

Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

"I like to read," she replied blithely.

"Really? I hadn't noticed."

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

"Is this alright?" he asked softly.

"Mh hmm," Hermione murmured.

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

"It feels nice."

Harry smiled and gave her chest a light squeeze.

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

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

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

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

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

"Sorry," Harry murmured disappointedly.

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

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

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

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

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

"Be right there!" he yelled back.

Kissing the top of Hermione's head and giving her breast a farewell squeeze, he stood up, summoned his broom from the shed, and took to the air. They had fun zipping between the trees and occasionally tossing apples between them like they were Quaffles. They even managed to coax a reluctant Hermione into the air briefly before a close fly-by by Ron made her return to the ground.

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

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

“What are you two doing?” Ginny asked.

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

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

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

“Sorry, there, Hermione,” Fred said.

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

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

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

“It’s going to blow!” Fred shouted.

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

“Well, false alarm,” George said, tucking away his wand.

“All’s well that ends well, as they say,” Fred grinned.

“You got it in my hair.”

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

“Terribly sorry,” George said.

“Won’t happen again,” Fred added quickly.

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

“Er, we’d better...”

“Yes, we should,”

“Bye,” they said in unison.

The twins vanished before Hermione could unleash her rage.

“Ugh! Those two!” she ranted.

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

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

“My goodness! What happened to you two?”

“The twins,” Hermione replied simply.

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

“Thanks, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, it’s just you,” she said. “You startled me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“No problem,” Harry smiled.

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

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

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

“That should be enough,” Hermione said.

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

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

“Oh!” she gasped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry didn't hesitate. She clearly wanted this as much as he did, and he couldn't resist the temptation of the moist heat he felt around his sensitive, swollen tips. He surged forward,

sinking half his length into her sweltering depths. The feeling was amazing, almost indescribable, and immediately followed by a sharp pain in his shoulder from Hermione's nails and teeth. He froze, realizing what he'd done.

"Bugger, sorry," he muttered.

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

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

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

"You can move now," she whispered breathlessly.

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

"Oh, God!" Hermione gasped.

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

In an embarrassingly short amount of time, Harry felt himself racing towards his climax. He knew he should stop, or at least slow down, but his body just wouldn't listen. With a groan, he sank as deep as he could, hands squeezing her bum, and emptied himself in her depths. It was,

without a doubt, the most amazing and powerful climax of his life. It consumed all his thoughts, all his worries.

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

"Sorry," he muttered.

"For what?" she asked curiously.

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

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

Harry nodded against her neck.

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

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

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

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

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

That idea picked up Harry's mood instantly.

"Practice sounds brilliant!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, please," Hermione smiled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sorry," Harry shrugged.

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

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

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

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

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

"Want another blowjob?" she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Er..."

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

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

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

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

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

"What do I do?" Hermione asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My turn," Ginny declared.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hold her hair, Harry," Ginny said.

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

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

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

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

"I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

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

"You wanna finish him?" she offered Hermione.

"Is it bad?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Try it," Ginny urged.

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

"Faster," Harry panted.

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

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

"It's salty," she noted.

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

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

"That was fun," she said.

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

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

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