

Chapter 10

Hermione had never been happier at Hogwarts. Sure, she'd been happy before, but dating Harry publicly just made the world seem brighter and more vibrant. The first few days back, she smiled so much that her cheeks hurt.

Admittedly, there were a couple of downsides.

Firstly, Hermione missed the other girls. She missed Fleur's intoxicating Allure and her nearly overwhelming sexuality. She missed Tonks and her boundless energy and cock attitude. And she missed Penny for the easy friendship they'd formed and her soft and gentle nature. The bed Hermione now shared in Harry's room felt too empty in the morning. It lacked the warmth of their soft bodies. Oddly, she found she even missed Tonks' snores and her habit of hogging the blankets.

Fortunately, there were only a few months left in the school year before they could all be together again.

The only other issue Hermione had was with the gossip and jealous glares of her female classmates. And a few of the males. Ginny Weasley and Romilda Vane were the worst. Oh, they were perfectly polite when Harry was around, but the second he looked away, they glared at her like she'd just canceled Christmas and Quidditch.

Still, they weren't that bad.

No. Much worse was the gossip. More than one of her classmates – mostly Slytherins – liked to comment about how she'd gotten the position of 'Head' Girl. It wasn't very original, but it was annoying. The worst part, however, was one Ronald Weasley. For reasons she couldn't fathom, he was particularly upset that Harry was dating her, of all people. He took to disparaging her looks and attitude every time Harry left the room.

Hermione tried to let it go. She really did. But after two weeks of listening to him while valiantly resisting the urge to hex off his mouth, she finally had enough. The final straw came when she was helping Heather with her homework as she waited for Harry to get back from Quidditch practice.

“I can’t believe he’s dating her,” Ron said not so quietly to Lavender.

Hermione rolled her eyes and focused on helping Heather with her Ancient Runes assignment. Ron had been dancing around the blonde since they’d gotten back from Christmas break, and his horrible attempts at wooing were laughable.

“I mean, Harry can have any girl he wants,” Ron continued. “I’m surprised he didn’t go after you. You’re much prettier than she is.”

Hermione bristled as Lavender giggled and sidled closer to him on the loveseat.

“You really think so?” she simpered.

Heather looked up from her work and mimed being sick. Hermione covered a laugh and smacked her leg lightly.

“He’ll probably get tired of her soon, anyway,” Ron said. “I bet she hasn’t done anything more than snog him.”

“Yeah. You’re probably right,” Lavender agreed.

Any humor Hermione got from the conversation died as she glared at her notes. Heather bumped her shoulder to get her attention and shot her a concerned look. She flashed her friend a reassuring smile, but as they worked, thoughts churned in the back of her mind. Hermione was sick and tired of Ronald Weasley and his constant insults. And, quite frankly, she was tired of Lavender’s mindless simpering.

When Harry returned to the Common Room a few minutes later, Hermione bid Heather a hasty goodbye, grabbed him by the arm, and pulled him into the suite.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked, looking at her curiously.

“I want you to help me with something,” Hermione said, biting her lip.

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Hermione had to wait a couple of days before enacting her plan. Thankfully, Lavender was quite predictable.

As soon as they returned from dinner on Wednesday – the day they had Transfigurations – she plopped herself down on the couch next to Hermione with a sigh.

“Hey, Hermione,” Lavender smiled. “Do you have time to help me with my homework?”

“I have a couple of hours,” Hermione said, checking her watch. “Harry has practice again tonight. Why don’t we use my suite? It’s quieter in there, and that’s where my notes are.”

Lavender perked up at the opportunity to check out the Heads’ suite, just like Hermione thought she would.

“Sure!” she said excitedly.

Getting to her feet, Hermione led her over to the door and invited her inside. As she closed the door, she spotted Ron glaring at her while he muttered to Dean. She couldn’t help but shoot him a smirk before closing the door and turning back to Lavender, who was looking around the cozy little Common Room she shared with Harry.

“Have a seat and make yourself comfortable,” Hermione said. “I’ll just grab my notes.”

Making her way into her bedroom, she grabbed her notes. As she walked back to the Common Room, she heard the door open and looked up. Surprisingly, it was Harry. Half of his body was covered in mud, and he had a frown on his face.

