

Chapter 5

Hermione blinked her eyes open as she felt someone shaking her awake.

“We’re almost at the station,” Harry told her.

Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she lifted her head from his shoulder and sat up. Looking up from her book, Heather gave her a knowing smile and marked the page with a bookmark.

“This is going to be so much fun,” Heather grinned, slipping her book into her bag. “I’m so glad you and your parents are staying this Christmas. It’ll be nice to have another girl around for a change.”

“At least you have a brother,” Hermione replied. “At home, it’s always just the three of us.”

The train lurched as it began to slow and pull into King’s Cross Station. Standing up, Harry reached into the overhead rack and began to pull down their trunks.

“You girls go ahead,” he told them. “I’ll carry these out.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Heather smiled.

She grabbed Hermione by the arm and pulled her out into the aisle before it got too crowded. Together, they exited the train and started looking around.

“There they are!” Heather said, pointing.

Hermione followed her finger and spotted her parents standing next to the Potters. She smiled widely as she made her way over and hugged her mother.

“Hello, sweetheart,” Emma said, hugging her daughter. “Have a good term?”

“It’s been great,” Hermione smiled.

“Did you learn a lot?” Dan, her father, asked as he hugged her.

Hermione fought a blush even as she smirked to herself.

“More than I thought I would,” she muttered.

“Do you need anything from home?” Emma asked. “We already took our things over to the Potters this morning, but you need anything...”

“No, I’m fine,” Hermione told her.

“You won’t believe how we got here,” Dan smiled. “I thought we were going to use that Floo you told us about, but James and Lily teleported us. What did he call it again? Appearing?”

“Apparating,” Hermione corrected him.

“Yes, Apparating,” he grinned. “Your mother didn’t like it too much, but I thought it was brilliant.”

“I thought I was going to be sick,” Emma sighed. “Lily said that’s normal. Your father’s the odd one.”

“Most people find it uncomfortable at first,” Lily assured her as she, James, and Heather joined them. “Only the Weasley twins, your husband, and my son actually seem to enjoy the feeling.”

“Harry enjoys Apparating?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“He started when he was four,” Lily sighed. “I had to put wards around the house to get him to stop. He used to terrorize the poor cat.”

“And us,” James grinned. “I nearly had a heart attack the first time I found him on the roof. By the time I finally got up there to get him down, he Apparated away.”

“Thank God Hermione never did anything that bad,” Emma said. “The worst she ever did was make books come to her and turn her dress from pink to yellow.”

“You know, it’s funny looking back on all the excuses and rationalizations the school made when she did magic,” Dan chuckled. “Honestly, how could anyone think she slipped away to the bathroom and died her dress without anyone noticing?”

Lily sighed and rolled her eyes.

“We really do need to change those laws,” she muttered. “Parents need to be told as soon as their child ends up on the Hogwarts Register. It’s not the eighteenth century anymore. No one’s going around burning witches.”

“Uh-oh,” Harry said, stopping the trolley loaded with their trunks next to them. “Who got her going again.”

“She did it!” James said, pointing at Emma.

“Oh, stop it, you two,” Lily said, smacking her husband’s arm. “Now, come here and give your mother a hug.”

Smiling, Harry stepped forward and hugged Lily before turning and doing the same to his father.

“Dobby!” Lily called loudly.

The Grangers looked at her curiously, but before they could voice the obvious question, there was a loud *pop*, and a House Elf appeared next to the redhead.

“Yes, Mistress?” Dobby asked.

“Can you take the kids’ trunks back to the house?” she asked him kindly.

“Of course,” Dobby nodded.

Walking quickly over to the trunks, he placed his long, spindly fingers on the trunks and vanished with another *pop*, taking the luggage with him. Dan blinked in surprise before shaking his head with a smile.

“We need to go on holiday with you more often,” he chuckled. “Then Emma can pack as much as she wants, and my back won’t hurt.”

“This from the man who thinks a day off is spending eight hours carrying a bag of clubs around a golf course,” Emma replied teasingly.

“Hermione mentioned you like to visit France over the Summer,” Harry said, glancing at Hermione as he smiled. “You should come with us this Summer. I have a friend with a villa on the beach.”

“That sounds brilliant!” James agreed enthusiastically.

Folding her arms over her chest, Lily quirked an eyebrow dangerously.

“What?” James asked defensively. “You know Harry just wants to see Fleur again.”

“That’s what has you so excited, is it?” Lily asked.

“But Lily... Veela,” James pouted.

“James,” she hissed.

“Oh, come on,” James said. “You know you’re the only one for me Lily flower.”

