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<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2019-04-08 Updated: 2019-04-09 Chapters: 2/? Words: 8454</td>
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**Indulge**

by **TheOriginalSinner888**

**Summary**

Hermione hears of the mysterious sex club, Indulge, and can't seem to stop her curiosity over it. Add that to the fact that she hadn't had sex in forever and she finds herself a regular patron.

Multiple Pairings to be added as I've written them. Requests welcome.

**Notes**

Had this story rolling around in my head for a while so I'd thought I'd get a chapter out to see if anyone was interested. This is a tame beginning.

- Inspired by **Bliss** by **Inell**
Hermione had vaguely heard of the new club, Indulge, when it first opened while she was starting her internship and Ron and Harry were starting their Auror training. But she hadn’t realized what it was. She thought it was a dance club like muggles ones. She assumed they already existed in some fashion. But the buzzing around the opening of this club was a big deal and she didn’t fully understand why.

She overheard some people around the Ministry talking about the exclusivity and wand oaths required to enter. Apparently, people had to enter their names for invitations to come to the club, and they have to take a wand oath never to reveal the identities of others who come or what happens in the club. People were only permitted to discuss the nature of the club, or activities with those present with them.

It did pique her curiosity. Little didn’t pique her endless quest for knowledge. But it also sounded rather scandalous and salacious. She didn’t want word to get around that she was curious about a club like that.

Then she heard Verity and a friend of hers talking at Fred and George’s shop.

“What happens there?” the friend was asking eagerly.

“Well, sex, duh,” Verity replied. “It’s a sex club. But you know I can’t get into specifics. Wand oath.”

“Just because people can’t talk about it doesn’t mean they don’t judge you outside the club,” the other girl suggested.

“Trust me, none of them have room to judge what anyone else does,” Verity said. “It’s really a judgement free zone. Everyone is there for the same reason. And consent is required. If anyone tries to use force, a jinx over the club casts a stinging hex on them. That identifies them to security, and they’re thrown out and banned forever.”

“That’s nice to hear,” the woman murmured. “How do you get invited?”

“You write to them expressing your interest,” Verity started. “Tell your owl to take the letter to Indulge and it’ll find the right place. Then they send you a personality test to fill out and return. They go over it, or do whatever they do to make their decision, and either tell you that you’ve been admitted, are still being reviewed, or have been denied. I have no idea who doesn’t get admitted or for what reason. You wouldn’t believe the kind of characters allowed in. But everyone plays nice… unless you don’t want them to.”

That conversation played on Hermione’s mind for over a week afterwards.

Indulge was a sex club?

She had no idea those kinds of things really existed. But if they existed in the muggle world, there was a chance it existed in the wizarding world. Of course, she would not want admittance to such a place. Of course not.

But just the thought of the club’s existence teased her for nights on end. She and Ron hadn’t become quite the power couple the world expected after the war. They had made it work for little over a year before they just imploded. Hermione focused on building her career and Ron had explored his life as
single bachelor. She had dated a few coworkers or fellow booklovers here and there, but nothing serious. And nothing for the last ten months.

That was a long time to go without anyone’s touch but her own.

She had cracked three months ago and snuck into muggle London to buy a vibrating dildo. She thought that was a magical cure for her pent-up frustrations when she started using it. But eventually, even that didn’t really satisfy the need for another warm body.

But was she desperate enough to go to a sex club? What if she saw someone she knew? She knew they all took a wand oath and couldn’t reveal to the world that they were there, but they could judge her silently. She did hear Verity say that it wasn’t like that. And it was nice to hear about the jinx that prevented assaults from happening.

Hermione flip flopped over the next few weeks. She figured she deserved it. It was a lot of effort and time to go out and try to find someone to satisfy her or to date. And even then, she was never sure if they were interested in her or if they wanted the notoriety of having been with the Hermione Granger. She needed the relief and it seemed like the perfect, most convenient, place to get it.

On the other hand, could she get over the embarrassment of having resort to such measures in the first place. What would people think seeing her walk in? Hermione Granger couldn’t get a man on her own, so she went to a sex club.

She remembered what Verity said. No one judged. Because they were all there for the same thing.

These thoughts interrupted her arousing ones as she thrust her vibrator into her pussy, spread eagle on her bed. With a huff, she tossed the toy aside. It just wasn’t doing it for her tonight. Before she could think better of it, she was turning her lamp back on and pulling out a roll of parchment. She quickly wrote out her note and attached it to her pet owl she’d gotten a year ago – Antigonus.

She whispered, “Take this to Indulge.”

Antigonus chirped and flew off. She immediately regretted it. It was late. There probably wouldn’t be anyone there. Her poor owl would be waiting on a stoop all night.

She burrowed herself in her couch, covered in blankets. And waited.

She fell asleep deep into the night and was awakened by Antigonus lighting nipping at her fingers. She woke up – thankful it was Saturday – and gave Antigonus a treat before taking the thick envelope from his feet.

Thank you, Ms. Granger, for your interest in Indulge. Below is a personality and sexuality form for you to fill out. Your answers are one hundred percent anonymous and private. Be as honest as possible as it is important in our decision whether or not to allow your admittance into Indulge. Our number one priority is safety and privacy for our patrons.

