

Chapter 10

Harry helped Heather carry her trunk up to her new bedroom, the same bedroom she'd shared with Ginny and Hermione over the summer, and tucked it at the foot of the bed. Heather set Hedwig's empty cage atop the dresser, and as she began to move her clothes into the wardrobe, he frowned at how few outfits she had outside of her Hogwarts uniforms.

"We need to get some new clothes," Harry said, glancing down at the oversized clothes he'd borrowed from Sirius. "Lilith could probably use some outfits that weren't conjured, too."

"I'll have to go to Gringotts first," Heather frowned. "I've only got a few pounds of Muggle money."

Harry nodded, "And we should see if Hermione can come along with us," he added. "Since none of us has gone shopping properly before."

"Can we just leave like that?" she asked cautiously. "Won't we need a guard of something?"

"Nah," he said, waving away her concern. "Jezebel can watch over us and pop in if anything happens we can't handle."

"I think people might notice a big red demon following us around London," Heather pointed out.

"No," Harry smiled. "I mean, through a portal, like this."

He waved his hand through the air, and a silvery cloud coalesced in the air in front of him. Light flickered from the center to the edges, and then an image of Lilith standing in a craggy field, clipboard in hand, appeared. As if she sensed she was being watched, she looked up, smiled, and waved. Harry waved back while Heather looked on in awe.

"Is that hell?" she asked.

"Yep," he grinned.

"That's where you grew up?" she asked incredulously.

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I grew up here."

The image turned, and they began to fly over the rocky, weathered ground until it dropped away at the cliff's edge and gave way to a sprawling field.

"These are the Fields of Punishment," Harry said.

They quickly flew over the green and brown fields. A few people paused their work just long enough to look up curiously and wipe the sweat from their brows before they were out of sight. Eventually, they reached the edge of a lush forest. They slipped effortlessly through the trees and continued a short distance to a picturesque field where a small, cozy home sat on the edge of a pond.

"That's where I grew up," Harry smiled. "Most of the lost souls live around the edge of the forest."

"Were you the only kid there?" Heather asked, to which Harry nodded. "Was it lonely?"

"Sometimes," Harry shrugged. "I watched you a lot and wished we could play together, but the other lost souls and even most of the demons didn't mind taking a break to keep me entertained."

Heather nodded and bit her lip as she gazed contemplatively at the serene image.

"Is this how you watched Mum and Dad?" she asked softly.

"Yeah," Harry said. "You want to see them?"

Her eyes misted over, and she gave a jerky nod. Wrapping an arm around her shoulders, he led her over to the edge of the bed, where they took a seat, and waved his hand. The image in the cloud shifted, transforming from a house in the woods to a couple standing close and smiling widely. James waved excitedly, and Lily blew them a kiss.

"Mum? Dad?" Heather asked thickly.

They nodded and smiled even more brightly. Heather smiled back tearfully

"We can't hear them, unfortunately," Harry said. "But they can hear you."

"I don't even know what to say," Heather admitted.

"Tell them about you," he told her. "They've seen most of your life, but they can't read your mind. Tell them all the things you don't want anyone to know about, or things you're too afraid to talk about. That's what I usually do."

"Well...", she began, pausing thoughtfully. "I'm scared. Really scared. And I don't just mean about Voldemort. I'm scared about what I'm going to do with my life. I feel like I know so little about the Wizarding World. How am I supposed to decide what I want to do for a living? I mean, being an Auror sounds cool, but it kind of feels like what's expected of me. Do I really want to keep fighting dark wizards my whole life?"

Harry smiled, arm wrapped comfortingly around her shoulders as she rambled on about anything and everything. Once the words started to flow, they never seemed to stop. She talked about her possible future career, school, and Quidditch. She spoke about the things she loved

and the things that endlessly annoyed her. When she started talking about boys, Harry began to suspect that she'd forgotten he was even there.

Heather spoke to their parents for hours, until the sun had fallen and sleep began to beckon.

