

## Unfaithful

### Chapter 2

Petunia Dursley didn't know how she got into this mess, but she had to admit, she found the situation pleasant.

Her hands gripped her bedsheets as drool dripped from her open mouth. She was letting out a constant scream as her pussy clamped down on her nephew's cock again. The little bastard had come back to pick up some stuff that he had left hidden in his room while he was still living with them. Wanting to get him away from her house as quickly as possible, she let him in and told him to hurry. She didn't realize that she had let a wolf into the hen house.

The first thing that she noticed was his appearance. In the years since she last saw him, he had grown quite handsome. He was no longer the skinny, malnourished boy that lived underneath her stairs. He was a man now, with muscled forearms and a wide, sturdy chest. He didn't even have glasses anymore. The other thing that she had noticed was that he dripped in confidence. With only a few sentences, Petunia was blushing and stuttering like she was a teenage virgin again. Then, one thing had led to another and the next thing she knew, she was nude and on all fours. She couldn't believe that she was committing adultery with her own nephew! Not only that, but she was doing it on her marital bed. She was facing the door, wide-eyed but seeing nothing in her daze. What made her snap to attention was when the door opened and her husband walked into the room. She squealed in surprise when they locked eyes. She watched as his face turned red with anger. He took a single step before his body locked up.

"It'll only be a second, Uncle Vernon," Harry chirped happily.

Vernon raged harder than any man had ever before as he watched his nephew defile his loving wife. Harry inwardly cheered at the perfect timing. Using his magic to freeze his uncle, Harry continued to give Petunia the time of her life. Her ass was rippling as he fucked her harder than she had ever been fucked before. With every thrust, she let out a whorish whine as his cock rammed into her g-spot. A puddle of saliva pooled underneath her as she screamed out once again. Her pussy squeezed his cock so tightly that he finally decided to give in. Groaning, Harry pulled out and shot strings of hot, white cum across her back and ass. He didn't stop until she was thoroughly painted. Once done, he sighed happily and patted his cock on her ass, knocking out the remaining cum from the tip. Wiping his cock on the back of her thigh, he got up.

Vernon was apocalyptic when he saw the monster that was just inside of his wife. It was more than twice the size of his own. Not only that, but it was sticking out straight and proud, still hard even after cumming all over his wife's back. Vernon could barely get his up with a double dose of his favorite blue pills. Anger and jealousy raged over him, and he would love nothing better than to strangle the freak.

"Thanks for the lovely time, Pet. I'll see myself out," Harry said as he threw on his clothes. Grabbing his bag, he gave Petunia's ass a slap before disappearing.

## **Unfaithful**

Harry was on cloud nine for the rest of the day. He'd been waiting a long time to get a bit of revenge on them. Petunia wasn't much of a looker, but fucking her was far from the worst thing that he had ever done. Besides, her pussy was still fairly tight, so the act of revenge was pleasurable at least. Hopefully, they would get a divorce and go their separate ways. Perhaps they would even learn a bit of humility from all of this. He wouldn't hold his breath for that though.

He looked into the bag that he went there to recover. It contained some fairly rare potion ingredients that he now needed. He would have just bought them, but they were on backorder and wouldn't have arrived for several weeks.

Suddenly, he heard a knock on his door. Getting up, he opened it up to see Hermione Granger standing there wiping tears from her eyes.

"Hermione! What's wrong?" Harry asked, quickly ushering her into his place. She allowed herself to be led inside where she sat on his comfy, suede sofa.

"It's Ron! We had another fight," she sniffled. Harry wanted to roll his eyes but he refrained. It was the same old story. Harry didn't see Ron and Hermione as often anymore. After graduation, Ron had become more bitter by the day. At first, everything was great for him. He married Hermione shortly after school ended and enrolled in the Auror Program. Unfortunately, his laziness didn't go unnoticed by the Aurors in charge, and he was quickly dismissed from the program. Following that, he decided to become the next great professional Quidditch player. That didn't turn out too well either. With every failure, he became less pleasant to be around. After a while, Harry didn't bother going around to try and hang out. Even his own family didn't want to spend time around him. Through all of that, Hermione continued to stay with him. For what reason, Harry didn't know. She was a beautiful girl that could have a new man with the snap of her fingers. She had big, beautiful brown eyes with long, brown hair. Her body was quite nice as well, though that was just a guess. She wasn't the type to wear skimpy clothing out in public.

