harry,” she told him. “I was trying to create a spell that would make people think I was normal, but I guess it didn’t work.”

“Luna, you don’t need to do that,” he said softly. “You’re perfect just the way you are. If people don’t like you, that’s their problem.”

“Oh, I know,” Luna said. “But I’m going to look for Mumble Hummer in Scotland tomorrow, and people keep stopping to ask me silly questions. It’s really getting in the way of my research.”

“Er, right,” Harry nodded, silently reminding himself it was better not to ask too many questions. “Well, just be careful playing around with new spells, okay?”

She met his eyes and smiled softly.

“I won’t make the same mistake my mother did, but thank you for caring, Harry.”

She stretched her arms wide and stepped forward to hug him. Harry hugged her awkwardly, trying not to think too much about her naked body pressed against his. As he patted her back gently, he remembered the file in his hand and the reason for his visit in the first place.

“I almost forgot,” he said, pulling back. “The Malfoy settlement came in. The money should be in your vault tomorrow morning.”

“Oh, that’s lovely,” Luna smiled. “We should go tell Daddy. He’ll be so happy to start printing the Quibbler again.”

Turning toward the house, she skipped through the field while humming to herself. Harry admired the way her tight little bum danced in front of him as he followed after her. She led him straight into the house, where Xeno was brewing a dangerous concoction. Or making tea. It wasn’t entirely clear which.

“Daddy, Harry stopped by to tell us that the Malfoy settlement is in,” Luna told him. “We’ll be able to replace the printer now.”

“Ah, wonderful!” Xeno beamed. “I’d almost given up hope!”

“The Ministry’s working, just slowly,” Harry smiled. “You know how it is.”

“Indeed,” Xeno frowned. “Part of the Rotfang Conspiracy, no doubt. Gingivitis takes time.”

“Daddy?” Luna interrupted, much to Harry’s relief. “Do you see anything odd about my outfit?”

Xeno peered at her closely, eyes squinted as Luna did a little pirouette and looked back at him expectantly.

“Not that I can see, Pumpkin, but if you’re looking for ideas, you can never wear enough radishes!”

Luna beamed and clapped her hands together happily.

“Yay! Maybe the spell did work after all,” she said.

“Maybe,” Harry smiled. “Sorry, but I need to get going. The Weasleys are waiting for me.”

“Bye, Harry,” Luna waved.

Making his way out of the house and shaking his head amusedly, he walked down the narrow dirt road to The Burrow. The scent of a roast wafted through the air as he approached the back door. Mrs. Weasley, standing at the counter, gave a start when he stepped inside.

“Harry! You gave me a fright,” she scolded him lightly, holding a hand to her chest.

“Sorry,” he smiled sheepishly.

“Why did you come through the Floo?” she asked, turning back to the counter.

“I had to stop by the Lovegoods,” he told her. “The Malfoy settlement was finalized today. Speaking of, is Ron home yet?”

“Oh, that’s lovely,” Mrs. Weasley smiled smugly. “Couldn’t have happened to a nicer family. Ron’s in the living room with Hermione. They got home a couple of minutes ago.”

Harry smiled and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek before he slipped into the living room. Ron and Hermione were sitting on the sofa, absorbed in their own worlds. Ron was flipping through the latest copy of *Witch Broom*, while Hermione, predictably, had brought her work home with her. On the other side of the coffee table, Ginny was lounging in an armchair sideways, legs dangling over the arm, playing with her Pigmy Puff, Arnold.

In many ways, this felt like the summer break they should have had all along. It was just a pity it had taken a war and endless heartache to bring them back here. Death Eaters had made a mess of Grimmauld Place, and it needed months of expensive repairs to make it livable again, even with magic. Hermione had gone to Australia to retrieve her parents, and though she didn’t talk about it much, their relationship was obviously strained, so they’d both taken Molly up on her offer to live at the Burrow until they could get settled.

Things were a little awkward at times. Ron and Hermione’s relationship had lasted all of a week before they agreed to end it. It was for the best, in Harry’s opinion, but he was surprised it had ended so smoothly. Other than a few awkward moments, they went right back to being friends like nothing had happened.

And then there was his own relationship with Ginny. They hadn’t gotten back together. Harry felt like a whole new person without the Horcrux, and he needed time to get to know himself

before he got involved in a serious relationship. Ginny was surprisingly accepting and supportive. She still flirted on occasion, but she never pushed for him to make up his mind. She was giving him the time and space he needed, for which he was immensely grateful.

Smiling, he walked up to Ron and tossed the folder at his chest.

“Oi!” he shouted indignantly.

“Ron!” Hermione yelled disapprovingly. “You said you finished all your work today.”

“I did!” he said indignantly. “And even if I didn’t, I’m not finishing it now. It’ll just have to wait for Monday. I’m off the clock.”

“You’ll never get promoted with that attitude,” Hermione sniffed.

“It’s not work,” Harry interrupted before Ron could say something stupid. “Read it.”

Ron opened the folder, and his eyes raked over the words. Harry was wondering if he was really reading it or just pretending to when his eyes reached the bottom and suddenly widened comically.

“Bloody hell!”

“Language!” Hermione scolded, swatting his arm.

“What is it?” Ginny asked curiously.

“Malfoy has to pay me ten thousand Galleons!”

Ginny and Hermione sat up quickly and leaned over his shoulders to read.

“Nice!” Ginny grinned.

“That’s a lot of money,” Hermione remarked.

“Luna got twenty-five,” Harry smirked.

“Ha!” Ron laughed. “Serves the gits right!”

“They didn’t just get fined, did they?” Ginny asked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Lucius got life in Azkaban, and Draco and Narcissa got supervised release for the next decade. Kingsley made it clear that if they so much as litter, they get ten years in Azkaban.”

Ginny nodded, satisfied, though Ron looked disappointed, while Hermione was more thoughtful.

“Should’ve gotten at least a few years each,” Ron grumbled.

Harry shrugged.

“They need the room in Azkaban for more dangerous criminals,” he pointed out. “Every crime they committed is public now. No one’s going to trust them ever again. And at least you got to punch Malfoy in the face.”

Ron smiled and stared off into the distance.

“Yeah, I did, didn’t I?”

Hermione rolled her eyes and went back to her work. Ginny, on the other hand, gave Ron a supportive pat on the shoulder and returned to her chair. They sat in companionable silence, each engrossed in their own little worlds, until the Floo flared to life a few minutes later and Mr. Weasley stepped out.

“Evening, everyone,” he said happily.

They greeted him in kind as he slipped off his robe and hung it on the coat rack.

“Dinner’s ready!” Mrs. Weasley shouted from the kitchen.

“Ah, perfect timing,” Mr. Weasley grinned.

Dinner was relatively quiet, by Weasley standards. Everyone, except for Ginny, was tired from a long day at work. Harry, Ron, and Hermione took turns complaining about the Ministry for a while as Mr. Weasley nodded sympathetically.

“Unfortunately,” he told them, “the Ministry has always been slow to act, and corruption has been a problem since its inception. I’m afraid there’s not much you can do about that. Maybe one day, when you three are in charge, we can finally see some progress.”

None of them liked that answer, but they recognized the truth in it. They moved to more pleasant subjects after that. Ron talked enthusiastically about all the things he planned to buy with Malfoy’s money. A new broom, the finest robes; he even floated the idea of buying the Chudley Cannons.

“I think the Cannons cost a bit more than that,” Mr. Weasley smiled.

“And if you’re going to buy a Quidditch team, why not buy one that actually wins?” Ginny asked teasingly.

“They would win under my ownership,” Ron boasted. “I’d get them the best brooms and the best players. We’ll be undefeated for a century!”

Fortunately, he was too busy staring off into space, lost in his fantasy, to see the smirks on Harry and Hermione’s faces.

As dinner came to an end, they moved into the living room while Mr. Weasley enjoyed his evening cup of coffee and Mrs. Weasley finished the washing up. Harry settled comfortably in the middle of the sofa while Hermione and Ginny sat on either side of him. Ginny sat closer than necessary and bumped his knee with a flirtatious little smile. Returning the smile, he waited for Ron’s usual interruption.

For reasons Harry didn’t understand, Ron tolerated their flirting while they were dating, but now that they weren’t, it bothered him again.

But that interruption never came. Harry looked up and saw him flipping through Quidditch Quarterly. His eyes glanced up occasionally. He definitely saw them, but gave no reaction. At first, he put it down to Ron maturing. Maybe this was his subtle way of trying to push them back together.

Then he thought better of it and remembered that spell Luna had caught him in. Something about being seen as normal. It seemed like an outlandish thing, but then again, Luna was an outlandish girl, and it had seemed to work on her father.

After a moment of thought, he decided to test his new theory. He needed to do something odd, but also something he could play off as a joke in case he was wrong. The broom magazine Ron was reading earlier was still sitting on the sofa, right next to Ginny’s hip. Slowly, Harry raised his arm and draped it around her. His hand hovered near the magazine.