Hermione let out a little breath as she took in the few pages of questions. Some of them had to do with sexual health, history, likes and dislikes. Others were questions about why she was interested in Indulge and what she was looking for. She only filled out a fraction of them before she got cold feet and hid the papers in her desk.

She did everything to distract herself from the papers while she lazed around the house. She tried reading, cleaning, even doing some work she’d brought back from her office. But her eyes just kept traveling to her desk drawer where the papers were.
Eventually, she couldn’t ignore them anymore. She went to her desk and picked the papers out of the desk. Before she could doubt herself again, she quickly finished filling it all out with a furious blush on her face. She then folded it up and handed it to Antigonus with the instructions to bring it to Indulge.

She was a nervous wreck as she awaited Antigonus’ return.

When he did, he returned with a small envelope in hand. All it said was;

*Welcome, Ms. Granger, to Indulge.*

With the address and hours on it.

But could she really accept this invitation?

Three nights passed with her making no plans to go to the club. Three nights trying to be satisfied with her sex toy between her legs. Three nights pondering the invitation laying out on her coffee table. She was smart enough to know that she shouldn’t have left it there. When Ginny came over for tea, she saw the invitation laying out.

“You got an invitation to Indulge?” Ginny asked, gob smacked.

Hermione blushed furiously and ripped the paper out of her hands, tossing it into the bin.

“Hermione, there’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” Ginny told her friend. “You wouldn’t believe the amount of familiar faces there.”

Hermione gaped, “Wait – how do you know that?”

“Oh, Harry and I have been patrons for the last two years,” Ginny smirked, unabashed.

Hermione’s jaw dropped, “You have? Why didn’t you ever say something!?”

“We don’t talk about it to people who haven’t been there;” Ginny said. “Or admitted. Privacy is key. But, surely you realize why the club became so popular and necessary in the first place.”

By Hermione’s quizzical expression, she hadn’t considered a purpose beyond sex and gratification.

Ginny rolled her eyes, “The war was Hell for everyone, Hermione. People need a release. They need a community without judgement where they can work through issues and explore themselves. There are no houses or pureblood versus muggleborns. Nobody cares about things like that. And… it’s really fun.”

“How often do you and Harry go there?” Hermione couldn’t help but wonder.

Ginny shrugged, “Whenever we feel like it. We don’t always go together.”

“So, you and Harry… sleep with other people?” Hermione frowned.

“Only in Indulge,” Ginny said. “Everything goes there. We made that deal with each other when we talked about getting invitations.”

“I guess I never thought of the idea that I would see someone I knew well, if I went,” Hermione murmured. “I’ve had the invitation for a few days now and I haven’t plucked up the nerve.”

“What made you write to them in the first place?” Ginny asked curiously.
Hermione blushed, “Well, it’s… been a while…”

“Why haven’t you gone yet if you’ve had the invitation for three days?” she asked next, softly.

“I don’t even know why I even wrote,” Hermione lamented. “I was just getting really frustrated and acted on impulse.”

“Hermione, you’re interested in the club for a reason,” Ginny said. “There’s no shame in following through.”

Hermione still wasn’t completely confident.

“If you want, I’ll go with you on your first night,” Ginny offered. “Not like that, but just so you don’t walk in alone.”

Hermione blushed at the mere thought of doing anything with a woman, let alone Ginny. But she did think she’d feel better not walking into a club like that on her own. So, she nodded lightly, “All right… when?”

“I was planning to go tomorrow night,” Ginny offered.

Hermione sighed nervously. “Okay. Tomorrow night.”

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Ginny warned Hermione not to wear pants to Indulge. It would only provide an obstacle. It wasn’t a place you necessarily had to dress up. Clothing was temporary.

So, Hermione fished on a casual skirt and tank top blouse. Ginny also told her under garments were futile within Indulge. Hermione blushed as she felt a slight draft on her skin under the skirt. She felt more exposed than she’d ever felt naked. But she supposed that it was appropriate for the what Indulge entailed.

Ginny said she would meet her at her flat and take her there directly. She would walk her through the process of the wand oath, and they would get a drink and ease her into the process.

“The best thing is that there’s not awkward hitting on people or flirting,” Ginny said. “I mean there’s flirting, but there’s no guessing if people are there for sex. You ask, or you just act. You don’t walk up to a random person and hope they want sex too. Are you ready?”

Hermione let out a weary sigh. She nodded slowly. “Ready as I’ll ever be. I don’t know why but I feel more nervous about this then I felt being on the run.”

“Jitters are normal, Mione,” Ginny told her friend. “We’ll get a strong drink once inside and ease you in.”

Hermione nodded more certainly and Ginny side-along apparated them to a small back alley. She saw a small black door against the brick building, slightly jutting out. It looked plain and unassuming for a moment but then when she did a double take, she saw glowing letters spelling out Indulge.

