

## Chapter 4

Fleur took Hermione by the hand and led her over to the bed. Harry followed behind them, his large, swollen length swinging between his legs.

“Lay down on zhe bed,” Fleur said in a soft, seductive purr.

Hermione felt a shiver of excitement as she crawled onto the mattress. Fleur’s Allure grew heavier, making her skin tingle and causing her core to throb needily. Rolling over onto her back, she bit her lip as she watched Fleur climb onto the bed on her hands and knees, her bright blue eyes sparkling lustfully and her heavy breasts swaying under her. Grabbing Hermione’s legs, she pushed them open and leaned down to kiss the inside of her thigh, just above the knee.

“Fleur?” she asked tremulously.

“You wanted to learn about oral sex, non?” Fleur asked with a sexy smirk as she kissed her thigh a little higher up.

Hermione opened her mouth to reply but choked on the words when Fleur raked her nails lightly up her legs to her hips. As she tried to gather her thoughts, Harry laid down next to her on his side. His tip brushed her hip at the same time his hand caressed her cheek. With a smile, he leaned down and kissed her softly.

“It’s okay if you want to stop,” he whispered.

Chewing her lip, Hermione lifted her head and looked down at Fleur. The blonde pushed her legs further apart and placed a kiss at the junction between her folds and her thigh.

“Oh, God,” she groaned, dropping her head back on the mattress.

Running his fingers along her skin, Harry chuckled. Hermione opened her eyes and looked at him questioningly.

“I just watching you like this,” he shrugged. “It’s hot.”

Hermione felt her face flush as she looked at him. A couple of boys had called her pretty before, and Harry had called her beautiful often, but no one had ever referred to her as hot.

“Mmh, oui, eet is,” Fleur purred.

Hermione’s face turned bright red, knowing she was referring to the heat coming from her aroused core. Suddenly, Fleur leaned forward and licked along the length of her slit. Hermione gasped, her hands curling into fists as she let out a low moan. As Fleur’s smooth, wet tongue caressed her folds, it left behind a warm, tingling sensation, further enflaming her arousal.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Harry asked with a smile.

Hermione nodded, taking a deep, shaky breath as his hand ran up to caress her breast. She moaned again when Fleur ran her tongue up and down, slipping between her lips and stopping just short of her clit. At the same time, Harry took her stiff nipple between her fingers and squeezed it lightly. Moaning again, Hermione clenched her hands, only realizing then that her right hand was wrapped around Harry’s shaft.

Closing her eyes, she stroked him lightly and savored the feeling of Fleur’s tongue and lips on her folds. After teasing her for several long moments, she finally circled her clit. With a gasp, she bucked her hips and groaned, her chest rising and falling sharply with each breath. Harry bent down, taking one of her nipples between his lips while Fleur’s wrapped around her clit. For a moment, the two acted in concert, their tongues moving in unison on both of her sensitive nubs.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped, arching her back with her mouth hanging open.

Harry's teeth grazed her swollen nipple while Fleur swirled her tongue around her throbbing clit. The sensations were amazing and overwhelming. Hermione's head spun as she gasped for breath. Clenching her eyes shut, her muscles tightened, and her body shook as a tremendous climax rose to its peak. Pleasure consumed her entire being for several long moments before she came down from her crest. Hermione's body slowly relaxed, her back coming back down to rest on the mattress while she panted for breath.

Giggling, Fleur crawled up her body, pausing briefly to kiss and nip playfully at her nipple. Hermione felt her stop, the warmth of her body hovering above hers, her soft breasts resting lightly on her chest. Suddenly, she felt a pair of full, pouty lips press against hers. Hermione's eyes shot open wide, staring at Fleur's breathtakingly beautiful face as she kissed her. Slowly, her eyes fluttered closed, and she gave in. It just felt too good to resist. She was really coming to enjoy these moments when she could just turn off her brain and savor the pleasure she was feeling.

As that thought passed through her mind, Fleur abruptly gasped and raised herself up before letting out the most sensual, erotic moan Hermione had ever heard.

"Oui," she panted breathlessly. "Fuck me."