Ron looked up. His eyes flicked from Harry to Ginny, followed the position of his arm, and then returned to the magazine in his lap. He gave no reaction. Neither did Ginny or Hermione. Harry's entire body tingled with a surge of excitement and curiosity.

He pushed it further by pulling Ginny close, until she was cuddled up against his side, and still, no one reacted. On impulse, he raised his other arm and draped it over Hermione. She huffed at being distracted from her work, but leaned up against him when he pulled her close. Harry sat stiffly, waiting.

No one said a word.

"Hey, Ron," Harry called.

Ron looked up at him curiously.

"Do you notice anything... odd?"

Ron squinted his eyes, stared at him closely, and shrugged his shoulders.

"No," he said. "You look fine to me."

Harry licked his dry lips, his heart pounding in his chest. Nervousness, fear, and excitement warred within him as he draped his arm over Ginny's shoulders and dropped his hand right on top of her breast. It was just large enough to fill his hand, and he could feel her nipple against his palm through her thin bra. This wasn't the first time he'd felt it, and he reasoned that if Ginny knew what was happening, she wouldn't mind him doing it again. As it was, she hardly reacted at all. Just a little quirk of the lips as she snuggled deeper into his side.

Yeah, she didn't seem to mind at all.

"How about now?" Harry asked.

Ron looked at him curiously.

"Er, no," he said. "You alright, mate?"

"Fine," Harry smiled.

He shifted his arm over Hermione's shoulder and rested his hand on her breast. It was slightly larger and rounder than Ginny's. He gave it a light squeeze. Still, no reaction. No outrage.

"Just... wondering if anything, you know, seems off," he said.

Ron looked around as if he expected to find a Hippogriff sitting in the corner. After looking around the entire living room, he turned back to Harry and shrugged.

"Nope."

"Alright, just checking," Harry said.

Ron went back to his magazine. Harry marveled at the effects of the spell Luna had created, all while he continued shamelessly groping Hermione and Ginny.

"This is insane," he muttered.

"What's insane?" Hermione asked, looking up from her paperwork.

"Er, nothing," he said.

She shrugged and turned back to her work, completely ignoring the fingers teasing her rapidly hardening nipple through her shirt and bra.

Suddenly, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley appeared in the doorway. Harry froze, fearful, for a moment. But neither of them acted as if anything was out of the ordinary. They smiled and took their usual seats without comment. Casual, normal conversation flowed around him.

Feeling a bit more daring, Harry slipped his hand down the neck of Ginny's shirt and crept his fingers under the edge of her bra. The angle was awkward and uncomfortable, but the feeling of her bare breast caused his arousal to surge. He quickly crossed his legs to hide his growing erection, then uncrossed them a moment later when he remembered no one would care. And they didn't.

They didn't care either when he did the same to Hermione. They didn't care when he plunged his hand into her bra and scooped her entire breast into his hand. Minutes passed, and no one said anything while Harry continued his casual groping. Eventually, he removed his hands from their shirts and wrapped his arms around their waists, caressing their hips and bums.

Everyone had noticed he'd become more affectionate since the Horcrux in his head was destroyed. Hermione had remarked on it more than once. She thought that maybe it had suppressed or counteracted his natural hormones in an attempt to make him feel more isolated. The ladies of the house had encouraged him with constant hugs and light, reassuring touches. Or, in Ginny's case, the occasional flirting caress.

Now that he could do whatever he wanted, however, that desire for affection felt like an addiction. He couldn't bring himself to stop feeling their soft curves, no matter how morally questionable it was to take advantage of this new spell. He pulled Hermione and Ginny against him, luxuriating in the comfort and excitement they brought him.

Night eventually fell, and Harry left briefly to change into his pajamas-a pair of flannel pants and a worn T-shirt. While he was gone, Ginny had done the same, while Hermione had elected to take a shower. When he returned downstairs, he found Ron playing a game of chess with Mr.

Weasley, and he could hear Mrs. Weasley in the kitchen. He peeked his head through the doorway. She was standing at the sink, filling the kettle.

Seeing her alone in her loose night dress, he couldn't resist the temptation to test the effects of Luna's spell even further. Harry walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. She jolted and whipped her head around to look at him.

"Oh, Harry, dear, you startled me," she said, smiling.

"Sorry," he muttered.

Shaking her head affectionately, she whipped her wand and levitated the teapot onto the stove. She made no mention of his unusual affections, so he took a deep breath and went for it. He raised both hands and cupped her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra under her night dress. Her breasts were larger, heavier, and softer than Ginny's or Hermione's. They were warm and pliant under his fingers, and yet, her only reaction was a light hum.

"That feels nice, dear," she murmured.

Harry pressed his rapidly hardening erection against her bum and blatantly groped her breasts through the thin fabric of her night dress. He hefted and squeezed, his fingers searching until they found the slight bump of her nipples. They swelled under the attention.

"Cream or sugar, dear?" she asked.

"Er, sugar," Harry said.

Letting out a slow breath, he gave her breasts one last affectionate squeeze, and his hands fell away as she moved to finish making the tea. Everything felt oddly, weirdly normal as he helped her carry the cup back into the living room. Hermione and Ginny had returned while he was in the kitchen, and Ron was noticeably absent. The girls were sitting on the couch.

Ginny leaned against the arm, wearing a pair of loose sweats and a tight T-shirt with a graphic so worn he couldn't even tell what it was supposed to be. Hermione sat in the middle in a pair of shorts and a loose T-shirt he recognized as one of his. She'd borrowed it to sleep in while they were on the run and never returned it. A book rested in her lap as she accepted her tea with a smile, and he smirked at the cover. It was one of her romance novels, a magical one, he suspected, given the image of a vampire on the cover.

Harry took a seat on her right as she tucked her legs under herself and got comfortable. The position caused her shorts to ride up, exposing more of her long, muscular legs. Without hesitation, he caressed the bare skin, something he'd wanted to do for a very long time. He'd always thought she had great legs. His hand rose up close to the juncture between her legs. He could feel the heat, beckoning to him, but her legs were pressed too tightly together for him to slip his fingers between them.

Hermione was entirely unbothered with what he was doing, perhaps even enjoying it, considering she leaned against him. Harry talked quietly with Mr. Weasley about a defensive charm he'd heard about from a couple of Aurors until Ron returned a few minutes later, freshly showered, and the conversation turned to Quidditch.

All the while, his hand caressed Hermione's smooth thighs.

The night wore on, and as the clock neared 11 o'clock, Harry felt himself becoming more daring. Knowing everyone would begin heading off to bed soon, he started pushing boundaries again, wondering just how far he could go. He removed his hand from Hermione's legs, wrapped it around her waist, and slipped it under the waistband of her shorts. They were tight, constrictive, but after a bit of wiggling, his hand landed on her bum. First over her knickers, then under.

Merlin, she had a nice bum.

He didn't linger there for long. After getting in a few nice squeezes, he pulled his hand out and slipped up and under her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra. His palm was filled with her soft, bare

breast. Her shirt rode up on his arm, revealing her pale stomach. On impulse, Harry made his most daring move of the night.

“Hey, Ron,” he called softly.

Ron looked up. Harry hooked the hem of Hermione’s shirt with his thumb and lifted it up, flashing her bare tit to the entire room.

Ron smiled.

“Nice,” he said.

And then he went back to his magazine. Hermione was still exposed, her pale, pink nipple hardening in the cool night air while Harry glanced around. No one was bothered in the slightest. Even Hermione continued to read her novel without a word. Letting her shirt drop back down, he cupped her breast and grinned.

Soon, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley left upstairs to go to bed, and the rest of them went upstairs not long after. Harry stopped off in the bathroom to brush his teeth quickly, listening to Ron thunder his way up the stairs. He was still in Fred and George’s old room on the second floor, just across the hall from the room Ginny and Hermione shared.

He wasn’t sure why they still shared a room when Percy’s old room sat empty, but he never cared enough to question it. Women were confusing, and the answer would probably only confuse him more.

As he passed by their room, he noticed the door was slightly ajar. He heard laughter and paused to see if he could hear what they were saying when the door suddenly opened. Ginny stopped in her tracks and grabbed the doorframe to stop herself from running into him.

“Oh, hey,” she smiled. “Did you need something, Harry?”

“Well, I wouldn’t say no to a blowjob,” he replied before he could stop himself.

He froze, wondering if this was the moment that he finally pushed things too far and broke the spell. But Ginny’s response was a flirtatious smile and a shrug.

“Sure,” she said.

Harry blinked, nonplussed, as she retreated back into the bedroom. Stopping at the dresser, she grabbed a hair tie and pulled her hair back into a ponytail.

“You coming in?” she asked with a smirk.

Harry staggered into the room, wondering how the spell had made this happen. Was his request so normal that she’d agree to anything he asked? He’d only made it a couple of steps when Ginny grabbed him and pushed him onto the bed right next to Hermione. She smiled and turned to pull out her novel while Ginny dropped to her knees on the hardwood floor and reached for his waistband.