“Only those admitted can see the door and the sign,” Ginny whispered. She helpfully took Hermione’s hand and walked her up to the door, opening it with little issue. Hermione saw nothing
but darkness for a moment, but Ginny walked her inside. The door closed behind them and then a soft feminine voice said, “Hello, Ms. Granger. Such a pleasure to welcome you to Indulge. Hello again, Ms. Weasley.”

“Hello,” Ginny said, unbothered by the disembodied voice.

“We just have to perform a wand oath before you enter, Ms. Granger,” the voice said warmly. Hermione felt completely at ease, like her nervousness was melting away at this friendly woman. “Please take out your wand and hold it out.”

Wordlessly, Hermione removed her wand from the compartment in her skirt and held it out in front of her.

“You don’t need to say anything but ‘I agree’ once I read the conditions of the wand oath,” she explained. “Ready?”

Hermione let out a breath and nodded, “Ready.”

“Do you, Hermione Jean Granger, agree to never speak a word of the events that transpire within the confines of Indulge, or the identities of person or persons involved or admitted outside of those present when they occurred?”

“I agree,” Hermione said. The details on her wand glowed golden before the light faded and she was permitted to put her wand away.

“Welcome, Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley, to Indulge,” she said before another door opened up and loud booming music overwhelmed them.

Ginny smiled widely and took Hermione’s hand, leading her into the club. There were low lights, music, couches everywhere. There was a dance floor and Hermione thought she could see chains hanging from the wall. She also saw shelves of sex toys and other equipment. There was a full bar at the back, flanked by two hallways.

“There are private rooms as well as bathrooms down the hallways,” Ginny explained, gesturing to them. “Soundproof inside and out if you want to get away from the music.”

Hermione was blushing feverishly as she saw what people were doing around the club. She saw a mosh pit of people grinding together on the dancefloor to the music. There were a few people laughing and brushing against each other at the bar while they got drinks from a happy looking elf. Her cheeks inflamed even more when she saw the more risqué actions people were taking part of around the club.

She saw people making out violently against walls. She saw a man bending a woman over a leather bench and spanking her already reddened ass. She was more scandalized at the amount of familiar faces she saw.

She saw Lee Jordan fucking Alicia Spinnet against the wall. She saw Cho Chang fingering her roommate Marietta. She even saw Pansy Parkinson and Tracey Davis kissing each other around Draco Malfoy’s cock.

Moans, groans, and slaps filled in the slight silences between songs. The worst part was that Hermione felt herself getting aroused at the sounds and sights.

“Let’s get a drink,” she heard Ginny say, tugging her to the bar at the back. They hopped onto stools and Ginny brightly greeted the little elf. “Hello, Twinkly!”
The elf was dressed in a pretty sparkly dress and glitter eyeshadow. She was excited to greet Ginny, “Hello Misses Weasley! What can Twinkly get you!?"

“We’ll have two French 75’s and two shots of vodka,” Ginny ordered lightly. “It is my friend’s first night here. Meet Hermione Granger, Twinkly.”

Twinkly smiled widely at Hermione. “Lovely to be meeting your acquaintance Misses Granger!”

“It’s lovely to meet you as well, Twinkly,” Hermione smiled.

Twinkly grinned and snapped her fingers. Two flutes filled with yellow drinks and two shots of clear vodka appeared in front of them. Someone down the bar called for Twinkly and the elf disapparated away.

“Okay, shot first,” Ginny said, holding hers out. “Cheers to you, Hermione, for being brave and bold and hot as all bloody Hell.”

Hermione blushed as she clinked her shot glass against Ginny’s and downed the liquid without letting it sit on her tongue. Ginny had taught her that long ago. It still hit her on the way down her throat. She coughed lightly as she set her shot glass down where it promptly disappeared. She then quickly started sipping the yummy cocktail to wash it down smoothly.

“Shake off the nerves, Mione,” Ginny said.

“People are looking!” she hissed, seeing the stares of people around the club.

“Because you’re sexy and they want to shag you,” Ginny told her. She then locked eyes on Michael Corner down the bar who was eyeing her. “And they’re not all looking at you.”

Hermione nodded absently as she sipped her drink. She watched wide-eyed as Ginny downed the rest of hers.

“Would you think me a terrible friend if I left you to your own devices?” her friend asked.

Hermione continued sipping her drink before finally nodding. “Honestly, it’ll probably be better for me if you’re not watching to make sure I do something.”

“Just don’t overthink it, sweetie,” Ginny told her friend, putting her glass away and kissing Hermione on the cheek. Hermione watched with pink cheeks as her friend marched up to Corner and they immediately started snogging.

Hermione finished sipping her drink and felt a light buzz wash over her body. She idly wondered if she should call Twinkly and order another drink when she felt a strong chest press against her shoulder blades. And a deep, familiar voice said behind her, “Fancy seeing you here, Hermione.”

Hermione flushed and turned around to see Neville Longbottom standing behind her. She gulped. “Um, hello, Neville.”

“First night, huh?” he asked, taking in her pink cheeks. “I was a mess when I started coming here too.”

“How long have you been coming here?” she asked.

“About a year,” he said. He smiled at her, “Can I get you another drink?”