He puckered his lips and leaned down to give her a kiss, only for his wife to move out of the way, leaving him in an awkward position.

“Ready to go?” Lily asked.

Heather, Hermione, and Harry snickered as James straightened up and pouted exaggeratedly. Dan patted him on the back consolingly as they followed their wives to the Apparation point. They disappeared in pairs. First, Lily Disapparated with Emma, then James with Dan. Hermione was about to follow them and then paused when she suddenly realized she didn’t know where she was going.

“Don’t worry,” Harry said, catching her look. “I can Side-Along you and Heather.”

Wrapping his arm around the girls’ waists, he twisted on the spot and vanished with barely a sound. Hermione shut her eyes as she felt like she was being squeezed through a tube. When the sensation stopped, she opened them to find herself standing in the backyard of a two-story house in a quaint, quiet village. As they walked toward the open back door, she caught

movement out of the corner of her eye. Glancing next door, she spotted the familiar face of an old woman watching them from her curtains. Hermione gasped when she recognized her.

“Harry, it’s her!” she whispered excitedly. “It’s Bathelda Bagshot!”

“I told you she was our neighbor,” he grinned. “I’ll introduce you to her later.”

“Oh, I have so many questions to ask,” Hermione gushed. “I wonder if she’ll sign my first edition copy of *Hogwarts, A History*?”

“Probably,” Heather told her. “Come on, I’ll show you my room.”

Stepping inside, Hermione knew the inside had been enlarged. She spent a moment marveling at the impressive Charms work that had gone into the home as she followed Heather upstairs. Turning right at the top of the stairs, they walked past two doors before turning left into Heather’s bedroom. Like the rest of the house, the inside was larger than it should’ve been. Seeing two four-poster beds set up inside, she wondered if they’d done it just for her.

“The bathroom is through there,” Heather said, pointing to a door on the right side of the room. “There’s another door on the other side that leads to Harry’s room. Should make sneaking into his bed a little easier for you.”

“Heather,” Hermione gasped as her friend smirked.

“What? It’s not like you weren’t thinking about it,” she pointed out.

Hermione stayed quiet, mostly out of embarrassment because she was right.

“This Charms work is amazing,” she deflected. “Is it permanent?”

“You mean the Expansion Charms?” Heather asked, to which Hermione nodded. “The one in is only temporary, but the rest of the house is. Mum did it herself. And before you ask, no, I don’t know how she did it. You’d have to ask her.”

“Where are my parents staying?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Downstairs,” Heather replied. “Dad cleaned out his office and turned it into a bedroom.”

They talked for a little while longer as they both unpacked their clothes. Once they were done, Heather went to take a shower while Hermione headed downstairs to check on her parents. As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she heard whispered voices coming from the kitchen. Curious, she crept closer, not wanting to interrupt if it was personal.

“Any word on Voldemort?” Harry asked softly.

“No,” James sighed. “Not a single sighting since the Tournament. Even worse, the Ministry isn’t even pretending to look for him anymore.”

“Not like they tried hard in the first place,” Harry scoffed. “That idiot Fudge thinks if he buries his head far enough up his arse the problem will go away.”

“Better not let your mother hear you talking like that,” James said teasingly.

“Why do you think I said it quietly?” Harry asked, causing his father to snicker. “He must be leaving some kind of trail, though.”

“If he is, we can’t find it,” James told him. “Don’t worry, son, we’ll find him.”

“I’m more worried about him finding us,” Harry muttered.

Hermione shivered as a chill ran down her spine. Turning away, she went to find her parents. She could understand Harry's curiosity about Voldemort after what happened during the Tournament, but the less she heard about that monster, the better.

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"Dinner's ready!" Lily called.

Turning away from the Charmed bookshelf that Heather was showing her, the two of them headed into the kitchen. Lily and Emma stood over the stove, talking and laughing as they cooked, while Harry set the table with a flick of his wand. James and Dan came in from the backyard, Butterbeer in hand. Just as they were about to sit down at the table, there was a knock at the front door.

"I'll get it," Heather said.

While she left to go answer the door, Hermione helped her mother and Lily move food from the counter to the table.

"Hey, Lils. Mind if we crash the party?"

Looking over her shoulder, she spotted a man with long dark hair and a stylish goatee and a young woman with a pretty, pixie-like face and bright purple hair standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Both of them were wearing Auror robes and looked like they'd just gotten off work.

"Of course not," Lily smiled. "These are Hermione's parents, Dan and Emma, and this is Sirius Black and Nymphadora Tonks. Neither of them can cook to save their lives, so you can expect to see them around mealtimes."

