

## Chapter 6

Hermione felt a little odd - like she was having an out-of-body experience - as she watched Tonks smirk at her while wearing her own face. Climbing off the bed, Tonks dug her wand out of her jeans, walked over to the dresser, and pulled out a black sock.

"Is that what I really look like from behind?" Hermione asked.

For the first time in her life, she got a good view of her own backside. It looked much fuller, more muscular, and frankly better than she expected. Turning her head as far as she could, she tried to compare her own bum to the one Tonks was sporting.

"Yep," Tonks chirped with a grin.

"It looks right to me," Harry smiled.

Reaching over, he gave her bum a squeeze and kissed her softly. When they broke apart a moment later, they turned back to Tonks as she twirled her wand over the sock. Slowly, it shifted and morphed into a small, rounded glass tube with a gentle curve. It was only a few inches long and fairly thin but got noticeably thicker about three-quarters of the way down the length.

Picking up the glass, phallic-shaped object, Tonks crawled back onto the bed on all fours. Hermione swallowed thickly, feeling slightly disconcerted when she caught herself admiring her own body. As if reading her thoughts, Tonks stopped and swayed her hips back and forth.

"You might watch this," she smirked.

She turned to look at Harry, who knelt behind her and handed him her wand. Hermione watched, nervous and excited, as he spread open her firm, muscular cheeks and pressed the tip against her rosebud. With a muttered incantation, a jet of clear, viscous fluid poured from the

wand. Some ran down between Tonks' cheeks and over her folds before Harry gently pushed the wooden shaft into her wrinkled hole. She gasped, then groaned when he sawed it back and forth a couple of times, only penetrating a couple of inches, before pulling the wand out completely.

Harry tossed the wand carelessly onto the bed as he shuffled closer to Tonks and laid his hard, throbbing shaft between her cheeks. He gripped her bum, sandwiched it tightly around his length, and rocked his hips back and forth. The motion coated his shaft with excess lubricant, causing it to glisten in the soft light that filled the room.

Hermione's mouth unconsciously opened as she watched Harry pull his hips back, spread Tonks open, and press his thick, swollen head at her puckered entrance. When he began to push, she thought there was no way it could possibly fit. His engorged tip was so engorged and her entrance so tiny that the thought was almost laughable. It was like watching someone try to fit an apple through a straw.

Then, Harry gripped Tonks' hips hard enough to indent the skin and pushed harder. His shaft bent from the force, and just as she thought he would slip free, Tonks' entrance gave way. Hermione gasped with her, staring wide-eyed as his flared head was slowly swallowed.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Tonks hissed, arching her back.

"Doesn't that hurt?" Hermione asked incredulously.

Despite her question, she stared while Harry rocked his hips back and forth, slowly easing more of his shaft inside of her depths.

"A little," Tonks admitted breathlessly. "But it's a good kind of hurt once you get used to it. Merlin, it feels good! Here, come lay down in front of me."

Finally tearing her eyes away from the entrancing sight, Hermione crawled over in front of Tonks and laid down on her back.

“No, the other way,” Tonks said, making a circular motion with her finger. “Roll over.”

Doing as she was asked, Hermione blushed when she found herself facing the mirror. However, her thoughts about what Heather might think of her only last for a moment. She quickly found herself distracted by the sight of Harry’s hips touching Tonks’ bum. When Tonks pulled her up to her hands and knees, it almost looked like it was just her and Harry in the room.

“You’re going to love this,” Tonks said.

Hermione gasped when she licked her folds. Moaning, she stared at their reflections in the mirror as Harry switched from rocking his hips to long, deep thrusts. With a moan of her own, Tonks slithered her tongue up to Hermione’s entrance.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped.

Her mouth fell open as she felt Tonks’ tongue grow longer inside of her. It reached impossibly deep, the soft tip teasing sensitive nerves that caused her breath to hitch. It was like nothing she’d ever felt before. Where the toys she’d used reached that deep, they were hard, rigid, and lacked the amazing dexterity Tonks’ tongue displayed. The wriggling appendage sought out her most sensitive places, lapping and undulating with precise moments that left Hermione gasping for breath.

Far too soon, Tonks’ tongue retracted, and the woman chuckled.

“Wow,” Hermione said breathlessly.

“Told you,” Tonks said, a smile in her tone.

Picking the glass toy up off of the bed, she eased it into Hermione’s dripping entrance. She moaned, but more out of frustration than pleasure. It felt nice but not nearly as good as Tonks’

tongue. Before she could work up the nerve to ask her to go back to what she was doing, she felt Tonks' tongue press against her again, but not where she expected. Her eyes widened when she felt it teasing her puckered entrance. She opened her mouth to speak but choked on the words when she felt it push inside.