Harry sat there next to her and listened to her complain over and over again. He wanted to tell her to just leave him but decided to just mind his business. She was a smart girl and could leave him at any time. Once he brought her a drink, she began to calm down. After four glasses of firewhiskey, she was very mellow. By then, she was leaning against him and resting her head on his shoulder. Harry smirked and decided to close the deal. He had always wanted to sleep with Hermione, even dating back to their third year when she had started to blossom. He placed his arm around her shoulder and threaded his fingers through her thick hair. He gently scratched her scalp with his nails, making the tipsy girl shudder.

"He never listens and always takes me for granted," she told him, listing out all of Ron's faults. "And he actually forgot my birthday! Can you believe it? Even you sent me something," she said, snuggling up closer to him.

"Of course I did. You know how much you mean to me," he told her truthfully. Even though he was trying to seduce her, that didn't mean that he didn't care. She had stuck by him through some hard times. It was only fair that he try to make her life a little better. Preferably by getting her to leave Ron and live the life that she was meant to. And the first step to that was to show her what true passion really was. He felt her nod against his shoulder. He leaned in and kissed the top of her head, smelling her hair as he did. Her hair smelled really good and instantly made his cock hard.

"It's getting late," Harry told her. "Is Ron expecting you home?" Hermione shook her head.

"I told him that I was staying with my mother. He probably went out to get drunk again," she responded.

"You wanna stay here tonight?" Harry asked, pressing his lips against the side of her head. He felt her shiver while she nodded. "Okay. Let's get you something to sleep in." Harry stood her up and the alcohol went straight to her head. She squeaked as she nearly tipped over. Harry laughed and lifted her into his arms. Hermione blushed and wrapped her arms around his neck as he bridal carried her to his room. Setting her on his bed, he could see how pink her cheeks were. Harry opened his drawers and pulled out some boxers and a t-shirt for her. Seeing her breathing heavily, he knew that all he had to do was strike.

"You seem a bit tipsy. Want me to help you?" he smiled. Hermione slowly nodded, not speaking a word. Harry tossed the clothes on the bed and walked up to her. Hermione started to sit up, but Harry placed his hand in the middle of her chest and softly pushed her back down. "Just lay back, and I'll take care of you."

Hermione's heart was hammering in her chest as Harry unbuttoned her jeans and slowly began to work them off of her legs. He lifted her legs up, and she watched as her jeans slid further and further until they were pulled off of her bare feet. Suddenly feeling embarrassed, she covered her panty-covered pussy with her hands. Harry just smiled. "Don't be shy, Hermione. After everything that we've been through. We have nothing to hide from each other," he told her smoothly.

Her shaky hands uncovered herself, and he reached out and sat her up for a moment. He grabbed the hem of her shirt and lifted it off of her body. She helped him by lifting her arms up. Now only in her bra and panties, she expected him to start putting her sleeping clothes on, but Harry had other ideas. Hermione didn't have the heart to deny him either. He reached behind her and unsnapped her bra. Hermione let it fall off of her. It was the first time that she ever showed her naked body to anyone other than her husband. She liked how Harry looked at her.

She could see the lust in his eyes. Ron never looked at her like that anymore. Pushing her on her back, Harry placed his hands on her knees and gently pushed her legs open. Fighting the instinct to cover herself again, she let him look at her. His eyes were glued to her nether region. Hermione could feel herself getting wet with anticipation. By now, she knew where this was going, and she wasn't going to stop it.

Harry saw the wet spot forming on her white, cotton panties and leaned in. Pressing his face to her panties, Harry inhaled her wonderful, womanly scent. He heard her gasp in shock as he began kissing and nipping at the insides of her incredibly smooth thighs.

