

## Potions Mishap

It was near the end of potions class, and Harry was doing his best to ignore Snape's hovering and snide remarks as he worked on his potion. Today, they were working on the Draught of Inhibitions, a potion that, like the name suggested, lowers a person's inhibitions when ingested.

With one last scathing comment, Snape finally left, moving over to torment poor Neville Longbottom, who shook nervously as he approached. Setting his ladle down to let his potion simmer, he glanced around the classroom. Most of the students seemed to be having just as much trouble with the potion as he was, except, of course, for Hermione Granger.

Hermione was on the final step of her potion, stirring it clockwise until it was the perfect shade of lavender. A loud yelp had everyone looking over at Neville's table where he had managed to melt his cauldron yet again. As Snape began to berate him mercilessly, Harry caught movement out of the corner of his eye. The first thing he noticed was Malfoy's vindictive smile as he stared at Hermione, a look of anticipation in his eyes.

Looking over, he saw that Hermione turn back and bend over her cauldron, staring at it in confusion as a few small bubbles rose up to pop on the surface. Harry knew at once Malfoy had done something to her potion, and he opened his mouth to warn her.

Too late, there was a sudden, muffled *boom*, and Hermione's potion exploded outward, catching her full in the face as well as soaking her hair and robes. Hermione shrieked in surprise and frantically wiped at her face with the sleeve of her robe.

"What did you do, you stupid girl?" Snape snarled, stalking over to her table.

"It wasn't my fault," Hermione explained desperately. "Someone threw something into my cauldron, I-"

"Enough!" Snape barked. "Clearly, you're not as brilliant as you would like everyone to believe."

"But sir-" she tried again.

"Be silent," Snape barked. "Go the hospital wing before you humiliate yourself further."

The Slytherin side of the classroom snickered as Snape belittled and insulted Hermione. Harry clenched his hands into white knuckled fists in anger at the unfairness of it all. He glared across the room at Malfoy, who smirked at him with a smug expression, silently vowing to get revenge.

"Potter!" Snape barked, having made his way over to his table while he glared at Malfoy.

"Escort Ms. Granger to the Hospital wing," he ordered.

Snape looked down at his potion briefly before looking back at Harry, his black eyes glittering maliciously as he waved his wand, vanishing his potion.

"That will be a zero for the day," Snape said, his lips curling into a cruel smirk.

Seething, Harry snatched up his bag and flung it over his shoulder. He marched angrily towards the door as the Slytherins continued to laugh, slamming the door shut behind him as he followed Hermione out of the room.

“Stupid, greasy son of a-”

“Harry!” Hermione reprimanded him.

“Come on, Hermione.” Harry said loudly and angrily. “If any teacher in the muggle world acted like that, they’d be fired or arrested. It’s not right.”

“I know, Harry.” she said exasperatedly. “I agree with you, but there’s nothing we can do about it. No matter how much of an asshole he is.”

Harry stared at her in shock as she came to a sudden stop, her eyes wide and mouth open in an ‘O’ shape.

“I, I think the potion is starting to effect me.” she said, her cheeks turning pink. “We should get to the Hospital wing.”

Hermione strode quickly down the hall, forcing Harry to rush to catch up to her. Neither of them spoke as they left the dungeons and made their way towards the fourth floor. Harry was lost in his thoughts of revenge, wondering if Fred and George knew of a potion that would make Malfoy say whatever was on his mind. He smiled to himself as he imagined the trouble the ferret would get himself into with someone like Professor McGonagall.

Harry was jerked from his thoughts, quite literally, as Hermione grabbed his arm and yanked him into an abandoned classroom.

Stumbling into the room, he looked back at Hermione in surprise as she locked and silenced the room. She turned from the door and walked up to him with a strange look in her eyes that had him feeling slightly worried.

“Hermione, what-”

Harry was cut off mid-sentence as she grabbed him by his shirt and her lips crashed against his. Stunned, he stood still as her lips pressed against his, unable to comprehend what was happening. It wasn't until her tongue licked across his lips that he snapped out of it and jerked back into motion. Putting his hands on her arms, he pushed her away, holding her at arm's length.

“Hermione, what are you doing?” he asked, bewildered.

“I want you, Harry,” she said, staring at him intently.

He stared at her wide eyed for a moment, before he realized what was really going on. He was certain that it was the potion that was making her act like this. Licking his lips nervously, he hoped that he could reason with her before she did something that she would regret.

“Hermione, that’s the potion talking. We just need to get you to the Hospital Wing, and you’ll be fine,” he said, trying to reassure her.

“The potion lowers inhibitions,” Hermione explained quickly. “It doesn’t create feelings; it just makes me more willing to act on them.”