Lifting her head, Hermione looked over her shoulder to see Harry on his knees behind Fleur. Though she couldn't see it from her angle, she knew he was buried deep in the stunning blonde. With a pleased groan, he caressed her back and began thrusting slowly. Fleur moaned and leaned down, capturing Hermione's lips in a demanding kiss. She could feel every thrust as Fleur rocked above her.

A tingle ran through Hermione's core, her folds dripping with arousal. It almost felt like Harry was making love to her through Fleur. As the blonde pulled back to take a deep breath and let out a long, low moan, she couldn't help but run her hands over her amazing body.

"More," Fleur purred, thrusting her chest into Hermione's hands.

Hermione groped her chest roughly, her fingers plucking and tugging at her hard little nipples. Fleur moaned loudly and arched her back. She had such a look of absolute pleasure on her face was so beautiful, so arousing, that Hermione bucked her hips, wishing that Harry would just sink himself into her.

Fleur smirked as if she could read her thoughts. Twisting her upper body to the side, she kissed Hermione's neck while reaching between her legs and caressing her folds. Hermione moaned and bucked her hips, her eyes sliding closed as two of Fleur's fingers slid into her depths. Suddenly, lips were on hers, and she was forced to swallow Fleur's moan as Harry thrust hard, making their bodies jolt in unison. Hermione became lost in a fog of pleasure, her hips bucking to the rhythm of Harry's thrusts. Each time he plowed into Fleur, his thighs clapped loudly against her round bum.

Fleur found a spot inside of her that caused her to gasp, her back arching sharply as she tore their lips apart with a guttural moan. When Fleur cried out, their eyes met, and her Allure flared. Hermione could practically feel Fleur's orgasm grow through her pulsating magic. As she crested her peak, so did Hermione. They screamed in unison, hugging and trembling while Harry grunted out his own climax.

Hermione clung to Fleur as they rode out their climaxes together until both of them were panting, trembling messes.

"Well, that was incredible," Harry said, collapsing on the mattress next to them.

Hermione and Fleur giggle tiredly. After rolling to the other side, Harry and Fleur cuddled up on either side of Hermione and took turns kissing her. Settling down, they all rest quietly, dozing and caressing each other on and off for the next couple of hours.

Eventually, Harry and Hermione needed to return to the common room before they were missed. As they were getting dressed, Fleur looked at Hermione's bra and frowned.

"We need to get you new clothes," she huffed.

“What’s wrong with them?” Hermione asked self-consciously.

They were a rather plain pair of white cotton knickers, but she didn’t think they were too bad.

“You’re too beautiful to wear something so plain,” Fleur huffed. “Penny and I will take you shopping on the next Ogsmeade weekend and help you pick out something nice.”

“Oh, you don’t have to do that,” Hermione said.

“I want to,” Fleur said, smiling as she took her hand.

Hermione wasn’t sure why she wanted to, but she smiled thankfully anyways. Fleur walked up and gave her a hug before pulling back with a bright smile. Turning to Harry, she kissed him passionately for a long moment, then made her way to the Floo.

“Ready to head back to the tower?” Harry asked.

Nodding, Hermione looped her arm through his, and they left the Room of Requirement. Just as they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, Lavender and Parvati came up behind them. Taking one glance at their linked arms, the girls giggled and whispered quietly. Hermione rolled her eyes as she stepped into the common room with a yawn.

“Tired?” Harry asked, opening the door to the Head’s suite.

“That took a lot out of me,” she muttered quietly.

Harry chuckled, “Fleur does that.”

“Her Allure can get a bit... intense,” she admitted, closing the door behind her. “I think I’m going to head to bed.”

“Why don’t you stay with me tonight?” Harry asked.

“You mean just to sleep?” Hermione asked.

“Just sleep,” Harry smiled.

“Alright,” Hermione said.

She still didn’t know if she wanted to have sex with Harry. Well, that wasn’t quite true. A part of her did want to sleep with him. She certainly dreamed about it enough. But she just wasn’t sure if she wanted her first time to be with someone she wasn’t in a serious relationship with.

