

Chapter 5

It was a bright, sunny Sunday afternoon when Hermione Apparated just outside the Burrow. She could hear the Weasleys and their extended family talking and laughing long before she reached the front door. Pausing, she took a slow, calming breath before fixing a smile on her face and knocking. Molly opened the door a moment later.

“Hermione!” she exclaimed happily. “It’s wonderful to see you again, dear.”

“It’s good to see you too, Molly,” Hermione replied and hugged the woman tightly.

“Come on in, dear,” she said, ushering her into the house. “How have you been?”

“Busy,” Hermione sighed as they made their way to the kitchen.

“I imagine,” Molly smiled. “Arthur said he’s never seen the Ministry work so efficiently.”

Stopping at the counter where a wooden spoon was animated to mix a bowl of potato salad, she gave it an approving nod before adding a bit more pepper. Outside of the window over her shoulder, Hermione could see Harry sitting at a table with Fleur, Bill, and Arthur. They all laughed at something Harry said, and Fleur leaned over to pat his thigh as if to playfully scold him for misbehaving.

The question of whether he was shagging her popped into her mind before she could stop it. Just the thought of Harry and her together had her heart racing and her nipples hardening.

And she’d thought dealing with Ron would be the hardest part of her day.

“Can I help?” she asked Molly, hoping to distract herself from her own perverted thoughts.

“Can you take that out for me?” Molly asked, pointing to a vegetable platter next to the sink. “That should give the boys something to snack on before dinner. You know how they get when they’re hungry.”

“Sure,” Hermione replied, forcing a smile.

Grabbing the platter, she went to the back door and walked outside. She froze momentarily when she spotted Ron talking with Ginny and Colin at one of the tables. But it wasn’t seeing her ex-husband that made her pause; it was remembering what Ginny did with Harry just a couple of days ago. Looking away quickly, she saw Andromeda and Luna having a quiet conversation while they watched Teddy and Victorie play with toy wands that only shot bubbles. The two toddlers giggled loudly as they took turns spraying bubbles into the air, then popped them with their fingers.

“Oh, brilliant,” George said, appearing on her left.

“Food,” Fred said to her right.

They took the platter from her hands and set it on the table. All of the Weasley boys got up and dug in. Hermione rolled her eyes, but at least it gave her an excuse to ignore Ron for a little bit longer.

“Hey, Hermione!” Harry called, waving her over.

Putting a smile on her face, she walked over and sat across from him and next to Arthur.

“Good to see you, Hermione,” Bill said, smiling warmly. “How are you holding up?”

“Oh, I’m fine,” Hermione said. “Work’s keeping me busy. How about you?”

“The same,” he replied. “I’m heading back to Yemen on Tuesday to start a new dig.”

“Again?” she asked, surprised.

He’d only returned from a four-month stay in Egypt a few weeks ago.

“I know, but it should only be for a couple of weeks,” Bill said.

“I wish zey would stop sending you overseas so much,” Fleur pouted.

“I know,” he said. “But it’s part of the job. And I’m sure Harry won’t mind stopping by to keep you company.”

“Of course,” Harry said, smiling.

“Good,” Fleur smirked teasingly. “Zen maybe ‘e can fix ze garden wizout killing all ze plants.”

Bill rolled his eyes good-naturedly while Harry and Fleur shared a laugh. Hermione’s mind immediately conjured images of Harry keeping Fleur company in an entirely different way. She grabbed a butterbeer and took a long swig to moisten her dry mouth. A couple of drops spilled from the corner of her lips, and when she raised a hand to wipe them off her shirt, she noticed her nipples were quite visible, even through her bra.

“Dinner’s ready!” Molly yelled from the kitchen window. “Boys, come help me bring this out!”

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Hermione went straight home after leaving the Burrow, and yet she still couldn’t relax. She tried taking a shower with the shower head in her favorite position, but it didn’t help. It was like

having an itch you couldn't scratch. Giving in, she decided to head over to Lucinda's. Maybe watching some more memories of Harry would help, she thought.

