

Chapter 17

Harry grabbed an arm full of folded clothes from the dresser and moved it to his trunk.

“Are you excited to be going back tomorrow?” Tonks asked, wrapping her arms around his chest and kissing the back of his neck.

Harry smiled as her fingers traced abstract lines through his t-shirt.

“Not really,” he said, spinning around in her arms and holding her close. “I’m really going to miss sharing a bed with you every night.”

Tonks smirked before leaning forward and giving him a brief kiss.

“You won’t have to,” she said, her breath ghosting over his lips. “Part of my assignment is keeping you safe. Considering the number of attempts on your life inside the castle, I thought it best to keep you close. Since neither the Head Boy or Girl are from Gryffindor this year, we’ll be sharing the Head’s suite.”

Harry grinned brightly and lifted her off her feet to spin her around in a circle, his lips crashing against hers. Tonks giggled as he came to a stop and set her back down on her feet.

“You are brilliant!” Harry said with a crooked grin on his lips.

“I know,” Tonks smirked.

Sliding her arms up around his neck, she kissed him passionately before pulling back and giving him a pat on the bum. Walking over to the dresser with a smile, she grabbed an armload of clothes to help him back.

“Since this is our last night here for a while, I invited Fleur over to spend the night,” Tonks said.

Harry grinned at the thought of spending one more night with Fleur. He was going to miss her when he went back to school. That thought also reminded him of something he’d been meaning to talk to Tonks about for a while.

“Actually, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that,” Harry said. “Not that I mind you bringing beautiful women over to sleep with us, but we never really talked about it.”

Tonks sighed, “I suppose we haven’t. I know we probably should’ve talked to you about this sooner, but I kinda needed time to figure things out in my own head first.”

“And what did you figure out?” Harry asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

“Well, I think we can both admit we care about Fleur,” Tonks said, sitting next to him and taking his hand in hers. “And it’s pretty obvious she cares about us.”

“And that doesn’t bother you?” Harry asked.

“Does it bother you that I care about Fleur?” she countered.

“No,” Harry smiled.

“No,” Tonks agreed, squeezing his hand and smiling. “We talked about it, and with you being at school for another 2 years, and her wanting to focus on her career, we’ll just keep things as they are for now. If that’s alright with you, of course.”

“That’s fine,” Harry said. “And how are things between us, exactly?”

Tonks laughed, "A little more than friends with benefits. I didn't want her to feel tied down when we're going to be gone for most of the year, but I doubt she's going anywhere."

"Alright," Harry said. "And Hermione?"

"You care about her, I think she's cute, and I thought she could use some experience with someone she trusts," Tonks said, then smiled. "Besides, like I told her the other night, I really do like watching you shag someone into a coma. As long as it's with someone I trust, at least."

"It really doesn't bother you?" Harry asked, watching her closely.

"You know how you get all hot and bothered watching me and Fleur together?" she asked.

Harry nodded.

"I feel the same way watching you with Fleur and Hermione," Tonks continued with a grin, leaning forward so their lips were an inch apart. "Come on, you can't tell me you wouldn't love to see shy, innocent Hermione's lips wrapped around your big fat cock."

Harry smiled as she let go of his hand to squeeze his thigh and kissed him hard.

"And what about other guys?" Harry asked quietly when they broke apart.

This is what worried him most, but Tonks just rolled her eyes.

"I've told you before, I have no interest in other men," she said.

"It just doesn't seem – fair," Harry said.

“Why not? I like women as much as you,” Tonks shrugged. “Besides, it’s not about being fair. It’s about what makes both of us happy. And I *am* happy.”

“Me too,” Harry smiled.

They shared a gentle, loving kiss for a long moment before Tonks stood and pulled Harry to his feet.

“Come on, let’s finish packing so we can get ready for tonight,” she smiled. “You know, we could invite Hermione too.”

“If you want to,” Harry said. “I don’t know if she’d go for it, though.”

“I think she might,” Tonks disagreed. “She’s more attracted to you than you think; she just doesn’t want to admit it.”

“You think so?” Harry asked.

“I know so,” Tonks grinned.

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“Hey, Hermione,” Tonks called, jogging to catch up to her as they walked towards the library.

“Tonks. What’s up?” Hermione asked.

Grinning, Tonks grabbed her arm and pulled her into the library before shutting the door.

