

Maid For A Day

Part 1

Hermione Granger sighed as she did her hair into the loose curls that he liked so much. Once done, she stood up and smoothed out the wrinkles in her teeny, tiny French Maid outfit. Once again, it would be another two hours of work until she had to go home before her husband came back from work. Why was she doing this, one would ask? It was simple, even though she didn't want to admit it, Hermione Granger had a gambling problem.

It had all started with her husband, Ron. In the early days of their marriage, Ron would drag her along to the Quidditch games. Obviously, she would rather stay at home with a good book and a cup of hot tea, but Ron was adamant that they should spend some quality time together. To keep her from getting bored, Ron suggested that she place a five Galleon bet on the outcome of the game. She was surprised by how much a little bit of money turned something so boring into something incredibly exciting. She found herself cheering along and screaming at the ref when he made a call that she didn't like. Once the game had ended, she found that she had doubled her money. Thus, a new gambler was born.

From that moment, she would place a bet on damn near anything that she could. She read as many books as she could on betting and gambling and researched any game that she was thinking about putting some money on.

As the next few years had passed, her addiction really took hold of her. Like every other degenerate gambler, she quickly lost everything before dipping into the family coffers. She began siphoning off their life savings bit by bit until there was almost nothing left. During a moment of clarity, she panicked since she would have to confess to her husband what she had done. She obviously didn't want to have to confess, but what other choice did she have?

As it turned out, she found another option ... Harry Potter. She was still friends with Harry even though he and Ron had gone their separate ways. There was no real animosity between them, they had just grown apart as people sometimes did. She didn't get to see him as often as she would like, but they did keep in touch on a regular basis. So when she went to him for help, like a good friend, he gave her money to pay back what she had taken. And of course, like the addict that she was, she gave into temptation and immediately took it down to the track and placed a massive bet on the Hippogriff races. When she lost, she panicked once again and crawled back to Harry, begging him for one more chance. Needless to say, he wasn't pleased.

He didn't care about the money. He had never had to work a day in his life if he didn't want to. To prove that point, all three money-grubbing Delacour women moved in with him because they were so "in love" with him. She scoffed at that. He was handsome for sure, but all they really cared about was the money, but Harry seemed happy enough to go along with it. He didn't care about taking them on shopping trips or on fancy vacations as long as they warmed his bed.

When she came back and confessed what she had done, he gave her another chance with some stipulations. She had to sign a contract saying that the money was going straight into the bank account and that she would never touch it again. Furthermore, she had to sign a contract saying that she would be his personal maid for ten hours a week for the next five years to pay back the massive amount of money that she basically stole from him. Having no choice, she accepted. She did have some stipulations of her own. She was a married woman, of course.

“Harry! No touching!” she complained as she straightened up. When she bent over, the tiny black dress that she was wearing exposed the entirety of her ass and pussy. Even standing straight, the dress only covered three-quarters of her luscious ass cheeks. Holding the black feather duster in her hand, she crossed her arms over her chest and glared.

“The contract says no penetration. I can touch all I want. So get over here,” he moaned and patted the bed beside him. Hermione looked at Gabrielle who was rolling her hips while riding him in the reverse cowgirl position. The entire room smelled like her wet pussy. Hermione huffed and removed her black heels before crawling on the bed. Once beside him, his hand found her smooth thigh. Hermione watched his hand as it caressed her baby-smooth skin and climbed higher until her dress was hiked up, exposing her hairless mound. Harry had provided her attire, and panties and a bra were not part of it. Hermione looked to the point where he and Gabrielle were connected. Her mouth dried as she studied the length and girth of his massive erection. Gabby’s poor, little pussy was stretched to an absurd level. As she bounced on it, she was leaving streaks of white cream all over his shaft. She could hear the little Veela gasping for breath as she wiggled her hips from side to side. She was pinching and pulling on her perfect nipples while her other hand was diddling her hard clit. She knew that Gabby wouldn’t last much longer. Sure enough, Gabrielle squealed as she orgasmed wildly, flopping around until she fell off of his lap.

As she rolled off of him, his huge cock slid from her wet depths. Hermione looked at the gleaming tube of man meat and fought her urge to jump on it. Sure, Ron wasn’t exactly the best in bed, and his penis was wiry and small, but she loved him, and she was the one that screwed up. No reason to mess up again.

“Mon Dieu!” Gabby suddenly cried and got to her feet. “I ‘ave the photoshoot in ‘alf an ‘our! I ‘ave to go!” she said quickly before kissing him goodbye and running naked from the room.

Harry huffed in annoyance from not cumming inside of her. He suddenly smiled and looked at her. Hermione blushed and squealed as she was lifted and placed on the bed, face to face with him. Her legs were draped over his and they were spread apart, showing him the entirety of her sexy pussy. She gasped and tried to pull her dress down, but he smacked her hand away. Flipping her dress up, he exposed her once again. “I need to finish, so why don’t you give me a nice, little show?” he asked while stroking his cock.