Even though they’d dated for months, they’d never gone beyond snogging and a bit of light petting. But now, she didn’t hesitate to pull out his erection and wrap her tiny hand around it. Harry hissed pleurably and bucked his hips. Smiling up at him, Ginny leaned forward and wrapped her lips around his tip. Her hot, wet tongue swirled around him, drawing a strained groan from his lips.

Self-consciously, he glanced over at Hermione, but she was already back to reading her book like nothing was out of the ordinary. Looking at her, he couldn’t help but wonder if she would do what he asked as well.

“Hey, Hermione,” Harry said. “Mind taking your top off?”

"I'm reading," she said dismissively.

Well, that answered that question. Honestly, it was a bit of a relief that she could still refuse. He was going to let it lie, but Ginny pulled off of his cock and gave her an amused look.

"You need a shirt to read?" she asked.

Hermione looked at her and huffed. Setting her book down, she stripped off her shirt, leaving her completely topless. Harry throbbed in Ginny's hand as he gazed at her chest.

"Happy?" Hermione asked.

Without waiting for a response, she picked her book back up and continued reading. Harry shared an amused glance with Ginny before she dipped back down and took him back into her mouth. She bobbed up and down slowly, slathering his length with her tongue.

Harry had been hard all afternoon, and he knew it wouldn't take long for her to bring him to the edge. Resting his hand on the back of her head, he applied a light pressure, hoping Ginny would take him deeper. She did, pushing herself down until he hit the back of her throat and caused her to gag. Ginny pulled back abruptly, cleared her throat, and then dove back down.

Harry groaned and throbbed in her mouth. He closed his eyes, desperately trying to hold out as long as he could, but there was no stopping it. With a grunt, he erupted. Ginny choked lightly, but quickly sealed her lips around his shaft and sucked. Harry's toes curled, and his eyes nearly crossed as she sucked him dry like a straw. The feeling was almost too much, and his body shuddered uncontrollably. When his climax finally started to taper off, he had to push her head away before his brain exploded.

Ginny sat on her heels with a smirk and wiped the corner of her mouth.

"Good?" she asked.

“Brilliant,” Harry panted.

Grinning, she turned to Hermione.

“Told you I could give a good blowjob,” she bragged.

Harry blinked, his mind working slowly to process the words.

“I never said you couldn’t,” Hermione said. “I just said that reading a few tips and tricks isn’t a bad idea.”

Hermione and Ginny talked about blowjobs, he marveled.

“Did you need anything else, Harry?” Ginny asked. “It’s getting late, and I want to get some Quidditch practice tomorrow before it gets too hot.”

“Er, no,” Harry said, tucking himself away, still wet with her saliva. “Thanks, Ginny.”

“Any time,” she winked.

Harry scurried down the hall to his room and closed the door with a sigh. The last few hours had felt like a dream, one that continued in his subconscious as he crawled into bed and closed his eyes.

The next morning, he woke with a bit of a panic attack. He kept wondering what would happen when the spell wore off. Would they suddenly realize that the things he’d done weren’t normal at all? It took him several minutes to work up the courage to leave his room, but he needn’t have worried. At least, not yet, it seemed.

Everyone treated him normally at breakfast. He didn't know if the spell was still working or not. He felt too nervous to test it again. Once Mr. Weasley was off to work, Ron and Ginny went outside to play Quidditch, and Hermione left to read her book, Harry made a quick excuse to Mrs. Weasley and slipped out the back door. He jogged down the road to Luna's house and knocked rapidly on the door.

Luna opened it a moment later, wearing a smile and nothing else, but Harry hardly noticed.

"Can we talk?" he asked, slightly out of breath.

"Of course, Harry," she said, opening the door wide.

She pranced into the living room, her cute little bum jiggling, and plopped down on the couch.

"Your spell worked," Harry said, taking the armchair across from her and leaning forward, elbows propped on his knees.

"I know," Luna smiled. "It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"Er, yeah," he said dubiously. "But how long will it last. What are people going to think when it wears off?"

"Oh, it's not going to wear off, silly," Luna giggled. "It wouldn't be very useful if it did, would it?"

"So... I have to live the rest of my life like this?" Harry asked, the bottom of his stomach dropping out.

"You don't *have* to," she told him. "I can make a counter spell if you really want."

Harry felt a surge of relief, but a pit of worry still remained.

“Will people still think the things I did yesterday were normal if you do?” he asked hesitantly.

“Do you want them to?” Luna asked curiously. “I can do that, if you’d like.”

Harry sighed in relief, smiled, and sagged back in his seat.

“That would be great, Luna. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Harry,” she smiled. “I’ll get to work on it as soon as I get back.”

Harry stilled.

“Get back?”

“Of course. I told you I was going to hunt for Mumble Hummers. They only migrate once a decade. I can’t miss it.”

“How long are you going to be gone?” Harry asked a bit more aggressively than he intended to.

“A couple of weeks,” she told him.

“A couple of...” he trailed off and took a deep, calming breath. “Well, what am I supposed to do until then?”

“Just enjoy being yourself,” Luna shrugged. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to go pack.”

Harry stammered stupidly as she left and slumped down in his chair. He desperately wanted to tell her that he needed the counterspell now. He didn't think he could resist the temptation for two whole weeks, but he just couldn't bring himself to admit to his own weakness.

Sighing, he dropped his head into his hands.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, he thought. Luna had said that everyone would still think his behavior was normal even after she removed the spell. He could have a little fun and still keep himself in check, right?

Chapter 2

Harry slowly walked down the path toward The Burrow. Absently, he watched Ron and Ginny darting through the apple orchard, lost in thought. He'd taken things much further than he'd ever intended to yesterday. A part of him was still stunned that he'd dared to do the things he did. But another part, the part that had been suppressed by the Horcrux, wanted more. It was like a little devil sitting on his shoulder, whispering dangerous encouragements.

But if he'd already gone too far, didn't that mean there was really no good point in going back?

The little devil made a compelling argument, and for a moment, Harry forgot that it was that voice that had pushed him to go too far in the first place.

Stepping off the trail, Harry waded through waist-high grass and hopped the fence into the Weasleys' apple orchard. Ron and Ginny were still zipping around on their brooms, while Hermione sat under the shade of a tree with a book in her lap.

"Are you going to read all summer?" he asked teasingly as he plopped down next to her.

"I like to read," she replied blithely.

“Really? I hadn’t noticed.”

She smacked his chest lightly with her free hand. Laughingly, Harry slung an arm around her shoulders. His eyes gazed over her pretty face, and before he could stop himself, his hand slid around to cup her breast. He just couldn’t help himself. Every attractive thought he’d ever had about Hermione, and there were too many to count, came to the surface when he was around her. The same was true for every witch he’d fancied, but Hermione was by far the worst. And now, with free rein to do as he pleased thanks to Luna’s spell, the temptation was just too much.

“Is this alright?” he asked softly.

“Mh hmm,” Hermione murmured.

She turned slightly to lean her back against him and settled in comfortably with her book in her lap and his hand on her breast.

“It feels nice.”

Harry smiled and gave her chest a light squeeze.

“I’m surprised you’re not on your broom,” she said a moment later, flipping a page. “You love flying.”

“I do,” he nodded. “But I like spending time with you, too.”

Hermione looked back and smiled at him prettily before returning to her book. They sat comfortably like that for a couple of minutes, until Harry’s hand inevitably wandered down to the hem of her tight, white T-shirt and then back up underneath. As soon as his fingers grazed the bottom of her bra, he pushed it up over her breast and cupped her full, perky mound.

Hermione moaned softly when his thumb swiped over her firm nipple. Suddenly, she frowned and rolled her shoulders. Harry was about to ask her what was wrong when she sat up abruptly and pulled his hand out from under her shirt.

"That's really uncomfortable," she said, fixing her bra back into place.

"Sorry," Harry murmured disappointedly.

His eyebrows rose when she reached behind her back and unclasped the back of her bra. Then, she tucked her arms inside the armholes one at a time. In a feat he didn't think was possible, she reached under her shirt and pulled out her bra.

"That's better," she sighed, setting it on the grass.

Leaning back against him, she wiggled to get comfortable and resumed reading. Harry tried to work out in his head how she'd managed to get the bra off without removing her shirt, but gave up with a shake of his head and gratefully slipped his hand back under her shirt to caress her bare breast. When she let out a soft, pleasurable sigh, he smiled and kissed the top of her head.

That sat like that for a while; Hermione reading her book and Harry watching Ron and Ginny fly, until the two redheads finally spotted him on the ground.

"Hey, Harry!" Ginny called, smiling prettily. "You gonna play?"

"Be right there!" he yelled back.

Kissing the top of Hermione's head and giving her breast a farewell squeeze, he stood up, summoned his broom from the shed, and took to the air. They had fun zipping between the trees and occasionally tossing apples between them like they were Quaffles. They even

managed to coax a reluctant Hermione into the air briefly before a close fly-by by Ron made her return to the ground.

