

Chapter 4

It had been a week since Hermione had visited Lucinda's and watched those memories of Harry. Now that she knew he wasn't doing anything reckless, and she was fairly sure he wouldn't end up plastered all over the Daily Prophet, she planned to step away and let him live his life.

It didn't work.

Every night, her dreams were filled with images of Harry taking her and other witches in a variety of scandalous ways. Just the night before, Hermione had dreamed of sitting in a private meeting with him while Lilith knelt under his desk, sucking and gagging loudly as she took her weekly feeding. And that was one of her tamer dreams.

Somehow, she had worked up the courage to attend their weekly dinner on Thursday at Grimmauld Place. It hadn't been as uncomfortable as she'd expected it to be, but she did find herself looking at him differently throughout the evening. With every mention of a mutual friend, Hermione wondered if he'd ever met them at Lucinda's. Every unexplained smile made her wonder if he was remembering some debauched evening spent in the back rooms of the Diagon Alley shop.

Her mind was so filled with sexualized images that she went home and immediately started pleasuring herself to thoughts of her best friend. It certainly wasn't the first time she'd ever done such a thing, but it was happening with far more regularity.

That in and of itself wasn't concerning. However, what did concern her was the number of other women that now featured in her fantasies. Hermione had never felt attracted to women before – and she honestly didn't think she was now – but the number of friends and acquaintances that now featured in her nighttime musings was beginning to make her question herself.

Perhaps the most troubling part was that thoughts were starting to intrude on her mind during the day. It wasn't even so much the fact that she spotted someone like Demelza in the halls of the Ministry and wondered if she'd ever spent the evening with Harry at Lucinda's that bothered her. It was the fact that she hoped they had.

In order to try and distract herself from those thoughts, Hermione once again threw herself into her work. Or, at least, she tried to. It worked for all of two days before a letter landed on her desk on Friday afternoon.

Tonight. Room 16 at 7 o'clock. Come early.

There was no name signed at the bottom, but there didn't need to be one. Hermione knew exactly who it was from and what it meant. Harry would be at Lucinda's with another date tonight.

Tossing the letter into the fireplace, Hermione dropped her face into her hands and groaned.

What was she going to do?"

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At a quarter to seven, Hermione made her way through Diagon Alley with the hood of her cloak pulled up over her head. While she indecisively nibbled on her bottom lip, her feet tread the familiar path to Lucinda's along the cobblestone streets without conscious thought. She found herself standing outside of the shop, helpless to the curiosity burning within her mind.

Conveniently, she ignored the burning she felt much lower down.

Letting out a sigh, she pulled open the door and stepped inside. Lucinda glanced up from the register and smiled. Hermione thought she might have looked a bit smug. Once she was sure no one else was in the shop, she dropped her hood.

"You're just in time," Lucinda said, smiling.

“Is he here?” Hermione asked, licking her dry lips.

“Not yet,” Lucinda replied.

“Do you know who he bringing?” Hermione pressed.

“I do,” Lucinda smirked. “But I’m not going to ruin the surprise. You might want to get back there. They’ll be here soon.”

With a sigh and a roll of her eyes, she walked past the counter and toward the door to the back rooms.

“Oh,” Lucinda said, reaching into her pocket and pulling out an iron key. “Before I forget, here’s your key.”

Hermione’s hand trembled slightly as she took the key. Walking over to the door, she inserted it into the lock and gave it a turn. The lock disengaged with an audible *click*. As she stepped inside and closed the door behind her, she heard the lock click back into place. Letting out an excited, trembling breath, she turned down the hall to the left and quickly found room 16. Bypassing the door with a lamp next to it, she opened the door to the voyeur room next to it and stepped inside.

Quickly, Hermione took off her cloak and sat down on the daybed as she fiddled with her wand. Her whole body was buzzing, her pulse was racing, and her hands were shaking. It took a moment of reflection for her to realize why she was so nervous.

