

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

-

Chapter 19: Hermione's Horny Holiday

A/N: ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED IN THIS WORK ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

-

To say Hermione's holiday break had been off to a bad start would be an understatement. To start, she learned all too late that her aunt and uncle were visiting for Christmas, meaning her *cousins* were as well.

Elizabeth and Jasmine, or as they liked to be called 'Liz and Jaz' were your typical annoying teenage girls. Pretty, popular, and irritatingly bitchy, the twin girls were everything Hermione wasn't. Since as long as she could remember her older cousins had gone to extraordinary effort to remind Hermione of this every chance they could. They never held back either with their insults. Everything was fair game, from her hair, to her teeth, to even her love for books.

One of her worst memories involving her cousins involved the two bursting into her room unannounced and proceeding to spit the vilest of insults towards 8 year old Hermione before ripping her favourite book to shreds right before her eyes.

She cried to her parents and par for the course they did nothing but give the two vindictive harpies a stern word and that was that.

Needless to say, she did her best to avoid her cousins like the plague after that. Thankfully their visits were few and far between, contained to a few scant days every year or so until she went to Hogwarts where she was thankfully saved from their company for nearly six years straight...except now.

When her dad had told her they'd be staying the entire holiday break, Hermione nearly bolted to the nearest apparition point, but she didn't. Instead she remained, resolving herself with the fact that she was older now, an adult in the eyes of British Law, and she *would not* be treated like garbage in her own home any longer. Plus it'd been years since she'd seen the two. Surely they'd grown up in that time?

The answer, of course, was the opposite.

The second the door opened and Jaz's and Liz's eyes landed on her a vindictive gleam of excitement seemed to almost overtake them.

"Awe look Jaz! 'Ickle Hermy' is all grown up!" Elizabeth tittered.

Beside her, her sister laughed and looked Hermione up and down. "Hmph, I think 'grown up' is a little generous Lizzy. She's still flat as a board, but oh look! Finally grow into your teeth then beaver face?" Jasmine sneered.

Hermione did her best not to visibly react to their remarks. Behind them her uncle and parents were chatting idly about something another, not giving the three of them even a passing glance, as usual.

Fine then, she thought. She'd handle this herself. She wasn't that same bookish little girl who'd cry because of a few mean words. She faced down dementors, werewolves, and crazed evil wizards and lived. Two bitchy twenty-something year olds no longer phased her.

Crossing her arms, Hermione raised an unimpressed brow and scoffed. "It seems so. Did you finally grow into your bra Jasmine or are you still stuffing for an extra cup size?"

Immediately Jasmine's face contorted into one of shock then anger while beside her Elizabeth failed to suppress a surprised snort. Shooting her twin a glare, Jasmine turned back to her with another hate filled sneer.

"Looks like the freak grew some claws!" Jasmine spat. "Too bad you couldn't grow a decent pair of tits like us! Or are the boys at that fancy private university of yours content with shagging some stick figured nobody like you?!"

The urge to curse her cousins was a hard one to fight down. Still her wand arm twitched to hex the two dimwitted goblins till they were reduced to puddles of bitchy goo. She didn't though. Instead, Hermione took a breath and gave the pair a look of boredom.

"My boyfriend likes my figure just fine, thanks. I imagine you'd know about what men like though, right Jasmine? After all, from what I hear you're the abortion clinic's most frequent customer. I mean honestly-" Hermione scoffed. "-you'd think even a brainless whore like you would learn to use a condom by now."

Jasmine's face contorted into one of overwhelming rage. She shook and her skin took on a purplish red hue that Hermione found particularly amusing.

"WHY YOU LITTLE-"

"Girls come on!" Her dad called. "You can catch up later, it's almost time for dinner!"

Hermione turned without a word, a victorious smile upon her face.

It wouldn't last though. Even with her newfound backbone, her cousins were still demonic harpies. While their words were often met with just as much bite, they made sure to up the ante in other ways.

"Oops! Clumsy me!" Elizabeth giggled.