“Well, since we’re all going to Hogwarts tomorrow, I decided to throw a little going away party for Harry with Fleur and me. I was wondering if you wanted to join us,” she said, wiggling her eyebrows.

“You mean, you and Fleur are going to...”

“Fuck Harry’s brains out?” Tonks finished with a smirk. “Yep.”

“I don’t think I’m-”

“Oh, come on, Hermione, you know you want to,” Tonks said. “If you’re not going to admit it to me, at least admit it to yourself.”

Hermione, whose mouth was opened to reply, snapped it closed and blushed lightly.

“Why are you even pushing for this? Harry’s your boyfriend,” she said.

“Because it’s fun,” Tonks smiled. “Look, Harry and I aren’t going to make you do anything you don’t want to, but think about it this way. If you could have your first time with anyone, who would it be?”

Hermione bit her lip and looked away, giving Tonks all the answer she needed.

“Just think about it, okay? Harry and I would both love to have you there,” Tonks said.

As Hermione turned back to look at her, Tonks stepped closer and kissed her on the lips. Hermione inhaled sharply through her nose and froze for a moment before kissing her back. When Tonks pulled back, Hermione let out a shuddering breath before opening her eyes.

“See you tonight,” Tonks winked, then turned and left the room.

The moment the door closed, Hermione backed up and sank into a chair, her bottom lip trapped between her teeth with a thoughtful look on her face.

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While Hermione sat in the library, Harry and Tonks watched as the Weasley kids ran around the house, looking for things they’d lost. It was quite amusing to watch one twin distract their mother while the other pulled hidden prank materials out of every nook and cranny you could think of. Sirius gladly helped the two, twice saving the twins from getting caught with a quick distraction.

When Hermione eventually joined them for dinner, she was quiet and obviously torn. She glanced at Harry numerous times throughout the meal but always looked away quickly. Tonks didn’t make things any easier by smirking and winking at her every time their eyes met, though Harry had to admit, it was amusing to see Hermione’s cheeks flush pink.

Fleur arrived shortly after they finished eating. She said she was staying to help escort them to King’s Cross, but Harry knew she was there for another reason. Smiling, she joined Harry and Tonks on the couch, leaving him sandwiched between the two beautiful women.

Hermione sat with a book in front of her face, though her eyes continually glanced over at Harry. He thought he saw a jealous look cross her face when Fleur took his hand and curled up against his side. It probably didn’t help that Sirius made several thinly veiled comments about sleeping arrangements for the night.

Eventually, Mrs. Weasley sent them all to bed early in the hope that they could get to King’s Cross with more than a few minutes to spare for once. Harry didn’t think there was any chance of that happening. He knew for a fact that Ron was still only half packed, despite what he’d told his mother earlier.

While Fleur took Harry by the hand and quickly dragged him upstairs, Tonks stayed behind, waiting for the room to clear.

"Are you coming, Hermione?" Ginny asked.

"I'll be up in a little bit. I just want to finish this chapter," Hermione said, holding up her book.

"Don't stay up too late, dear," Mrs. Weasley told her.

"I won't," Hermione said.

A few moments later, Tonks and Hermione were the only ones left in the room.

"So, you coming?" Tonks asked quietly.

Biting her lip, Hermione closed her book and nodded, her teeth worrying her bottom lip.

"Don't look so nervous," Tonks said as they both stood. "This is supposed to be fun."

"I know," Hermione sighed. "But Fleur will be there, and I—"

"You really shouldn't compare yourself to other women," Tonks interrupted. "Take it from someone who can look however they want. Nothing good will ever come from it."

"I know," Hermione said. "I'm sorry, I'm just nervous. I've never done anything like this before."

"Just relax and have fun," Tonks told her while taking her hand. "Trust me, you'll enjoy it."

Leaning forward, Tonks kissed her softly before pulling back with a smile. Still holding Hermione's hand, she led her out of the sitting room and up the stairs. They entered Harry's room to find him and Fleur naked and already in bed. Fleur was lying next to him as they kissed, her hand running up and down his chest. Both of them stopped and looked up at the sound of the door closing.

"Ermione," Fleur smiled.

