

The Man in Charge

Chapter 2

The knock came at precisely 9:00. Harry checked his watch and nodded. He already knew she would be right on time. The air in his penthouse apartment was thick with the heady scent of incense. He was in the kitchen when the knock echoed down the hall. He left the lights low. There was a single table lamp on in the living room, casting shadows around his flat.

He crossed the carpeted floor and opened the heavy door with a turn of his wrist. Hermione stood in the hallway, bathed in the dull golden light of the corridor. She was pale and beautiful, and her hair was slightly damp from the drizzle outside. A long, belted trench coat covered her from throat to ankles, and the collar was turned up to hide her trembling jaw. She shivered in the cold draft of the hallway.

“Good evening,” Harry said with a sensual tone in his voice.

Hermione answered with a tight nod. Her fists were buried deep in the coat’s pockets, and she nervously rocked back on her heels. “Good evening, Harry,” she responded with a slightly shaky voice.

“Come in.” He stepped aside. She entered, and her heels clicked across the threshold, leaving a wet trail on the floor. The moment she was inside, Harry shut the door behind her and leaned in close. “Let me take your coat.”

Hermione’s shoulders hunched in embarrassment. She hesitated, glanced up at him, then slipped her arms from the sleeves and surrendered the coat. Harry took it and hung it carefully on the hook by the door.

She was exactly as he had told her to be. She wore the black spaghetti-strap top that was way too thin to keep her warm in the cold outside. Her hard nipples tented the thin material. The top left her arms and shoulders bare, with the edge hugging her ribs just under the curve of her breasts. The skirt was little more than a wide black ribbon. It was so short that every inch of her sexy thighs was exposed to him. The only thing that kept it decent was the pleated fan of fabric that barely protected her modesty. Her legs were shapely, smooth, and trembling. She wore black heels on her feet, as he had instructed.

Harry spent a few long seconds drinking in the sight. It wasn’t just the bare skin, or the adorable trembling, or even the evidence of her arousal that had him turned on. It wasn’t the way her nipples strained at the fabric or the subtle shiver in her thighs either. No, it was the look in her eyes. She knew she should leave, but she wanted to stay even more. The battle raged in her, and Harry already knew which one would win.

"You did well," Harry said, not hiding his pleasure. "Better than last time, anyway. There's no cardigan to hide behind. And you wore the skirt."

Hermione blushed fiercely and dropped her eyes to the floor. "You said to."

"And you obeyed." He closed the distance and reached out, brushing a strand of hair from her cheek. She shuddered at the touch and leaned in. "Did you follow all my instructions?" he asked, though they both already knew the answer. She nodded.

"Say it."

"I followed your instructions." She swallowed. "All of them."

"Good girl."

The praise hit her hard, and she inhaled, her eyes bright with relief. Harry placed his fingers on her chin and tilted her head up until their eyes met. "Show me," he said. "Lift your skirt."

Hermione hesitated, but only for a split second. She grabbed the hem of her skirt, and with shaking hands, she lifted it until her pussy was fully exposed. She wasn't wearing panties, just as he'd ordered. Her skin was perfectly bare, without a hint of hair. Her glossy pink slit was tucked away between her trembling thighs, and Harry could only see a tiny portion of her taut, pale lips peeking out.

Harry crouched for a better look. "Turn around," he commanded.

She turned very slowly and lifted the skirt so her ass was on display. It was thick and round, with a nice flare to her hips, and a perfect little crease where her ass met her thigh. Her skin was flawlessly smooth. Harry ran a finger lightly along the bottom curve, then slid it up along her crack to the tiny, hairless pucker of her asshole. He made her stand there with her skirt lifted for several silent seconds.

"Perfect," he said, and watched her knees nearly buckle with relief. "You can put it down."

Hermione exhaled. She turned, and the skirt settled around her hips. She tried her best to keep her hands steady. Harry stood and crossed his arms as he looked at her. "I want to see all of you," he stated and stepped back.