Hermione nodded, butterflies in her stomach, “Something strong, please.”
He gave her a wink and called for Twinkly.

“Hello Mr. Longbottom!” Twinkly smiled, looking a little shy now. “What can Twinkly get you?”

“Two Long Island Ice Teas,” he ordered. “Thank you, Twinkly.”

The little elf blushed and snapped her fingers, summoning two glasses for them before going to serve other customers. She and Neville clinked their glasses together before sipping their drinks. Neville was being really sweet to her. He chatted with her amiably with her about their work and general news in the Wizarding World. It took the nerves away from the nature of their surroundings as they drank their cocktails and a heavier buzz washed over them.

“Can I kiss you, Hermione?”

Feeling light and fuzzy all over, Hermione nodded, and Neville’s soft lips were pressed to hers. It wasn’t innocent or chaste. It was salacious and passionate. His tongue was in her mouth, battling with hers. His hand cupped her face and his other hand explored her thighs, dipping under her skirt. Goosebumps followed his touch and she could feel her blood heating up and her pussy starting to throb and get damp as his fingers neared it.

She was distracted until she felt his fingertips brush against her slit and her nerves kicked it. She ripped her lips away from Neville and gripped his hand so it couldn’t move further against her.

“Sorry,” Neville muttered. “Want me to go away?”

“No,” Hermione huffed, annoyed at herself. “I want… I mean, I guess I never thought about how other people would be around and see what I do here.”

Neville gave her a gentle smile, “Want to get a private room, then?”

Could she do it? This was what she was here for. She didn’t think she would meet a good friend here and do it with them. But Neville had gotten handsome as they grew up. He was tall, broad shouldered, grew into his teeth as she had and looked sexy in his black jeans and tight shirt.

“Lead the way,” she whispered before she could change her mind.

Neville gave her a devilish grin and took her hand, bringing her down from the stool and leading her down a hallway. There were many doors for rooms with signs on them that said occupied. She followed Neville until they came across a door that said vacant and he led her inside.

The room was magnificent. It had a large four poster bed, shelves with the same kind of toys and equipment that were outside. There was a couch at one end and some kind of leather bench she had also seen outside at the other end of the room.

She also noticed that she could hear nothing of the club outside that room once Neville closed the door after them and locked it. She stood at the foot of the bed, playing with the hem of her blouse as she felt Neville approached her confidently. He brushed her hair off of her shoulder and started pressing kisses into her neck and behind her ear. She stood stock still and let him get going until she started melting into his arms.

He sucked on the skin between her neck and shoulder so deeply, nibbling with his teeth, that she knew there’d be a mark there later. But she couldn’t find it in herself to care while his hands started sliding under her skirt and squeezing her ass cheeks. One hand trailed up to her breasts, folding over them over her blouse while the other hand traveled around her waist and ducked under her skirt to slide his fingers along her wet slit.
“Oh,” she gasped as his finger probed her hole.

“I’d like to take your clothes off,” he whispered into her ear.

She nodded, a quick fluttering motion. And then his hands pushed her skirt down to the floor in a pile. The room felt perfectly warm as Neville started pushing her blouse up. She lifted her arms to help him as he pulled it over her head and set it on the ground next to her skirt. At some point he must have stripped off his own shirt because she felt his bare chest press against her back as he pulled her against him by her hips. She could also feel a prominent hard bulge pressing into her ass.

“What do you want?” he asked lowly, pressing his lips against the lobe of her ear.

She just wanted sex. She was never that adventurous. Just coming to this club had been the kinkiest thing she’d ever done. “I’m… I’m not sure.”

“That’s okay, he mused, kissing her cheek. “Why don’t you let me look at you?”

Hermione didn’t say anything as he turned her around to face him. His eyes trailed over her nude body. And hers fell on his strongly built chest. When did Neville Longbottom get so fit?

“What do you want to see me?” he quizzed, toying with the top of his trousers.

She licked her dry lips and nodded eagerly.

He smoothly pushed his trousers down to the floor and kicked them off his feet along with his shoes. She followed suit, kicking off her flats. Her eyes widened when she saw his hard cock hanging between his legs. If she’d known he was hiding that snake in his trousers she probably wouldn’t have minded him fucking her on the barstool.

“Touch me,” she requested softly, dragging her eyes up to his lust-filled face.

“Gladly,” Neville muttered, moving in to kiss her more passionately than he had by the bar. One hand gripped her hair at the nape of her neck and the other trailed down to twist and pinch her nipples.

She mewled into his mouth, trying to press herself against him. Get closer to him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him to her as he snuck his tongue into her mouth again. She felt him leading her back to the bed and then they bounced onto it, more entwined than ever.

He pulled her knees apart and flanked them around his hips, fitting in between her legs. His chest pressed onto hers as he snogged her. She gasped for air when he finally pulled his lips away from hers and started kissing down her chest. He twirled his tongue around her right nipple and closed his lips around it, sucking on the little nub while his fingers plucked at the other one.