Harry smiled as well, and Hermione smiled back nervously. Next to her, Tonks locked and silenced the door before stripping out of her clothes. Fleur went back to snogging Harry, her hand stroking his hardened length, while Hermione stood in the same spot, nervously chewing her bottom lip.

"Come here," Tonks said gently, taking her hand.

Pulling Hermione close, she kissed her while lifting the bottom of her shirt. They broke apart for just a moment so she could pull it up over her head before their lips crashed together again. While Tonks could feel Hermione trembling slightly, she showed no hesitation as she stripped her down to nothing.

Breaking their kiss, Tonks grinned and pulled her over to the bed. Harry and Fleur parted as the mattress shifted and looked back at them with a smile. Fleur crawled backwards towards them when they stopped at Harry's waist. Hermione's eyes were only torn away from his towering erection when Fleur's hand wrapped around the base of the shaft. Both of them turned their heads to look at each other at the same time before Fleur leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

Harry pulsed in Fleur's hand as they slowly pulled apart, a thin string of saliva connecting their full, pink lips. With a sexy, playful grin, Fleur kept her eyes locked with Hermione's as she leaned forward and took him into her mouth. Harry inhaled sharply, his hand running over her silvery blonde hair. Fleur bobbed her head a couple of times before swallowing his entire length. While Harry groaned, Hermione watched wide eyed and licked her lips unconsciously.

Slowly, Fleur pulled back, leaving his long, hard cock glistening with her saliva.

“Do you want to try?” Fleur asked.

“I – I’ve never...,” Hermione stammered.

“But you want to,” Fleur smirked. “You weel do fine. Eet’s easy.”

Licking her lips, Hermione looked at Harry’s cock before glancing up to his face. Smiling reassuringly, he reached out and caressed her cheek. Smiling, Hermione raised herself up and moved forward until her head was hovering over his throbbing length. Taking a deep breath, a look of determination came over her face a moment before she opened wide and wrapped her lips around the top third of his length.

“Use your tongue,” Tonks said, caressing Hermione’s back lightly.

“Oui, and suck ‘ard as you pull up, zen inhale zhrough your nose on ze way back down,” Fleur instructed.

Hermione followed the advice as she bobbed her head slowly up and down. While she wasn’t as skilled as Tonks or Fleur, it still felt incredible, and the sight of his best friend’s lips stretched around his girth was a powerfully erotic sight.

Unfortunately, she got a bit ahead of herself and tried to take him too deeply. The head of his cock hit the back of her throat, and she gagged loudly. Yanking her head up, Hermione coughed hard as her eyes watered.

“How do you do that?” she asked.

“Fleur doesn’t have a gag reflex, and I can get rid of mine,” Tonks smiled, rubbing her back.

"You can learn 'ow to do it," Fleur said, smiling at Hermione's cute little pout. "Eet just takes practice. 'Ere, try again."

As Hermione took him back into her mouth, Fleur gathered her hair into a ponytail and held it out of the way.

"Put him agaist ze back of your zhroat and try to relax," she told her.

"It helps if you swallow right before trying to go deeper," Tonks added. "It'll feel weird at first, and you won't be able to breath; just don't panic, and you'll be fine."

Hermione nodded her head slightly, and Harry smiled as she narrowed her eyes determinedly. Taking a deep breath through her nose, she pushed her head down. Immediately, her throat spasmed around Harry's cock as she gagged, her chest heaving. Despite that, she held herself down for several seconds. Tears leaked from her eyes while thick saliva dribbled from her lips.

Suddenly, she shot off of him, coughing as she sucked in air sharply.

"Nice job," Tonks grinned. "You'll be a world class cocksucker in no time."

Hermione blushed while Fleur giggled, and Harry smiled. Nudging Hermione's shoulder, Tonks leaned forward and deepthroated him easily.

"Show off," Hermione muttered playfully as Tonks let out a muffled chuckle, which caused Harry to groan.

When Tonks pulled off, Hermione quickly took her place to try again. Harry watched as her lips descended down his shaft. She gagged again but managed to take him a bit further into her throat. She stopped with at least a couple of inches to go before reaching his base, but it still felt incredible. As Hermione held herself still, Fleur tilted her head sideways and wrapped her lips around the exposed part of his shaft.

“Bloody hell,” Harry said.