Hermione just glared daggers up at the older girl, hair drenched in tea that was just 'accidentally' dumped atop her head.

The physical torment didn't stop there either, though Hermione wasn't afraid of getting her hands dirty as well...and she had a secret way to cheat.

Magic was a wonderful thing. It can be used to bend reality, make the impossible possible, and dye your no good demon cousins hair bright neon green.

That was a particularly good morning. Hearing the twins simultaneous screams as they awoke to fluorescent hued locks had a near permanent smile on her face for the rest of the day. It wasn't fun having the twins there and Hermione certainly hated every minute of it, but she was able to keep some of her sanity through torturing her cousins right back.

Of course, then they learned her weakness.

“So who’s Harry, beaver face?”

Hermione started, the book in her hands nearly falling to the floor in surprise. “W-What? Where did you hear that name?”

Both twins smirked at her with the one on the left- Liz- holding up a letter covered in a familiar messy scrawl.

“Is he the boyfriend you were talking about?” Liz asked.

“Cause if so, he must have some pretty low standards!” Jasmine finished with a sneer.

Hermione grimaced and swiped the letter from their hands. Liz tried to pull it away, but Hermione was just a bit too quick.

“Did you two-” She seethed. “-go through my room?!”

Jasmine just scoffed. “I ran out of conditioner and Uncle Dan said I could use yours until I got a chance to go to the shop. It’s not my fault you left your secret love letter lying about!”

That was a lie. Hermione hadn’t left this letter just ‘lying about’, it had been safely tucked away in the box beneath her bed where she stored all her letters from Harry. Which meant, Jasmine had to have been intentionally snooping in order to find it. Hermione could already feel her blood begin to boil.

“It’s not like there’s much in it either!” Elizabeth added with a laugh. “I mean really- ‘Summer has been fine. My relatives have been avoiding me for the most part so don’t worry about coming by’- If this was how my boyfriend spoke to me I’d either assume he was cheating on me or planning to dump me the next day! Seriously freak, the way this guy talks to you it’s well...” She trailed off giving Hermione an overexaggerated face of pity.

“He’s probably not even her boyfriend! Just some guy who’s homework she does in hopes he’d take pity on her and actually go out on a date with her!!” Jasmine added with a mocking laugh.

“Not that anyone would touch you of course! Who’d want to shag a frumpy little thing like yourself!”

That only made Hermione's anger burn even hotter. She could faintly feel the control over her magic slip just the tiniest bit as her blood roared in righteous fury. The air in the room swirled. The fireplace blazed even though there hadn't been a fire burning seconds ago. Lightbulbs exploded from an unseen force making the twins jump in fright. Jasmine even let out a surprised squeak.

Just as fast as it started, it ended even quicker. Hermione, through a great deal of effort, clamped down on her magic, stemming the emotional flow and letting things return to normal. She wasn't going to get expelled because her cousins were cunts.

Without a word she stomped past them, ignoring their looks of shock.

So yes, Hermione was not having a good holiday, which is why when the day came for her to meet Harry and his... whatever Cammi was for lunch, Hermione wasn't exactly in a cheery mood.

She saw them enter. Harry spotted her almost immediately, those beautiful green eyes of his brightening as they met her own. It made her heart swoon just the tiniest bit with joy before she turned her attention to the woman standing to his right.

Honey brown eyes met dark onyx.

She blinked first, her gaze moving to study every inch of the woman before her.

She was...well she was gorgeous to put it bluntly.

From her hourglass figure hidden beneath a pair of ripped jeans and a thick leather motorcycle jacket, to her heart shaped face adorned with plump pouty red lips and two round doe-like eyes that even Hermione couldn't help but stare at. The tattoos creeping out from beneath her collar and sleeves wasn't hard to miss. The piercings too were on full display. It seemed Cammi was fond of the 'Emo Hottie' look she'd seen featured in one of Lavender's fashion tabloids.

Hermione could...certainly see the appeal if she were being honest.