"I think it's about time to call it a night," Harry said as Heather paused to yawn. "You can see them again anytime you want. And you can always talk to them. They're always listening."

James and Lily nodded, the small, loving smiles having never left their faces.

"Alright," Heather said before she suddenly laughed. "This reminds me of the Mirror of Erised. I used to sit in that room and stare at them for hours."

"Let's not get that obsessed this time," Harry smiled. "Night, Mum. Night, Dad."

"Good night," Heather said with a little wave.

James waved, Lily blew them a kiss, and then the cloud evaporated.

"Thank you," Heather said, leaning into him.

"Any time," Harry said.

Kissing her temple, wished her good night, got up, and slipped from the room. Making his way back to his bedroom, Lilith was already asleep. Harry stripped down, crawled into bed behind her. Just before he drifted off to sleep himself, he consciously stepped into the world of dreams.

A cloud of colorful images swirled around him. Lilith was dancing seductively in a Muggle club, enticing her rapt audience. Sirius, oddly, was dreaming about urinating on Fudge's leg as

Padfoot. Tonks was... doing something that looked very interesting, which Harry filed away to try in real life later. But it was Heather he was interested in at the moment. He couldn't read her mind, but her dreams would give him a glimpse into her subconscious. He wanted to see how she was handling everything and see if Voldemort was still manipulating her dreams.

At first, her dreams were messy and disjointed. Harry imagined she'd only just fallen asleep. As her rest deepened, her dreams settled into a decipherable image. She was dreaming of a home she'd never been to, one where their parents were alive and well. Lily was making breakfast, James was reading the paper, and Harry was annoying Heather by flicking bits of napkin at her. It was a rather wholesome if boring dream, but one that he knew held deep meaning.

He smiled as he watched on from the ether, content that he'd given his sister some measure of closure. Soon, others began to make an appearance. Ron and Hermione walked in through the back door, bickering. Moody appeared in a chair in the corner with a scowl while working a pair of knitting needles. And finally, Sirius and Tonks bound into the house with their usual boisterous presence.

The dream progressed, but Harry couldn't sense any manipulations. It seemed Voldemort was too scared to try to manipulate his sister after his shocking failure at the Ministry. Just as he was about to leave, he noticed Tonks flirting with Heather, who blushed but otherwise didn't shy away from the attention.

"Well, now," Harry said to himself, smiling mischievously. "Isn't that interesting?"

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Early the next morning, Harry explained what they had planned for the day to Sirius. He wasn't happy that he couldn't go along, but he insisted on helping. While the girls were finishing breakfast, he led Harry to his father's old office. Like many rooms, it was dusty and disused. Sirius strode behind the desk, knocking a pair of Doxies out of the way with an irritated wave of his hand. He gripped the frame of a portrait and swung it open. Behind it sat an iron wall safe that Sirius opened with a few careful taps of his wand. The heavy iron door swung open, revealing stacks of Muggle cash.

"This stuff is still good, right?" he asked, handing Harry a stack of tan and red bills bound by a strap that read: 10,000.

Harry looked it over and shrugged.

"No idea," he said. "I never paid much attention to money, Muggle or Wizarding."

"Well, we'll just have to check with Heather, then," Sirius said.

He grabbed two more stacks of cash out of the approximately two dozen in the safe, and they headed back to the kitchen.

"Will this be enough to get a new wardrobe?" Sirius asked, setting the thirty thousand pounds on the table.

Heather looked over and choked on her cereal.

"S-Sirius!" she exclaimed, coughing. "That's way too much!"

"Oh, good," Sirius grinned. "Use what you need and hold onto the rest. My dad has plenty of this stuff, and the Goblins charge an arm and a leg to convert Galleons to pounds."

"But--"

Before Heather could protest further, Harry placed a hand on her shoulder and put his lips next to her ear.

"It's the only way he can help, trapped in this house," he whispered. "Just take it and say 'thank you'."

"I- Thank you, Sirius," Heather said.