Tonks grinned at him before doing the same as Fleur on the other side of his length. Being so close together, the girls’ lips all touched each other in some way. Hermione pulled back to take a deep breath before forcing herself to choke on his shaft once more. While Fleur and Tonks could take him easily, Harry had to admit it was quite erotica listening to loud, wet gags and squelches coming from Hermione’s throat.

“Hermione, I’m close,” Harry warned.

“Don’t let him finish yet,” Tonks said.

Hermione pulled off of him and took a moment to catch her breath.

“Why not?” she asked.

“You want to fuck him, don’t you?” Tonks asked.

Hermione flushed and bit her lip while eyeing his spit soaked length nervously.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to, Hermione,” Harry told her.

“I – I want to,” Hermione admitted quietly.

Grinning, Tonks pushed herself up onto her hands and knees and crawled up until she was face to face with Harry.

“Have fun. Fleur and I can entertain ourselves for a bit,” she said quietly.

Harry smiled and kissed her softly.

“Just save some energy for me,” Fleur smiled.

She kissed him as well before the two of them moved to the other side of the bed. Fleur giggled when Tonks pushed her down on her back and took one of her puffy pink nipples between her lips.

“You like my breasts almost as much as ‘Arry,” Fleur teased.

“Love, everyone likes your breasts,” Tonks smiled before switching to the other.

Smiling, Harry turned back to Hermione. She smiled at him nervously, and he held out his hand. When she took it, he pulled her up until she was straddling his waist.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked.

“I’m sure,” Hermione said. “Tonks was right. There’s no one else I’d rather have my first time with.”

Smiling, Harry stroked her cheek and pulled her down for a kiss. As they kissed, he slid his hands down to her hips. Pulling her down, he ground his erection against her hot, damp folds. Both of them moaned at the contact, and Hermione rolled her hips unconsciously.

When they broke apart, Hermione bit her lip and lifted her hips. Harry reached down and lined himself up with her entrance. Letting out a trembling breath, she slowly lowered her weight. His head slipped into her impossibly tight depths, causing her to gasp loudly. Reaching up, Harry caressed her breast firmly as she dropped lower and lower. A small whimper left her lips when she finally bottomed out, her bottom lip turning white between her teeth.

"You okay?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Hermione panted. "Just- give me a minute."

"Take all the time you need," Harry said.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Tonks grinned.

Harry looked over to find her and Fleur watching closely. Tonks was on her side, her fingers slowly slipping in and out of Fleur's folds.

"I understand why you spend so much time in bed now," Hermione said with a short, breathless laugh.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione started rocking her hips. As she moaned, Harry caressed her cheek and pulled her down for another kiss. While their tongues and lips danced, she started moving surprisingly fast. He started to worry she was overdoing it when she pulled her lips away from his and let out a low, wanton moan.

Closing her eyes, her body trembled and shook as she reached a sudden climax.

"Harry," Hermione cried.

"I knew you'd love it," Tonks smiled.

"She's a natural," Fleur said.

By the time Hermione's climax was over, and she collapsed on his chest, Harry was on the verge of his own. Holding her hips, he planted his feet on the bed and thrust into her wildly.

Hermione gasped, her fingernails digging into the skin of his shoulders. Just as Harry hit his peak, erupting in her depths, Hermione cried out and came for a second time. After a long moment, both of them collapsed in a boneless heap.

“Was I alright?” Hermione asked quietly.

“You were brilliant,” Harry whispered.

Smiling, Hermione turned her head, and they shared a kiss. When they pulled apart, she lifted herself off of him and rolled over onto her back. She’d barely settled when Fleur crawled over on her hands and knees and buried her face between her thighs.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped.

“Looks like someone else wants some attention,” Tonks panted, fingering herself furiously.

Fleur moaned, wiggling her bum in the air. Grinning, Harry crawled over and climbed up behind her.

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Despite a rather long night, All of them were up early the next morning to avoid getting caught. After a quick breakfast and the usual Weasley rush to grab some possessions last minute, they climbed into a Ministry care and rode to King’s Cross station.

Somehow, Harry seemed to draw even more attention than usual. Parents and students alike stared at him, whispering as he passed.

“I really hope it’s not like this all year,” Harry sighed.

“Things will go back to normal in a few days. They always do,” Hermione told him.

Tonks stayed a few steps behind them, keeping a professional air in public.

“I hope you’re right,” Harry said.