Harry stared at her as he tried to work his brain around what she was trying to say. She had never shown any interest in him as anything other than a friend before. As happy as he would be if she really did feel that way about him, he didn’t want it to happen because of some potion.

“Hermione-” he started.

“Harry, please!” she said desperately. “I’ve wanted this for a long time, and I don’t think I’ll ever have the courage to do this again if you turn me down now.”

Harry was shocked at her confession, and he relaxed his arms, allowing her to move closer to him. Hermione pressed her lips to his again and this time he kissed her back, letting her tongue slip into his mouth and caressing it with his own. As they kissed, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her body against his, her full breasts flattening against his chest. Pulling back from him, Hermione ran her hands up his chest, her brown eyes giving him a steamy look as she bit her lips.

“Harry, I want you to fuck me,” she said in a purr that sent a tingle of excitement through him.

His cock twitched at her language, rapidly becoming hard. Hearing her say something so naughty and out of character for the normally strait-laced young woman was extremely exciting for him.

“I want you to use me,” she told him, her chest heaving against his as her breathing picked up in excitement.

Stepping back from him, she reached up and slid her tie from around her neck, looking into his eyes as she began to unbutton her shirt.

“Use me like a slut, a whore, anything you want,” she said in a husky voice, her shirt opening to reveal the black bra she was wearing underneath.

Harry watched, stunned, as more of her impressive cleavage and flat, toned stomach came into view. Finished with the buttons, she slid the shirt from her shoulder and dropped it to the floor. Toeing off her black shoes, she reached around to the side of her skirt and undid the button and zipper, dropping it to the floor. Looking at the matching black, lacy panties that she wore, a part of his mind was surprised that she would wear something so sexy. The rest of his mind was taking in the view of her beautiful, half naked body.

Reaching behind her back, Hermione unsnapped her bra and dropped it to the floor. Her breasts looked larger than he thought they would be. Large, pale, and perky, they stood proudly on her chest with light pink, puffy nipples that he desperately wanted to feel in his hands.

Spinning on her toes in a surprisingly graceful move, Hermione turned her back to him and grabbed the waist band of her panties. As she lowered them to the floor, she bent over at the waist, the full, round cheeks of her ass coming into view. The gusset of her panties stuck to her mound for a moment, before it came free and her tight, moist lips were revealed.

Standing back up, Hermione stepped out of her panties and turned around to face him again, completely naked. Harry stared at her hungrily, his eyes moving from her breasts to the bald mound of her tight slit. Walking up to him, her breasts bouncing and jiggling with each step, she grabbed his tie and pulled it off of him.

“You’re overdressed,” she said, with a playful smile.

Jerking into action, Harry quickly undid the top few buttons of his shirt and frantically pulled it up over his head, knocking his glasses askew. Hermione giggled at him as he straightened his glass, and she reached for his belt. Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips as she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, pulling away to look down as she pushed them down his legs. Quickly stepping out of his pants, he hissed in a breath through his teeth as Hermione pressed her hand against the bulge in his boxers.

“Mmh. That feels promising,” she said.

Grabbing his boxers, she pushed them down, his erection bending down as the fabric moved over it, only to spring back up and bob up and down in front of him when it came free. Wrapping her hand around his shaft, Harry groaned as he watched in awe as his best friend’s hand stroked up and down his length. After just a few strokes, she pulled him by the cock over to the old teacher’s desk at the front of the room. Letting go of him, Hermione turned around and bent over the desk, her wonderful, round ass sticking out at him as she rested on her elbows.

One hand reached under her body and grabbed a hold of his cock and she lined him up with her entrance. Placing his hands on her cheeks, he pushed forward until the head of his cock popped into her, her tight lips stretching around his girth. Hermione let out a loud gasp as his cock slipped into her, making him stop in concern.

“You, okay?” Harry asked worriedly, fighting against the urge to push deeper into her.

“Yes. Just go slow,” Hermione said, her breath coming fast.

When he hesitated for a moment, wondering if he should go through with this, she pushed back against him, making his cock sink a couple more inches into her. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as more of her tight, wet heat surrounded his throbbing cock. Grabbing her by the hips, he slowly pushed his length into her, watching at inch after inch of his shaft disappeared between her lips. Hermione let out a long, drawn-out moan as he finally bottomed out, his hips pressed against her ass. As he enjoyed the feeling of being completely buried inside of her moist heat, he looked down and saw that she was panting heavily, and her muscles were tensed.

“Give me a minute,” Hermione said in a strained voice.

Despite the desire to move, Harry held still and grabbed her ass, kneading her firm cheeks in his hands.