It was nearing noon by the time they called it quits and made their way back to The Burrow for lunch. They laughed and joked during the short walk, and no one besides Harry found it unusual or amusing that Hermione was using her bra as a bookmark. Although he did catch Ron glancing at the pebbled peaks pressed against the thin cotton shirt.

As they passed the pond, they were startled by a loud pair of pops directly to their left. All four drew their wands and turned, ready to curse, only to stare incredulously at the twins levitating a smoking, bubbling cauldron between them.

“What are you two doing?” Ginny asked.

“No time!” George said. “Quick, into the pond!”

The twins whipped their wands in unison and sent the cauldron flying. Unfortunately, it didn’t go far enough. It landed on the very edge of the pond and sent up a spray of mud and muck. Harry and Hermione were splattered in earthy, acrid-smelling gunk, but Hermione got the worst of it.

“Urgh!” she yelled, wiping her face with a disgusted look.

“Sorry, there, Hermione,” Fred said.

“Had a bit of an emergency,” George added, smiling. “The latest batch of wheezes is giving us a bit of trouble.”

“Had to get it out of the shop before it, you know, exploded,” Fred finished.

Hermione glared and raised her wand threateningly. But whether she planned to curse them or scold them, they never found out. They all turned their attention to the cauldron when it burbled loudly. The sound rapidly grew into a low rumble, like an approaching stampede.

"It's going to blow!" Fred shouted.

All of them threw up shields. The cauldron shook, and a large, dark purple bubble rose above the lip. It kept growing until it looked ready to burst, and then a small hole opened at the very top, and the bubble collapsed with the sound of a deflating balloon. Everything fell silent. Out of an abundance of caution, it took several seconds before any of them lowered their wands.

"Well, false alarm," George said, tucking away his wand.

"All's well that ends well, as they say," Fred grinned.

"You got it in my hair."

The words came slowly, with dangerous purpose. As one, the twins shared a worried look and cautiously turned to Hermione with their most innocent smiles.

"Terribly sorry," George said.

"Won't happen again," Fred added quickly.

Hermione didn't look to be in a forgiving mood.

"Er, we'd better..."

"Yes, we should,"

“Bye,” they said in unison.

The twins vanished before Hermione could unleash her rage.

“Ugh! Those two!” she ranted.

“Let’s get you back to the house and get you cleaned up,” Ginny said with a commiserating look.

Together, they finished the walk to The Burrow and stepped through the back door. Mrs. Weasley was at the stove and greeted them with a smile that quickly turned into a frown when she saw the state Harry and Hermione were in.

“My goodness! What happened to you two?”

“The twins,” Hermione replied simply.

“Or, those rascals,” Mrs. Weasley sighed. “It’s always something! I’ll have a word with them later. You two go upstairs and get washed up. Lunch will be done in a moment.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry smiled.

He followed Hermione out of the kitchen and up the stairs, where they parted to go to their separate rooms. With a wave of his wand, he vanished the mess and grabbed a fresh set of clothes, but as he went to change his shirt, he noticed the smell was still there.

Either he needed to work on his cleaning charms, or this wasn’t the first time Fred and George had needed to throw a cauldron into the pond.

Sighing, he grabbed his clothes and made his way down to the bathroom, but the door was already closed, and he could hear the shower running. Hermione was in there. Naked. And if he were to walk inside, she would think it was all perfectly normal, wouldn't she?

Harry cursed his perverted mind even as his hand turned the handle. Hermione didn't react as he stepped inside and closed the door softly behind him. He could just make out her outline behind the yellow shower curtain, hands running through her hair. Hesitating slightly, Harry set his clothes next to hers on the edge of the sink before working up his courage and clearing his throat.

The curtain whipped open just enough for Hermione to poke her head out. His heart raced, but she just looked at him and sighed in relief.

"Oh, it's just you," she said. "You startled me."

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Er, mind if I join you?" he asked hopefully.

"Of course not," she said, as if it was odd for him to even be asking.

She disappeared back behind the curtain, and Harry let out a slow, nervous breath. Hermione might have thought this was all perfectly normal, but this was still going to be his first time being naked in front of a girl. Shaking slightly from a combination of nervousness and excitement, Harry stripped out of his dirty clothes and kicked them into a pile under the towel rack. With one last fortifying breath, he pushed the back of the curtain aside and stepped in behind Hermione.

And then he stopped and stared at her bum. He'd always thought it was nice tucked into her tight Muggle jeans, but seeing it glistening under the spray of water brought him a whole new appreciation. It was full, firm, muscular, and connected to a pair of legs that he realized he'd entirely underrated. He spent a long moment gazing at her naked back, taking in her beautiful figure.

That Horcrux must have really messed with his head if he was only just realizing now how gorgeous Hermione was, he thought.

His thoughts were broken when she turned and gave him an apologetic look over her shoulder.

"Sorry, this takes a while," she said, holding up a handful of her brown hair.

"No problem," Harry smiled.

"This can go a bit quicker if you want to do my back."

She passed a bar of soap over her shoulder, which Harry eagerly took. As he took a step closer and placed the bar of soap against her shoulder, his erection brushed her bum. Harry bit back a moan as he started running the bar of soap across her shoulder and down her back. His free hand trailed down her side, tracing the narrowing of her waist and then the slight flare of her hips.

Eventually, he reached her round, glorious bum. He dropped down to his knees for a closer view. The bar of soap grazed each cheek briefly before he placed it back on the shelf, forgotten in favor of running his bare hands over her pale, glistening ass. Harry squeezed, kneaded, and massaged until long after the soap had washed away. Each time he squeezed, he caught a brief glimpse of Hermione's most private areas, the taut lips between her thighs and the tight, crinkled hole between her cheeks.

"That should be enough," Hermione said.

Harry didn't know how long he'd been down there. Probably a while, judging by the ache in his knees. Giving her bum one last farewell caress, he stood up just as she turned to face him. Her eyes were closed as she tilted her head back under the spray to wash away the shampoo, which inadvertently thrust out her chest. Her breasts jiggled attractively as she ran her fingers through her hair.

Harry drank in the sight, trying to memorize it, while his excitement throbbed. For a moment, he was torn between touching her and touching himself. That moment turned out to be a bit too long as Hermione finished rinsing her hair and took a step forward. Either she'd forgotten he was there, or she'd misjudged how far away he was, because she bumped into him, her breasts flattening against his chest and his rigid shaft slipping between her wet thighs.

"Oh!" she gasped.

Her eyes flew open wide, and her hands gripped his shoulders tightly. Harry's own hands grasped her hips as a surge of pleasure raced up his throbbing length. He could feel her lips slide along his length, parting slightly around his shaft as if they were trying to hug him.

They both froze, their bodies flush, faces just inches apart. Hermione's warm, slightly minty breath washed over him. She bit her lip as her arms wound around his neck. Harry leaned down, and Hermione's lips met his halfway. Their kiss was slow; exploratory. Less out of any sense of hesitation and more so because they both lacked experience. Their noses bumped. Their teeth clashed. But soon, they fell into a natural rhythm.

Quickly, their kiss turned passionate. Hermione's fingers tightened in his hair, tugging him towards her aggressively. Her clear desire for more quieted the last vestiges of Harry's conscience. He rocked his hips, and Hermione gasped as his shaft moved between her folds. They both stumbled back under the spray of hot water and only stopped when her back collided with the wall.

Harry's hands dropped to her bum, both to feel it in his hands, and to grind her more firmly against his straining erection. Hermione moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips, a shudder running through her entire frame each time she settled her full weight back on his length.

Harry was so desperate for more contact that the next time he squeezed her bum, she lifted her off her feet. She surprised him by lifting her legs and wrapping them around his waist, but the change in angle was immediately noticeable. Rather than sliding between her lips, now he mashed the length of his shaft against them. They both moaned from the sensation and began moving in a chaotic, uncoordinated rhythm. Through the messy bump and grind, His head pressed against her folds for just a moment before it slipped free.

Hermione stopped abruptly and breathlessly broke their kiss. Harry was worried she was going to tell him to stop, but as they gazed at each other, she reached between them and wrapped her small fingers around his length. Biting her lip, she slipped his head back between her lips and rested it at her entrance.

Harry didn't hesitate. She clearly wanted this as much as he did, and he couldn't resist the temptation of the moist heat he felt around his sensitive, swollen tips. He surged forward, sinking half his length into her sweltering depths. The feeling was amazing, almost indescribable, and immediately followed by a sharp pain in his shoulder from Hermione's nails and teeth. He froze, realizing what he'd done.

"Bugger, sorry," he muttered.

Hermione eased her sharp teeth from his skin, no doubt leaving indents behind.

"It's alright," she said, stained. "Just... give me a minute."

Harry nodded, and peppered her neck and shoulder, showering them with his apologies. Slowly, Hermione's tensed muscles relaxed, and she rolled her hips experimentally. Harry groaned and fought the urge to plunge deeper.