She couldn't help but adjust her clothes in embarrassment. The soft pink sweater and ironed jeans couldn't hope to compare with Cammi's attire. Every part of her drew the eye whilst

Hermione's clothes made it easy to fade away into the background, unnoticed. After all, who would notice the girl dressed as some shrewd librarian while there was this hot motorcycle riding tattooed *vixen* right there!

She wasn't allowed further time to curse her outfit choice before Harry and his date approached.

"Hey 'Mione! How's your holiday been?" Harry asked excitedly.

Hermione forced a smile onto her face as she greeted her friend slash lover.

"Fine. Aren't you going to introduce me?" She said pointedly, nodding her head towards Cammi.

Harry smiled sheepishly at his slip off and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Oh yeah, sorry! This is Camilla, though she prefers Cammi. Cammi, this is one of my closest friends, Hermione!"

Their eyes met once more. She watched as Cammi smiled towards her, the small gesture shaky as if she was...nervous? Odd. What would SHE have to be nervous about? Hermione was the one at a disadvantage here!

"It's great to meet you!" Cammi spoke, breaking up her thoughts. "Harry's told me loads about you! Smartest witch of your generation, yeah?"

Hermione blinked in surprise. So she knew about magic then.

Shooting Harry a questioning look that was almost too fast to see lest it was Harry of course, Hermione cleared her throat and straightened with a polite smile.

"Yes well, there are plenty of brilliant sorcerers in our year. I simply do better on tests." She replied. "Please sit! I ordered some croissants but I didn't know how you take your coffee Cammi so..."

Cammi waved her off, sitting down in front of her with Harry between them. "Perfectly fine love! I'm easy, dark roast with loads of sugar and a splash of milk!"

Hermione nodded, but before she could flag down a waitress Harry stood.

“Don’t worry! I got it. You two talk for a bit!” He left without another word, placing a quick peck on Cammi’s cheek as he went. Once he was gone the two of them fell into- well not an easy silence, but it wasn’t *completely* awkward.

“So...” Cammi began after a beat. “Harry tells me you grew up in the...” She trailed off waving her hand in the air.

“In the normal world?” Hermione finished for her.

The other woman smiled partly relieved. “Yeah! Sorry, didn’t want to offend.”

“No offence taken.” Hermione shook her head. “It was quite a shock when I found out about it all. Magic that is. Though it was a bit easier to digest for me I suppose. I’ve had strange things happen all around me since I was a baby. Impossible things.” She took a breath. “I wouldn’t learn till later that that was my magic manifesting in bouts known as accidental magic. Once Professor McGonagall arrived on my doorstep and explained everything...well it answered a lot of questions to say the least.”

Cammi nodded. The older woman bit her lip in thought for a moment before straightening.

“Does it ever...go away? The shock of it?”

Hermione thought for a moment, considering her question. “In a way...not really? You do, however, learn to get used to it.”

“That’s the part I’m working on at the moment. Getting used to it.” Cammi chuckled. “In a way it’s- well it’s-” She went quiet for a beat before straightening and looking her directly in the eyes.

“Look you’re Harry’s friend and I want- no. I *need* you to like me, but I’m not gonna sit here and lie to your face and pretend that you probably can’t see right through me. So...I’m gonna be honest, and a lot of people really don’t end up liking me after I’m honest.”

That threw Hermione for a loop. She blinked. And then blinked again, doing her best to both process the woman’s words while also calculating just how the hell the conversation shifted to this.

“Oh...kay?” She replied, searching the other woman’s face for answers.

Cammi only nodded though and cleared her throat.

“Okay so...this whole magic thing. It’s well- It was a surprise yes, and I’m sure as *fuck* haven’t completely wrapped my head around it even after my training with Tonks.”

“Training with Tonks?” Hermione blurted out completely bewildered, yet Cammi just waved her off.

“Not important. What is important though is...well Harry kept one secret from me. A bloody huge one mind you! But I can’t help but worry this was the easier secret he could tell. I can;t help but wonder if there’s anything else he’s not telling me...”