Hermione let out little gasps and moans as her nipples tightened under his ministrations. He switched his mouth and hand and gave them equal attention before kissing down her stomach. He propped his shoulders under her thighs and dug his face into her pussy without preamble. He licked up her folds, his textured tongue stimulating her warm center.

“Oh, Neville,” she gasped as he started sucking on her clit. When did he get good at sexual things?

A bubble of warmth and pleasure started forming in her core. The good thing about how long Neville’s arms were, was that he could reached up to her breasts and tease her nipples while his mouth teased his pussy. He flicked his tongue up and down her throbbing clit with the tip rapidly while one of his hands abandoned her breast to push into her hole steadily. She clenched over him
as she was filled with his warm digits. It had been too long since she was with someone.

His fingers crooked inside of her and hit against her g-spot over and over again as he closed his lips around her clit. She reached down to thread her fingers through his dark hair and grip him closer to her pussy. That little bubble of pleasure in her core was getting more and more inflated.

“Oh, Neville, keep going,” she begged.

He said nothing but feasted on her pussy hungrily. His fingers pumped inside her rapidly, building up that balloon in her core until it popped.

Hermione let out a surprised wail as her orgasm struck her like lightning out of nowhere. Her thighs tried to clamp around his head as her pussy clutched around his fingers, but his strong arms held them apart. She jerked her hips against his face until he pulled away. He pressed gentle kisses up her body as she twitched with aftershocks. She shuddered when she felt the bulbous head of cock slipping against her entrance.

“Do I need a rubber?” he whispered hotly against her throat as his tip bumped against her engorged clit.

She rapidly shook her head, “No, just fuck me. Please!”

“Gladly,” he said, reaching down to aim his cock for her and then sliding into her.

Hermione’s eyes widened as she felt his large cock fill her to the brim. She let out a sharp gasp at the suddenness of the move.

“Ugh, so bloody tight,” she heard Neville hiss into her ear. He pulled her thighs wider and folded her legs around his waist, pressing down onto her as he began pulling out and thrusting back into her.

Hermione had never felt so satisfyingly suffocated before. Every part of his body was pressed against every part of hers. She could feel light bruises forming until his vice like grip of his fingers digging into her thighs as he pounded into her. But she’d rather cast glamour charms over the marks left behind that go without the pleasure of this cock pistoning into her cunt with a series of squelches and smacks.

“Do you like that, love?” his breathless voice invaded her ears as his forehead rested on her clavicle.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes,” she whispered like a mantra. “Don’t stop. Keep fucking me, Neville.”

“I couldn’t stop if I wanted to,” he breathed.

Hermione was so pleased that she’d gone ahead and come to Indulge. She needed this.

She keened when his cock hit that magic spot inside her, feeling herself gushing fluids over his shaft and their thighs. She trailed her lithe fingers over the muscles of his back. She hooked her ankles behind his lower back spread her knees wider as he pummeled into her, giving him more room. His thrusts were getting so hard and powerful that her body roughly slid along the silky sheets laid across the large, expansive bed.

“Ugh, so bloody fantastic, Neville,” she mewled as she titled her hips up into him.

Neville pushed off of her with his arms holding him up. One hand gripped her hip to keep her pressed into the mattress as he pounded her pussy. The other reached between them and his thumb
started pressing into her sensitive clit.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped sharply as the pleasure hit her from multiple spots now.

“So fucking sweet,” Neville grunted as he thrusted into her. He rubbed his thumb over her clit in tight circles as he smacked his hips against her thighs. “Wish I’d known at school.”

Hermione breathlessly giggled through her moans. She had been thinking along the same lines.

That bubble of pleasure in her core was inflating against her belly as he hammered his cock into her cunt with devilish accuracy and speed. She could feel her orgasm creeping up on her, building up her spine with a heated flush.

“Neville!” she gasped. “I’m gonna cum!”

“Me too, Mione,” he grunted down at her, pressing his sweaty forehead against hers as his hips stammered into her. “Inside, okay?”

“Yes! Please!” she gasped as she felt herself start to tighten around him. “Oh, I’m cumming!” she cried as her pleasure broke like a fever, her pussy clamping around his hard cock as she tossed her head back and moaned loudly.

“Ugh, fuck,” Neville groaned deeply as his hips stammered and he slammed into her one last time to empty his cum into her cunt.

Hermione whimpered as his warm seed filled her, painting her inner walls.

As the edge wore off, Neville panted into her neck for a moment before rolling off of her. Hermione was actually disappointed when his cock slipped out of her. Her limbs felt like jelly, her thighs practically vibrating in the aftershocks of her powerful orgasm.

“Bloody amazing, you are,” she heard Neville pant.

“I was going to say the same thing,” she giggled.

After a brief silence as they gathered their breath, Neville turned his head to look at her and asked with a sheepish grin, “Did you enjoy your first night at Indulge?”

She shyly met his eyes and nodded, “More than I expected. Thank you.”

“Anytime,” he promised, giving her a parting kiss as he pulled himself out of bed and fished his clothes on.