“Harry?” she asked worriedly. “Is everything alright? I thought you had practice.”

“We did,” he said, shedding his robe and pulling off his shirt. “Demelza took a Bludger and broke her collarbone. I caught her before she hit the ground, and Madam Pomfrey fixed her up, but I gave the team the rest of the night off. Oh, sorry, Lavender. I didn’t know you were here.”

“Hi, Harry,” Lavender smiled as she twirled a lock of her hair and stared at his shirtless chest.

Fighting the urge to roll her eyes, Hermione walked up to Harry and hugged him gently. He placed a kiss on the side of her head and placed his lips next to her ear.

“You still want to go through with this?” he whispered.

“Mh hmm,” she murmured.

With a smile, Harry pulled back and kissed her softly on the lips.

“I’ll get out of your hair and go take a shower,” he said loudly.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond, but Lavender beat her to it.

“Oh, you can join us,” she said, smiling flirtatiously. “I don’t mind.”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

Grabbing his robes from the floor, he started toward the bathroom while Hermione sat back down on the couch. She noticed Lavender staring after him, her eyes raking over his shirtless body until the door to the bathroom closed.

“Oh, Morgana,” Lavender said, squealing softly. “Did you see his muscles?”

“I might have noticed,” Hermione smiled.

“You’re so lucky, Hermione,” Lavender sighed. “I can’t believe you get to share a private room with him.”

Hermione smirked and took a seat on the couch while Lavender took the armchair next to it. Going through her notes, she figured they might as well get some work done before Harry returned. She managed to get through the basic explanation of human to animal Transfiguration when the bathroom door opened again, and Harry walked out with damp hair and just a blue towel wrapped around his waist. Smiling, he gave the girls a little wave before ducking into the bedroom.

Lavender sighed dreamily when Hermione got her attention again, but she didn’t keep it for long. It took Harry only a couple of minutes to get dressed in a loose pair of trousers and a T-shirt and join Hermione on the couch. He sat next to her with a book in his hand, wrapped an arm around her waist, and kissed her temple.

“So, what are you working on?” Harry asked curiously.

“Lavender just needs some help with Transfigurations,” Hermione replied, leaning against his chest.

“It’s my worst subject,” Lavender added. “I’m much better at Charms.”

“Transfigurations is difficult, especially when you start using it on humans,” Harry said consolingly. “Well, I’ll leave you girls to it. If you want me to help explain anything, just let me know.”

With that said, he opened his book and began to read. As Hermione turned back to continue tutoring Lavender, his hand slowly started to wander. She bit her bottom lip when his fingers traced over her stomach. For a moment, she had the urge to kick Lavender out of the room so she could take off her shirt and feel his touch on her bare skin, something she’d grown used to over the last couple of months. But they had a plan in mind, so she tried to look unaffected as his hand trailed upward.

His finger was tracing along the bottom edge of her bra by the time Lavender noticed. Hermione saw the blonde’s bright blue eyes widen, and she completely stopped paying attention when Harry’s hand drifted higher and grabbed a handful of her breast. Hermione had to bite her lip to stifle a moan while Lavender gasped quietly. She let Harry grope her for a few seconds before slapping his leg playfully.

“Harry, you’re distracting Lavender,” she said with a smile.

“Hmm?” Harry hummed, looking up from his book. He seemed so genuinely distracted that Hermione couldn’t tell if he was just so used to having his hands on her while they were studying that he had forgotten what they were doing or if he was just that good of an actor. “Oh, sorry. Habit.”

He smiled at Lavender and moved his hand back down to Hermione’s stomach.

“Habit?” Lavender asked curiously, her eyes gleaming at the prospect of more gossip to spread. “Do you usually grope our poor innocent Hermione while she’s trying to study?”

“My hands like to wander,” Harry admitted with a smile and a shrug. “I’ll try to behave myself while you’re here.”

“Oh, don’t mind me,” Lavender smirked. “Pretend I’m not even here.”

Harry chuckled deeply, “If I did that, you two wouldn’t get any studying done.”

“Harry!” Hermione gasped while Lavender giggled.

