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Mister Malfoy

Chapter 4

Running a brush through her long, bushy, brown hair, Hermione Granger scowled and huffed as she thought about her shitty day. Truth be told, her entire year so far had been shitty.

One of the few friends that she had, Ron Weasley had been doing nothing but using his pull as Head Boy to bully the younger students. Why they chose him as Head Boy, she didn't know but was beginning to think that it was maybe a mistake. She had done everything that she could to straighten him out, but unfortunately, the prestige had gone straight to his head.

"I come from a long line of Head Boys!" he proudly declared. "Of course, I was chosen! Who's more deserving than me?" he said, puffing out his chest as he snatched a Chocolate Frog from a firstie that was walking by. He stuffed the chocolate treat into his mouth as he walked away.

If that was the worst of it, then she could possibly look the other way. Sadly though, he had also started picking fights with some of the Slytherins. Now that Voldemort was gone, and he had the title of Head Boy, he felt that it was the perfect opportunity to get some revenge against the Silver and Green. Some of the stuff that he was doing was downright mean. She wouldn't be surprised if his behavior came back to haunt him one day. He wouldn't always be the Head Boy, and he wouldn't always live under the protection of Hogwarts Castle. One day, he would be out in the real world with only his wand for protection. She had already warned him, but of course, he didn't listen to her. After all, she was just an annoying know-it-all.

Hermione didn't think that he was planning to change any time soon. As such, her life had become a bit lonely. Since she and Ron weren't hanging out much anymore, and Harry had turned to the Dark Side as Dumbledore had convinced her, she wasn't spending much time around other people. Occasionally, she would hang out with Ginny, but she had her own group of friends and other interests to occupy her time. Luna would stop by on occasion, but the little blonde was still spacey and hard to talk to.

At least she had her academic achievements to fall back on. It worked for her when she was younger and had no friends after all. She put all of her time and effort into getting the best possible grades so that she could get a great job and help change the wizarding world. At least that was the hope. She was trying her best and that was all that she could do. It was no surprise that she enjoyed being recognized as the smartest witch of her generation. Hell, she was the smartest person of her generation, boy or girl. Others liked to pretend that she wasn't. They liked to pretend that some uppity Mudblood wasn't better than them academically, but the grades don't lie. She was, in fact, better than them.

That's why when she found out from Slughorn that she had finished in second place at the Tri-School Potioneer Contest for Best Young Brewer, she had damn near gone apocalyptic.

"Who?!" she gritted her teeth. "Who placed better than me? Some tart that used her body? Some dark witch from Durmstrang that used her family to threaten the judges?" she snarled. Slughorn just chuckled while being reminded of the fire that his favorite student had all those years ago.

"Actually Hermione, that would be me," a voice came from behind. She turned to see Harry smiling at her and step up. Slughorn smiled and handed him a large, golden trophy and a hefty sack that jingled with gold coins.

"Harry M'boy! Such an incredible Elixir of Healing! It truly baffled the judges' minds. I'm very happy to see that you're continuing your mother's work," Slughorn went on.

Hermione's mouth fell open. Of course! Harry was using a potion that his mother had invented! The bastard was cheating!

"Thank you, sir. Can you please have the trophy placed in the Trophy Room so that future generations can see it?" Harry asked, slightly smirking as the vein in Hermione's temple began to throb. It should have been her name on that damn trophy! He cheated his way into the record books.

"Of course, Harry. I would be delighted," he said, taking the trophy from him. Harry then handed him the sack of coins.

"I'd like to give the thousand Galleon cash prize to you, sir," Harry told him. Slughorn's eyes bugged out, and he looked at the hefty sack, licking his lips and already thinking of things to spend it on.

"Oh no! I couldn't!" he replied, looking at the sack.

"Please, sir! After all of the advice and special training that you've given me ... you deserve this more than I do. I insist," Harry said wholeheartedly, turning his eyes to Hermione who was turning purple with rage.

Slughorn was giving him tips and extra training? It took all of her willpower to not blow a gasket and begin tossing curses around.