Hermione bristled at that. She made to respond, a chastisement on her lips for Cammi’s obvious trust issues and perhaps even a rant about how Harry owes her nothing, especially the innermost details to all his secrets...yet Cammi cut her off again.

“I’m not saying he can’t have his secrets! God knows he deserves some privacy especially after growing up with those cunts he calls relatives.” Cammi grimaced. “I’d never be as entitled as to think he needs to divulge everything about himself just cause we’re a thing. I’m just worried he’s keeping something from me to..protect me- if that makes sense? Like that he feels the need to shoulder some unsaid burden by himself and that he can’t- well not trust me but-”

“That he’s so used to depending on himself he can’t seem to grasp that he can depend on you now too.” Hermione breathed in realization. Understanding bloomed through her chest. She had felt exactly what Cammi was feeling now a million different times with Harry over the years. He was someone who’d been through so much, faced so much, even before Hogwarts. It was hard for him to shake the mentality of self reliance. The trauma of knowing you can’t depend on the ones around you, in this case the Dursleys, to feed you, clothe you, care for you, still ate away at him.

Harry still flinched when he was hugged. The tiniest bit, but it was still there. Harry still wore his old hand-me-down clothes even though he had enough gold to buy an entire new wardrobe a zillion times over. Harry still looked over his shoulder when someone shouted, a flash of panic in

his eyes before he took a breath shook it off. Harry still felt the need to carry the weight of the world's problems on his shoulders- be it Voldemort, or Umbridge, the Dementors, the Basilisk, Quirrel- every year a new threat. A new problem that she had to all but force him to let her help with. Her and Ron. The only change-

Hermione paused, her eyes unconsciously flicking upwards to Cammi for a brief moment. She licked her lips, letting out a shaky breath.

The only change had been after Harry met Cammi.

Since the summer ended and the new year began Harry accepted hugs easily, not a single flinch or grimace. He even initiated more than a few himself (of course sometimes with less than innocent intentions). He wore new clothes, clothes that fit him and more importantly *NOT* cast offs from his overweight cousin. When a shout rang out in the hall, common room, wherever- Harry didn't pay the source of the noise a passing glance. Most importantly...he was more open. He spoke about his feelings freely, shared his worries and let Hermione in- more so than he ever had before! And all of that, all of the change that Hermione had simply brushed off, was because of the woman before her.

Part of her seethed at not being the one to catalyze that change, but a much bigger part- the one that made Hermione her...was so very thankful.

With a smile, Hermione reached across the table and gave Cammi's hand a squeeze.

"I've known Harry for some time-" She began. "-and if there's one thing I've noticed is that...I have never seen him happier or his heart more open than when he's with you."

Across from her, Cammi's eyes widened and she sucked in a breath.

"I- Really?" She asked.

Hermione nodded. "You're good for him. More than you know. I can tell you with utmost certainty that if there's anyone Harry would hide something from...it most certainly wouldn't be you."

Cammi smiled, squeezing her hand back in thanks. Before their conversation could continue though, Harry sauntered back up, arms laden with drinks.

“Here we go!” He said with a smile. “So...what did I miss?”

-

“I like her.” Hermione whispered into his ear as they hugged goodbye. The rest of their lunch passed by quickly, filled with laughter and easy conversation as the two women got to know one another.

“Yeah?” Harry asked, his face breaking out into a grin.

Hermione rolled her eyes and brushed a bit of lint from his jacket. “Yes. She’s good for you. Don’t do anything to screw it up.”

Harry laughed and placed a kiss against the crown of her head. “You got it ‘Mione. I’ll see you after Christmas, yeah?”

Before she could answer, a shrill voice rang out that had Hermione’s blood run cold.

“Awe look Jaz! It’s beaver face!”

“Ugh, what is she even doing here?!”

Hermione turned, her expression one of ice as she faced her cousins. Their arms were laden with bags from one of their many frequent shopping trips. No doubt after stealing cash from their dad’s wallet.