Laughing, Harry lifted her up and planted her on his lap. His arm wrapped around her waist, and his hand rested on her stomach. Instead of teasing her over her blouse, he grabbed the hem and pulled it out of her skirt before slipping his hand underneath to caress her bare skin. Hermione leaned back against his chest with a sigh and tried to focus on teaching Lavender, but the blonde’s attention wasn’t on her. It was on the hand under her blouse, watching it intently as it slid under her bra to cup her bare breast.

“I’m not distracting you, am I?” Harry asked with a knowing grin.

“Oh! No, of course not,” Lavender said quickly. “Go on. What were you saying, Hermione.”

“I was saying that the most important thing in human Transfiguration is to have a very clear picture of what you want in your mind,” Hermione said.

As she continued, Harry’s finger started circling her nipple. The one he wasn’t teasing hardened sympathetically, and when she glanced down at her notes, she could see it poking against her blouse. Shimmying in his lap teasingly, Hermione smiled and tried her best to teach Lavender what she needed to finish their assignment.

After a few minutes, however, she started to squirm in discomfort. The band of her bra was digging painfully into her side. With a grimace, she grabbed Harry’s wrist and pulled his hand out from under her shirt.

“Sorry,” she said, rubbing her ribs. “My bra was hurting.”

“Then take it off,” Harry shrugged before kissing her neck.

“I doubt Lavender wants me to tutor her topless,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes.

“I don’t mind,” Lavender grinned. “We shared a dorm for six years, Hermione. It’s not like we haven’t seen each other naked before.”

“I meant you should change out of your uniform, but if Lavender’s okay with it...” Harry said.

With a grin, his hands moved to the bottom of her blouse and started popping the buttons open one by one. Hermione leaned back, closed her eyes, and shivered in excitement as more and more of her skin was exposed. And she wasn’t the only one getting excited. Harry’s erection pressed firmly against her bum by the time his hands reached her collar. Pulling her tie from around her neck, he slipped her blouse from her shoulder. She sat forward so he could pull it off completely, then bit her lip and made eye contact with Lavender just as his fingers opened the clasp of her bra.

The simple but elegant black garment was tossed aside to join her blouse. Harry didn’t hesitate to grasp both of her breasts, pulling her against his chest so he could plant a trail of kisses along the side of her neck.

“Is this how you two usually study?” Lavender asked, her cheeks turning pink.

“Yeah,” Harry shrugged. “Well, normally, we do this *after* we’ve shagged.”

Lavender laughed incredulously and gaped at Hermione.

“Wow, Hermione. I didn’t think you had it in you,” she grinned.

“She did,” Harry smirked. “Just last night, in fact.”

“Harry!” Hermione scolded while Lavender burst out laughing.

“I can’t believe this,” Lavender said. “Well, like I said. Pretend like I’m not even here.”

“Lavender!” Hermione gasped.

Despite her reaction, this was exactly what she wanted. Hermione wasn’t the same shy, quiet bookworm Lavender had grown up with. She was much more confident in herself and her sexuality now. She wanted to show off what she’d become and the amazing lover she’d found in Harry.

Hermione also knew there was no way Lavender wouldn’t be comparing any potential boyfriends, like Ronald Weasley, to Harry, and she would find them falling short of her expectations. This was Hermione’s revenge for all the jokes, snickers, and teasing she’d endured for the last six years. And with Lavender’s inability to keep anything to herself, the entire school would know soon enough.

Hermione only had a moment to bask in the success of her plan before Harry turned and laid her down on her back. Pulling off her shoes, he smirked, hooked his fingers in the waistband of her knickers, and pulled them out from under her skirt. The thought that only a flap of black fabric covered her remaining modesty flitted through her mind before Harry grabbed the back of her thighs and pushed them toward her chest. She gasped as her skirt fell to her waist, leaving her glistening folds bared to the room.

“H-Harry. We shouldn’t,” Hermione stammered, trying to keep up her acting in front of Lavender.

Flashing her a lopsided grin, Harry practically folded her in half as he leaned down and kissed all around her smooth mound. In complete contrast with her words, Hermione moaned wantonly, tangled her fingers in his damp hair, and guided his teasing tongue to her folds.

“Merlin,” Lavender gasped softly.