A few minutes later, she was standing outside the shop. Through the windows, she could see a couple of customers, two witches who appeared to be in their thirties, milling along the shelves. Hermione thought about going back home, but she couldn't bring herself to turn around now that she'd come this far. Pulling her hood over her face, she stepped into the store.

The witches glanced in her direction briefly before turning back to the shelves and laughing at an absurdly large dildo. As she made her way towards the door to the back rooms, Hermione noticed that Lucinda wasn't anywhere to be seen. Instead, Rachel was standing at the register, reading a magazine. She looked up and smiled as Hermione neared.

"He's in room three," she said softly.

Hermione's breath hitched, and she came to a dead stop next to the register.

"Harry's here?" she asked quietly.

"Yeah," Rachel replied. "They just got here just a couple of minutes ago."

"Thank you," Hermione said.

Walking swiftly to the door, she shakily inserted her key into the lock and turned the handle. Quickly, she slipped inside and began making her way down the hall. She searched for room three and wondered who Harry had brought with him. Was it anyone she knew?

When she found room three, she rushed excitedly into the voyeur room next door. Closing the door behind her, her heart leapt into her throat when she spotted the beautiful blonde already sitting on the day bed.

“Ermione?” Fleur asked in surprise.

Hermione stared at her in shock, her muscles frozen. She was caught. How on Earth was she going to explain this?

Getting over her surprise, Fleur smiled, stood, and gave her a hug.

“I didn’t know you were a member,” she said.

“What are you doing here?” came Hermione’s unconscious response.

Pulling back, Fleur looked amused rather than offended by the admittedly rude question.

“It’s a surprise for Bill before ‘e leaves,” she replied, gesturing to the wall.

Hermione looked over and noticed what was in the other room for the first time. Harry, Bill, Neville, and Dean sat on couches, sipping butterbeer as they chatted.

“Oh,” Hermione said, even though she still felt confused.

“Didn’t ‘Arry tell you?” Fleur asked, her brow furrowed.

“No,” Hermione admitted slowly. “He, well... he doesn’t know I’m here, exactly.”

“Ah,” Fleur said, her eyes lighting up with understanding.

Smiling, she led her over to the day bed and sat down as she explained.

“Bill and I ‘ave an open marriage when ‘e is away,” she said.

“Is that why Harry visits you so much?” Hermione couldn’t stop herself from asking.

Fleur smirked, “Oui.”

“And it doesn’t bother you that he sleeps with other women?” she asked curiously.

“Of course, not,” Fleur said, waving away the thought. “Why would it? It doesn’t bother you to see ‘Arry with other women.”

“But that’s different,” Hermione protested. “We’re not married.”

“Non,” Fleur agreed, then pinned her with a knowing look. “But you love ‘im.”

Hermione flushed and opened her mouth to respond, but before she could, the door opened in the other room. She and Fleur looked on as Aurora Sinistra, the Astronomy professor at Hogwarts, entered the room.

“Hello, professor,” Harry smiled.

“Mr. Potter,” Sinistra replied.

Neville shifted nervously in his seat as she walked over to the couch he shared with Harry. He started to scoot over to give her room to sit, but Harry grabbed her hips and pulled her into his lap. Chuckling, he grabbed a fistful of her dark hair, pulled her head back, and kissed her neck while his other hand groped her large breast over her heavy robe.

“I never expected Harry to be so rough,” Hermione admitted softly.

“Arry is very good at giving women what they want,” Fleur replied with a smirk. “Most of ze women ‘ere like a man who takes what ‘e wants. ‘E was very gentle wiz Gabrielle.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, swallowing thickly.

Fleur flashed her a knowing smile before they turned their attention back to the other room.

“Neville’s a bit nervous,” Harry said, peppering kisses along the column of Sinistra’s neck. “It’s his first time here. Why don’t you help him relax?”

Sinistra closed her eyes and moaned. When she opened them a moment later, she leaned forward, dropping down to her hands and knees, and reached for Neville’s belt. While she worked on opening his trousers, Harry eyed her bum, which was swaying right next to his face. Grabbing the hem of her robe, he lifted it to her waist. Sinistra wore nothing but a dark blue set of stockings and suspenders underneath. Harry, Bill, and Dean gazed appreciatively at her thick, round bum and delicate folds.

