

Chapter 4

Hermione moaned, closing her eyes as her head fell back to rest on Harry's shoulder. Smiling, he kissed her neck, one hand caressing her full, soft breast while he teased two fingers on either side of her damp folds. In the middle of the beds, the girls were still crowded around Demelza, cleaning her up with their tongues. The sight of them licking his cum from her pale skin already had him throbbing against his best friend's firm bum, but he still felt incredibly sensitive.

There was one girl that hadn't joined in, however. Padma bit her lip as she watched the erotic scene in front of her, her cheeks flushed. By now, she was also the only one still fully clothed.

"Alright, Padma?" Harry asked, dipping two fingers between Hermione's lips and causing her to gasp.

Padma swallowed as she watched his fingers move under Hermione's shorts.

"Fine," she muttered softly.

"She's just nervous," Parvati said before turning to her twin. "And you can at least take your clothes off. It's not like Harry hasn't seen it already."

She gestured to her naked body, identical to her sister's. As he stared at her curvy figure, Harry grazed Hermione's clit with his thumb. She bucked her hips, unintentionally grinding her bum against his shaft as she moaned. Smiling, he kissed her temple and hugged her to his chest. He absolutely loved seeing Hermione lose herself in moments like this. When he looked back up, he was surprised to see Padma stripping out of her clothes. He hadn't actually expected her to go through with it.

She looked beautiful, exactly like her sister. If it wasn't for the clear difference in their personalities, he didn't think he could tell them apart. Tossing her panties to the side, Padma clamped her thighs together and covered her chest shyly.

"You're beautiful, Padma," Harry told her.

Smiling, she slowly dropped her arms, revealing her perky breasts. He gazed at her appreciatively, even as he continued to draw more moans from Hermione's lips. Looking between Padma and Parvati, he felt guilty for the way he and Ron had treated them during the Yule Ball. They were smart, kind, beautiful young women who deserved better than they'd treated them. As his eyes wandered around, Harry spotted the book they'd been using all night. A smile lit up his face as an idea came to mind. Letting go of Hermione's breast, he picked it up.

"Harry, Parvati," he called.

Turning away from her conversation with Lavender, she looked at him curiously.

"Here," he said, handing her the book. "You and Padma can pick anything you want. Consider it an apology for being such a bad date at the Yule Ball."

"Thanks, Harry," Parvati smiled.

"But Ron was my date," Padma argued.

"It was my idea," Harry shrugged. "So, it's still partly my fault you had such a bad night."

Padma opened her mouth to argue some more, but Parvati plopped down next to her and whispered in her ear. She blushed as her sister opened the book in their laps and started flipping through the pages. Both of them crossed their legs without thought, inadvertently giving him an unobstructed view of their pink, glistening folds.

"Do I get to have sex with Harry now?" Luna asked.

Harry chuckled at just how casually she asked the question.

“Sure, Luna,” he smiled. “Just let me finish taking care of Hermione first.”

Hermione moaned loudly as his thumb circled her clit and his fingers tips sought out that sensitive bundle of nerves hidden in her tight depths. After Ginny had gone wild when he hit her G-spot, Harry snuck into the Restricted Section to try and learn more about it. There, he found a number of books on sex. Most were more dedicated to the magic and rituals based on the act, but a couple were helpful guides for young wizards. Now, he knew exactly what it was and how to find it.

Hermione’s hips bucked, a deep, sensual whine leaving her lips as he stimulated the slightly rougher patch of skin. Losing her inhibitions, she squirmed out her shorts and panties, kicking them carelessly across the bed. Harry smiled, groping her breast roughly and kissing her neck softly. The other girls, having finished cleaning Demelza, chatted quietly as they watched them.

“Oh, Harry,” Hermione moaned breathily. “What are you doing to me?”

Smirking, he wrapped his arm tightly around her chest to hold her in place. Suddenly, he started slamming his fingers in and out of her, firmly rubbing against the full length of her G-spot. Hermione’s eyes sprang open wide, her mouth hanging open in a silent scream. In moments, she was squirming and trembling, trying to escape his embrace.

“Trust me,” Harry whispered.

Her arousal flowed out of her, soaking his hand and causing his knuckles to slap wetly against her mound. She tensed in his arms, her hips bucking as she tried to escape the overwhelming sensations he was causing. Eyes rolling into the back of her head, Hermione screamed as a shower of arousal escaped past his fingers and landed on the bed. Shivering, shaking, and panting for breath, she erupted twice more before he finally slowed down, rubbing her gently and kissing her neck.

Hermione groaned as she collapsed back against him, her body twitching uncontrollably as she cupped her leaking mound and curled into a ball. Harry showered her with kisses and gentle caresses as she slowly settled, her beautiful brown eyes slowly blinking open.

“Merlin, Harry,” Katie gasped, her eyes glittering with excitement. “You nearly broke her!”

“I think he did break her,” Ginny smirked.

“M’okay,” Hermione mumbled tiredly. “That was... intense.”

Sitting up, she turned and gave Harry a soft, lingering kiss before climbing off of his lap. She was barely out of the way before Luna jumped on him excitedly. The lithe, grinning blonde plopped herself down on his thighs and wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. Without any hesitation, she gripped his throbbing shaft, lined it up with her entrance, and dropped.

“Luna!” Harry yelled, gripping her bum to stop her momentum.

Luna stopped with nearly half his length buried in her tight depths, eyes wide and mouth open in a shocked ‘O.’

“Luna, you should try and take it slow your first time,” Lavender said, crawling over to rub the other blonde’s back.

“Sorry,” Luna said, letting out a slow, shuddering breath. “I just got excited. I feel fine now. You can let go, Harry.”

Harry loosened his grip on her bum, and Luna moaned as he sank just a bit further into her. As she started rising and lowering herself on his length, gradually taking him deeper into her clutching core, he let his hands wander over her body. He caressed her back, hips, ribs, and up to her breasts, delighting in just how soft and smooth her skin felt.

“You feel incredible, Luna,” Harry said, kissing her lips.

“Thank you,” Luna panted. “You’re really big, but it still feels good. I’m sorry my breasts aren’t that big, but I’m sure Lavender would let you play with hers.”

“Your breasts are beautiful,” Harry said, giving them a firm squeeze.

Smiling, Luna wrapped her arms around him tightly and started rocking her hips. When she sat back a moment later, she started bouncing in his lap. Harry used his hands on her bum to help her along, feeding his throbbing shaft into her impossibly tight depths over and over again. Her small breasts trembled on her chest as she panted, smiling widely.

“This is so much fun!” she cheered, bouncing even harder. “I hope we can do this again!”

Harry smiled, and the girls giggled at the little blonde’s exuberance. While she was certainly having fun, the angle was a bit awkward. Hugging Luna, he rolled them over so her lithe body was pinned under his.

“Oh! This is new,” Luna chirped, eyes widening.

Giving her soft, pink lips a kiss, Harry settled into a slow but steady rhythm. Luna moaned and writhed under him so constantly he couldn’t tell if she’d reached her climax or if she’d never come down from the first one. Eventually, her incredibly tight, clutching depths brought him over the edge, spilling into her with just as much force as he had the others.

When Harry rolled off of her, Luna looked down at her leaking folds, giggled, and covered it with her hand.

“Hermione, is there a spell to keep Harry’s cum in me?” she asked. “I quite like the idea of keeping a piece of him in me.”

Hermione stammered and blushed while Harry broke out laughing.

“Don’t ever change, Luna,” he said, kissing her cheek.

Sitting up, he glanced over at the twins with a grin.

“So, any ideas what you want to try from that book?” he asked, hardening in anticipation.