She followed suit, not bothering to tidy herself up too much. There was no point in a place like this. She wondered if Ginny was done with Corner. Neville gave her a gentle smile and another kiss as they walked out. He left her at the bar with a wink and she saw him exiting the club. She also saw Ginny brushing her skirt down and vanishing some white cum from her asshole as she gave Corner a parting kiss and found her at the bar.

“Did you find someone to enjoy yourself with?” the redhead asked her friend, brushing her damp hair behind her ears.

“I did,” Hermione said quietly. “Are you ready to leave?”

“For tonight,” she answered, taking Hermione’s hand and leading her to the exit. Once outside, she side-along apparated them into Hermione’s apartment.
“Why don’t you sleep on the couch tonight?” Hermione offered. “It’s late.”

“Perrrfect.” Ginny purred.

Once showered, Hermione slipped into her bed and sighed. She would definitely be going to Indulge again.
Second Visit

Chapter Summary

Hermione goes back to Indulge, on her own this time, more confident than her first visit.

Chapter Notes

So, for everyone's information, this is very Hermione centric but will feature side pairings. It will also lead to an eventual romance between Hermione and a character yet to be determined. She has to sow her wild oats first.

Hermione was deliciously sore when she woke up the next morning. And Ginny had woken her up with hot tea and a barrage of questions for her.

“Ginny, we both took the same wand oaths,” Hermione pointed out. “You weren’t present during my activities so I can’t tell you who I was with. No one scandalous, and it was a very pleasant experience.”

“Pleasant enough to have you returning to Indulge?” Ginny questioned her with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

Hermione blushed. “Perhaps.”

Her next visit happened within the week. Even if she wasn’t as pent up as she had been going without sex for nearly a year, she couldn’t stay away. She was too busy for a relationship while trying to get her career to take off the way she wanted it to. And she rarely met someone she clicked enough with to imagine being with them day to day.

It was more convenient and pleasurable to go to Indulge and get some gratification.

She shivered in anticipation as she slipped on a little black dress with no underwear. This time – she was going to the club on her own. She felt a little silly in the thin dress when she saw her nipples poking out. But that didn’t matter where she was going.

She did a little more with her makeup, not wanting to look like her normal self tonight. She slipped her feet into kitten heals and apparated to the alleyway. She confidently opened the door and stepped inside.

“Welcome back, Ms. Granger,” the same friendly feminine voice greeted.

And she walked right into the club, the thumping music vibrating through her body as she made her
way to the bar.

“Hellos Misses Granger,” Twinkly appeared in front of her with an thrilled smile. “What can Twinkly get Misses?”

“Surprise me, Twinkly,” Hermione smiled.

Twinkly excitedly giggled and clapped her hands together. A pink martini appeared in front of her. “I hope Misses likes.”

Hermione sipped the nice drink and tasted strawberries. It was delicious. “I love it, Twinkly, thank you.”

“Most welcome, Misses,” Twinkly smiled before serving other patrons.

Hermione felt a pleasant warmth settle over her body emanating from her core. The music boomed overhead as she started looking around. There was a mass of people on the dancefloor. Hermione saw Rita Skeeter being whipped – chained to the wall – by a hulking man in a head-to-toe black leather body suit. And Seamus snogging the life out of Lisa Turpin. She saw a foursome laid out in the corner of the room. One person was fucking the other doggy style while they ate out a girl she didn’t know and someone fed a large dildo into the first person’s asshole.

She decided as she finished her drink that she would start with the dancefloor and see what happened. Once her drink was finished, she set the empty glass down and made her way to the throng of people. Briefly feeling a little self-doubt, she hovered at the edge of the dancefloor.

A pretty dark eyed girl gave her a friendly smile while grinding against a light-haired man and pulled her closer, giving her room to mesh into the masses. She blushed as the woman pulled her in for a kiss as well. Her lips were soft and pliant against her, but Hermione still felt herself pulling away from the kiss in nervousness. “I’m not…”

“Okay, sugar,” the woman smirked nicely. “But here – anything goes.”

Hermione nodded lightly and moved through the crowd until she found a good enough spot to just dance. She felt a little silly as she moved her hips to the beat. But soon she stopped thinking about it and just danced. Then thick hands slid along the fabric at her hips, bunching it over her waist from behind her. A tall form pressed against her back and started swaying with her to the music. She leaned back into him and relaxed.

“I never thought I’d see you here, Mione,” a deep voice whispered into her ear as she felt a hard cock pressing against her ass in her dress. She swallowed her gasp as she recognized that voice and realized that Dean Thomas was grinding into her.

Before she could react, he was turning her around and craning his neck down to press his lips to hers. She threw herself into the kiss, shaking off her jitters she’d felt the first night she came. She was here for a reason. So was he. Things would be normal outside the club.

So, she fought his tongue with hers when he slipped it into her mouth. She growled under her breath when his hands buried themselves into her curls and tugged her head back so he could press hot kisses along the column of her throat. She arched into his body and groped his back.

She already felt hot and sweaty in his arms in the middle of a throng of people. She could feel other bodies bumping into her and Dean and knocking them around as they tried to stick to each other like glue. She felt his hard cock pressing against her belly and her pussy started to get hot and wet.
“Fuck, I need you,” she gasped as he nibbled on her ear.