Sirius smiled happily while Harry stuffed two stacks of bills in Heather's pocket and one in his own. She gave him a questioning look, to which he smirked in response.

After they finished eating, Harry, Heather, and Lilith Apparated to the Hampstead Garden Suburb. They had planned to invite Tonks, but she was still asleep when they left. Even though it was still fairly early in the morning, several people were outside tending to their lawns. Lilith drew quite a few stares. Harry suspected it had a lot to do with her thin white gown and complete lack of knickers underneath. One poor man was so enamored that he even drove his lawnmower right over his own garden, shredding the flowers, and crashed into a fence.

It only took a few minutes of wandering around to find Hermione's home. Together, they walked up to the door, and Harry knocked. A few moments later, a woman with distinctive bushy hair opened the door and looked at him curiously.

"Can I help, young man?" she asked.

"Hi, I'm Harry. Is Hermione home?"

"Oh! I recognize you," she said, smiling at Heather. "Please, come on in. I'll get Hermione for you."

"Thanks, Mrs. Granger," Heather smiled.

They stepped inside, and Lilith closed the door behind her. While Mrs. Granger went to get Hermione, Harry looked around curiously. Everything looked plain and normal, though not the abnormal amount of normalness that the Dursleys presented. It just felt like an ordinary home, without any clue that a witch lived there.

Mrs. Granger returned with Hermione a moment later. She smiled and rushed over to Heather, pulling her into a tight hug.

"I didn't expect to see you so soon," she said, squeezing briefly before letting go. "What are you all doing here?"

"We all need to get new clothes, and we were hoping you could show us some good stores," Harry told her. "None of us has really been shopping before."

"Of course," Hermione smiled.

"Hermione," Mrs. Granger said pointedly. "Perhaps you could make a proper introduction before you go running off with your friends."

"Oh! Right, sorry. Mum, you remember Heather. This is her brother, Harry, and this is Lilith."

Mrs. Granger smiled politely at all of them, but her eyes flickered back to Harry after a moment, and she frowned.

"Your brother?" she asked. "I'm sorry, but I was under the impression that your brother was..."

She trailed off uncertainly.

"Dead?" Harry asked with a smile. "I got better."

His joke fell flat. Mrs. Granger blinked and tilted her head curiously while Hermione pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Well, I was dead, but I wasn’t supposed to be,” Harry explained. “Sort of. It’s complicated, but it meant I could come back. And I did.”

“Is that... normal?” Mrs. Granger asked hesitantly.

“Oh no,” Harry laughed. “It’s happened before, of course, but it’s very rare. Hasn’t happened in a couple thousand years, I think.”

“Really? Fascinating,” Mrs. Granger said, although she looked completely lost. “Hermione, dear, could I get your help in the kitchen for a moment, before you leave?”

“Sure, Mum,” Hermione said.

As Mrs. Granger turned around, Hermione scowled at Harry. He grinned in response as she followed her mother into the kitchen and out of earshot.

“I hope we didn’t get her into trouble,” Heather said worriedly.

“She’ll be fine,” Harry said. “Her mum was going to find out eventually; this just makes it a little more fun.”

“I think you mean awkward,” Heather muttered.

“Well, awkward for her, fun for me,” he grinned.

Hermione returned a moment later, looking none-too-pleased at Harry. Mrs. Granger looked at them a little uncertainly, but smiled pleasantly.

“How long do you expect to be gone?” she asked curiously.

"A few hours," Harry replied. "Actually, I was going to ask if Hermione could stay the night with us. It's at the same house in London where she stayed last summer."

"I suppose that would be alright," Mrs. Granger said after a moment of thought. "But just for one night. We'd like to spend some time with our daughter this summer."

"Of course," Harry smiled. "We'll bring her back tomorrow. Say, around noon?"

"That's fine," she said, turning to Hermione and pulling her into a hug. "Have fun, dear."

"Thanks, Mum."

Hermione let go of her mother, hooked Harry's arm roughly, and dragged him through the front door. She hit him with a withering glare the moment they were outside and, more importantly, out of earshot.