"You can move now," she whispered breathlessly.

More mindful of his movements, Harry rocked back and forth gently, perhaps moving a half an inch at a time. When Hermione's only response was a moan, he pushed a little deeper. She let out a breathy sigh and kissed his neck, so he sank deeper and deeper. In a mercifully short period of time, his hips bumped against hers, and he was buried to the hilt.

"Oh, God!" Hermione gasped.

She pulled him into another passionate kiss as Harry rocked back and forth in short, rapid thrusts. She felt so hot and tight around him that he barely moved his lips, his full focus on the incredible feeling surrounding his cock. Hermione moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips each time he bottomed out.

In an embarrassingly short amount of time, Harry felt himself racing towards his climax. He knew he should stop, or at least slow down, but his body just wouldn't listen. With a groan, he sank as deep as he could, hands squeezing her bum, and emptied himself in her depths. It was, without a doubt, the most amazing and powerful climax of his life. It consumed all his thoughts, all his worries.

But as the feeling began to fade, his embarrassment rose. He didn't know how long he'd lasted, but he knew it wasn't nearly long enough. Letting out another groan, he buried his red face in the crook of Hermione's neck as she combed her fingers through the hair on the back of his head.

"Sorry," he muttered.

"For what?" she asked curiously.

"You know," he mumbled embarrassedly. "Because it was so short."

"Well, it was your first time, wasn't it?"

Harry nodded against her neck.

"Then that's perfectly normal," Hermione told him. "Besides, it was my first time, too, and I find it really flattering I can make you feel that good."

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked with quiet hesitation.

"I loved it," she replied softly, caringly. "It hurt at first, of course, but then it felt really, really, good."

Cupping his cheeks, she pulled his face to hers and placed a soft, loving kiss on his lips.

"Please don't worry about it," she said imploringly. "I thought it was wonderful, and I'm sure it'll only get better with practice."

That idea picked up Harry's mood instantly.

"Practice sounds brilliant!"

Hermione rolled her eyes but couldn't keep the smile off her face. He set down carefully on her feet, and they finished showering. She moved gingerly as they dried off and got dressed, and walked downstairs with a slight limp. Ron and Ginny were sitting at the kitchen table, their lunch half-eaten.

"Have a seat, dears," Mrs. Weasley smiled, setting a plate with a sandwich and apple slices on the table.

Harry, feeling quite famished, sat down and dug in. Hermione, on the other hand, sat with a slight grimace that didn't go unnoticed.

"Are you alright, dear?" Mrs. Weasley asked.

"I'm fine," Hermione said. "Harry and I had sex in the shower, and I'm a little sore."

Harry choked on his sandwich. He glanced around wildly, waiting for the outrage that never came. Ron and Ginny continued to eat, and Mrs. Weasley nodded understandingly. Walking over to the cupboard, she pulled out a vial full of red liquid and a small, round tin.

"Here you are," Mrs. Weasley said. "A pain relief potion and some bruise balm should have you right as rain in no time. Do you need a contraceptive potion?"

"Yes, please," Hermione smiled.

Harry felt lightheaded and took a drink of his pumpkin juice with a shaky hand. He wanted kids, but not right now. He needed to be more careful and use the Contraceptive Charm on himself.

"I don't have one on hand, but I can whip one up before dinner," Mrs. Weasley assured her.

And then lunch continued on as if nothing had happened while Harry's panic slowly faded. The rest of the day passed quietly. His brief fear of getting Hermione pregnant quelled his more base urges for a while, but eventually, they returned. It didn't exactly help that Hermione and Ginny were much more open to displaying their affection, hugging and cuddling him whenever they felt like it.

It was his own fault. It seemed that once he did something, and Luna's spell made it 'normal', they had no qualms initiating it themselves. That was something he learned shortly after dinner.

They were all sitting in the living room, listening to the wireless. Hermione and Ginny had cuddled up on either side of Harry while he was getting trounced by Ron in their third game of chess. He wasn't normally good at chess to begin with, but with the added distraction of the girls' soft bodies pressed against him and his wandering hands, he was performing even worse than usual. Not that he cared much, but it bothered Ron, who sighed as he put Harry in checkmate in less than ten moves.

"You're bloody awful, mate," he said, resetting the board.

"Sorry," Harry shrugged.

Slinging his arm back over Ginny's shoulders, he trailed his hand down her side, over the curve of her hip, and rested it on her bum.

"You want to play a game, Dad?" Ron asked.

"Oh, go on, then," Arthur said, folding his newspaper and setting it aside.

Harry smiled and sat back, his free hand slipping under Hermione's shirt to cup her breast. She adjusted into a more comfortable position, though her eyes never left her book. As he settled back comfortably and relaxed, he glanced across the room at Mrs. Weasley, who sat in her chair, knitting.

And then Harry felt a hand on his thigh, fingers brushing his swelled length. He looked down and slowly followed the pale, freckled arm up to Ginny's face just as she flashed him an impish smile.

"Want another blowjob?" she asked.

Harry blinked, his mind racing. He hadn't made any sort of suggestion, and yet she was the one making the offer this time. Did that mean she actually wanted to?

"Er, if you want to," he said.

Part of him expected her to decide against it while another part dearly hoped she would sit up and lead him upstairs, but no part of him expected her to flash him a sultry smile and reach for the waistband of his flannel trousers.

Apparently, blowjobs were normal now. And if they were normal, there was no reason not to do it right here, in the middle of the living room, in front of her parents, her brother, and one of their closest friends.

Any thoughts Harry had about how Luna's spell worked vanished the moment she tugged his rapidly hardening erection into the open and wrapped her hand around him. Ginny stroked him slowly, almost lovingly, and shifted around until she was lying on her stomach, head hanging over his lap, and her feet kicked up in the air behind her. She lowered her head and kissed the tip. Harry hissed, his erection throbbing in her hand, making her giggle.

"I love how big and thick it is," she said, moving him this way and that to examine him from every angle. "Did it feel good, Hermione?"

"It felt wonderful once the pain went away," Hermione told her.

"I'm so jealous," Ginny said before tilting her head to the side to look up at him with a mischievous glint in her brown eyes. "But which one of us gives a better blow job?"

"Er..."

"I've never given him a blow job," Hermione answered for him. "I've never given one to anyone."

"You shagged him before you blew him?" Ginny asked, surprised. "Wow. I always thought you two must've done something over the years. You wanna give it a try now?"

Hermione sat up and looked down at her in contemplative silence, head tilted slightly to the side as her eyes roved over his throbbing length. Then, she shrugged.

"Well, I've always been curious," she admitted.

Harry's hand slipped away from her chest and out from under her shirt as she shifted around and mirrored Ginny's position on the other side of him. He could feel their body heat as they crowded around his towering erection.

“What do I do?” Hermione asked.

“Just put it in your mouth,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes. “It’s not difficult. Just suck on it a little bit and move your tongue around.”

Nodding, Hermione replaced Ginny’s hand with hers and then dipped down and wrapped her lips around the head.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned as he was enveloped in the moist heat of her mouth, her tongue swiping back and forth across the sensitive ridge of his helmet.

“See, told you,” Ginny smirked triumphantly. “Boys are so easy. Move your head up and down, see how much you can take.”

Hermione did as she suggested, and Harry groaned long and low as she bobbed on his length. It felt amazing, but the fact that they were in the middle of the living room with everyone around them, completely apathetic to what they were doing, added a whole other level of excitement. Harry bit the inside of his cheek and fought to make this last as long as possible, determined not to embarrass himself again.

Hermione slowly descended lower and lower until her lips reached just past the middle of his shaft and his head bumped the roof of her mouth. She held him there for several seconds, tongue lashing him experimentally, before she pulled off of him entirely, slightly breathless.

“My turn,” Ginny declared.

She took him from Hermione and devoured him. Harry grunted loudly, surprised by her enthusiasm. Ginny bobbed much more quickly than Hermione had, and seemed determined to take him deeper. She reached the halfway point where his head hit the back of her mouth the same way it had with Hermione. Ginny, however, plowed forward, eyes crinkled shut as she inched down until she swallowed nearly two-thirds of his length.

To be perfectly honest, it didn't feel that great. Harry much preferred the loving attention of their lips and tongues to simply trying to shove him as deep as possible, but the visual of Ginny choking herself on his cock, and the sounds, were incredibly erotic. Harry had to close his own eyes so he didn't burst too soon.

Suddenly, Ginny's throat opened, and she plunged down another half an inch before gagging loudly and pulling back just as abruptly. A small string of saliva leaked from her lips as she coughed and blinked her reddened, teary eyes.

"Merlin," she gasped roughly, passing him back to Hermione.

Hermione took him gingerly and wiped the excess spit down his shaft before she wrapped her lips around him again. She resumed her previous pace and style, drawing a groan from his lips. All too soon, she pulled back, and Harry looked down to see why.