Her eyes were wide as she stared at them, her thighs rubbing together unconsciously. Hermione groaned and rolled her hips firmly against Harry’s face. As his lips found her sensitive clit, she gasped and arched her back. One of his hands made its way back to her breast, groping and pinching the hard nipple. A whimper left her lips as she felt herself racing towards a rapid climax. Just moments later, she squealed as she came, her face scrunched up while her body trembled.

Harry chuckled when she relaxed after a few moments. Placing a loving kiss on her thigh, he tugged off her skirt and got to his feet. Hermione and Lavender wore matching, hungry expressions while they watched him pull off his shirt and push down the cotton trousers he’d put on only a few minutes before. Their identical expressions quickly shifted when his rigid, towering erection sprang into view. Hermione licked her lips in anticipation while Lavender gaped at his throbbing length.

“Holy shit,” Lavender gasped softly.

Hermione smirked as she moved to sit on the edge of the couch and wrapped her fingers around his shaft. Stroking him a few times, she flicked her long, bushy hair over her shoulder so Lavender had a clear view as she wrapped her lips around his swollen tip. Harry groaned and ran his fingers through her hair. As if reading her mind, he gathered it into a ponytail and then transferred it to his left hand so it wouldn’t get in the way. Hermione showed her appreciation by gazing up at him and taking his length deeper into her mouth.

As Harry groaned pleurably, she closed her eyes and focused on showing off her newly developed skills to her former dormmate. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed her throat and took him even deeper. Hermione thought back to every tip and trick that Fleur and Tonks had given her as she tried to swallow him whole. She made it just two inches from the base, a new personal best, before she gagged, and her body forced her to pull back.

Stroking his length expertly as she caught her breath, Hermione gazed at the base of his shaft determinedly. She took him back into her mouth and held him right at the entrance of her throat before grabbing his hips and taking a deep breath through her nose. Suddenly, she surged forward, plunging his length down her throat. Fighting against the desire to gag, she pushed forward until, finally, her nose pressed against Harry's groin.

"No way," Lavender gasped incredulously.

Hermione pulled back and smiled in triumph as she inhaled sharply. Just as she leaned forward to do it again, Harry cupped her cheeks and turned her face up to look at his.

"As amazing as that feels, I really need to fuck you," he said huskily.

Nodding, Hermione stood up. Harry gripped her bum and lifted her like she weighed nothing. Turning around, he sat back down on the couch and settled her over his lap. One hand went to his shoulder to steady herself, and Hermione used the other to line him up with her entrance. They both moaned and kissed as she sank onto his length. His hand roughly groped her bum, and he used his firm grip to guide her up and down his rigid shaft. Pulling her lips from his to moan, she rested her face in the crook of his neck and worked her hips. Harry spread her cheeks wide, and she shivered in arousal, knowing he was giving Lavender an unimpeded view of his long, thick manhood penetrating her depths.

"You know, Hermione's always wanted to have sex with an audience," Harry said.

"Really?" Lavender asked in surprise.

Hermione buried her face in his shoulder to cover a smirk. From Lavender's angle, it probably looked like she was trying to hide out of embarrassment. In reality, she was fighting the urge to really show off and take him in her bum. But knowing that rumors would be all over the school by tomorrow, she didn't know if she wanted to have quite that kind of reputation.

“Yeah,” Harry replied, kissing her neck. “She’s talked about it quite a bit. Who knew my quiet little bookworm could be so kinky?”

“I didn’t,” Lavender said. “I don’t think she’s even had a real boyfriend before.”

“She hasn’t,” Harry told her as he caressed Hermione’s back and kissed her neck. “She’s all mine.”

Hermione shivered at the possessiveness of his tone and kissed his shoulder. A moment later, his breath ghosted over her ear when he placed his lips next to her ear.

“Do you want to show off for Lavender, love?” he asked loudly enough that she was sure Lavender had heard.

Biting her lip with anticipation, Hermione put on a shy, timid expression and nodded her head. Harry smiled and patted her bum before lifting her off of his length. Turning her around, she gasped as he guided her back into his lap. While her back was turned, Lavender had unbuttoned her blouse, removed her bra, and hiked up her skirt. As much as she hated to admit it, the blonde’s breasts were amazing. Nearly as amazing as Fleur’s, though not quite as big.