"Did you have to tell my mother you came back from the dead?" she hissed.

"I figured it would come up eventually," Harry said as Heather and Lilith caught up to them.

"You didn't have to be so blunt about it," she said waspishly.

"She seemed pretty understanding," he pointed out. "Besides, it could've been worse. I could've told her that you helped bring me back, and I brought a Succubus and a demon with me."

"Oh, God," Hermione groaned. "You wouldn't."

"I'm not that mean," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "Now, to London!"

They found a quiet, out-of-the-way place to Disapparate, then reappeared in a dirty alley somewhere deep in the heart of London. It took a few moments for Hermione to properly orient herself before she dragged them to the nearest department store.

“Oh, how I’ve missed fashion,” Lilith smiled, prancing over to the nearest rack of sundresses.

“Is there anything specific you’re looking for?” Hermione asked.

“We need everything,” Harry said. “Lilith and I have nothing, and I’m tired of my sister dressing like a street urchin.”

“Hey!”

Heather didn’t just cry out in indignation. She also cried out because Harry plunged his hand into the pocket of her oversized jeans and pulled out one of the stacks of cash he’d put in there earlier.

“Is this enough?” he asked, slapping it into Hermione’s hand.

“Harry!” she exclaimed, tucking the money into her purse and looking around cautiously. Fortunately, everyone’s attention was on Lilith as she held a tight red dress up in front of her. “You can’t just flash that kind of money around. We’ll get robbed! Where did you even get that much?”

“Sirius,” Harry shrugged. “Is it enough?”

“It’s enough to buy half the store!” she hissed.

“Oh, good,” he said, clapping his hands. “Let’s get started then.”

Since, apparently, shopping for a man was easier, according to Hermione, they started with Harry. She showed him around the men's department, told him to pick out clothes that he liked, and then left him to his own devices while she took Heather and Lilith over to the women's department. Harry spent an eternity looking through the various racks. Half an hour later, he had what he thought was a good selection and went off to find the girls.

He looked all over the women's department, and couldn't find them anywhere, but then he saw a woman come out of a room near the lingerie section and thought they might be in there.

"Heather? Lilith?" he called.

"We're in the changing room!" Heather yelled back.

Harry nodded, smiled, and walked straight in.

He didn't see Heather, but he saw Hermione and Heather standing in front of a line of mirrors. They were in their knickers. Hermione was wearing a purple set that hugged her bum tightly, while Heather wore a white set that helped support her rather substantial chest.

"Those look great!" he smiled.

Both of them whirled around and crossed their arms to cover their bodies.

"Get out!" Heather yelled.

"Harry!" Hermione gasped a bit more quietly, but no less outraged. "What are you doing!"

"You said you were in here," he shrugged.

"You can't just walk into the women's changing room!" Hermione hissed.

"I don't see what the big deal is," he said, scratching the back of his neck, confused. "It's not like I haven't seen both of you naked, anyway."

"That's besides the point!" Hermione said exasperatedly.

"Wait, when did you see me naked?" Heather asked, flustered.

"When I checked on you in hell," Harry shrugged. "I didn't know what you were doing until I looked, and sometimes I'd catch you changing, or taking a shower."

Heather blushed furiously from the roots of her red hair all the way down to her chest.

"Or masturbating," he added.

"Oh, God," she gasped, dropping her face into her hands.

"Harry!" Hermione hissed.

"What?" he asked defensively. "Everyone does it. I really don't get this whole modesty thing."

Hermione looked at a total loss for words. As they stood in awkward silence, Lilith stepped out from behind a curtain. She was in her knickers, too, but they were a bit different than what Heather and Hermione were wearing. They were black, and the bra looked like it was designed more to present her breasts than support them. She also wore a garter belt, suspenders, and a pair of black stockings that stopped halfway up her thigh.

Harry didn't like clothes in general, but this particular outfit made him understand the mortal obsession a bit more.

