

Chapter 3

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

The second thing was that Harry had given her so much more than just a lesson in stripping and confidence when he'd asked Penny to help her. He'd given her something far more important. A friend. The day after her lesson with Penny, the former Head Girl had taken her to London without Harry to go shopping. She'd spent the entire afternoon getting to know Penny better and they'd quickly bonded through their shared experiences and hardships. For Hermione, it felt like she had an older sister of sorts. One she could talk to about things her parents, no matter how hard they tried, couldn't understand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I love magic," Hermione smiled.

Stuffing the books into her bag to read later. Looking at them, she waved her wand, transfiguring the covers into something less inappropriate. She then turned to the glass dildo in her hand, wondering if it could make itself look like something else. Suddenly, it began to grow rapidly and became so heavy she had to hold it with two hands. Wide-eyed, she stared at the

member that looked like it belonged to some sort of magical creature. It was nearly two feet long, and the tip tapered to a point with a slight downward curve.

“Oh my,” Hermione said.

“You’ve always been ambitious, Hermione, but don’t you think that’s a bit much?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione frowned, but she understood his point.

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

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

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

Realizing she was being teased, Hermione smacked his shoulder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But was she ready to take that next step?

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

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

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

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

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

Pressing a kiss to her lips, he led her over to the reading chair and sat down. Licking her lips in anticipation, Hermione knelt down between his legs. With trembling hands, she unbuckled his belt and began undoing his trousers. A quivering breath left her lips as she pulled his boxers down and reached inside. Her fingers wrapped around the base of his warm shaft, and she swore she could feel it harden slightly as she pulled him out into the open. Seeing his size as he slowly hardened in her grip, she felt nervous and excited simultaneously.

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

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

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

Hermione glanced up at Harry occasionally, seeking advice. But other than a patient, encouraging smile, he told her nothing. As she gradually grew more comfortable, she gripped him tighter and stroked his smooth shaft a little faster. She watched, entranced, while the head swelled, turning from pink to bright red. His erection throbbed in her hand like it had a

heartbeat of its own and a small, clear drop oozed from the tip. Unconsciously, Hermione licked her lips, her mouth watering as she imagined leaning forward to taste him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hermione bobbed her head up and down leisurely, moving her top hand out of the way when she bumped into it with her lips. As her confidence grew, all of her other thoughts and worries fell into the background. It felt like her entire world had shrunk down to just Harry’s length, the feel of it stretching her lips and the way it pulsed against her tongue. Other than to occasional

groan, muttered praise, and the continued massaging of her scalp, he remained entirely passive, letting her move at her own pace.

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

“Hermione, I’m close,” Harry warned.

Moaning, she continued to suck and bob, her tongue caressing his amazingly smooth skin. Hermione’s hand began to pump up and down when she felt him suddenly swell. His whole shaft quivered in her mouth, and she swore she could feel his climax surge through his shaft before he erupted with a groan. Harry came with much more force than she expected. Hermione nearly choked when the first jet hit the back of her throat, causing her eyes to water. Through willpower alone, she forced herself not to cough and used her tongue to catch the rest of his molten hot seed.

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

“Bloody hell,” Harry muttered.

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

“Did I do alright? Oh!” Hermione said, rubbing her cheeks. “My jaw’s sore.”

Harry chuckled and caressed her cheeks affectionately.

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

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

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

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

“Really?” Hermione asked, feeling relieved it wasn’t just her.

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

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

“No way,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I know just the person,” Harry smiled.

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

“Number eight Bathurst Lane!” he called.

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

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

Running a hand through her hair, she paced back and forth worriedly. What if the Floo wasn’t connected? Would he be stuck? Was he hurt? Should she go to Professor McGonagall? Those

thoughts and more ran through her mind at a furious pace before the Floo suddenly flared to life again. A moment later, Harry stepped out with a smile on his face.

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

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

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

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

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

“Perfectly,” he grinned.

“Where did you go?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It went well," Hermione said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wow,” she whispered. “How was it?”

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

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

“Do you think you’ll have sex with him?” she asked.

Hermione bit her lip and glanced over at Harry.

“I haven’t decided yet,” she replied, knowing deep down it was a lie.

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

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

“Heather!” Hermione exclaimed, laughing incredulously.

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

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

Heather blushed and mumbled, "A while."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks, Harry,” Heather said.

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

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

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

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

~

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

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

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

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

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

“Arry!” Fleur beamed.

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

“Eet’s so good to see you again,” she said softly.

“It’s good to see you, too,” Harry smiled. “How’s Gabrielle?”

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

“I’m glad I could help,” Harry said.

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

“And you must be ‘Ermione, oui?” she asked.

“Yes,” Hermione said, holding out her hand. “It’s nice to meet you.”

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

Hermione blushed slightly at the blunt question but nodded.

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

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

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

She trailed off, staring off into the distance. Hermione wasn’t sure what to say. She knew Fleur must’ve had a bad experience with someone to say something like that. While she didn’t know

how to react, Harry reached out and took her hand, squeezing it gently. Shaking her head, Fleur gave him a loving smile.

“Zhen again, zhere are men zhat inspire you to push your limits because zhey do so much for you,” Fleur finished softly.

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

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

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

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

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

“She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur agreed, her eyes raking over Hermione’s figure with a sparkle. “She ‘as a very nice derriere.”

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

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

"Just once," Hermione said.

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

Taking Harry by the hand, she led him over to the couch. Pushing him down in the middle seat, she sat on his right and curled up against his side, legs tucked under her bum. Hermione nibbled her bottom lip as she knelt between his legs. Hermione took a deep breath while wrapping her hand around his rapidly hardening length. In moments, he was fully erect, his head throbbing an angry red.

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

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

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

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

“Are all guys like that, or is that just because you’re a Veela?” Hermione asked curiously.

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

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

“Patience, mon amour,” Fleur said promisingly before turning to Hermione. “Zhe second zhing you need to learn is ‘ow to use your tongue. Give me your ‘and.”

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

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

“Zhere are more zhat I can teach you later, but zhose are ‘Arry’s favorites,” Fleur said. “And don’t be afraid to try somezhing new. Now, zhe zhird zhing is zhe most difficult, but zhe most rewarding. Zhe deepthroat drives men wild.”

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

"Shit, Fleur!" Harry gasped.

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

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

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

"How?" Hermione asked curiously.

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

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

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

Shuffling back between Harry's legs, Hermione bent down and wrapped her lips around him. As she practiced the tongue movements Fleur showed her, she noticed that slight, pleasant tingle from before spreading around the inside of her mouth. Her core pulsed with arousal when she realized it was coming from Fleur's saliva. Sucking harder and adding in the twisting hand

movement on the lower part of his shaft that she'd seen Fleur use, Hermione noticed an immediate difference. Harry groaned loudly, hissing occasionally as he panted. After a couple of minutes, she remembered Fleur's tip about eye contact. Seeing him gaze down at her so lustfully, even as he groped the beautiful Veela kissing his neck, she rubbed her legs together as a drop of arousal ran down her thigh. In just a few minutes, she felt his length swell and tremble against her tongue.

"Hermione," Harry panted warningly.

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

Hermione didn't know why she wanted her to do that, but she listened anyway. This time, she used her tongue to catch his cum as he erupted in her mouth. The thick, salty liquid flooded her tongue each time he pulsed, a groan leaving his lips. Hermione sucked hard to make sure she got all of it before pulling back, keeping her lips sealed as best she could. A small amount dripped down onto her chest, but she was able to keep most of it.

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

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

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

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

"Let me show you what else you can do wiz your tongue," she said.