"Just Tonks is fine," the woman said as she entered and shook her parents' hands.

Hermione recognized the name of Harry's most recent ex and looked her over closely. She was certainly pretty, though it was hard to tell how shapely she was in her thick robes. A part of her had started to worry that Harry was only interested in tall, leggy, busty blondes after meeting Penny and Fleur.

After everything she'd experienced over the last couple of months, Hermione could admit that a part of her was attracted to other women, and Tonks was quite attractive. Besides her pretty face, she was one of those people with a magnetic personality. Like Harry, she just drew attention to herself effortlessly.

Suddenly, Tonks shrugged off her Auror's robes, revealing a rather punk rock outfit underneath. She wore a faded Weird Sisters t-shirt, the graphic on the front pulled taught over her moderate bust. Though she was certainly at least a cup size larger than Hermione, she noted that she was nowhere near as busty as Penny or Fleur. A pair of tight, artfully ripped jeans covered her toned legs, creamy white skin peeking out from the gaps in the fabric. Surprisingly, on her feet, she wore a pair of boots that looked like they were from the Muggle military.

Sitting down at the table, Hermione looked up and was met with Tonks' light green, almond-shaped eyes and a knowing quirk of the lips. She blushed at getting caught, and Tonks gave her a wink as she took the seat next to Harry. The two sat with their heads close together, talking and smiling affectionately. Glancing back over at Hermione, she gave a small smirk and rested her hand on his thigh.

Hermione immediately knew that Harry had told her about their arrangement, and she was in for another 'lesson' over break. Under the table, she rubbed her legs together in anticipation.

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A few hours later, Sirius bid everyone goodnight and took his leave through the Floo. On the other hand, Tonks was curled up against Harry's side, his arm around her shoulders, and looked like she had no plans to get up any time soon. Throughout the evening, she'd continued to send teasing looks at Hermione when no one was looking before running her hands over Harry's chest or caressing his thigh.

Once again, Hermione found herself aroused rather than jealous. By now, she'd stopped questioning why she found the thought of Harry with beautiful women exciting and just accepted that she did.

"Hey, Lily?" Tonks asked. "Do you mind if I crash here tonight?"

James smirked, but before he could say anything, Lily elbowed him lightly.

"Of course not," Lily smiled. "You know you're always welcome here."

"Are you going to magic up another room?" Dan asked.

Hermione and Emma shared a look at his obliviousness and started to giggle.

"No need," Tonks grinned. "Harry's bed's nice and comfy."

Dan blinked a couple of times before realization washed over him.

"Oh," he said, causing the room to chuckle.

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An hour later, though it was still early, everyone started to head to bed. Normally, Hermione would have been knackered from the long train journey and the flurry of settling in, but this time, she was too excited to be tired.

After her parents had headed to their room for the night and James and Lily had moved to the kitchen, Tonks pulled her to the side.

“Give us a few minutes, and then come to Harry’s room,” she whispered with a smirk. “And tell Heather she might want to use her mirror for this one.”

“Mirror?” Hermione asked curiously.

Tonks’ only reply was a wink before she walked over to Harry, took him by the hand, and quickly pulled him upstairs. Turning to Heather, she waved her over.

“Mum. Dad. Hermione and I are going to bed,” Heather called.

“Okay. Goodnight, sweetheart,” Lily called back.

“Remind Harry and Tonks to put up Silencing Charms,” James said.

“I will,” Heather smirked.

She and Hermione raced up the stairs and headed directly into her room, where they closed the door. Moving over to her trunk, Hermione started digging through her clothes, looking for some lingerie to put on.

“Tonks told me to meet her and Harry in his room,” she told her redheaded friend. “You don’t mind, do you?”

“Course not,” Heather said, sitting on her bed.

“Thank you,” Hermione replied, throwing a smile over her shoulder.

Picking out a blue bra and panty set that was practically see-through, Hermione quickly got undressed.

“Oh, and Tonks said you might want to use your mirror,” she said.

When she got no reply, she glanced over at the bed. Heather was bright red with a horrified look in her eyes.

“She knows about that?” she squeaked. “She didn’t tell Harry, did she?”

“That was all she said,” Hermione told her, fastening her bra in place. “I don’t even know what mirror she’s talking about.”

Impossibly, Heather blushed even harder.

“Heather?” Hermione asked expectantly.

“I – Oh, Merlin,” she said, burying her face in her hands before looking back up at her pleadingly. “Just promise me you won’t tell Harry. Please.”

“Alright, I promise,” Hermione said, her curiosity winning out.