"Wow," he said, earning a beaming smile from Lilith. "Both of you should get something like that!"

Hermione and Heather blushed, and suddenly Harry was shoved out of the changing room by two pairs of hands.

"Just... stay out there and have a seat until we're finished," Hermione said, pulling the curtain closed with a snap.

Sighing, Harry took a seat next to his gathered clothes and grumbled to himself.

It took hours for the girls to get everything they needed. In fact, it took another hour just to finish getting knickers, but he didn't complain too much about that. Lilith had managed to talk Heather and Hermione into getting some sexier sets. He saw them as they walked in and out of the changing room. He wasn't sure how Lilith managed to do it, but he thanked Lucifer she did.

Shopping for the rest of their clothes wasn't nearly as exciting as the knickers, and Harry was relegated to what he privately and disparagingly referred to as his cuck chair the entire time. By then, a pair of store employees had realized they intended to make a large purchase and came over to "help." It didn't seem to make things go any faster.

Finally, after four agonizing hours and a brief nap on Harry's part, they were done. All of Harry's clothes managed to fit in a couple of bags, but Heather and Lilith were carrying six apiece. Even Hermione had three. Heather had talked her into getting a few things for herself as a thank you. Hermione had put up a bit of a fight, but Harry hadn't paid much attention. He just knew she gave in, in the end.

Laden with their purchases, they stopped at a restaurant for a late lunch and then Apparated back to Grimmauld Place. While the girls were busy carefully putting away their new clothes,

Harry stuffed his bags inside his wardrobe and made his way downstairs. Sirius was nowhere to be found, but Tonks was sipping a cup of tea and flipping idly through a magazine in the den. She looked up at him as he collapsed onto the couch with a sigh and smirked.

"Have fun?" she asked.

Harry glared.

"Loads," he said flatly.

Tonks chuckled and took a sip of her tea.

"Where's Sirius?" he asked.

"Upstairs with the twins," she told him. "He was upset he couldn't go out, so they came to cheer him up."

Harry nodded, and they fell into a companionable silence for a long moment.

"Listen, I need a favor," he said suddenly.

"Oh?"

"Can you distract Heather for a little while? I want to spend some time with Hermione."

"Getting bored of me already?" Tonks asked teasingly.

“Hardly,” Harry smiled. “But she made a deal. She’s mine for the next year. I just want to remind her of that and, hopefully, give her a reason to stick around after the deal is done.”

“How many women do you plan on seducing?” she asked curiously.

“As many as possible,” he grinned. “Lilith would be disappointed if I did anything less.”

Tonks snorted.

“Alright, count me in, but you owe me one.”

“Oh, I’ll give you more than one,” he smirked.

Tonks shook her head, a smile twitching at the corners of her lips.

“You know, I think Heather fancies you,” Harry said casually. “She was dreaming about you last night.”

“Are you trying to get me to sleep with your sister?” she laughed incredulously.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I want you to shag her brains out.”

Tonks laughed even harder.

“You’re crazy.”

Harry grinned and shrugged.

"Just a suggestion," he said.

Levering himself off the sofa, he wandered back upstairs, where Hermione was helping Heather put her clothes away. They were talking and laughing happily, oblivious to his presence. Harry leaned against the doorway and watched for a moment with a smile. It was good to see Heather happy for once.

"Hey," he said, gaining their attention. "Need any help?"

"I think we got it," Hermione replied. "I had a thought, though. We still need to get you your school things if you're coming to Hogwarts."

"I'll pick that stuff up later," Harry said. "I think I've done enough shopping for a while."

The girls laughed as Tonks appeared behind him and poked her head over his shoulder.

"Oh, good. You're back," she smiled. "Can I borrow you for a minute, Heather. I need a hand."

"Sure," Heather smiled back. "I'll be right back."

She dashed out of the room and followed Tonks down the hall. Harry smirked when he realized Tonks was taking her to her bedroom. When he turned back to Hermione, she'd already returned to folding clothes and placing them neatly on the bed, humming quietly to herself. Smiling, Harry walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. Hermione jumped and stiffened nervously.