She didn't need further explanation. Hermione's trembling fingers went to the hem of her top. She slowly peeled it upward, exposing her flat, pale stomach, the lines of her ribs, then the soft undercurve of her breasts. She hesitated with the top halfway up, her face burning, before forcing it over her head. The fabric snagged for a second on her nose, and her hair tumbled free in a cloud of frizz.

Her breasts were round, perky, and wonderfully bouncy. The nipples were pale pink, with puffy areolas and goosebumps all across her chest. Hermione was unsure of what to do with her arms, so she crossed them over her stomach, hiding nothing.

"Keep going," Harry said, keeping his eyes on her body.

Hermione nodded and slipped her thumbs under the waistband of her skirt, bending slightly as she shimmed it down. She stepped out of it, not daring to look up. Now she stood in front of him, completely naked except for her black heels, and her hands twisted together at her belly. She trembled as she stood there exposed, awaiting his judgment.

Harry circled her, taking in every detail. He loved the smoothness of her hairless skin, the slenderness of her calves, and the way her plump and glossy pussy lips stood out. Her asshole was a tight, crinkled little hole with no trace of hair. He walked a full circle around her before finally facing her again. He smiled in approval.

"I have something for you," he said.

He walked to the dresser, opened a drawer, and rummaged through it until he produced a small black box. He opened it and withdrew a jet-black silk choker that was the width of his thumb. It had a single silver lightning bolt at the front. He held it up for her to see.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

Hermione nodded, and her face went bright red. "A ..." she began, but her voice faltered. "A collar."

Harry shook his head. "A choker," he corrected her. "But it's also a gift." He held it in both hands and walked back to her. "Kneel."

She sank to her knees without hesitation, and her thighs brushed together. She could feel how sensitive her wet pussy was, and the pleasurable friction made her shudder. Hermione straightened her back and tilted her head up slightly, giving him access to her delicate neck. She kept her eyes fixed on his, even as her cheeks blushed bright pink.

Harry walked behind her, draped the choker around her neck, and fastened it with a gentle click. He ran a finger under the silk, ensuring it fit perfectly. It was snug but not too tight. He tugged lightly on the silver lightning bolt, testing her. She immediately arched her neck and back, presenting her bare breasts to him.

"Good girl," he whispered in her ear, and she quivered all the way down to her toes.

He walked around to face her again, and the choker gleamed in the light. Hermione looked up at him with her full, sexy lips slightly parted. Her breath was short and shallow. She wanted to reach for him, to bury her face in his thigh, but she waited for the order.

Harry made her wait a little longer. He undid the button of his trousers, then slowly unzipped. His cock sprang free, and it was already thick and hard. It was pointed directly at her. Hermione inhaled sharply. She stared at it with fascination and intimidation, but her hands dutifully never left her thighs. He ran his thumb along her jaw. "You know what I want."

Hermione nodded, leaned forward, and parted her sweet lips. She softly and slowly took the head between her lips, and her eyes never left his. Her tongue circled the tip, and she moaned at the taste. Harry let his hand rest lightly on the back of her head to let her know that he was still in charge.

She began to work him faster, using her lips and tongue to give him as much pleasure as she could. Harry's cock was thick, and her jaw ached almost immediately, but she never pulled away. She inhaled his manly scent and let his cock glide deeper into her mouth. The choker squeezed lightly every time she swallowed, reminding her of her place.

Harry let her set the pace. He stroked her hair, ran a thumb along her cheek, and let her worship him in whatever way she wanted. She found a clumsy rhythm. Hermione didn't excel at sucking cock just yet, but Harry planned to give her plenty of practice. However, the sight of her, naked and kneeling with a beautiful, flushed face, was almost too much for him.

He let her go for several minutes, until she began to make little noises of desperation. Her thighs squeezed together, and her hips rocked subtly with each thrust of her face. He knew she was already close to cumming, just from sucking him, and he wondered how long she'd last if he let her play with herself. Probably less than a minute, Harry figured.