Hermione closed her eyes as she descended back down Harry’s length. Not because of the penetration but to school her expression so she didn’t glare at Lavender. That bitch was trying to entice Harry. She knew it. Well, that wasn’t going to happen.

It might have seemed hypocritical to someone on the outside. She was willing to share Harry with three other women, but not Lavender? But what she had with Tonks, Fleur, and Penny was different. They all cared for each other as much as they cared for Harry. They were a team — a team Lavender most certainly wasn’t a part of — and never would be if Hermione had any say in the matter.

Keeping her eyes closed to stop herself from glaring, Hermione leaned back against Harry’s chest and rolled her hips.

“Harry,” she whined breathily in her sluttiest voice. “Fuck me.”

Chuckling, he caressed her body and kissed her neck lovingly.

“How do you want it, love?” he asked.

“Hard,” Hermione said firmly.

Smiling, Harry suddenly hooked his arms under her legs and locked his hands behind her head. Hermione gasped, her eyes going wide. Lavender looked just as surprised when she watched her bookish classmate get folded in half like a lawn chair. Slouching down on the couch, Harry adjusted his angle and started to thrust. Hard.

There was no teasing, no build-up. Harry just went all out from the first thrust. Hermoine squealed and threw her head back, eyes glazed over as her body jolted from each furious, hammering penetration. Belatedly, she realized this was the hardest he’s ever fucked her, but the thought only lasted a moment. With her body splayed open like a cheap Knockturn Alley whore and his brutal thrusts hitting her erogenous zones with every back-and-forth movement, she rapidly climbed to an explosive peak.

No wonder Tonks liked him to get so rough.

Hermione’s muscles strained as she neared a titanic climax, but Harry’s strong arms didn’t even seem to notice. Her face and chest turned red, the veins in her neck bulged, and her muscles twitched uncontrollably. It was at once the most incredible and overwhelming pleasure she’d ever felt. Each rapid, jackhammer-like thrust of his length brought her to the very edge of sanity.

Sucking in a deep breath, she screamed when she tipped over the edge. Hermione felt herself soak Harry’s lap and the couch in her arousal, but there was nothing she could do about it. Her body twitched and convulsed as she rode through her peak, completely at his mercy.

But the monstrous pace Harry had set had taken its toll on him as well. A moment later, he erupted inside of her with a satisfied groan. His hips pounded into her depths with every pulse of his length. When they both went limp a few moments later, Harry released her legs and held her to his chest. Hermione sighed contentedly as he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her cheek.

“That took a lot out of me,” he mumbled. “Sorry, Lavender, but I think you’ll have to finish studying with Hermione tomorrow.”

“Oh, uh, no problem,” Lavender said, looking disappointed.

Standing up, she made a show of jiggling her breasts while she put on her bra. She was much faster at fixing her shirt and grabbing her books. With a flirtatious smile directed at Harry, she flipped her hair over her shoulder and slipped out of the door.

“How was that?” Harry asked.

“Perfect,” Hermione smiled, letting him slip out of her depths and snuggling up to him.

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Loud, frantic knocking woke Hermione from her sleep. Blinking her eyes open and looking around Harry’s dark bedroom, she sat up at the same time he did. They shared a confused, worried look before he held his finger up to his lips and climbed out of bed.

“Coming!” Harry called as he slipped on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt.

Hermione made sure she was covered as he opened the door.

“Professor?” Harry asked. “Is something wrong?”

“The Headmaster needs to see you at once,” Professor McGonagall said heavily.

“What’s happened?” Harry demanded, a note of fear in his tone. “Are my parents-”

“Your parents are fine,” McGonagall assured him. “Something has happened, but I don’t know the details. I was instructed to retrieve you before the headmaster would explain.”

“Shit. It’s him,” Harry muttered.

Hermione furrowed her brow worriedly as he turned around, put on his shoes, and walked over to the bed.

“I’ll explain as soon as I get back. I promise,” he assured her.

She nodded, but questions raced through her mind. Obviously, something bad had happened, and Harry had some idea what it was. Leaning down, he kissed her softly. When he pulled back, Hermione spotted Professor McGonagall glancing into the room with a small, soft smile on her face. Then, Harry turned and left the room, closing the door behind him. Hermione sighed and laid back on the bed, left in the dark with only unanswered questions to keep her company.