This wasn’t about trying to keep her friend out of trouble this time. She was here because she wanted to be. She wanted to watch her closest friend have sex, probably with someone else she knew, without either of them knowing. There was no way around it. It was spying, plain and simple. A complete violation of trust.

Well, maybe not complete. Harry had chosen a room where people could freely watch, but he still didn't know it was her who would be watching. What would he think if he knew she was just on the other side of that One-Way Viewing Charm?

No, Hermione thought with a huff. She refused to feel embarrassed anymore. If Harry didn't want her or anyone else to watch, he shouldn't come to a place like this. If he wanted an audience, then she would give him one.

"Voyere," she said, aiming her wand at the wall.

The wall shimmered before it rapidly became completely transparent. On the other side sat a rather plain room, nothing like the toy-filled dungeon he'd used with Susan. There was a bed, a couch, and a single chair inside. Surprisingly, the chair was already occupied by Colin Creevey, his ever-present camera around his neck. Hermione blinked as she stared at him in surprise.

Colin was engaged to Ginny Weasley, and she couldn't fathom why he would be in a place like this. For a moment, she wondered if he was cheating on her, but she quickly discarded the idea. Colin wasn't that type of person. It was far more likely that he and Ginny were members, and they had some sort of date planned. However, why they would come here and not just go home was beyond her.

Maybe Lucinda had gotten the room number wrong, or perhaps Harry had changed plans, and she didn't even know. Regardless, spying on Harry was bad enough. She had no intention of intruding on the private lives of Colin and Ginny.

Heaving a sigh, Hermione got to her feet to leave. Just as she made to grab her cloak, the door to the room Colin was in burst open. Harry and Ginny stumbled inside, their lips locked in a passionate kiss while their hands pawed at each other like animals. Hermione stared at them in shock as Harry kicked the door closed and roughly pinned Ginny against it.

A sudden flash brought Hermione out of her stupor, and she quickly glanced over at Colin. He smiled excitedly as he snapped a series of pictures of his fiancé in the arms of another man.

“No,” Hermione breathed, sitting back down on the daybed. “Harry, you wouldn’t.”

But he was. There was no way he didn’t see the bright white flashes or hear the pops of the bulb from Colin’s camera.

Grabbing Ginny’s robe, he pushed it off her shoulders, revealing a black, backless dress underneath. Looking at Harry’s attire, a pair of black slacks and a dress shirt, the pair looked like they’d just returned from some sort of date night.

Suddenly, Ginny pulled back, and a deep moan left her lips when Harry started kissing and sucking at her neck. Running her fingers through his hair, she gazed over his shoulder at Colin, her brown eyes sparkling as he snapped another picture. With a smirk, she slid her hands down to Harry’s chest and pushed him away. She gripped his shirt and led him over to the couch, where she pushed him onto the seat. Harry loosened his collar while Ginny dropped to her knees and unbuckled his belt.

The moment she pulled his half-hardened length into the open, Hermione spotted the ring of dark red lipstick around the base of his shaft. The same shade of lipstick that Ginny was wearing. And she wasn’t the only one to notice. Colin inhaled sharply and leaned forward in his seat. Raising his camera, he took a picture as she held Harry’s rapidly hardening length up and kissed the underside.

“Sorry, love. I got a little impatient,” Ginny smirked. “Harry took me out to such a nice dinner, and I just had to thank him before we left. We nearly got caught coming out of the loo.”

“I’m pretty sure that waiter had a good idea what we were doing,” Harry chuckled.

Giggling, Ginny leaned forward and wrapped her painted lips around his shaft. She bobbed her head a few times before taking him as deep as she could. Two inches from the base, he hit the back of her throat, and she gagged. Sealing her lips around his girth, she sucked hard, caving in her cheeks, and slowly pulled all the way back up to the tip.