"You haven't forgotten about our deal, have you?" he asked, his tone soft and deep.

"Now!?" Hermione asked, her voice a pitch higher than normal. "But Heather will be back any second."

Harry chuckled and pulled her back flush against his chest, hands splayed across her torso.

“Tonks will keep her busy for a while. You know, I still feel bad our first time was so rushed,” he said, nibbling her earlobe.

Hermione shivered, and he spun her around in his arms. Before she could react, he pressed his lips to hers and pushed her back onto the bed, sending the piles of neatly folded clothes tumbling to the floor.

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Down the hall, Tonks led Heather into her bedroom, closed the door, and quietly turned the lock.

“What did you need help with?” Heather asked, turning to face her curiously.

“There’s actually something I wanted to talk to you about,” Tonks grinned. “I heard you had a naughty dream about me last night.”

Heather’s eyes went wide and her face flushed.

“What!? How did you?... Wait, Harry told you that?”

Tonks’s grin was all the answer she needed. Heather covered her blushing face with her hands and groaned audibly.

“Oh, God, Tonks. I’m so sorry,” she muttered embarrassedly.

“Oh, don’t be,” Tonks laughed. “I’m flattered. Really. But it got me thinking. You’ll probably be a bit bored while Harry’s off shagging Hermione...”

Heather looked up sharply.

“Wait, you think Harry and Hermione are-”

In a moment of pure cosmic timing, they heard Hermione moan Harry’s name loudly through the wall. Tonks smirked while Heather managed to find a new shade of red to blush. Slowly, she sauntered up to Heather, who stared at her like a Mooncalf caught in the wandlight.

“Since those two are going to be busy for a while, and you seemed interested, I thought we could find our own way to pass the time,” Tonks whispered huskily.

She carefully placed her hands on Heather’s hips and pulled her closer until their breasts touched.

“Er, well, I-I’ve never...”

“Never?” Tonks asked. “Not even with a boy?”

Heather bit her lip and shook her head.

“Well, then, how about we give it a try, and you tell me when you want to stop,” Tonks suggested.

Heather nodded, and then her eyes widened as Tonks dipped her head for a kiss.

Hermione writhed on the bed as Harry buried his face between her legs and slipped his tongue between her folds. She swore he had to be using magic. There was no way it was supposed to feel that good. He swiped up and swirled his tongue around her clit, drawing a deep, strangled groan from her lips that she didn't know she could produce.

"Harry!" she shouted, grabbing two fistfuls of his hair.

He looked up at her, smugness swimming in his eyes as he drove her closer and closer to the edge. Hermione's breath shuddered, her back arched, and her muscles tensed. He knew exactly how close she was and held her right at the tipping point. It was wonderful, blissful agony. She would have begged, but the breath was stolen from her lungs. Finally, mercifully, he wrapped his lips around her clit and lashed it with his tongue.

It moved faster and faster until it was vibrating against her sensitive nub. Stars burst in her vision as she tumbled over the edge. A scream ripped from her throat. She tried to push him away, feeling like she might lose her mind if her orgasm got any better, but Harry remained firmly in place, extending her climax until her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Hermione's vision went black, and then he stopped.

Her body sagged, chest rising and falling rapidly with her breaths. She whimpered when she felt his breath ghost across her hypersensitive folds. Harry kissed the insides of her thighs, worked his way up her stomach, and paused at her breasts. Hermione moaned as he kissed her nipples. They'd never felt so sensitive. Each flick of his tongue sent a shiver through her body. She felt like she'd reached another plane of existence, one where she could feel sensations she normally couldn't.

It almost reminded her of the moment she discovered magic was real. It was like a whole new world was open to her.

Her thoughts were brought to a screeching halt when Harry continued kissing up her neck and captured her lips. She could taste herself on his tongue, but that paled in comparison to the feeling of his hot, hard length pressing against her folds. Uncontrollably, she bucked against him, her body seeking the contact like an addict seeking their next high.