When Harry felt his orgasm building, he tightened his grip on her hair. "Look at me," he said. Hermione looked up with glassy eyes, and her mouth stretched wide around his shaft. "Take it all," he told her.

She tried, and nearly managed it, but she gagged and pulled back at the last second. Spit ran down her chin and dripped onto her chest. She quickly apologized, but Harry only chuckled and cupped her cheek with his free hand. He wiped the drool from her chin, then guided her mouth back to the tip.

"Good girl. Try again."

She obeyed, again and again, until her eyes watered and her lips were swollen. Finally, Harry let himself go. He let out a low grunt and shot his load directly into her throat. Hermione gulped it down and shuddered from head to toe as she took all of it.

He pulled out slowly and let her catch her breath. She looked dazed, but proud, as if she'd just completed some herculean task. She was breathing heavily, and her perky tits jiggled with every strained breath.

Harry grabbed her under her arms and lifted her to her feet. He then kissed her forehead. "You did beautifully. I'm very, very pleased."

Hermione beamed with happiness and pride and let herself collapse against his chest. He held her until she caught her breath. His fingers gently stroked the back of her neck while her fingers brushed against the new choker.

"May I wear this home?" she whispered.

Harry nodded. "Of course, you may."

Hermione beamed and relaxed into his embrace. Harry scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bed. The night wasn't over.

The Man in Charge

The air in Diagon Alley was suddenly filled with the cracks of Apparition. Three Death Eaters appeared with their faces hidden behind silver masks that glinted in the morning sun. One of them fired the Dark Mark into the sky before his boots even struck the ground. The green skull and serpent billowed upward, casting a sickly glow and drawing every eye in the Alley.

A shout went up. Stall vendors abandoned their stands, shrieking. A shower of vintage chocolate frog cards burst from a toppled crate as its owner dove for cover. An older woman tripped, fell, and scrambled behind a cauldron display. The Death Eaters fanned out with grim purpose. They raised their wands and cast curses at random people. One began setting shops on fire.

The lead Death Eater, who was taller than the rest, lifted his wand, pointed it at a fleeing witch in butter-yellow robes, and barked, "Crucio!" The bolt of light caught her in the back, and she collapsed, spasming. Her scream curdled the air. The Death Eater stood over her, relishing the sight as his wand twisted in his gloved hand. The other two circled the Alley like hunting dogs. Their curses smashed into glass and stone, sending shopkeepers ducking for their lives.

Behind a charmed display of floating books, Harry saw the chaos unfold. He felt the old, familiar heat of adrenaline stoke his blood. Across the street, a girl with strawberry pigtails was paralyzed with terror, trapped between two converging streams of curses. Harry rolled over the counter, drew his wand, and cut through the chaos at a dead sprint.

He aimed for the Cruciatus-wielding Death Eater. All it took was a flick of his wand to send the man crashing into one of the burning shops. His screams were instantaneous, and Harry saw him writhing with his robes on fire before the burning man dropped out of sight.

One of the two remaining Death Eaters pivoted, and his eyes widened behind his mask when he saw the messy black hair and stunning green eyes. "It's him!" he yelled, his voice shaking with both fear and excitement. "It's Potter!"

The Death Eater fired a Blasting Curse at him, but Harry simply flicked the curse away with his wand. The batted curse hit a toppled barrel, and flaming splinters shot past his face. Harry slashed his wand, and a powerful Banishing Charm hit the Death Eater square in the chest. He toppled backward into a fruit cart, upending a mountain of squashed plums. He scrambled to his feet, holding his bruised chest while breathing heavily.