Not that Hermione was against dating Harry, it was just that she didn’t think she had much of a chance considering he had women like Penny and Fleur ready and waiting for him. How on earth was she supposed to compete with women like that?

Lost in thought, she didn’t even realize Harry had led her to the bathroom until she heard the shower turn on. Turning back to her, he smiled and chuckled softly.

“Knut for your thoughts?” he asked.

“Nothing important,” Hermione murmured, blushing.

Smiling, Harry kissed her gently on the lips and started stripping out of his clothes. Hermione followed his lead before they stepped under the water. She closed her eyes, relaxing under the hot spray and sighing as Harry started soaping up her body. Once he was finished polishing her breasts until they practically shined, Hermione turned around and did the same for him.

When they climbed out of the shower and dried off, neither of them bothered putting clothes on before walking into Harry's room and climbing into bed. He spooned her from behind, his hand resting on her waist and his hips pressed firmly against her bum. Harry's comforting warmth and gentle caresses lulled her to sleep.

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Over the next week, Hermione continued sleeping in Harry's room at night. During the day, when they were alone in their rooms, she practiced her oral skills. Hermione took great pleasure in bringing him to his peak. It excited her to know she could get those kinds of reactions out of a man. After she grew a bit more confident in her abilities and herself, she began drawing his pleasure out more and more.

Hermione bring him to the brink of climax before slowing down and letting him recover before starting again. She'd repeat that two or three times, or until her jaw was sore, before finally bringing him to completion. The first time she did that, she was surprised by the amount he came and choked. When she pulled back to cough, her face and hair ended up drenched. By the end of the week, she was able to swallow all of it without losing a single drop, something made her feel smug and a little bit slutty, but in a good way.

On Saturday, they made their way down to Hogsmeade, where Penny and Fleur met her as soon as they got off the carriage. After greeting Harry with hugs and kisses that left several people glaring at him jealously, they took him and Hermione by the arms and whisked them off to London.

"We're getting clothes in the Muggle world?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Yeah," Penny said. "The Wizarding World doesn't really have good lingerie."

"Zhey do in France," Fleur said. "You should come visit sometime. Madam Renaud's 'as some wonderful clothes and some of zhe best Charms."

“What kind of Charms?” Hermione asked interestedly.

“Self-cleaning, re-sizing, color-changing... zhey’re best known for zheir shirts wiz built in Lifting Charms,” Fleur replied.

“Lifting Charm?” Hermione asked.

“Eet acts like a bra,” Fleur explained. “My dress for zhe ball ‘ad one on eet.”

Hermione nodded, remembering how busty the French witch had looked in her light blue, strapless gown.

“Heather said your parents usually visit France over the Summer,” Harry said. “Maybe we can all meet up.”

Fleur beamed and kissed him on the cheek. She must have released some of her Allure unconsciously because a man in a business suit walking by was so captured by her that he walked straight into a pole.

Making their way to Harrods, they entered the large department store and went straight to the women’s department.

“Penelope,” one of the assistants, a pretty brunette who looked to be in her thirties, called out with a smile. “It’s lovely to see you again.”

“Hello, Matilda,” Penny smiled.

“It’s been a while since you’ve been back. Is there anything I can help you find?” Matilda asked.

“Oh, I’m not shopping for me today,” Penny said. “I’m just helping my friend find some new lingerie.”

“I see,” Matilda smiled. “Well, I’m sure you remember the way. If you need any help, just give me a shout.”

“Thanks, Matilda,” Penny said.

“Do you know her?” Hermione asked curiously as they made their way deeper into the store.

“I used to buy a lot of lingerie for my old job,” Penny shrugged. “Matilda gave me a lot of great advice when I first started there.”

Hermione nodded as they started perusing through the racks. Penny and Fleur started talking about different styles she didn’t understand and discussed which colors might work best for her. They occasionally asked for her opinion, but she really didn’t have that much input to give. Meanwhile, Harry followed behind quietly, acting like a moving rack for them to store the ones they thought Hermione should try on. She grew a bit nervous as she watched the pile grow and looked at some of the price tags.