Some of her hair had escaped from behind her ear and stuck to the side of his moistened shaft. She carefully plucked the hair away and tucked it back behind her ear, where it quickly escaped again.

"Hold her hair, Harry," Ginny said.

Harry gathered Hermione's hair into a ponytail and held it in his fist as she returned to bobbing languidly up and down his length. It was a surprisingly heady feeling, having her hair in his hand and knowing that he could completely control the way she moved, if he wanted to. His cock throbbed at the thought.

As the girls switched again, Harry grabbed a handful of Ginny's hair as well, even though it was already tied back in a ponytail. She didn't comment on it, so he figured she didn't mind. She also seemed to have given up on swallowing him whole and took a much more reasonable, but still enthusiastic pace. Her lips were sealed tightly around him as she bobbed quickly, all while lashing him with her tongue in random, chaotic patterns.

Harry groaned as the girls went back and forth, taking turns. At some point, he didn't know exactly when, but he'd started influencing the timing of each switch with a light tug. Ginny's quick, eager sucking kept bringing him to the brink. With a guiding tug, he'd pull her off of him and give himself a moment to calm before guiding Hermione into place. Her slow, passionate movements felt great, but weren't quite enough to bring him over the edge. And then, when he was sure he could handle it, he'd switch back to Ginny.

Eventually, though, he couldn't hold back anymore. His orgasm was coming whether he wanted it to or not. Still, he'd lasted much longer this time, and while he hadn't looked at a clock, the girls had taken at least several turns each.

"I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

Ginny pulled off of him, leaving his shining, throbbing length twitching desperately.

"You wanna finish him?" she offered Hermione.

"Is it bad?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Try it," Ginny urged.

Hermione took him in hand and returned to her usual slow, practiced pace.

"Faster," Harry panted.

She sped up the perfect amount. His hand unconsciously tightened in her hair as his climax rose. He panted, feeling it grow closer. His hips bucked involuntarily, but thankfully not enough to choke Hermione. With a loud, triumphant growl, he erupted in her mouth. Hermione grunted in surprise, but kept her lips sealed tight as he pumped himself empty, unable to keep his hips still.

When his climax came to an end, his body sagged, satisfied and relaxed. Hermione pulled back slowly, keeping her lips carefully sealed until she finally sat up. There was a curious expression on her face as she closed her eyes and swallowed audibly. Harry spent length pulsed excitedly before flagging exhaustedly.

"It's salty," she noted.

"It doesn't taste great," Ginny shrugged, and then smirked. "But it's really hot, isn't it?"

Hermione's cheeks flushed, and she let out an uncharacteristic giggle as she nodded.

"That was fun," she said.

She and Ginny laughed and fell into a quiet discussion about oral techniques they'd heard or read about. Meanwhile, Harry sat in a haze of contentment as he tucked himself away and pulled the girls back to his sides. He tuned out their conversation until something caught his attention.

"I don't think I'd do that," Hermione said. "Could you imagine how long it would take to get it out of my hair?"

"I wouldn't mind," Ginny shrugged. "Honestly, letting a guy cum on my face sounds kind of hot."

Chapter 3

Harry woke up early on Sunday morning. He stumbled out of bed and into the hall, where he spotted Ginny leaning back against the wall next to the closed bathroom door.

"Sorry," she smiled. "You'll have to get in line."

“Your parents really need to add another bathroom,” he muttered.

‘I’ve been saying that for years,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes. “At least it’s not as bad now. It was worse when everyone was still living here. Remember the first summer you stayed here?”

Harry grunted in acknowledgment. Practically every time he had to use the loo, there was already a line of people waiting.

Running a hand through his hair, he looked over at Ginny. She looked incredibly cute in her snitch-patterned shorts and oversized Weird Sisters T-shirt. On a whim, he turned and stepped in front of her, trapping her between his body and the wall. Ginny looked up at him and smirked. Her hands fisted his shirt as he leaned down and their lips met.

Harry’s hands dropped to her bum, squeezing and kneading her firm, muscular cheeks, and he swallowed the low, sensual moan she let out. Her small, perky breasts flattened against his chest, and he could feel her hard nipples dragging along his pecs.

They were still like that when the bathroom door opened a few moments later. Harry reluctantly broke the kiss and stepped back as Hermione stepped out into the hall and eyed them with a knowing smile.

“All yours,” she said.

Ginny slipped into the bathroom, swaying her hips intentionally, and paused to check over her shoulder to see if Harry was looking. He was. With an impish smirk, she closed the door.

Hermione had just started past him to go downstairs, but Harry had a better idea. He wrapped an arm around her waist, spun her around, and pinned her in the same place he’d just had Ginny a moment ago. Before she could speak, his lips descended on hers, and whatever she was about to say turned into a soft moan.

Her hands fisted his hair as his hands grasped her bum. It felt like Ginny's, but thicker and slightly wider. Her breasts felt slightly larger and softer, too, as they pressed against his chest, but her nipples weren't quite as pronounced.

Harry pressed her flush against the wall, his rising erection grinding against her firm thigh. They groaned in unison as they shared a slow, deep kiss. Neither of them reacted when the bathroom door opened, too absorbed in each other to notice.

"Bathrooms free," Ginny announced as she walked past them and made her way downstairs.

Harry broke their kiss, but stayed where he was for a moment, resting his forehead against Hermione's as he gazed at her beautifully flushed face. A silly smile slowly formed on both their faces before he finally stepped away and headed for the bathroom.

"Oi!" Ron called, rushing down the stairs.

"You snooze, you lose, Ron," Harry grinned as he closed the door.

A few minutes later, he made his way downstairs and into the kitchen. Mrs. Weasley stood at the stove, cooking up her usual breakfast while Hermione and Ginny chatted between bites and Mr. Weasley flipped through the pages of the Daily Prophet.

"Good morning, dear," Mrs. Weasley smiled.

"Morning," Harry replied.

Seeing that Mr. Weasley was still hidden behind his newspaper, Harry sidled up to Mrs. Weasley, kissed her on the cheek, and lifted his hand to caress one of her breasts. He just couldn't bring himself to do anything with her while Mr. Weasley was watching, spell or not. Unfortunately, between her dress and the apron over top, he really didn't get to enjoy the feel as much as he would have liked.

He sat down and filled his plate to the sound of thundering footsteps, a moment before Ron appeared at the bottom of the stairs and ambled into the kitchen.

“So, what do you kids have planned for today?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

With a mouthful of scrambled eggs, Harry shrugged. He hadn’t planned anything.

“Flying,” Ron said, to which Ginny nodded in agreement.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“I’ve got some research to do,” she said. “I want to make a proposal to Kingsley about my new Muggleborn Protection Act before the end of the week. Would you mind looking it over, Mr. Weasley?”

“Of course,” Mr. Weasley said, smiling and flipping down the corner of his paper to smile at her before flipping it back up and giving the paper a shake.

“Well, since you three,” Mr. Weasley said, looking pointedly at Harry, Ron, and Ginny, “are going to be out by the orchard, I need some more apples for tonight.”

“But it’s our day off,” Ron whined.

“Ronald, you work four days a week,” Mrs. Weasley said, hands on hips. “You pick some apples for your mother.”

Ron grumbled under his breath, but all conversation came to an end when they heard the front door open.

“Hello, hello,” Bill called as he stepped into the kitchen with a smile.

“Bill!” Mrs. Weasley exclaimed.

She rushed over to give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek just as Fleur walked in behind him.

“Well, this is a surprise,” Mr. Weasley said, setting down his paper and rising to his feet to greet them.

“Yeah, sorry I didn’t owl you,” Bill said, snatching a sausage from the table. “I just got word last night they need me back in Egypt for a couple of weeks.”

“Again?” Mrs. Weasley asked with a sigh. “You just got back.”

Bill shrugged and took a bite of his sausage. Fleur sat down next to him at the table and flipped her hair over her shoulder. She wore a V-neck blouse that showed a modest amount of cleavage, but that didn’t stop Ron from blatantly eyeing her until Ginny drove her elbow into his ribs.

While Bill explained the new tomb he’d be exploring, Harry was lost in his own thoughts as he gazed at Fleur. He still felt a little embarrassed about his performance with Hermione in the shower, and if there was one person that could give him advice, it was her. She was French, A Veela, and married.

Normally, he’d be even more embarrassed to talk about sex than the act itself, but thanks to Luna’s spell, it would be perfectly normal, wouldn’t it? And it would also be perfectly normal for him to ask her to keep it to herself.

Even repeating those reassurances to himself, it took Harry a while to actually work up the courage to approach her. Rona and Ginny had convinced Bill to go flying with them, and

Hermione was at the kitchen table with her law books, leaving Fleur stuck with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley for conversation.

If anything, Harry figured Fleur would appreciate an excuse to get away from Mrs. Weasley. The two women got along a lot better since Bill got attacked by Greyback, but they still very different people, like trying to mix oil and water.

