

Tutor Me

Chapter 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, Ronald," Hermione sighed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Teach me what?” Hermione asked suspiciously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey, Hermione," he smiled.

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

"Did you need something?" Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What is this place, she wondered.

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

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

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

"What is this place?" Hermione asked defensively.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Does Heather know about this?" Hermione asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Right,” Harry said.

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

“But-”

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

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

“Sorry,” Hermione mumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My thing?" Harry asked teasingly.

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

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

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

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

"Oh," Hermione said, swallowing thickly.

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

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

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

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

"I'm fine," Hermione nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ooh, that feels nice,” Hermione groaned.

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

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

“Mine,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Is that really necessary?” Hermione asked.

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

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

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

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

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

“Alright,” she agreed breathlessly.

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

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

“Harry,” she moaned.

Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh my," Hermione breathed.

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

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

"Harry?" Hermione called, her brow furrowed.

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

“Did you order breakfast?” she asked curiously.

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

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

“Come on,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

“No,” she admitted, biting her lip.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Harry?" Hermione asked though she wasn't sure what she was asking for.

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

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

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

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

"Harry," Hermione panted, heat pooling in her core.

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

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

"Your turn," he said, tugging the short hairs lightly.

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

"Tell me," he growled, plucking her nipple harshly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What’s bothering you?” Harry asked.

“Nothing,” Hermione blushed, turning away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione looked at him, startled.

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

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

"Yeah," Harry said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~

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

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

Heather’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A room?" Hermione asked curiously.

Penny lifted a perfectly manicured brow and turned to Harry.

“You didn’t tell her?” she asked.

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

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

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

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

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

“Not really,” Hermione admitted nervously.

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

“Strip?” Hermione squeaked.

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

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

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

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

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

Sighing, Penny shook her head ruefully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Harry went to a strip club!?" Hermione exclaimed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Good riddance," Hermione huffed.

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

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

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

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

Wiping her misty eyes, Penny chuckled to herself softly.

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

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

"Now, no more distractions," Penny smiled.

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

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

"Nothing special," Hermione said, blushing lightly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I certainly would," Harry mumbled.

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

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

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

"One last thing," Penny said.

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

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

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

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

"Your turn," she said.

"Right," Hermione said nervously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Your turn,” Penny grinned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Idiot,” Harry muttered.

Penny smiled at him affectionately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~

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

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

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

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

"How do you want me?" Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh God," Penny gasped.

"Does it hurt?" Hermione asked softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Harry," Penny moaned, arching her back.

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

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

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

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

"Hey," Hermione smiled.

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

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

Blinking, she looked up at him curiously.

“Why?” she asked.

Harry shrugged, “I like looking at you.”

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

Chapter 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I love magic," Hermione smiled.

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

"Oh my," Hermione said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione frowned, but she understood his point.

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

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

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

Realizing she was being teased, Hermione smacked his shoulder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But was she ready to take that next step?

"I – I think I'm ready?" Hermione said softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hermione, I’m close,” Harry warned.

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

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

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

"Bloody hell," Harry muttered.

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

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

Harry chuckled and caressed her cheeks affectionately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No way,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I know just the person,” Harry smiled.

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

“Number eight Bathurst Lane!” he called.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Perfectly,” he grinned.

“Where did you go?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It went well," Hermione said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione bit her lip and glanced over at Harry.

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

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

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

"Heather!" Hermione exclaimed, laughing incredulously.

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

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

Heather blushed and mumbled, "A while."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, I – er," Heather stammered while Harry chuckled.

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

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

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

"Thanks, Harry," Heather said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Arry!" Fleur beamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione blushed slightly at the blunt question but nodded.

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

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

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

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

“Then again, there are men that inspire you to push your limits because they do so much for you,” Fleur finished softly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just once," Hermione said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There are more that I can teach you later, but those are Harry's favorites,” Fleur said. “And don't be afraid to try something new. Now, the third thing is the most difficult, but the most rewarding. The deepthroat drives men wild.”

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

“Shit, Fleur!” Harry gasped.

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

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

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

"How?" Hermione asked curiously.

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

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

"Now, let's see you practice what I taught you," Fleur said.

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

"Hermione," Harry panted warningly.

"Don't swallow," Fleur said quickly. "Just 'old it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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