He growled deep in his chest. He bit at her lip and then pulled away to hold her hand. “Come with me then.” He led her to one of the couches off the dancefloor and sat himself down first, already undoing his pants and pulling his thick black cock out. “Put that mouth on me.”

Blushing, Hermione fell to her knees. She was surprised to feel that the floor wasn’t hard. There seemed to be a cushioning charm on it. She was more nervous by the sight of how long his cock was and not having had a lot of experience with blowjobs.

Dean seemed to sense this, and gently grasped her hand, wrapping it around his cock and guiding it up and down. It throbbed in her grip and felt warm and soft. After a minute of this, Dean threaded his hand into her curls and started leading her mouth to the head of his cock. She closed her lips around it first, licking at the tip and taking in his taste.

“Oh, your mouth is so hot,” Dean hissed above her. “Keep going down, love.”

Steeling herself, Hermione worked her head further down his shaft, pressing her tongue against the underside as she fit her mouth halfway down. She closed her fist around the section she didn’t get to and squeezed as she started to bob her mouth up and down. She worked slow and wasn’t sure if what she was doing was working.

She didn’t have time to think before Dean was pulling her off of his cock and demanding, “Ride my cock.”

Hermione could feel her pussy starting to drip down her thighs and eager climbed over his lap on the couch. His large hands pushed the hem of her dress up and he stared at her now-shaved pussy, licking his lips. He gripped her hips a bit roughly and pulled her into position over him and pressed the head of his cock against her slit.

“How does that cock feel?” Dean grunted in her ear as he yanked her down his cock violently.

“So good!” she gasped as he knocked the air out of her for a moment.

“About to get better,” he panted as he tossed her back against the seat of couch and sat up between her legs, on his knees. He pulled her hips and pounded into her at a new angle that had her seeing stars for a moment.

“Oh, fuck, Dean!” Hermione moaned, letting one of her legs dangle off the couch so her thighs were wide apart. Her back slid up and down the couch as she reached back to grip the arm and keep herself steady as he pummeled her.
Curious as ever, her head lolled over to the side and she gasped at what she saw.

Luna Lovegood was practically screaming her head off as she wrote Fred Weasley into the floor. What was more surprising was the sight of George Weasley holding her down against Fred’s chest as he fed his lube-coated cock into her tiny asshole. Luna’s face showed zero discomfort as he slid his whole cock in, and Hermione wondered if it didn’t hurt at all. She’d never ventured to that hole before.

Luna caught her looking and gave her a dreamy smile. It went limp as her eyes rolled when the Weasley twins started seesawing her between their cocks. She rocked back and forth between them as George pulled her ass onto his cock and then pushed her down on his twin’s cock.

Hermione let out an undignified squeal as she felt her cunt get wetter while Dean pistoned his large cock into her. She dug her nails into the couch as she keened.

“You like watching other people fuck, Hermione?” Dean rasped when he noticed her watching the twins and Luna. “A little voyeur in you?”

She clenched on his dick at his words as her eyes focused on where the twins’ cocks were pummeling Luna’s holes. Maybe she did like watching the others in their activities too. She definitely liked her partner talking during sex, it seemed.

“Do you like them watching you too?” Dean asked. And it was then she noticed that Fred, George, and Luna were all looking at her and Dean on the couch. “A bit of an exhibitionist?”

She clenched tighter around him as his deep voice vibrated through her. She reached down with desperate fingers to rub her clit as she felt her orgasm approaching. Dean responded by pounding her harder. So hard her head started to hit the couch arm behind her.

“Tell me the truth,” he growled down at her. “Tell me you like people watching you get pounded by cock. And like watching them too.”

She turned up to look at him before averting her eyes to his cock sinking into her in a blur of motion. She whimpered as she nodded to his words.

“Out loud, Hermione!” he rasped, hitting her with a particularly vigorous round of thrusting.

“Yes!” she moaned out. “Yes, yes, I love it! I’m gonna cum, Dean!”

“Good,” he growled, smacking away her hand over her clit so he could take over rubbing her clit in rough circles.

When he pressed particularly hard over the swollen nub, the dam of pleasure broke. Hermione arched her back up to the sky as her cunt clamped over him like a vice. She could feel juices squirting out of her, around his shaft and dripping onto the couch under her ass. She would usually bite her lip or cover her mouth to smother the loud noises. When she was in an apartment and had to be quiet. But here, surrounded by people making the same kinds of noises, she let them escape her throat freely.

Dean grunted and slammed into her, still rubbing his thumb into her clit while he started filling up her cunt with his hot seed. This magnified Hermione’s pleasure.

Her legs were shaking when Dean pulled his softening cock out of her, doing his pants back up. He leaned over her to give her a deep kiss before whispering, “Got an early morning. Gotta run.”
“Nice to see you again, Dean,” Hermione breathlessly giggled before he stood and walked off. She laid back on the couch and closed her eyes, catching her breath. She decided that she liked this club and would be a regular patron whenever she was in the mood.