Harry chuckled against her lips, lined himself up, and slowly sank into her depths. Harry gasped as she stretched around him. It felt like her first time all over again. She felt every inch of him sink in until their hips met.

“Ohhh,” she groaned as his pelvis bumped her throbbing clit.

Harry kissed and sucked at her neck as he rolled his hips, churning her depths and giving her a chance to adjust to his size before he started moving in earnest.

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Heather gasped as Tonks pinned her naked body to the bed and kissed her passionately. She had no idea how things had progressed so quickly, but she wasn’t about to complain. Tonks’s hands were all over her, caressing her sides and squeezing her breasts. She inhaled sharply and arched her back when she pinched her pink nipple and gave it a playful tug.

Nervously, she brought her own hands up to Tonks’s chest and touched it softly. She broke their kiss and stared incredulously when she felt her breasts swell until they overflowed her hands. They’d been fairly small, a small C-cup like Hermione’s, when they’d started, and now they were even larger than her own.

“What do you like?” Tonks asked playfully. “Big? Small?”

Her chest changed under Heather’s hands with each word.

“Er, whatever you prefer,” she said cautiously.

Tonks sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Come on, Heather,” she scolded lightly. “I’m a Metamorphmagus. There’s no point in not enjoying the perks. Now, what kind of tits would you like?”

“Er,” Heather said, blushing at how stupid she sounded to her own ears. “Big?”

Tonks grinned, and her chest swelled. Grabbing one of Heather’s hands and pressed it firmly against the soft, pliant globe. While Heather explored her newly expanded chest, Tonks shifted their legs around until they were scissored. Heather barely realized what she was doing before she felt Tonks’s fold press against her own and gasped.

“You’re going to love this,” Tonks grinned.

Grabbing hold of Heather’s shoulder, she started rocking back and forth, grinding their folds against each other. Heather gasped and bucked her hips, eyes wide.

“Oh, yeah,” Tonks groaned, throwing her head back and grinding harder.

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Harry stared up at Hermione as she braced her hands against his chest and rode him hard and fast. Her breasts jiggled alluringly each time their hips collided. She’d lost her reservations and sought her own pleasure unabashedly.

It probably had something to do with the three or four orgasms he’d already driven her to, he thought with a grin.

Hermione was a real wildcat once she let go of her shyness. She slammed herself down onto his cock and rolled her hips with an unrestrained groan.

“You look so beautiful like this,” he said honestly. “I can’t wait until we get to Hogwarts and I get to have you every night.”

Hermione closed her eyes and shuddered through another climax. Her hips faltered, so Harry rolled her over onto her back and drove into her quivering body. She moaned, nails digging into his back as he raced towards his own climax. Hermione writhed under him as she rode the crest of one orgasm straight into the next.

Harry held back as long as he could, challenging himself to wring as many orgasms out of her as possible before he finally stiffened and erupted in her depths. Hermione wrapped herself around him as he emptied himself inside of her. When he finally finished and looked down at her face, he grinned.

Her eyes were closed, and she looked on the verge of passing out.

“This year’s going to be great,” he said.

Hermione groaned as he rolled off of her. Her body followed his, and she curled up against his side.

Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head as he caught his breath.

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Lilith lay back on her bed, stark naked and teasing her own body as she watched both rooms from two different viewing portals. While Harry was cuddling Hermione’s nearly insensate body, Tonks had Heather writhing under her tongue.

It was a shame she couldn’t join either of them, but neither Hermione nor Heather was ready for that.

Yet, she reminded herself with a grin.

She felt a swell of pride as she gazed at Harry. He'd done quite well seducing Tonks and Hermione, and whether intentional or not, he'd made a good start on Heather. But Fleur was the real challenge, and she'd been avoiding them for the past couple of days.

Climbing out of bed, Lilith picked up a quill and started penning a letter.

Dear Fleur,