“Jasmine. Elizabeth.” She hissed in warning.

“Wait! Are you on a date?!” Elizabeth exclaimed. “Is this your boy-toy- the one who wrote you that letter?”

From beside her, Jasmine laughed and shook her head. “Gotta say, I’m impressed little cousin. He’s quite the looker. Shame he has such poor taste.” She clicked her tongue.

Hermione could feel Harry bristle behind her, no doubt some sort of snarky retort forming on his lips, yet before it came another arm suddenly looped through hers and the smell of leather and cinnamon filled her senses.

“She’s my date actually.” Cammi sneered. “Got a problem with that?”

The twins' jaws dropped and Jasmine began to sputter in disbelief. As did Hermione's. That certainly hadn't been what she was expecting.

"Y-You?! But you're-"

"Even more of a looker, I know." Cammi scoffed and pulled Hermione closer. "Now if you two dumb bints are quite finished, I was just about to take your cousin home and *ravish* her."

"Wh- I- B- What about him?!" Elizabeth screeched this time, pointing at Harry.

Cammi looked back at their third and smirked. "Oh he's coming too! Your cousin is simply *irresistible* and can't help but attract the attention of guys and girls alike. Not that you two harpies would know anything about that." Cammi gave the twins a look over and clicked her tongue. "Sad really, I'd say it's what's on the inside that counts but the two of you are just so rotten that inside or outside you're unappealing to look at. Ta!"

Without another word Cammi drug both her and Harry away from the shellshocked figures of her cousins before another insult could be flung. By the time they made it out the doors to the shopping complex and onto the street, Hermione's shock had shifted into awestruck laughter.

"Th-That was-" She giggled. "I've never seen ANYONE put them in their place like that! Thank you Cammi, really!"

Cammi just smirked and gave her arm a pat.

"No problem love! I don't know who those two cunts were but they had no right to speak to you that way!"

"They were my cousins." Hermione explained. "They're staying over for the holidays and, needless to say, we don't get on very well."

Harry snorted from the other side of Cammi. "I'll say! You gonna be okay when you head back home?"

Before she could responde, Cammi whirled on him with a smirk. "Head home? Nuh huh!" She turned back to Hermione with a mischievous grin. "You heard what I said back there! I'm taking you back to my place with us!"

Hermione merely raised a brow in vague interest while looking between the two.

"I thought you said you'd only be taking me back to your home to- what was it you said? To ravish me?"

Cammi laughed. "Yes, I did! Got a problem with that?"

-

She had taken it as a joke at first. Of course, Cammi probably meant it as a joke anyway but then she was in her living room, sitting between the tattooed vixen and Harry.

One thing led to another. One thing *always* leads to another if her history of trysts with Harry were anything to go by, and yet she was no less surprised to be suddenly on her back with a pair of plump red lips upon hers while she raked her hand through a familiar head of tousled raven locks whilst the moved between her legs.

"God yes!" She hissed, breaking her liplock with Cammi to seize in sudden pleasure. Below Harry kept up his pace, tongue ravishing her precious folds and bringing the sweetest sensations to her core that had her toes curling and breath coming out in short gasps.

Above her Cammi cooed and brushed a stray lock of brunette hair from Hermione's face. "You know Hermione-" She whispered into her ear. The sensation of her heated breath washing over Hermione's neck made the bookworm shiver in delight as Harry continued to devour her dripping slit. "-I've been planning a threesome with Harry and Tonks for some time now. It was supposed to be Harry's Christmas gift but I think it would be even better if *you* joined us tomorrow."

Hermione moaned but said nothing, her mind far too clouded with pleasure to truly respond to the woman's words.

"You can think of this as simply a taste of what's to come." Cammi purred. "Think about it- you'll be on your back just like this. Harry's cock inside you, stretching you apart while me and Tonks use our slutty mouths to explore every *inch* of your delightful body." She accentuated her words by diving down and taking one of Hermione's stiffened nipples between her teeth. Hermione

seized once more, the sudden mix of pain and pleasure coaxing a long drawn-out moan from her lips.