As she continued to bob up and down on his length, Colin set his camera aside just long enough to take off his shirt and pants. When he sat back down, he took his length, barely over three inches long, between his thumb and first two forefingers. Glancing over her shoulder, Ginny smirked before wrapping both hands around Harry, highlighting the disparity in size. Even with both hands, the tip still poked out far enough for her to wrap her lips around his exposed head. Slowly, she descended, her fingers moving out of the way one by one as she swallowed inch after inch of his shaft.

She held him as deep as she could, her eyes gazing up at him until she gagged and her body forced her to pull back. With a teasing smile, she stood up, turned, and sauntered over to Colin before spinning back around to face Harry.

“Undo my clasp,” Ginny said, gathering her red hair together and holding it over her shoulder.

Colin jumped to his feet to do as he was told. He undid the clasp quickly, but she held the top to her chest to keep it from falling forward. Walking to the center of the room, she turned her back to Harry and let the top of her dress fall to her waist. Harry started unbuttoning his shirt while Ginny slipped her hands inside her dress and shimmied. The moment the dress got past her hips, it pooled around her feet, revealing the red knickers she wore underneath.

As Harry tossed his shirt to the side and kicked off his shoes, Ginny glanced over her shoulder and slid her hands under the waistband of her knickers. Keeping her legs straight, she bent over and pushed them down to her ankles. She straightened back up and turned around just as Harry finished taking off his trousers and tossed them to the side.

Hermione was struck by just how womanly and sensual Ginny looked. She had more curves than her usual tomboy style of dress would suggest. And while her breasts were on the smaller side, they were very perky and were capped with bright pink areolas and nipples.

Suddenly, Harry stood from the couch. In two long strides, he wrapped his arms around Ginny and lifted her off the ground. Their lips met in a searing kiss as she wrapped her arms and legs around him. Sliding his hands down her back, he grabbed two handfuls of her small but firm bum and lifted her higher until his length sprang free from between their bodies.

“Put it in,” Harry growled.

Dipping his head, he kissed one of her nipples before taking it lightly between his teeth. With a moan, Ginny reached between them and lined him up carefully at her entrance. His head looked threateningly large pressed up against her taut folds. It looked impossible that he could fit his length inside her petite frame.

And then she began to descend.

Throwing her head back, Ginny let out a whorish moan as he slipped into her depths. Her folds parted, and her body greedily devoured inch after inch of his shaft until he was fully seated inside of her. With a quick turn, he marched right past Colin and pinned her back against the wall.

“Fuck me,” Ginny growled, rolling her hips.

Harry drew half his length out of her gripping folds and then snapped his hips forward. Gasping, her nails dug into his shoulders, and she moaned as he pummeled her against the wall. Colin stared up at them as he masturbated furiously. Meanwhile, Hermione lost the battle with her arousal. Throwing a quick Locking Charm at the door, she stripped out of her work clothes and slipped two fingers into her damp, hot core.

Unlike Susan, Ginny gave as good as she got. She bucked and rocked her hips, fucking Harry as much as he was fucking her. They rutted like animals in heat – as if they’d been reduced to nothing but their baser instincts. Ginny, in particular, looked completely lost in the moment. Between gasps and moans, her nails dug into his skin, and her teeth bit into his flesh.

Harry was only slightly better. One hand mauled her breast, twisting and pulling at the nipple until it was bright red, while the other remained on her bum, the muscles in his arm straining as he pulled her into his savage thrusts. Ginny’s chest and face grew steadily redder as she was driven closer to her climax. With a gasp, she threw her head back, heedless to her skull bouncing off of the wall, and howled. Harry grunted as her nails dug into his skin hard enough to leave behind dark red, crescent-shaped indents on his shoulder blades.

As her head fell forward, Ginny gripped his unruly hair tightly and mashed her lips against his.

“Couch,” she panted demandingly. “I want to ride you.”

Harry effortlessly carried her over to the couch and fell back onto the seat. He never left her depths as she shifted to her knees and started gyrating her hips. Grabbing the back of the couch, she arched her back, pressing her breasts against his face, and glanced over her shoulder at Colin.