“Hey, Fleur?” he asked, wiping his sweaty palms nervously on his jeans. “Can I talk to you for a minute? I could use your advice.”

“Of course,” she said, turning to give him her full attention.

“Er, in private,” he suggested.

Fleur arched an eyebrow curiously, but nodded and stood without a word. Harry led her into the living room and hesitated for a moment before deciding to continue upstairs. Normal or not, he didn’t want his insecurities broadcast to the entire house if someone walked in. Fleur followed him up to his bedroom on the second floor. She waited patiently as he closed the door, and then waited some more while he tried to figure out where to start.

“You needed help?” she asked after a long, awkward silence.

“Your accent’s getting better,” he noted with a small, nervous smile.

“Zank you.”

Harry blinked, unsure if she was teasing him or not.

“Er, right... Well...”

He let out a sigh and ran a hand through his hair. Taking a breath, he steeled his nerves.

"I need some advice about... sex," he said, muttering the last word quietly.

"Oh?" Fleur asked with a small smirk tugging at her lips.

"Well, I, er... This stays between us, right?"

"Of course," she assured him, taking a seat on the bed. "Now, what's the problem?"

Harry sat down next to her with a heavy sigh and stared down at his hands, picking at a callus on his palm.

"I didn't, uh, last very long," he admitted painfully.

"Was it your first time?" she asked curiously.

Harry nodded.

"That's normal," she said, patting his leg. "The first boy I slept with only lasted a few seconds. He was very embarrassed."

"I did a bit better than that," Harry smiled, feeling a little relieved. "I think I lasted a couple of minutes, at least."

"Did she enjoy it?" Fleur asked.

"She said she did," he told her.

“Does she want to do it again?”

Harry nodded.

“Then she enjoyed it,” Fleur said with a smile. “You just need more experience and maybe a little advice,” she added teasingly.

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing to help with that?” he asked hopefully.

She stared at him for a long moment, and slowly, her smile turned into a smirk.

“There’s a lot of advice I can give you, but the most important thing is to pay attention,” she said. “Listen to what she says, and pay attention to how she reacts. Women have moods. Sometimes we want to make love, and sometimes we want a good hard fuck.”

Harry looked up at her sharply, surprised by the phrasing. Seeing her teasing smile and the amused twinkle in her eyes, he blushed and quickly looked away.

“R-right,” he stammered.

“Don’t worry, you will learn,” Fleur smiled.

Suddenly, she pushed his chest hard and sent him tumbling back onto the mattress in surprise. Before he could react, she was on top of him, straddling his lap with an almost predatory grin.

Harry’s thoughts went back to their conversation, and he realized what he’d done. She said he needed advice *and* experience, and he had asked for her help. Of course, he’d only meant advice, but apparently Fleur had taken his words to mean both.

This wasn't what he'd intended. Doing things with Hermione and Ginny was different. Both of them were single. Fleur was married. Sure, he'd groped Mrs. Weasley a bit, but he hadn't gone farther than that, and really didn't intend to.

But before Harry could even think of what to say or do, Fleur grabbed the hem of her blouse and pulled it over her head. Her large, pale breasts were encased in a white bra, pushing them up and causing her smooth mounds to bulge above the cups. She looked like a goddess of sex sitting above him, the morning light from the window casting a halo of light around her perfect figure.

Any objections Harry might have had quickly died as his arousal solidified.

Sorry, Bill.

"Your first lesson is the bra," Fleur smiled, wiggling against his erection. "Take it off."

As Harry sat up, he could feel the warmth of her body radiating against his skin. From so close, she looked so painfully beautiful that he had to force himself to look away out of a sense of nervousness and embarrassment. His eyes immediately moved to her breasts, where they remained for a long moment before he forced them up and he ended up staring at the curve of her collarbone.

"Er, if you're sure," he murmured.

Instead of answering with words, Fleur grabbed his hands and guided them to her back. His palms glided over her silken skin, only interrupted by the comparatively rough cotton of her bra strap. His hands shook slightly as he nervously felt around for the latch. When he finally found it at the middle of her back, he paused, completely ignorant of how it worked.

"Hold the bottom with your thumb, and use your fingers to pull the top strap in and up," she instructed softly.

Harry shivered as her breath caressed his cheek. His fingers fumbled in his first few attempts, but eventually, he figured it out, and the clasp opened. The bra loosened, revealing a bit more of Fleur's immaculate breasts. Eyes dropping to her chest, he waited with bated breath to see more, but she reached behind her back and re-did the clasp.

His disappointment was immeasurable.

"Again," she said.

Harry didn't hesitate to slide his hands around her back. He fumbled the clasp again on his first attempt, more out of excitement than anything, before it popped open on the second try.

"Better," Fleur said approvingly as she re-did the clasp a second time. "Again."

The clasp popped open on the very first try.

"Good."

And then she pulled the bra away from her chest and tossed it aside. Harry stared in awe at her bare breasts. They were, in a word, perfect. Large, firm, perky; all of the best adjectives he could think of. They were shaped like teardrops and capped with wide, pale pink areolas and pert little nipples.

"Touch them," Fleur whispered.

Feeling like he'd been hypnotized, Harry's hands rose to gently cup her breasts. They felt as heavenly as they looked. His touch ghosted over his skin, almost like he was afraid to break such perfection.

“More,” she breathed, thrusting her chest forward.

Harry squeezed lightly, his fingers sinking softly into the firm mounds. With rapidly growing confidence, he started to knead and massage. Above him, Fleur let out a soft moan. Her fingers rested around his shoulders, fingers combing through his hair, before she suddenly pulled him forward, burying his face between her breasts. Trapped in her heavenly embrace, he didn’t need instructions to start kissing every inch he could reach.

“Yes,” she hissed.

Her grip tightened, and her arms forced her breasts together and even more firmly against his face.

“Bite ze nipple,” she demanded, her accent deepening as she guided his mouth forcefully into place.

Harry’s teeth grazed the stiff little nub, and when he tugged the back of his head, he bit a little more sharply. A deep, pleasure groan left her lips. It was the most sensual and erotic sound he’d ever heard. He moved over to the other nipple just to hear it again.

There was a whisper of cloth, the feeling of silk sliding across his skin. Harry blinked. He was naked, and so was Fleur. He didn’t need to look to know. His erection, which had been painfully pressed against the front of his trousers, was now pressed against the hot, damp folds between her legs.

Fleur rolled her hips, and they both groaned, Harry’s muffled by her supple breasts. Her hands slid to his shoulders, and suddenly he was flat on his back again, staring up at her. There was a hungry, wanton look in her eyes that both excited and frightened him.

“Try to hold on as long as you can,” she said.

Lifting herself up, she allowed his erection to spring forward against his stomach and took him in hand.

“Very impressive,” she murmured, stroking him lightly.

Harry throbbed from the compliment.

She lifted herself up once more, aligned his swollen, throbbing head with her glistening lips, and then dropped down in a single slow, smooth motion. Tight, wet heat enveloped his cock, caressing every bit of him with her silky depths.

“Holy shit,” he grunted.

Smiling down at him, Fleur braced her hands on his chest and rolled her hips. Harry groaned, his hands reaching around to grab her bum, more holding on than helping. She rode him with gradually increasing fervor, panting lightly, her breasts jiggling in time with her hips.

Taking her advice, and remembering what she had liked earlier, he cupped her breasts and gave her nipples a good, firm squeeze. Fleur threw her head back, moaned, and then she started bouncing.

“Yes,” she hissed with a seductive stare. “More your hips. Fuck me.”

Harry bent his knees, planted his feet on the mattress, and thrust. It took a few moments to get in sync with her rhythm, but when he did, the result was amazing. His thighs clapped against her thick ass while his cock surged in and out of her welcoming depths. He treated her breasts like hands to fuck her harder, gripping them firmly and carefully but harshly pinching her nipples.

Unfortunately, while it felt great, it did nothing to help his stamina.

“Fleur,” he panted. “I’m not going to last much longer.”

Excitement flashed across her eyes, a smirk danced at the edges of her lips, and she rode him even harder. Harry was done. He couldn’t possibly hold out any longer. Abandoning any attempt to hold back his climax, he slammed up into her furiously, chasing his peak. Above him, Fleur let out a continuous string of moans while her nails dug sharply into his skin.

With an animalistic grunt, he erupted inside of her. His hips jerked up, and he ground into her, following his natural desire to get as deep as possible.

“Oui!” Fleur screamed.

Harry raised his hips as she lifted herself up and groaned when she furiously slammed herself back down. She crashed against his chest and writhed on top of him. A swell of pride filled his chest, along with the euphoria, when he realized he’d made her cum. He continued throbbing inside of her as she shivered and panted against his neck. Gradually, they stilled, hot, sweaty, and breathless.

“Good,” she said, kissing his neck. “Very good.”

Harry’s proud smile slowly faded when she sat up and looked down at him with a smirk. The fire in her eyes hadn’t dulled a bit.

“Now, let’s see how you do under the Allure.”