“What do you say?” She continued, using her hands to slowly knead Hermione’s breasts.

“Wanna spend Christmas with us instead of your bitchy bimbo cousins?”

Hermione’s answer was a loud scream and she threw her head back and came.

“FUCK YES!” She let herself go limp. Her body convulsed and thrashed about. Nails dug into Cammi’s bedsheets and juices gushed freely from her cunt as her orgasm raged. Harry, being the mischievous prat he was, continued to lick her, uncaring that her pussy was far too overstimulated for her to do much more than shake and moan. It was only thanks to Cammi pulling her further up the bed that allowed her to escape his devilish tongue.

Slowly her body began to cool. Her breath returned to her as she sat there clinging to Cammi’s frame, their naked breasts smooshing together while Cammi placed gentle caressing kisses up and down her neck.

“Too much?” Harry asked with a chuckle. He climbed up onto the bed, his engorged member swaying slightly from the movement that immediately drew Hermione’s gaze. Despite the throbbing twitches of her cunt, she couldn’t help but lick her lips in excitement as seeing his monster of a cock once more.

Cammi giggled into her ear and drew back. “Just a bit love. That serpent tongue of yours will be the end of us all one day.” The pair laughed and Hermione found herself chuckling along. Slowly she extracted herself from Cammi’s arms and turned to face Harry. From behind she heard the older woman laugh and two hands suddenly found their way to her chest once more. “I think someone’s ready to be fucked~” Cammi cooed into her ear.

Hermione stifled a groan. She wanted nothing more than to submit to Cammi’s touch. Every graze of skin- every caress of flesh that came from the tattooed vixen fueled something inside Hermione. A desire to let her have her way with Hermione’s body. To submit and obey every sexual command to the letter. But Hermione wasn’t ready for that just yet. Despite how much

her body *yearned* for it, she wanted to- No, HAD to prove that she wasn't just some silly girl who'd fall to the simplest touch. She needed to prove that she could at least hold her own against the woman's whims for even just a little bit. To show that she was just as much right for Harry as she was. Right for them both.

So instead of lying back and letting Cammi guide Harry's cock inside her, Hermione turned quickly, practically tackling the older woman into the bed before pushing two fingers deep inside her *hot* snatch.

"Yes~" Hermione whispered, pumping her fingers in and out of Cammi's pussy with slow, torturous movements. "I think *someone* is~"

"Oh fuck..." Cammi breathed, the words coming out in a small moan as her cunt was massaged.

"Y-You said she was a m-minx. I d-didn't believe you- Oh!"

Hermione heard Harry chuckle behind her as a weight settled between her and Cammi's spread legs.

"She's worse than a minx," Harry said, softly caressing her bare arsecheeks before giving them a firm slap. "She's a dirty little slut, aren't you 'Mione?"

Harry's breath on her ear had her moaning out in affirmation before she even processed what he said. Still, it didn't matter. In that moment she'd be whatever the two wanted her to be. If that wasn't what a slut did then she didn't know what else she could do.

"What do you want 'Mione?" Harry asked, his hands returning to her arse. "Tell me."

Hermione bit her lip, stamping down the need to beg him to fuck her silly like a dog in heat, and instead pulled her fingers free from Cammi's snatch- using them to spread the woman's outer lips apart.

"Fuck her Harry~" She purred. "I want to see her face as she cums."

She couldn't see his reaction to her words, but he obeyed her request all the same. Barely a second passed before Cammi suddenly cried out beneath her as both their bodies were jostled forward by an immense force. If it wasn't for Cammi's arms wrapping themselves tightly around

her midsection, Hermione was sure she'd have been thrown off. Instead, she held The tattooed woman tightly, whispering a plethora of dirty little platitudes in her ear as she in turn whimpered in pleasure into Hermione's.