“Um, I don’t have that much Muggle money on me,” Hermione said.

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay for it,” Harry said.

“But-”

“Consider it a thank you,” Harry interrupted.

“You really don’t need to-”

“Ermione, when a man you like gives you a gift, take it,” Fleur said with a smirk. “Eet makes zhem feel useful.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry poked her in the side, causing Fleur to squeal and giggle. Hermione bit her lip thoughtfully before sighing.

“Oh, alright,” she said. “But don’t go overboard.”

“You know, with Hermione’s legs, she would look great in stockings,” Penny said.

“Oui, she would,” Fleur agreed.

After a bit more shopping, they filled Harry’s arms. Leading Hermione to the changing rooms, they grabbed a handful of lingerie and told her to try some of them on. The first thing Hermione tried on was a rather basic but nice red bra and panties. Looking at herself in the mirror, she was surprised at how nice they looked and how the bra made her breasts look bigger. Taking them off, she put on a black set that was just didn’t fit her right. The next set she grabbed from the pile was white and included stockings, a garter belt, and suspenders. Hermione thought it was a bit over the top but put it on anyways.

The end result looked better than she expected and made her feel sexy. It seemed counterintuitive that wearing more would make her feel that way, but she liked the way the stockings looked and felt on her legs.

“Yes,” Hermione said. “The black one was too tight, but I kind of like the stockings.”

“I thought you would,” Penny said, and Hermione could hear the smile in her voice. “Here, Fleur just found this and thought you should try it.”

Reaching over the top of the door, she handed her a black bustier and a pair of panties. Slipping out of what she had on, Hermione tried on the new one. It was a bit much to wear during the day, but she could see herself wearing it on a special occasion.

She tried on lingerie for over two hours before picking out her favorites. Fleur and Penny had picked out a couple while they were there as well and told Hermione to wear a set she licked out of the store.

“Harry earned a bit of a show for being so patient,” Penny told her with a grin.

Wearing the red set she’d first tried on, they made their way to the counter. She nearly choked when she saw the final cost, but Harry didn’t even bat an eye. He just handed Matilda his credit card.

“Harry, that’s too much,” Hermione whispered.

“It’s fine, Hermione,” he told her.

“Just let him,” Penny smiled. “He did the same for me after I started working for Lily.”

“Why would he buy you lingerie for that?” Hermione asked.

“Well, he was a bit disappointed he only got to see me dance once, so I told him I’d give him a show for his birthday in any lingerie he wanted,” she replied with a grin. “I didn’t think he’d buy me half the store. I spent half the Summer giving him his own private shows.”

Hermione giggled, smiling as they left the store. Though she tried not to show it, inside, she was excited to give Harry her own show later. Heading back to Hogsmeade, they stopped for lunch at the Three Broomsticks. When they finished eating, Fleur rented them a room upstairs. Hermione blushed under the knowing smirk Madam Rosmerta gave her.

Making their way upstairs to room two, Harry took a seat on the bed while Penny, Hermione, and Fleur went into the bathroom. As the other two began taking off their clothes, Hermione got the hint and followed their lead. Fleur wore a black set of lingerie, but she only wore a half-cup bra. Hermione had tried one on, but she hadn't liked the way it looked on her. Fleur, on the other hand, looked amazing. Her full breasts were prominently displayed, the fabric ending just under her large, pale areolas.

Penny wore a white bustier, much like the one Hermione had chosen, but she paired it with a pair of stockings. Though she was much more covered than Fleur, she looked no less alluring. Her large breasts, perhaps even larger than Fleur's, looked like they'd pop out at even the slightest movement. Compared to them, Hermione felt rather plain in her red, lacy knickers. It made her wish she'd chosen something a bit more daring.

"Shall we go see what Harry thinks?" Penny asked with a smile.

Without waiting for a reply, she opened the door and stepped outside. Harry looked up and smiled crookedly as they stood shoulder to shoulder in front of him.

"So, what do you think?" Penny asked, striking a pose.

"I think I'm the luckiest man alive," Harry grinned.