Hermione felt like she should protest, but she had to admit that it felt good. After a few seconds, she realized she was clenching and relaxed. Closing her eyes, she licked her lips and focused on the feeling, trying to put words to what she was experiencing. Before she could, Tonks pulled back, and Hermione felt the glass toy pressed against her entrance.

"Just relax," Tonks said.

There was no time to respond before she pushed it forward, slowly and gently sinking it into Hermione's depths. Mouth falling open as she panted, her heart beat rapidly in her chest as she started to feel a little overwhelmed. Until this moment, she'd never even considered trying to put something up there, and now it was happening outside of her control.

Taking a deep breath, she dropped her head onto her arms and forced herself to relax. The moment she did, everything changed. Tonks easily slipped the thin, smooth toy in deeper, and Hermione gasped from the feeling. It was different but good. At least until Tonks started pumping it back and forth, then it started to feel amazing. Lifting her head and throwing her hair back, she watched their reflections and let out a long, low groan.

"If you think this feels good, just wait until you have Harry's fat cock splitting you open," Tonks grinned.

Pushing the toy in deeper, the wider base stretched her open, causing Hermione to gasp. It was just like Tonks had described earlier. A little stinging pain that only heightened the pleasure she was feeling. Seeing Harry pumping his hips, his muscles flexing, she imagined it was him behind her and trembled.

With a chuckle, Tonks bent down and lapped at her folds while continuing to thrust the toy in and out, the wide base stretching her open each time it bottomed out. The taboo experience

and new sensations were already overwhelming for Hermione when she felt Tonks' inhumanly long tongue plunge into her depths.

"Oh God!" Hermione gasped.

Wriggling and writhing, her tongue probed and teased every nook and cranny it could find. Eventually, Tonks found a spot that caused Hermione to jolt and her insides to squirm. Both of them froze, and Hermione didn't need to see Tonks' face to know what was going to happen next.

"No!" she yelped.

Tonks ignored her and attacked that spot with vigor. Hermione gasped as the breath was knocked from her lungs and clawed at the sheets. Stars burst in her vision, making her wonder if she was going to pass out. The pleasure she felt was so intense she couldn't catch her breath enough to speak. All she could do was gasp for air and tremble.

Suddenly, Tonks thrust the toy even deeper, stretching her more than ever. Hermione opened her mouth in a silent scream as a climax thundered through her body. After several seconds of the most intense orgasm of her life, she inhaled deeply and let out a scream. Clawing at the sheets, she scrambled away to escape the agonizing pleasure and collapsed onto her side. As she gasps for breath, shivering and twitching uncontrollably, her hand covered her mound protectively and her legs clamped together.

"You okay, Hermione?" Harry asked.

Opening her eyes, she nodded weakly as her body spasmed. Slowly, her senses came back to her, and she found herself staring at her own face, her lips twisted into a smug grin.

"She'll be fine," Tonks said, locking her eyes with Hermione's before she licked the toy and tossed it aside.

Hermione shivered as it landed next to her.

“Don’t tease her, or I’ll make you look like that,” Harry threatened playfully.

“Promise?” Tonks asked, rocking her hips as she looked back at him with a smirk.

Growling, Harry gripped a handful of her bushy man and pulled, causing her back to arch impressively. He leaned over her, sucking at her neck harshly before pummeling his hips forwards. Tonks yelped pleasurably as the hammering thrusts forced her to lie flat on her stomach. Harry relentlessly pounded into her, his hips meeting her upturned bum with a rhythmic clap. His large, muscular frame completely covered Tonks smaller for, pinning her to the bed.

Despite herself, Hermione couldn’t stop from teasing her clit. The sight of Harry completely dominating her, his hard, thick length driving unrelentingly into her body, was extremely arousing.

Suddenly, Harry sat up on his knees, pulling Tonks’ hips with him, and using them as handles to pull her demandingly into every powerful thrust. Seeing Tonks crying out, her face buried in the blankets, Hermione bit her lip and got to her hands and knees. Slowly, she crawled over and stopped beside Harry. Her eyes were riveted to the sight of his large shaft pistoning in and out of Tonks entrance.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks cried.

A rainbow of colors rippled through her hair as her body tensed and trembled. With a scream, she came, drenching the bedding with a flood of arousal. Harry grunted like an animal and buried himself as deep as he possibly could. Because of Tonks’ – and Hermione supposed her – thick, muscular bum, he couldn’t quite get all the way in. That left her able to see the base of his shaft pulse in time with the spasmodic grinding of his hips.