She could still feel a throbbing, aching need in her pussy. She idly thought that when she got the strength back in her legs, she’d get up and find someone else to further satisfy her for the night.

It turned out though, about five minutes later, that someone came to her first. She felt their wet hot mouth dig into her pulsing pussy. Their rough tongue swiped up her slit and flicked her clit on the up swipe. She let out a choked moan of shock at the unexpected ministrations and finally opened her eyes to see who was eating her out.

Fred Weasley.

The red-haired prankster gave her a wink before flicking his tongue against the hood of her clit and then wrapping his lips around the clit itself and sucking hard.

Hermione choked on her air. She found herself grinding her hips down against his face, uncaring that this was her ex-boyfriend’s brother. In Indulge – anything goes.

She turned her head to see George still pounding away inside Luna’s ass, spanking her and pulling her hair. She wondered why Fred left the threesome.

“Always wondered what you tasted like,” Fred muttered into her pussy as if he knew what she was thinking. “But you were Ron’s friend, Ron’s girlfriend. Big brothers aren’t supposed to think of their little brother’s girl like that. But your cunt looks too sweet to resist.”

Hermione could only moan again as he went back to vigorously eating her out. Her nails dug back into the couch as her head bent back. Fred pressed her thighs apart with his hands. He languidly swiped his tongue up and down her puffy and aroused folds before his long, lithe, calloused fingers started poking into her cunt with ease. She could feel her previous cum and Dean’s cum squeezing out of her as his fingers pushed in. His tongue swiped at her clit while his fingers pumped in and out of her.

He pulled his head up to ask, “Ready for another cock?”

Hermione clenched around his fingers in response and rapidly nodded her head. “Quickly, please!”

Fred grinned like the joker he was and stood on his knees, pushing her body up and bending her over the back of the couch, pressing her face into the wall behind it. He kicked her knees apart. She mewled and rocked back when she felt the head of his long cock pressing into her pussy from behind. When he slid into her, his hips smacked into her ass with a light slapping sound. He didn’t sit still for a moment before he started rocking into her fluidly.

Hermione flattened her palms against the wall so she could push her body back into his thrusts, their skin meeting with a series of slaps. She arched her back and spread her legs more, so he hit her deeply. The head of his cock kissed her woman and she hissed. But it was a pain that hurt so good. His hands curled around her hips and ass as he helped pull her back onto him.

“Your cunt was worth the bloody wait,” Fred hissed behind her as he slammed into her. Then he pressed his chest against her back and his lips against the shell of her ear. “Ever had anything in your arse, Hermione?”

“Ugh, oh, no, um…. Ah, no, I haven’t!” she groaned out as he pounded into her.
One of his hands tangled into her curls and pulled her head back so her mouth wasn’t pressed against the wall. The other reached for her mouth and gently rubbed his thumb along her bottom lip. “Would you like to?” he grunted. “Just an itty-bitty thumb?”

Hermione hesitated. She had never done anything like that. She didn’t even know if she would enjoy something like it. But Luna seemed to like George’s cock up her arse. Maybe she could start with a thumb and just see for herself.

So, to give him her consent, she wrapped her tongue around his thumb and coated it in her saliva. She gave him a wink as she let go of his thumb with a pop.

Fred’s eyes nearly rolled back as he took his thumb from her mouth and then started pressing it to her little rosebud. It gave him resistance, but he gently pressed through.

Hermione’s mouth dropped open at the sensation of something going in to her arse. It actually felt good. She knew logically that there was a pleasure spot in a person’s rectum, but she never thought to explore it sexually. But now with the tip of Fred’s thumb pressing against her asshole’s walls, she determined to start exploring.

Fred held his thumb inside her as he carried on thrusting into his pussy.

Hermione could feel the pleasure rising within her. She knew she was going to cum. It was coming upon her quicker as both holes were stimulated. Before she knew what was happened, she was screaming Fred’s name while he pounded away at her. Her cunt tightened over him as she gushed down his shaft, back bowed back.

Fred held still inside her, letting her come down on her own. She whimpered against the wall as she fluttered around his cock until the edge wore off. When she shifted her hips back against him, he started thrusting into her again.

“So tight!” he hissed as he pounded away at her with a new energy, chasing his own orgasm. “Going to fill you up with my cum soon. Ready?”

“Yes, yes!” Hermione panted, bouncing back on his cock as fast as he pushed into her. She squealed when his thumb pressed more into her arse. “Oh, I’m cumming, Fred!”

“Me too,” he grunted, slamming into her and released sticky hot strings of cum into her cunt.

Hermione screamed soundlessly as the filling warmth of his seed triggered her orgasm and her walls closed around him as lightning bolts of pleasure pierced her spine. She felt weightless and electrified.

When the wave passed, Fred slipped out of her unimpeded, and the rush of fluids dripping out of her coated her already sticky thighs. She bonelessly fell to the couch as Fred flopped against the arm. They shared a tired smile between them.

When she got home it was almost three in the morning. She was glad she had no morning meetings. She cleaned herself up under hot water and lavender and took a muscle relaxing draught before going to sleep. She wondered what else she could explore on her next visit to Indulge.

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