“She has a great arse, doesn’t she?” Harry asked, gripping and jiggling one of her cheeks.

Sinistra shivered excitedly as she pulled Neville’s length out of his trousers. He wasn’t as long as Harry, but he was noticeably thicker. Without a hint of hesitation, she opened her mouth wide and stretched her lips around his girth. Neville grunted, his eyes going wide as he bucked his hips.

“You know, Aurora started teaching in my seventh year,” Bill said casually. “We had a pool going that one of us could shag her. None of us won, though.”

“I think we’re all gonna be winners tonight,” Dean smirked.

“I’ll drink to that,” Harry grinned.

Taking a sip of his butterbeer, he slipped his other hand between Sinistra's legs and caressed her folds. She moaned around Neville's length and wiggled her hips as she spread her legs further apart. With a smile, Harry set down his butterbeer and caressed her clit. Her constant moans rapidly pushed Neville closer to a climax. Hermione and Fleur watched as his face flushed and brow furrowed as he bucked his hips. Grabbing the back of her head, he groaned and erupted in her mouth. Sinistra sealed her lips tightly around his shaft, and they could see her throat bob each time she swallowed.

As Neville slumped in his seat, Harry pulled Sinistra back into his lap. Undoing her cloak, he pulled it off of her, exposing her flawless brown skin, thin figure, and large breasts. Harry groped her chest roughly and sucked at her neck before pushing her to her feet. Bill, Dean, and Harry all stood as well and began to strip out of their clothes.

Hermione eyed them curiously, comparing and contrasting their bodies, until she noticed movement out of the corner of her eye. A gasp left her lips as she watched Fleur slip out of the same dress she'd worn to the Burrow. She wore no knickers underneath, leaving her perfect body completely bare to Hermione's gaze. Fleur looked over, gave her a smirk, and then leaned back and started caressing her folds.

"Zat looks fun," she said suddenly.

Turning back to the room, Hermione gasped as she watched Sinistra, now on her knees, take turns sucking each of the three men standing around her while stroking the other two with her hands.

"I wonder if Bill would let me try zat," Fleur said.

Hermione rubbed her thighs together as she watched them take turns reaching down to grope and slap her large breasts. Gradually, they grew even rougher. They started grabbing handfuls of hair and held her head still as they thrust selfishly in and out of her open mouth. Sinistra was roughly spun in circles on her knees as she was treated like a cheap whore. Spit ran down her chin and dripped onto her breasts, yet she never resisted their demanding hands.

Hermione was so distracted by the show that she didn't realize Fleur had moved behind her until she felt the woman's arms wrap around her waist. She jumped slightly and looked over her shoulder nervously.

"Relax," Fleur said softly, kissing her cheek. "Just watch."

Swallowing thickly, Hermione leaned back against her soft chest as Fleur's hands caressed her stomach. Slowly, one hand drifted towards her breast while the other tickled the inside of her thigh.

Back in the room, Harry manhandled Sinistra to her feet. Bending her over at the waist, he drove his length into her depths while Bill ruthlessly claimed her mouth. Sinistra grabbed his hips, trying to steady herself as she was buffeted from both ends. The rough treatment and gagging only seemed to make her more eager.

Hermione trembled as Fleur's hand trailed up her thigh under her skirt and rested on her mound. Fleur teased her folds through her silk knickers for a few moments before plunging her hand inside and touching her directly. Hermione threw her head back and moaned.

"Maybe I should ask 'Arry to bring you over when 'e visits," Fleur whispered, nibbling on her earlobe. "We would 'ave so much fun making you scream."

As Hermione panted, Fleur unbuttoned her blouse and slipped a hand inside her bra. Her fingers quickly captured one of Hermione's hard nipples and squeezed. The pain caused her to gasp and send a surge through her body that went straight to her core. When Fleur suddenly plunged two fingers into her folds, her eyes landed back on Harry and his glistening length.