Climbing off the bed, Heather walked over to her vanity and tapped the tip of her wand to the mirror. The reflection shimmered before clearing into an image of Harry’s bedroom. Hermione could see Harry and Tonks sitting on his bed, snogging heavily. Gaping, she turned to her friend, who was burying her face into a pillow she was hugging to her chest. The only part of her skin that she could see, her ears, were practically glowing red.

“Heather,” she gasped.

“I was curious,” Heather said, her voice muffled by the pillow.

Hermione knew it was wrong. A total invasion of privacy. But the idea of her best friend watching her was undeniably exciting.

“We’ll talk about this later,” she said, shaking her head.

Throwing on a silk robe Harry had bought her, Hermione slipped into the bathroom and closed the door. She leaned her back against it and took a deep breath before padding across the tile floor and opening the door to Harry’s room. He and Tonks stopped kissing and turned to look at her in unison.

“Good, you’re here,” Tonks grinned. “I was about to start without you.”

Kicking off her heavy boots, she jumped to her feet and pulled her shirt over her head.

“Strip,” she ordered, tossing her shirt to the floor.

Hermione obeyed without conscious thought. Immediately, she dropped her robe to the floor, goosebumps rising on her skin from the excitement.

“All of it,” Tonks said, looking over her body critically as she removed her own bra. “I need to see what I’m working with.”

Hermione didn’t quite understand what she meant by that but still did as she was told. Losing her bra, she blinked as Tonks stepped out of her panties, revealing a purple lightning bolt shaped patch of hair above her mound.

“Harry told you I’m a Metamorphmagus, right?” she asked.

“Oh, um, yes,” Hermione said, losing the last of her clothes.

“Did he tell you what I can do?” Tonks asked with a smirk. “Spin.”

“No, he didn’t go into detail, but I’ve read about it,” Hermione said, blushing lightly as she spun in a slow circle.

“Really? And did you read about this?” Tonks asked.

Closing her eyes, a pained look came over her face as her skin began to ripple. Her hair darkened and grew into long, curly locks, her body shifted into a smaller, thinner shape, her bust shrank, and her bum swelled. When she opened her chocolate brown eyes, Hermione gaped as she stared at her own face, smirking back at her.

None of her research had mentioned this.

“I hear you’ve been teasing poor Harry with this sexy little body of yours, but you still haven’t fucked him yet,” Tonks said, and even her voice matched Hermione’s.

“I – um – That is, I-,”

“It’s alright,” Tonks said, slowly stalking forward with a confidence Hermione wished she possessed. “I’ll make it up to him. Tonight, I’m going to let Harry do anything he wants to you. You’re going to watch yourself get royally fucked in ways you never even thought were possible.”

Hermione didn’t realize she’d been backing up until she hit the wall. Tonks pinning her in place, their identical nipples rubbing against each other as she pushed their bodies together.

“Harry wanted me to teach you how to handle the rough stuff, but I think you need a much more important lesson,” Tonks said. “Never pass up a good thing because you’re worried about what other people will think.”

Suddenly, she leaned forward, and Hermione discovered what it was like to kiss herself. For a moment, she froze in shock, but then Tonks' words sank in, and she started kissing her back. The taboo of what she was doing set her blood on fire. Heat pooled in her core, and by the time they separated, she was practically panting.

Tonks grabbed her by the hand, led her over to a chair facing the bed, and pushed her into it. As she sat, Hermione spotted the mirror over Harry's dresser that Heather was looking through. It would give her an unobstructed view of all three of them.

"Watch and take notes," Tonks smirked. "There'll be an oral exam later."

As Tonks turned and walked over to the bed, Hermione marveled at the roundness of her own bum. She had no idea it was so... bubbly. Dropping to her knees, she ran her hand over the bulge in Harry's jeans and bit her lip cutely.

"I'm sorry I've been holding out on you, Harry," Tonks said in Hermione's voice. "I promise I'll make it up to you. I'll let you use me any way you want tonight."

Reaching up, she unbuckled his belt and opened his trousers. Harry's throbbing shaft leapt free and landed on Tonks' upturned face, the length of his shaft reaching from the bottom of her chin to the top of her hairline. She trailed a line of kisses from the base to the tip before opening her lips and swallowing the tip.

"Fuck," Harry grunted.

Suddenly, he grabbed a fistful of her bushy brown hair and thrust his hips forward. Tonks gagged loudly as she was forced to take every inch of his intimidating length down her throat. Hermione gasped as she watched her stare up at him, hands in her lap while a string of thick saliva fell from her lips and landed between her breasts.