“But Harry, I ...”

"C'mon, Love. Be a good girl and live up to your agreement," he smiled as her cheeks turned a darker red. Her shaky hand dipped down and started toying with her damp pussy lips. She let out a shuddered moan which turned him on even more.

"There you go. Now spread them for me," he commanded as he kept his eyes on her plump lips. Hermione bit her lip and used two fingers on her hand to spread her lips open. Harry watched as the prettiest pink imaginable was exposed to him.

"You're all damp. Do you like being treated this way?" he teased his friend. She shook her head in embarrassment. "I think that you do. Keep playing with yourself," he said, stroking his cock while doing so.

Hermione slid two of her fingers inside of her wet depths and curled them up so that she could stimulate her g-spot. As she started moving her hand, she used her fingers on her other hand to start rubbing her hard, throbbing clit. "Your pussy smells really good," she heard him say and gasped while she stared at his hand which was rapidly moving up and down his thick, veiny pole. It was hard not comparing his massive girth to Ron's tiny pecker. She could feel beads of her arousal drip out of her and roll down over her puckered asshole. The wet sounds that her pussy was making were only getting louder and louder the faster that her hand moved. Her toes were beginning to curl when the door opened and in walked the gorgeous Fleur Delacour. The girl always annoyed Hermione when she had visited Hogwarts for the Triwizard Tournament. She was way too full of herself. It seemed that things hadn't changed. She walked in like she owned the joint. Shrugging off her silk bathrobe, she proudly showed off her perfect, nude body before climbing on the bed and settling behind her.

"Gabby said to come and finish you off. But now it seems that you already found a replacement, non?" she raised an eyebrow as her hands slid around Hermione's chest and ripped open the front of her dress. Hermione squealed as her healthy tits bounced out of her destroyed top. Fleur pressed her lovely lips against the side of her neck and kissed her overheated skin tenderly. "If you are to 'elp 'im cum, then at least give 'im something to look at," the Veela reprimanded her as her hands slid up Hermione's belly and cupped her jiggling tits.

Hermione couldn't believe how the situation had turned. Her body was bucking and jerking from the sensation of her fingers massaging her g-spot, and the sensation of Fleur's nimble fingers rolling and toying with her hard, crinkled nipples. Suddenly, Fleur's hand smacked Hermione's out of the way, and she sunk her own fingers down into the bookworm's tight, wet tunnel. Hermione's back arched from her talented technique. Fleur kissed her bare shoulder.

"Are you going to let 'im fuck you?" she asked, using one finger to pinch and pull at her hard clit. Hermione shook her head.

"N-no!" she gasped out, trying to stop from cumming so quickly. She wanted to draw the pleasure out a bit. It had been a while since she had felt this kind of pleasure.

"Why not?" Fleur asked, sucking gently on her earlobe. " 'Ave you seen 'is cock? It always makes me cum," the Veela teased her as Hermione squealed and her pussy clamped down on her wiggling fingers. As she was violently cumming, Hermione was pulled by Fleur until she was on her belly and facing his massive cock. Fleur was right by her side, holding his cock by the base.

"If you will not fuck 'im, then at least suck 'im until 'e cums," she told her, lowering her head and kissing the side of his shaft. Hermione watched, breathing heavily as Fleur slid her lips up and down the side of his shaft, lovingly caressing it with her tongue. Once she was at the top, she sucked on the head like a lollipop and swirled her tongue around his thick dome. Letting go with a wet pop, she angled the cock until it was pointing at her. Blushing madly, she finally gave in to peer pressure and kissed his cock. When Fleur smiled, Hermione gained a bit of confidence and tried to do what she had done. She wrapped her lips around the side of his shaft and started moving her head up and down. Fleur followed her example and soon, they were jacking him off with their lips. Harry was groaning and having the time of his life when Fleur lowered her head and sucked his balls into her mouth. Hermione went high and placed her lips around his head.

She kept her tongue against the underside of his shaft and started bobbing her head, taking it a little deeper into her throat with every bob. Harry moaned loudly and threaded his fingers through her hair. As his fingernails gently scratched her scalp, it made her pussy tingle something fierce. Wanting to please him, she sucked him with much more vigor than she did her husband. Massaging his cock with her tongue seemed to be the trigger for him. He moaned out loud and let his cum loose. As it quickly filled her mouth, she removed his cock from it as cum leaked out of the sides. Fleur took her place and expertly drank him down, even stroking his cock and massaging his balls with her hand to get every last drop from him.

"I will need to teach you to do better!" Fleur chided her. Hermione blushed in slight shame. "But that will 'ave to wait. Your time for today is up," she was told. Hermione looked at the clock and found that she was right. It was ten minutes past her time to leave. As she fixed herself up, she took one look back only to see Fleur climbing on his lap and taking his fat log up her perfect ass. It was then that she wondered what her life would be like if she lived here permanently.