“You like watching me fuck a real man’s cock?” she asked.

She raised her hips up before slamming herself back down on Harry’s length. Her bum jiggled as it clapped loudly against his strong thighs. With a groan, he grabbed her bum, helping her move and spreading her open so that Colin could clearly see him sliding in and out of her dripping depths.

“Harry’s cock feels so good,” Ginny groaned. “Look at him splitting. Me. Open. Fuck!”

Slamming herself onto his length to punctuate her words, Ginny reached a sudden climax that seemed to surprise her as much as it did Hermione. Harry chuckled and smacked her bum as she trembled and panted in his lap.

“I forgot how easy you cum,” he said.

Pushing Ginny to the side, she landed on her hands and knees while he knelt behind her. Her back arched as he speared into her depths.

“Don’t fucking stop,” she moaned.

Harry smirked and gripped her shoulders, "You asked for it."

Ginny screamed when he started pounding into her roughly from behind. His hips clapped loudly against her bum as he used her shoulders to pull her into his thrusts, her small breasts jiggling to the beat of his rhythm. Pleasured screams resounded off the walls as she seemed to go from one crest to the next with barely any time to catch her breath in between.

Eventually, Ginny's arms gave out, and she collapsed to her chest. Harry didn't even pause. He continued to hammer into her furiously. Ginny turned her head towards Colin, her mouth hanging open. Her screams were only occasionally interrupted by her desperate attempts to catch her breath.

Harry was absolutely relentless as he gripped her bum in his powerful hands and slammed her back against his savage thrusts. He panted heavily while he used her poor, ravaged body for his own gratification.

Moments later, Ginny screamed even louder and collapsed flat on her belly. He followed her down and continued hammering her down into the couch cushion. With a feral growl, he wrapped his arms around her and slammed his hips down hard enough that each pounding thrust that it forced a grunt from her lips. A snarl appeared on his lips a moment before he pinned his hips to hers and growled as he came.

As if he'd cast a spell, his climax triggered everyone else's. Ginny, for the first time all night, went silent. Her mouth hung open as her body tensed and trembled violently under Harry. With his muscular frame covering most of her body, all Hermione could see were her legs shaking uncontrollably. At the same time, Colin exploded all over the floor, and Hermione clamped her legs shut around her hand as she reached her peak.

It took several long moments before anyone moved. Harry sat up first and then pulled and exhausted and flushed Ginny into his lap. She leaned back against his chest while his hands caressed her stomach and chest.

"Harry?" she called after catching her breath.

“Hmm?” Harry hummed.

“Can we get one of your hairs?” Ginny asked. “We bought Polyjuice we want to play with.”

Colin suddenly perked up in his chair and looked at him hopefully.

“And what do I get out of it?” Harry asked with a smirk.

“I’ll let you bugger me,” Ginny replied.

Hermione gasped, Colin’s eyes went wide, and Harry chuckled.

“Deal,” he said. “But I’ll have to take a rain check. I have some paperwork I need to finish at home.”

“You have to leave already?” Ginny pouted.

“Unfortunately,” he said.

Leaning down, Harry kissed her softly before getting to his feet and gathering his clothes. Once he was dressed, he pulled a vial out of his robes, plucked a few hairs from his head, and stoppered it. Ginny took the vial with a grin and pulled Harry down for one more kiss before he left. As the door closed, she turned to Colin, and her grin morphed into a smirk.

“Speaking of bugging, how about we go home, and you can tell me how it feels to Harry’s big cock in your bum,” she said.

Hermione blinked in surprise while Colin scrambled to get dressed. She'd expected the Polyjuice to be for him to use, not Ginny. But as she thought about it, it did make sense. He always paid more attention to Harry than most.

Getting dressed slowly, she watched Colin and Ginny leave the room arm in arm. She certainly was learning more about her friends and classmates than she ever expected to.