Both brought their wands up, channeling twin streams of furious, overlapping curses at Harry. Shoppers and bystanders screamed as the curses slashed overhead in a flash of bright colors. Red jets, green lances, and a purple blob of light raced across the street. Harry barely moved. He walked through the onslaught at a measured pace, deflecting curses with casual, effortless flicks of his wand. Fiery bolts sizzled into the cobblestones behind him, but none grazed his black jacket or tousled hair. To Harry, the air was thick with slow-moving projectiles, each as harmless as a spitball.

One of the desperate Death Eaters roared and cast the Killing Curse. "Avada Kedavra!" he shouted. The emerald beam sliced straight for Harry's chest. With a mere twitch of Harry's wand, a chunk of shattered curb leapt up and intercepted the curse in a flash of green fire. The stone vaporized with a thunderclap, but Harry never broke stride. The air was suddenly filled with dust and smoke.

The second Death Eater, a short man with a rough, gravelly voice, tried to scuttle sideways behind a stack of barrels. Harry's wand flicked again, and the barrels detonated, blasting the Death Eater head-over-heels into the gutter. Harry watched him crawl on his hands and knees like a rat, trying to get away, and with a sweep of his arm, he sent a twisting, blue lance of light straight at him. The curse hit the man square in the right butt cheek.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRGH! MY FUCKING ASS!" he shouted in agony as his butt cheek was ripped apart in a shower of blood and meat. He was too busy crying about his ruined buttocks to see his wand fly straight into Harry's hand.

The other Death Eater tried to attack when Harry was fooling around with the assless wonder. Harry saw his shadow in the cobblestones. Without turning, Harry jabbed his wand to the side, and the Death Eater yelped as he was yanked up by the ankle, inverted, and left dangling in the air. His robes fell over his head, exposing pale legs and striped boxers. The man flailed, dropped his wand, and let out a high-pitched squeal while the crowd gawked.

Harry did a quick scan of the Alley. There were still a few civilians ducked behind overturned carts. Smoke drifted from several burning storefronts, and the sickly glow from the Dark Mark tinged the whole street and green light. But the Death Eater attack was over. Harry had not even needed to raise his voice.

He walked over to the nearest downed Death Eater, who was trying to crawl for a battered coin that had fallen from his pocket. It was a Portkey. No doubt both of these idiots had one to make their escape. He caught the Death Eater by the scruff of his robes, pulled him upright, and deftly plucked the Portkey from the man's grasp.

"Not today," Harry said. The Death Eater tried to spit at him, but Harry only smiled and flung him aside with a gesture. Harry pointed his wand at the dangling Death Eater, and his wand and Portkey flew straight into Harry's outstretched hand.

Aurors had arrived in force, wands drawn and ready for battle. Harry was already offering them the confiscated Portkeys and wands, as if he'd simply found them on the side of the street. "You'll want to take this," Harry said, handing the coins and wands over to the nearest Auror. "They were about to leave. There's a third in there," Harry said, jerking his thumb at the shop that was engulfed in flames.

The Auror nodded, staring at Harry with wide eyes. Harry hadn't been here long, but he already had a deadly reputation among the Ministry and Voldemort's forces. Neither of them wanted to tangle with him if they didn't have to. "Thank you, sir. We'll secure the area."

Harry nodded and waved his wand one more time. The dangling Death Eater suddenly dropped from the air with a terrified yelp. His head slammed straight onto the cobbled ground with a sickening thunk. He groaned once and passed out. Harry dusted off his hands and walked back down the street with the calm of a man who'd just finished a morning jog. He checked his sleeve for scorch marks and found none. He didn't even look winded.

The crowd parted for him with something between awe and fear. A little boy tugged at his mother's sleeve and said, "Did you see that? That was Harry Potter!" The mother shushed him, but her eyes followed Harry as he strolled away.

He paused at the doorway to his favorite bakery and looked up. The Dark Mark still hung overhead, casting green light over everything. Harry eyed it for a moment, then flicked his wand. The Mark collapsed in on itself and was snuffed out like a blown candle. Harry smirked and entered the bakery, feeling he had earned himself a treat.