With her, Harry had always been slow and caring. With Penny, he was sweet and passionate. With Fleur, he was wild and animalistic. But this was totally different. Here, Harry was dominant and controlling. It was a side of him Hermione had never seen outside of her wildest fantasies, and she found it beyond arousing. Without thought, her hand slipped between her legs, and she teased her clit.

Harry held Tonks in place for a few seconds before letting her up for air. He gave her enough time to take a couple of breaths before he started thrusting his whole length in and out of her throat. Hermione could see her thin neck bulge each time he plunged deep. She swallowed thickly in a sympathetic response as she watched her own body mold itself to fit him.

Biting her lip, she eased two fingers into her dripping folds.

Groaning, Harry held Tonks in place with one hand and pulled his belt free with the other. He wrapped one end around each hand before pulling the strap taut against the back of her head. Rocking his hips, he used the belt to bounce her head back and forth on his shaft, never pulling back quite far enough to let her breathe. Tonks squirmed in place as she fought the desire for air, her eyes watering as she allowed herself to be used. Loud, squelching gags left her lips, and Hermione had no doubt they were real.

Finally, it became too much, and Tonks lifted her hands from her lap to tap his thighs. Harry let go of the belt, and she shot off of his length, desperately sucking in air. Before she could recover, he grabbed another fistful of her hair and pulled her to her feet. Standing up, he bent her over the edge of the mattress, using his grip on her hair to keep her pinned in place. After admiring her bum for a moment, he folded the belt in half and trailed it lightly over her skin.

Hermione felt her own body tense as he raised it up and brought it down swiftly with a loud *smack!* She clenched her legs together around her hand as she watched a faint pink line the exact width of the belt form on her pale skin.

Again, he brought the belt down, this time on the other cheek. He knew exactly how much power to use to make it painfully fun instead of just painful. Several more light smacks left Tonks squirming on the bed, not from discomfort but from need. Harry proved that when he ran the belt between her legs, leaving the black leather shining with her arousal.

Stepping out of his pants, he let go of Tonks' hair to remove his shirt. Hermione panted excitedly as she watched him step behind her, his rigid length poised at her entrance. As Tonks lifted her head, Harry looped the belt through the buckle, threw it over her head, and pulled. The belt cinched closed like a leash as he pulled her head back at the same time as he thrust forward savagely.

Hermione's and Tonks' faces mirrored each other in look and expression. Both were gaping, eyes wide. Both were due to shock but for very different reasons. Unknowingly, Hermione sank a third finger into her entrance just as she let out a long, low moan. She fingered herself furiously as she watched her own shocked face distort with pleasure as Harry began to thrust.

"Fuck!" Tonks shouted.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted, though he never slowed in his thrusts. "Did you make yourself tighter?"

"No," Tonks gasped. "I haven't been laid since I saw you six months ago. Merlin, I missed you."

"I can tell," Harry smirked. "Your pussy doesn't want to let me go."

Tonks opened her mouth to respond, but her words came out as a yelp when Harry spanked her tender bum. Letting go of the belt, he yanked it free from her neck and tossed it to the floor carelessly. A moment later, he wrapped his hands around Tonks' chin. Hermione watched her back arch more than she thought possible as Harry pummeled her body with primal, savage thrusts. He plunged into her depths so brutally and vigorously that the headboard bounced off of the wall in time with his thrusts.

A wordless gurgle left Tonks' lips, the only sound she was capable of making. Her hands scrabbled and tore at the bedding as her eyes widened in a glazed stare. She began to lose control of her body, the color of her eyes and hair flashing different colors as she lost sense of herself. Harry panted as he drove into her like a machine, and Hermione stimulated herself furiously, recognizing the end was near.

Tonks reached her peak first. With a scream, her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Harry followed her a moment later. Every muscle in his body flexed taut as he buried himself as deeply as humanly possible. He let out an animalistic roar as he climaxed, his hips pumping to try and get even deeper.

For just a moment, Hermione had the absurd thought that he was trying to break the Anti-Pregnancy Charm through sheer force of will. A second later, all thought fled her mind as she reached her explosive end. Stars burst in her vision as she teased her clit as mercilessly as Harry had treated her body. She kept going, hunching and squirming in her chair, until the sensation became too much for her to take.

Panting heavily, she collapsed in the chair while Harry hugged Tonks to his chest and kissed her neck. Eyes clearing, she looked up at Hermione with her own face and grinned.

“Give me a few minutes, and I’ll show you something I know Penny and Fleur haven’t,” she said breathlessly.

Hermione looked at her curiously, and Tonks smirked.

“You’ve got a great arse. I bet Harry’s been dying to bugger it.”