"Well ... perhaps I can use it to buy more supplies for the class," he said, clearly lying. Snatching the sack, he boomed out in laughter. "Just as generous as your mother," he declared as he wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulder and led him away, completely forgetting about Hermione. Of course, Harry looked over his shoulder and smiled with his big, green eyes glistening with mirth. Hermione swore revenge at that moment.

'He's cheating! I know he is!' Hermione told herself as she continued to work herself into a tizzy. She tossed her hairbrush onto the table and stood back up, pacing up and down her room. She was way better than him at potions. There was absolutely no doubt that he was cheating. All that she needed was the proof ... but how to get it? She took a deep breath and sat back down. As she calmed, she thought about her situation. She needed to get into Harry's room. If her thinking was correct, he would have notes or a notebook with Lily Potter's work in it. All that she had to do was find it and turn it into Dumbledore. He would surely find a way to disqualify him and elevate her to victory. With a plan set, she crawled into bed and slowly fell asleep.

Mister Malfoy

Hermione hid around the corner and watched as Harry closed his door and went about his merry way. Staying hidden for a few more seconds to make sure that he was truly gone, once she was sure that he wasn't coming back, she scampered to his door and studied it for a second. Pulling out her wand, she used the most powerful unlocking charm that she could and found that the door clicked open. She smiled widely at finally getting to successfully use that spell that she had found in a dark book deep in the forbidden section of the library. With a pounding heart, she slipped inside of his room.

Taking a quick look around, she found that Harry was living in luxury. His personal Lord's Quarters were far better and larger than the regular dorm rooms. Jealousy instantly blossomed inside of her. Pushing those thoughts from her head, she got back to business. There was one final competition in the Tri-School Potioneer Contest, the award for the best overall brew. It was the main award, and she wanted to win badly.

She quickly ran over to his massive shelf of books. Immediately, she saw at least a dozen that she wanted to read, but she put that off for later. Right now she needed to find those notes. Moving on to his trunk, she opened it up and began to rifle through his personal possessions. Finding an old, tattered notebook, she opened it up and flipped through it. Seeing feminine-styled writing, she finally cheered when she discovered that it was indeed Lily Potter's potioneering notebook. Holding the notebook in one hand, she closed the trunk with the other. When she went to stand up, she found that her hand was stuck to the top of the trunk.

"What the ..."

Hermione pulled and tugged and even tried a few spells, but nothing would set her free. She had just started panicking when the door opened.

"Well, well, well," Harry came in smirking. He tossed his bag on a nearby chair and walked over to her. Hermione turned her head to look at him in a panic.

"It's not what you think!" she squeaked out, still trying to free her hand.

"Really? Because I think that you broke into a Lord's room and stole his property," he said, pointing to his mother's book. Hermione squeaked and dropped the book.

"Harry I ..." she started but was cut off by him.

"It's so sad to see that you've fallen to the darkness," he shook his head sadly, trying to hide his smirk.

"I'm not the one who ...!" Once again she was cut off.

"I guess there's only one choice. I'll have to contact the Ministry and report this. Stealing from a Lord's Quarters is beyond Dumbledore's jurisdiction, and we're not just talking about expulsion here." Harry started walking to the door, and Hermione immediately panicked. As much as she wanted to disagree, he was right. What she did could get her into serious trouble. Instantly, her big, powerful brain kicked into overdrive. What did she have that she could offer in compensation? What were the things that Harry liked or enjoyed? She immediately knew the answer. Swallowing the lump in her throat, she began her plan of action.

"A-Are you sure, Harry?" she called out, drawing his attention. With her free hand, she pulled up the back of her skirt and showed off her panty-covered bottom. Her body was trembling from acting in such a way, but she had little choice. Harry looked over and saw her puffy, little pussy lips stretching the thin cotton material of her crotch. Her panties were so tight that they looked painted on her pussy. Harry could see the perfect outline of her femininity from where he stood. He watched spellbound as her bottom wiggled back and forth enticingly. "Wouldn't you rather stay here with me and work things out?"