"You smell so good, love," Harry told her as he sucked on the junction of her thigh. Hermione trembled as he moved in and began sucking on her panty-covered clit. Crying out, she grabbed Harry's head and pulled it closer. Harry smirked as she ground her pussy against his face. Pulling away, he slowly lifted the panties off of her ass and slid them up her smooth, silky legs. Looking down, he could see her two bald lips pressed together tightly making them look even more plump than normal. As he tossed her panties aside, he stood up and removed his clothes. Hermione's face turned red as she examined his muscled body. When her eyes drifted to his enormous horsecock, she damn near fainted. It looked way thicker and longer than her husband's. Smirking at her, he grabbed her by the back of her thighs and lifted her up.

Hermione squealed as she was lifted. Pressed against his chest, face to face with him, she wrapped her arms around his neck while her legs wrapped around his waist. Harry wasted no time in kissing her more passionately than she ever had been. Hermione's eyes fluttered as Harry sucked on her tongue. She felt his fingers brush over her wet, hairless pussy which made her body quiver in excitement. When one of them accidentally touched her virgin asshole, Hermione squealed and jumped in his grasp. Harry chuckled and broke the kiss.

"Like that, did you?" he teased and began playing with her naughty hole. Hermione bit her lip and closed her eyes. Her pussy was dribbling juices, and she was smearing them on his hard, muscled stomach as she ground herself against him. She suddenly felt him reach down and begin rubbing his head against her wet slit. After the head of his cock was thoroughly coated in her arousal, he placed the tip against her opening and slowly pushed in.

Hermione gasped and mewled as her pussy was stretched wonderfully. There was a slight bit of pain, but that was quickly covered by intense pleasure. She grunted as she was pinned against the wall of his room, and he held her by the backs of her thighs. As he sucked on her tongue, his hips started moving. Her pussy immediately clenched around him, and she moaned into his mouth. She had never been taken this deep before. Her g-spot had never been touched. Now it was being stimulated by slowly, deep thrusts of his mighty bull-cock.

Breaking the kiss, she buried his face in his broad shoulder and whined pathetically. "Faster, Harry!" she breathed out, her hands gripping his shoulders tightly. Harry responded by fucking her faster and harder. The wet sounds of their clapping skin were drowned out by her moans of pleasure as Harry repeatedly mashed into her g-spot. Her eyes were fluttering and her walls

were contracting around his girth. She didn't notice that she was being carried back to the bed until she was slammed down and turned around. She tried to get up, but Harry reached under her and began rolling her incredibly hard nipples between his fingers. Hermione let out a moan, and her upper half collapsed onto the bed. Now only her ass was up in the air.

She was able to look back as Harry rubbed the tip up and down the length of her slit. A cry of pleasure left her mouth when his cockhead mashed into her clit before he stuck it back in. She felt his many inches slide inside of her and his shaft rubbing the insides of her walls. She opened her mouth to say something but was quieted when he pulled almost all of the way out before slamming back in. Her ass rippled from the impact, and she squealed in pleasure. Removing one of his hands from her nipple, he slid it down her belly until he reached her engorged clit. Hermione's eyes went wide when his fingers pinched down on the hard, tiny nub. The pleasure became too intense for her, and her body started spasming out of control.

"Harry! I can't hold on!" she cried out, hiding her face in the bed.

"Don't hold back. Cum if you need to," Harry moaned and took his hand from her nipple. He placed it on her ass and used his thumb to massage her asshole just as her pussy gripped him tightly. Her body was thrashing around, and Harry had to grab her hips and hold her down. Pushing in hard, he began to cum deep in her pussy, thrusting all of the way in to seed her properly.

Hermione felt his warmth spread throughout her and knew that he had finished inside of her. She felt a moment of guilt but quickly pushed that down. She had loved Harry as a friend for a long time. It was only natural that she turned to him in her time of need. At least that was what she was telling herself as her tight, little pussy was milking his cock of every last drop of cum. When he finished, he rested on her back, making sure not to place all of his weight on her. Hermione could feel his hard cock pressed against her ass as he moved her hair out of the way and began kissing the back of her neck. Blushing, she turned her head, and he kissed her. Only a moment later, they began to go at it again.

Hermione didn't know what she was planning to do with her less than ideal marriage, but for now, she certainly enjoyed her extra-marital activities with her best friend.