Fleur’s magic slammed into him like a raging Hippogriff. Unbridled lust burned through his veins, causing his fading erection to surge back to life, harder than ever. Her arms and legs wrapped around him, and the next thing Harry knew, he was lying on top of her, still buried to the hilt.

“Don’t lose yourself,” she warned, stroking his cheek. “Stay in control. Make love to me.”

Harry groaned as he rolled his hips, fighting every instinct in his body to simply rail away as hard and as fast as he could. Fleur pulled his face to hers and kissed him slowly, passionately. It actually helped quell his baser urges. He used the kiss to time the movements of his hips. She moaned, raking lines of fire up his spine with her nails.

Slowly, Harry got used to the feeling of her Allure, and while it kept his body flooded with lustful desire, his mind gradually cleared. He did his best to worship her the way she wanted. He listened to every moan, every breath, and felt every twitch and shudder to learn what she liked.

He lasted much longer this time. So long that he lost track of time entirely as he rolled his hips slowly, each gentle thrust drawing a moan that he swallowed greedily. Their climaxes began a slow, steady climb in unison. The slow creep seemed to take them to great heights. Fleur wound herself around him, her muscles coiling tighter and tighter, like a spring waiting to be released.

She reached her peak before he did, and her walls tightened and fluttered around him, finally sending him over the edge. It was without a doubt the most powerful climax of his life. He didn't even mind Fleur screaming in his ear as he emptied himself inside of her.

"So good," she panted. "You're learning quickly."

Harry smiled tiredly, but her Allure still surrounded him, keeping him rock hard. Fleur noticed and smirked, wiggling her hips around his rigid length. He groaned pitifully as she flexed around his sensitive cock.

"Impressive," Fleur murmured. "Bill is usually soft by now. Sit up."

Harry did as she asked and wiped the sweat from his brow. Flashing him a sultry smile, Fleur rolled over and climbed onto her hands and knees. Her round ass jutted towards him, and between her thighs, he spotted her swollen, reddened lips, leaking with the evidence of their affair. His cock throbbed as she flipped her hair over her shoulder and looked back at him.

"I want it 'ard," she said, wiggling her bum enticingly.

Harry waddled up behind her and speared back into her dripping core. Grabbing her wide hips, he pulled back and slammed forward, starting slowly at first, but rapidly gaining speed.

“Oui!” Fleur cried, arching her back. “Grab my hair and pull it! Take me, ‘Arry!”

He grabbed a fistful of her silky, golden locks and wrenched her head back painfully. For a moment, he worried he’d been too rough, but then Fleur moaned. He fucked her harder, using her hair as a handle to drag her back into his furious thrusts. She unleashed a string of French, and while Harry wasn’t fluent, he recognized a couple of swears.

In a moment of daring, he raised his hand and gave her jiggling bum a swift spank.

“Arder!” Fleur cried.

Harry brought his hand down on her pale, rippling cheek with a sharp *smack*! She cried out, her back arched, and he could feel her walls fluttering around him as she climaxed. Driven by her wildly flaring Allure, he only fucked her harder. Fleur’s arms gave out, and she ended up face down, ass up, with Harry’s hand pressing her head mercilessly into the mattress. Her hands clenched at the sheets as another climax wracked her body.

Seeing such a beautiful older woman writhing under him made Harry feel like a god.

“You’ve always wanted zis, ‘aven’t you?” Fleur asked, rocking her body back against his spearing cock. “Tell me. Talk dirty to me.”

“I’ve wanted to do this since I met you,” Harry growled.

He leaned down over her back, forcing her to support his weight and pressing her body into the mattress. Harshly twisting the hand in her hair, he turned her face towards his and pressed a kiss against her lips.

"I used to dream about you coming to see me after I rescued Gabrielle from the lake," he continued, panting as he drove into her relentlessly. "Merlin, the things I wanted to do to you."

"I should 'ave let you," Fleur groaned.

Harry growled against her ear and humped her like a madman. The sweltering heat of her depths and the thought of finally fulfilling a long-held fantasy drove him over the edge. He grunted hard and draped himself over Fleur's back as he came inside of her yet again. Even her Allure couldn't stop his sore, hypersensitive cock from wilting the moment his orgasm ended.

Slipping out of her, he rolled to the side. Fleur was quick to cuddle up to him, a bright smile lighting up her face.

"Bloody hell," he breathed.

Fleur giggled and pressed a brief kiss against his lips. They lay comfortably for several minutes, catching their breath, and though he was tired, Harry's hands never stopped exploring her body.

"So, how'd I do?" he asked curiously. "Honestly."

"You're a natural," she smiled.

Harry smiled back and laid his head on the pillow. Fleur's fingers traced the contours of his chest.

"And I still have so much to teach you," she said, her fingers trailing down to his spent length.

Her Allure flared again, and he felt himself begin to swell.

"If you can get hard again, I'll let you take my derriere," she whispered seductively.

Harry hardened so fast he was sure accidental magic was at work. Flashing a smug grin, Fleur stroked him gently.

"Er, do women actually enjoy that?" he asked.

"Some do," she said, turning her head to look up at him with a smirk. "When I stayed here before the wedding, I walked in on Ginny using an enchanted dildo on herself. But make sure you go slow and use the right Charms. You can't just go jamming it in there."

"Right," Harry nodded, his mind conjuring up the image of Ginny bugging herself.

Fleur sat up and straddled his lap, this time facing away from him. He had a glorious view of her thick, heart-shaped ass as she spread her cheeks and tapped the tip of her wand against her crinkled hole.

"Lubros," she murmured.

Her skin suddenly glistened, the area between her cheeks coated in a thin layer of lubricant. Tossing the wand onto the bed, she gripped Harry's length and shuffled back until he was pressed against her tight opening. She pressed back hard enough that his shaft would have bent painfully if she wasn't holding it. Suddenly, she gave way, and he watched in amazement as she stretched open around the head of his cock.

It was tighter and hotter than he expected.

With a groan, Fleur rocked her hips, slowly descending farther down his shaft. Lip trapped between her teeth, she moaned and groaned as her ass gradually swallowed him to the root, where she stilled except for a tremble that ran all the way up her spine.

It was an incredible feeling and an even more incredible sight.

"You alright?" he asked, concerned.

"Oui," she panted softly. "You're so beeg."

Harry's cock pulsed at her words.

Bracing her hands on his shins, Fleur started moving up and down. A deep, sensual moan left her lips each time she raised herself up and dropped back down.

"Yes!" she hissed.

Harry rested his hands on her bum just to feel it, groping and needing the firm muscle. He could still see the red handprint he'd left earlier.

Soon, she was raising herself nearly halfway off his length before driving herself back down, gradually moving faster and harder. Her moans were louder than ever, and deeper, like they were coming from the depths of her soul. Her right hand found its way between her legs, and her fingers danced rapidly along her clit.

Harry groaned as she rode him hard and fast. He didn't even think about thrusting on his own, too fascinated by the sight of her impaling herself of her own accord. The thought that she wanted him so bad that she would bugger herself on his cock was mindboggling.

She cried out in another climax, and he'd lost count of how many she'd had. He thought she might slow down, but she only bounced harder, raising herself up nearly all the way to the tip before slamming back down.

She never really seemed to loosen up. Each time he reentered her, it felt like he was piercing her depths for the first time. While her folds had hugged and cradled his cock as if it belonged, her ass felt like it was being forced to give way to his straining length, like it wasn't quite supposed to fit, and yet Fleur was forcing it to anyway.

"Arry!" she screamed.

A stream of arousal leaked from her lips and dripped onto the sheets. Each time he filled her up, a little more came out.

"Fleur," Harry called out in a strangled voice.

She caught the warning in his tone and lifted herself off of him. Turning around, she dropped down until her pink, glistening lips hovered over his twitching length, her warm breath washing over the slickened skin. Slowly, she raised her eyes to meet his.

"I 'ave never done zis for anyone," she said softly. "Only you."

Then, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his throbbing head. It was dirty, filthy, and without a doubt the hottest thing he'd ever seen. With a grunt, Harry erupted in her mouth.

Fleur kept her lips sealed tightly around his tip and stroked him furiously. It felt like she was trying to suck his soul out of him. The moment he finished, Harry sagged, panting and totally spent. He was barely aware of Fleur crawling up his body and snuggling against his side.

They fell asleep, and he wasn't sure for how long, but they didn't wake again until Ginny called them down for lunch. They shared a brief shower, with only a little groping on Harry's part, before they got dressed and headed back downstairs.

Looking at Bill, he just couldn't bring himself to feel guilty.

Harry ate a big lunch, and Bill and Fleur left shortly after, although not before Fleur promised to visit the next weekend. No one saw, or they didn't care, when she winked at him. He didn't have the energy to do much for the rest of the afternoon beyond cuddling with Hermione and Ginny on the couch after dinner. Even then, he was far too spent and sore to think of doing anything beyond that.

He went to bed early that night, tired, satisfied, and excited for the next day.