Harry's cock turned rock-hard as her knees spread wider apart and her back arched. With how her body stretched, the crotch of her panties no longer hid her entire pussy. The sides of her smooth lips were exposed on each side, and Harry could see the small bump where her clit was becoming hard and engorged. Smiling to himself, he settled behind her. Her body slightly jumped when his warm hand groped her bottom. Hermione looked over her shoulder as Harry grabbed the back of her panties and tugged them up a bit. As he did, the material slipped between her cheeks and exposed her pale cheeks. "That does sound tempting," he purred, cupping her crotch and feeling the heat radiating from it. He could feel the material becoming slightly damp. "But it may take all night," he went on as his finger gently slid up and down her covered slit, making Hermione shiver.

Hermione's eyes fluttered, and she tried to hold back a moan as he fondled her privates.

"T-That's okay!" she squeaked then squealed as Harry grabbed the back of her panties and pulled them apart. With a loud tearing sound, her panties were shredded and tossed near her head. Her pussy was now exposed to him and the warmth of the room. Being forced over the trunk, her ass was lifted into position, and she shivered and shuddered as she heard him pulling down his trousers. Looking over her shoulder, she gasped loudly at the sight of his massive

erection. Gulping loudly, she was suddenly more than a little scared about taking that thing inside of her.

When she felt him repeatedly slap the bulbous head of his cock against her wet opening, she bit her lip and waited for the pain of being stretched. As the head was stuffed in, her walls were wrenched apart, and Hermione squeaked in pain. Thankfully, once he was fully inside of her, she got used to his enormous size.

"Being inside of you is heavenly," he moaned, making her blush. Her breath was ragged as he moved around while trying to get into the proper position. Once lined up, he placed his hands on her waist and started slowly fucking her. Hermione couldn't help but moan as he pulled out until only the head was in before slamming forward and claiming her hole again. As Harry pushed all of the way in, her silky hole let out a loud squelching sound from the tightness and wetness of it. Becoming mortified, she desperately tried to hide her face but it didn't matter. The perverse sounds kept emanating from her wet hole. Faster and faster his hips moved, and they collided with her soft, shapely bottom. Her thick cheeks rippled as Harry pistoned in and out of her.

Unable to stop herself, she moaned like a whore as his cock repeatedly stimulated her g-spot. She suddenly felt him reach underneath her skirt and touch her hairless mound. His fingers moved lower until they touched her sensitive and swollen clit.

"Harry, not there!" she squeaked as his fingers pinched the little, hard nub. As he did, her body bucked wildly, making him chuckle and pinch it some more.

"Harry, please!" she begged, but he paid her no mind. She was paying her debts with her body, and he was going to do whatever he wanted with her. His cock was viciously spearing her delicate folds while his fingers rolled her hard clit between them. Hermione's back began to arch, and she started mewling sexily between her cries of pleasure. Out of nowhere, the thumb of his other hand directly touched her virgin asshole. Harry laughed as she squeaked in embarrassment and her cheeks flinched and her asshole puckered.

"I can see that you like that!" Harry cheered, making Hermione shake her head rapidly and deny such a thing. As he brutally pounded her pussy, his thumb slowly massaged her tight hole, making Hermione cry out in pleasure. "You're such a dirty whore," he teased. As the words came from his mouth, Hermione's walls began to squeeze his invading cock tightly.

"Holy fuck!" Harry moaned at the sudden tightness. "Are you trying to snap off my cock?" he teased once again, swinging his hand forward and slapping her hard on the ass.

"EEP!" she cried out as the pain made her clit throb. Just then, Harry pulled on the little nub as the tip of his thumb sank into her asshole. Hermione's eyes nearly bugged out of her head. Opening her mouth, she went to scream but no sound came out, only a string of drool as her body began trembling violently. Harry pushed all of the way in and battered her abused g-spot causing her walls to clamp down on him and begin milking his fat cock.

Hermione felt Harry lean forward and bury his face in the back of her head. She could hear him smelling her hair as he violated her pussy, clit, and ass at the same time. As he pulled his thumb from her ass, Hermione threw her head back and screamed. Instantly, Harry's hand was drenched as he rubbed circles all over her aching clit. Hermione's young body bucked and thrashed as pussy juice squirted in a torrent all over him and his trunk.