Neville had rejoined the group, and they had settled into a rotation. Dean was behind Sinistra while Neville used her mouth. After a few moments, they switched and Harry and Bill took their turns. Sinistra did her best to stroke the two that weren't currently using her body, keeping them hard and ready.

A swish of Fleur's wand left Hermione completely naked, but she hardly noticed. She was too engrossed in the show happening in the other room. The boys rotated a few more times before Harry led Sinistra over to one of the couches and took a seat. Sinistra knelt over him and then descended onto his length. Behind her back, Harry waved Bill over and spread her cheeks. Hermione gasped when he lined himself up with her bum and slowly sank into her depths.

"Fuck!" Sinistra shouted.

Harry laughed and squeezed her breasts as the two of them began thrusting in and out of her. They started slow at first, but soon, the Astronomy professor was getting pummeled between them.

"Yes, fuck me!" Sinistra yelled.

A few moments later, she screamed as she climaxed, but Harry and Bill were relentless as they continued thrusting. After just a couple of minutes, Bill pulled out, and Harry passed her over to Dean. As he sank into her depths and spread open her cheeks, Neville looked at her nervously.

"Go on, get in there, Neville," Harry said encouragingly.

Being thicker than the rest, if a bit shorter, Hermione wondered if he would even fit. Neville placed himself at her wrinkled entrance and pushed hard until his head suddenly popped inside.

"Holy shit!" Sinistra exclaimed, arching her back as her eyes went wide.

"She's fine," Harry assured Neville, clapping him on the back. "She'll tell you if it's too much."

"Right," Neville said.

Pushing forward, he slowly sank into her stretched entrance.

“Longbottom,” Sinistra moaned.

“More like Gapsbottom,” Bill joked.

Harry snorted and shook his head as Dean and Neville began thrusting. It took them longer to get into a rhythm like Harry and Bill had.

“Harder,” Sinistra gasped as Dean sucked on her nipple. “Please.”

Slowly, Neville grew more confident, and as a result, he and Dean were able to move faster and harder. Sinistra moaned out another climax while Fleur pushed Hermione closer to hers. Panting, she closed her eyes and trembled as she tipped over the edge. She bit her lip to hold in her moan as she bucked her hips and squirmed against the voluptuous witch behind her. Fleur gave her nipple a painful tug, drawing a sharp gasp from her lips.

As she came down, Fleur pulled her fingers free of her sopping folds and brought them to her lips. Hermione watched open-mouthed as she brought them to her mouth and sucked them clean. Giving her a wink, Fleur scooted to the side, laid on her back, and then brought the fingers she'd just been sucking to her own folds. Hermione raked her eyes over her amazing body before she realized what she was doing and turned back to the boys.

They'd changed positions yet again. Sinistra was now on her hands and knees. Neville was under her, trusting up while Bill was thrusting from behind. Meanwhile, Harry and Dean were taking turns with her mouth.

“I'm not going to last much longer,” Neville panted, his face strained.

“Don't cum yet,” Harry warned. “I have an idea.”

Bill and Neville groaned as they pulled out of the professor and shuffled out of the way. Grabbing a handful of her dark hair, Harry dragged Sinistra to the floor and sat her on her knees. Motioning the others to gather around, he speared into her throat. He hammered her face roughly, heedless to her gagging, and then passed her to Dean.

Sinistra was spun around in a circle twice, allowing each of the men to use her mouth as they pleased until Harry groaned. Pulling out suddenly, he roughly tilted her head back and erupted all over her face. The bright white streaks contrasted sharply against her dark skin. When he passed her to Dean, he made her suck his tip while he stroked himself furiously. A few moments later, he added his own deposit to her face.

Bill and Neville did the same, leaving Sinistra's face completely glazed by the time they were finished. The professor sat back on her knees and moaned loudly. Her own fingers drove her to a final climax before she relaxed.

"How was that, Professor?" Harry asked.

"Full marks for Gryffindor," Sinistra replied, smiling.