Over and over again Harry's hips crashed into them. She could feel his abdomen slap against her wet sex repeatedly. No doubt her juices now stained his stomach, dripping down onto his cock where they mixed with Cammi's own as Harry ravaged the woman's pussy. His hands alternated between them. One moment they were caressing her arse, squeezing and slapping the pert flesh of her bum before moving to spread Cammi's thighs even wider. At one point she felt the pad of his thumb ghost over her crinkled arsehole. The sensation sent shivers down her spine, forcing her mind to recall the sensual massage he gave her that ended with his cock deep inside her tight anal canal. Perhaps she'd see him bugger Cammi tonight as well. If not, well...there was always tomorrow.

Before she could ponder that small fantasy further, Cammi suddenly cried out beneath her. The woman's arms tightened to near rib-cracking levels and Hermione could feel the sudden and intense tremor that made its way through her voluptuous form.

"Cum." Hermione whispered, not even sure what she was fully saying. "Cum around his big fucking cock. Yesssss, just like that! Oh Morgana that's so fucking hot~"

Cammi whimpered, her lips finding Hermione's own without issue and the two women shared a surprisingly sensual and soft kiss as Cammi rode out her climax. Just as the raven haired woman's tremors finally began to ebb away, Hermione was suddenly thrown forward, this time being the one to hold on for dear life as something long and thick stretched her inner walls apart.

"O-Ohhh god!" She whimpered, clutching Cammi's frame for support. "It's so m-much! S-So full!" She gasped as Harry began to rock back and forth, slower than he had with Cammi, but then again Hermione doubted she was ready for *that* level of hard fucking as the two obviously engaged in regularly. She was more than happy to go at their normal pace, the rhythmic

slapping of Harry's groin against her arse both comforting her and driving her absolutely wild at the same time.

It was Cammi's turn to caress her body and whisper naughty little sweet-nothings into her ear.

"Look at you-" She murmured lovingly. "-Your taking that big fucking cock so well. Such a good girl~"

Hermione moaned, the praise sending a surprising jolt of pleasure down her spine as her pussy was pounded with thrust after thrust.

"Yesss~ Such a good girl. I bet you could suck it just as good too. Am I right? Can you suck his cock like a good little slut? Swallow every drop of cum that he shoots into your slutty little mouth? I know you could."

Hermione couldn't answer. Yet again every nerve in her body was assaulted by the overwhelming pleasure of yet another climax. It arrived much quicker than Cammi's, but then again the raven-haired woman's words helped quite a bit in sending her over the edge.

"Show me." Cammi breathed huskily. "Show me how good you are at sucking cock."

Hermione couldn't help but obey. Her body moved on auto-pilot. Her shaky legs caused her to stumble as she moved, but it wasn't long before she was wrapping her lips around Harry's stiff meaty length, a moan escaping her lips as she tasted both herself and Cammi on his rock-hard pole.

"Fuck." Harry groaned. "You're a terrible influence Cams."

Behind her, she heard Cammi giggle as two fingers suddenly found Hermione's precious pearl and began to gently massage it.

"I know, but you love it!" Cammi answered in return.

Hermione tuned their words out, far too focused on both the cock between her lips and the fingers currently playing with her soaking wet clit. Back and forth she bobbed her head, taking as much of Harry's cock down her gullet as she could. It wasn't long before her hasty efforts were rewarded. The telltale feeling of his cock swelling paired with Harry's sudden groan of

pleasure signalled his end. Just as Cammi told her, Hermione swallowed every drop. She moaned as the sticky white seed coated her tongue. It was a taste she was *addicted* to, and would be for quite some time.

“Good girl~” Cammi cooed behind her, running a gentle hand through Hermione brunette locks. Hermione hummed happily in response, her mouth still occupied with slurping on Harry’s cock to properly answer.

Now to tell her parents she *wouldn’t* be coming home for Christmas...

-

Author’s Note

Surprise! I’ve been trying to add Hermione into the planned scene with Harry, Cammi, and Tonks for some time without spoiling it. Can’t wait for you all to see the payoff next chapter! Thanks for reading!