The two of them grunted and moaned for a few moments before Harry collapsed backward, his length falling out of Tonks. Laying on his back, his length softening, he panted with a blissful look on his face. Hermione smiled at him before turning back to Tonks and gaping at the stretched, ruined hole he'd left behind. Or so she thought. Even as she watched, it began to slowly close back up while Tonks groaned. Shaking her head and deciding to leave those thoughts for later, Hermione crawled over to Harry and curled up against his side, her head resting on his chest. Her lips curled up in a smile when she felt his strong arms wrap around her, and his lips placed a kiss on the top of her head.

As much as Hermione enjoyed the pleasure Harry and his ex-girlfriends gave her, she loved the cuddling afterward just as much. A few moments later, Tonks, now back to looking like her usual self, crawled over and tiredly collapsed on his other side.

"Merlin, I needed that," she sighed, grinning brightly at Hermione. "Six months without sex is too long."

"I invited you to Hogsmeade," Harry said softly, his eyes closed.

"I couldn't get anyone to take my shift," Tonks pouted. "Trust me, I wanted to be there. I've wanted to get Fleur in bed since you showed me that picture of her."

"She has a Floo," Harry pointed out tiredly.

"I know, but it'll be more fun with you there," Tonks said and then sat up to poke his chest. "And don't you dare bugger her if I'm not there. I want to know if a Veela can take it as well as a Metamorphmagus."

Harry chuckled and pulled her back down to his chest. A few seconds later, his breathing evened out as he fell asleep.

"So, what did you think?" Tonks asked.

“That was amazing,” Hermione smiled. “I had no idea Metamorphmagi could turn into other people like that.”

“Read up on it, did you?” Tonks asked with a smile. “Most can’t, but some, like me, can. It sure livens up the bedroom, doesn’t it? You should’ve seen what Harry and I got up to over the Summer.”

“But you’re beautiful,” Hermione said, her brow furrowed. “Why would you turn into other women?”

“I only do it once in a while to spice things up,” Tonks explained. “I like roleplaying. One time, I pretended to be Narcissa Malfoy and spent a whole night letting Harry do whatever he wanted so he’d stop making Draco look bad.”

“No!” Hermione gasped, covering her mouth as she laughed.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned. “I also gave him detention as Aurora Sinistra – we used to date – I begged for a loan as Madam Rosmerta, and Harry played the big, bad dark wizard that captured Amelia Bones. The woman’s a ball buster, but her body is incredible. Her tits are the size of my head.”

Blushing lightly, Hermione laughed as they continued talking late into the night.

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The next morning, Hermione had the unpleasant task of waking Nymphadora Tonks. She tried to do it without waking Harry, but the woman was not a morning person. With a bit cajoling, they managed to get her up and out of the room before anyone came looking for them. The last thing Hermione wanted was for her parents to find her sleeping in Harry’s room.

As they walked down the hall to the guest rooms, Heather stepped out of her room and paused at the sight of them.



“Oh, morning,” she said, blushing.

“Morning,” Tonks smirked. “Enjoy the show last night?”

Heather’s eyes widened in fright, “W-what?”

“Oh, come on,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes. “Did you really think I didn’t know you were watching?”

Hermione bit her lip to stop herself from laughing at the look of shock on her friend’s face. She knew she should feel bad. It was an embarrassing situation, but seeing the redhead blush to the roots of her hair over something she knew Tonks wasn’t upset about was too entertaining.

“I’m sorry,” Heather muttered, gazing at Tonks pleadingly. “Please, just don’t tell Harry.”

“Oh, of course, I won’t,” Tonks said, pulling her in for a hug and then letting go with a big grin that Hermione knew meant trouble. “I don’t need to. Who do you think told me?”

Hermione and Heather gaped at her as she turned and went to the guest room with a grin etched on her face.

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Heather spent most of the next two days hiding in her room to avoid looking at Harry. Hermione tried to point out that he’d likely known for a while and that it clearly didn’t bother him, but that didn’t seem to help much. While hiding away with her friend to show her some support, Hermione flipped through some of the books she’d brought from Hogwarts.

One of them happened to be a book on sex-based rituals that she'd found in the Room of Requirement. In it, she found a ritual that had to be performed within a week of the Winter Solstice. As she tossed the idea back and forth in her head, she realized she'd already made up her mind to finally lose her virginity.

Now, the only question was, did she want to go through with the ritual?