"Here it comes!" Harry cried out and buried himself as deep as he could. He groaned loudly as rope after rope of sticky cum spurted inside of her squirting pussy. The smell of sex was so thick that Hermione's head began swimming. She gave off one last pathetic squeak as Harry thrust into her again before pulling out. As he did, globs of cum began leaking from her pink and puffy pussy. Harry tenderly ran his hand down her back as her body spasmed. Hermione didn't get but a moment of respite before her hand was finally freed, and she was lifted up. Once she was dropped onto his bed, her body was relieved of its clothing. Seeing the look of a wild animal in his eyes, Hermione squeaked and tried to back up, but it was no use. He grabbed her ankles and pulled her to him. She suddenly found her ankles near her ears as he had her smooth, sexy body folded into a mating press. Blushing wildly, she didn't want to admit it, but she found that being restrained was kind of a turn-on for her. Unable to stop him from claiming her, he easily pushed his massive shaft into her poor, quivering pussy that was upturned and waiting to be fucked. Once again her tight tunnel was stretched around his massive girth.

Back arching and toes curling, Hermione begged and pleaded as he nearly drove her body right through the bed with his jackhammering cock. Almost instantly her pussy began to cum again. A jet of girl cum sprayed up and splashed against them both, drenching their bodies in her ejaculate. Her tongue was hanging out of her mouth like a bitch in heat as her pussy fluttered and contracted around his thrusting cock. Suddenly, Harry cursed and pulled out. Letting her legs go, her body straightened up just in time for ropes of thick cum to spray her chest and smooth belly. Harry groaned and wiped the tip of his cock on her bald mound.

Leaning down, Harry kissed her deeply, which she returned without complaint. Breaking the kiss, Hermione was still breathing heavily as she looked him in the eyes. She suddenly felt a wave of affection for her former friend. Pulling him back down, she kissed him this time. "I really missed you," she whispered as she kissed him again. Harry smiled into her mouth.

"Can we try to start over again?" she asked, biting her lip. Harry smiled.

"I think that can be arranged," he replied as his hand crept between her legs and started stroking her kitty.

Mister Malfoy

"Congratulations, Miss Granger!" Professor Slughorn declared as he presented her with her very own first place trophy that, like Harry, she planned on having it displayed in the Trophy Room to show everyone that she was not a witch to be reckoned with.

"The luck potion that you brewed had the whole panel of judges raving. I was very proud to tell them all about your skills. I wouldn't be surprised if you received a few job offers in the future," he quietly added the last part. Clearing his throat, he carried on, "Anyway ... May I also present the grand prize of five thousand galleons!" Hermione blushed as he handed her the sack of money. It was by far the most that she had ever had.

Once done, she was suddenly surrounded by older and more important witches. They were congratulating her and wishing her luck. That was when she noticed Harry, who had come in second place. They too were congratulating him, only in different ways. The newest Minister of Magic, Amelia Bones was pressed in close to him while squeezing his ass. Her Senior Undersecretary, Andromeda Tonks was on his other side nibbling on his neck and jawline. Narcissa Malfoy walked up looking at him like she wanted nothing better than to throw him down and fuck him right there. She stood on her tip-toes and kissed him passionately while her hand lowered and groped his trouser-covered cock. Hermione gasped at the way these important ladies unabashedly molested him. It was then that she realized that Harry was likely putting these women in key places of power. Not wanting to be left out, she made her decision. Pulling out a tiny vial of her luck potion that she had saved, she quickly downed it while no one was watching.

Later That Night

Hermione giggled from being a bit tipsy. She had just finished having a wonderful date with Harry, and he was carrying her back to his room. As the door closed behind them, he sat down with her on his lap. Hermione lifted up the skirt of her red dress and straddled him. She groaned as she started grinding herself against his lap.

"Did you really mean it when you told me that you were going to change the magical world?" she asked. He revealed his plan to her earlier, and she liked what she had heard.

"Yes," he said in a muffled voice as his lips tasted her delicate and graceful neck. Hermione lifted her head to give him more room. Her pussy tingled as he sucked on her pulse point. Removing his lips from her neck, he looked at her.

"How would you like to be a part of it?" he smirked as his hands slid underneath her dress, and he cupped her thong-clad bottom. Hermione gasped as he moved the string of her thong from between her cheeks. Her body quivered when she felt his finger touch her asshole.

"Oh, God!" she gasped as he toyed with her hole. "Yes, please!"

"Good. Now I have one more thing to show you," he told her, taking his finger from her asshole. He unbuttoned his shirt and showed her a weird necklace.

"What is that?" she asked.

"A modified Time-Turner," he smirked as she gasped. Just then, two more completely naked Harry Potters came into the room. The original Harry stood up and removed his clothes. Hermione was still starstruck as they pulled her to her feet and removed her dress. Next, her bra was tossed aside, and one Harry hooked his hands underneath the back of her knees and lifted her up. With her back pressed against his chest, he opened her legs, and the two other Harry's pulled her heels off. Next, one Harry pulled her panties off and tossed them away. Hermione squealed as he buried his face in her pussy as one Harry held her and the other groped her naked tits. Hermione was trembling out of control as she felt his tongue taste her wet pussy before moving down to her puckered hole. She squeaked and squealed as his warm tongue wiggled around the rim and even lapped at the hole itself. As she looked over, she saw the other Harry rubbing lubricant all over his cock. She was suddenly pulled and forced to straddle one Harry's lap. Her ass was lifted and she felt a thick cock slip right down her pussy. Before she could even moan, the other Harry was pressing the tip of his massive cock against her little hole. As the head popped in, Hermione let out a squeal while she was being stretched.

The third Harry smirked while seeing another hole that was wide open. Hermione gagged as a cock slid into her open mouth and hit the back of her throat. Looking up pathetically at the final Harry, he groaned and held the back of her head while his hips slowly began to move. Her eyes began to water as she gagged again while feeling his length slide in and out of her throat. His hips moved faster until his lower belly was bumping into her nose. She couldn't even cry out in pain or pleasure while her pussy was being sculpted, and her asshole was being stretched. Of course, there were also six hands groping every inch of her exposed skin that they could reach. Her tits, legs, ass, and clit were all being rubbed or fondled. She couldn't help but gargle pathetically as she came on one of the Harrys' cock. She could hear him moan as her walls clamped down on him. The cock was pulled from her throat just as her vision began to darken. Collapsing forward, she gave a little cry as her pussy exploded in a spray of her fluids.

Just then, her body jumped as she heard the word, "Rennervate!" and she was suddenly awake again. As she gained her wits, she choked out a whorish moan as her asshole was being pleasured. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Harry making her ass cheeks jiggle. He smirked at her and slapped her shapely cheek.

"Hermione, dear?" Harry called out in a sing-song voice. A hand turned her head and she saw two cocks pointing at her. Both Harrys lovingly rubbed their erections all over her face before one pressed it against her mouth and parted her lips. As it slid down her throat, she was forced to reach out and take the other one in her hand. Working two cocks with her hand and mouth, she moaned as a special spot in her asshole was hit, making her body shiver and her clit burn with need. As a hand between her legs tugged on her throbbing clit, her asshole clenched on his cock and she felt cum spurt into her bowels. As she was screaming in pleasure and her pussy was dribbling juice onto the floor, both cocks began painting her face with their seed. One spurt after another hit her in the open mouth or splattered across her cheeks and forehead.

Hermione didn't know how many times that she passed out that night, but she would be awoken to find her pussy, ass, or mouth being fucked, and sometimes all three at the same time. Her pussy would violently spray girl cum everywhere as one Harry fondled her tits, another sucked on her aching clit, and the third lashed her across the ass with his bare hand. Every hole had been violated a dozen times, and when she was finally put to bed, she quickly fell asleep with cum leaking from her pussy and ass and promising that she would not stop him from fixing the problems of the magical world, but go along with him to enjoy the ride. If she ended up getting fucked every night in every way possible, well those were the risks that she was willing to take. Right before she fell asleep, her body unconsciously spasmed, and she came again, squirting the bed with what little juice was still left in her poor, abused body.