“Spank me,” Hermione told him.

“What?” he asked in surprise.

“Slap my ass!” she ordered.

Still surprised, he raised his hand and brought it down in a light slap.

“Harder!” she demanded.

Raising his hand again, he brought it down much harder. There was a loud *smack* as his hand connected with her ass, her cheek rippled with the impact and a pink handprint appeared on her pale skin. Hermione let out a low, wanton moan, her pussy flexing around his cock.

“Again!” she yelled.

Harry smacked her ass again, even harder than the last time. His cock jerked as her cheek jiggled from the impact, and her pussy massaged his cock.

“Yes,” Hermione hissed, drawing out the word.

Raising his hand again, Harry smacked the other cheek hard, drawing another moan from her lips.

“Tell me I've been a bad girl,” she told him.

“You've been a bad girl, Hermione,” he said, slapping her ass again.

“You’ve been naughty, haven’t you?” Harry asked, finally getting over his shock at the situation and getting into it.

“Yes. I’m sorry I was bad,” she said in a quiet, innocent voice that made his cock throb inside of her.

Harry raised his hand and smacked her ass even harder, her pale skin starting to turn red from the abuse, even as she moaned in pleasure.

“Bad girls need to be punished,” he said as he groped her cheeks roughly.

Harry smacked her ass twice, first one cheek, then the other. Hermione moaned loudly again, pushing her ass back against him.

“Oh god!” she groaned, continuing to grind back against him. “Please, fuck me.”

Grabbing her abused cheeks in a tight grip, he pulled back, her tight lips dragging along the length of his cock until only the head remained inside. Driving forward, he sank his entire cock back into her hot, wet pussy. He could feel her walls stretching around his girth as he filled her. Hermione gasped and arched her back as he fed his cock into her, pushing herself up onto her hands. Reaching forward, he grabbed one of her breasts, the soft, full mound filling his hand as he squeezed it firmly. Once he had bottomed out again, he pulled his cock back, sawing in and out of her soft, silky walls as he picked up the pace.

“Harry,” she groaned out his name wantonly, making his pulse race in excitement.

Thrusting in and out of her at a steady pace, he took her hard nipple between his fingers and pinched it firmly, rolling it in his grasp. Suddenly, he pinched her nipple hard between his thumb and forefinger. Hermione gasped and pushed her hips back against him, her pussy clutched and drooling around his cock as he fucked her.

“Harder!” she panted. “Fuck me harder. Call me names.”

Letting go of her breast, Harry smacked her ass hard, reddening her pale skin even more. Grabbing her hips, he slammed his hips forward hard, her body lurching from the impact.

“You slut!” Harry said, huffing as he pulled her hips back as he thrust forward, their bodies meeting with a *clap*.

“Listen to you begging to be fucked harder, like a whore,” he said, smacking her ass once again.

Reaching forward, Harry grabbed a handful of her bushy brown hair and pulled her head back, her back arching impressively as he continued to pound in and out of her slick cunt. Leaning his head forward, he nipped and sucked at her neck, working his way up to her ear.

“Tell me what you want, Hermione,” Harry growled into her ear. “Tell me your deepest, darkest fantasies.”

“I want you to use me as your personal whore,” she said, her eyes closed as she panted. “I want to watch you fuck other witches. I want that bimbo Lavender to beg me for your cock. I want to watch that bitch Greengrass beg for more as you fuck her like a Knockturn Alley whore.”

Harry’s cock jerked as he listened to her, shocked at how dirty and kinky she was underneath her good girl exterior. He felt his climax approaching as his hips repeatedly slammed against her ass, and her tight, hot pussy fluttered around his cock.

“The next time Ron makes fun of me; I want to tie him to a chair and make him watch as you fuck me and Ginny in front of him,” Hermione continued, lost in her fantasies. “When my dad tells me I’m not good enough; I want to make him watch as you fuck me and my mom, together. I want to be a dirty slut for you while the boys from Slytherin watch. I want to make all of them want me and know they will never, ever get to touch me. And then, I want them to watch as you fuck their girlfriends better than they ever could, so they know what a real man looks like.”

Her voice broke off into a scream as she came hard around his cock, her body quivering in pleasure as her pussy spasmed around his cock. Letting go of her hair and grabbing her hips tightly, Harry slammed his cock in and out of her in a brutally fast and hard pace. Incredibly turned on by her describing her fantasies, Harry huffed and grunted as he drove into her, desperate to reach his rapidly building climax. Hermione collapsed on to the desk, screaming in intense pleasure as her pussy flexed and squirted around his cock, making it easier for him to fuck her.

Slamming his cock deep into her quivering cunt a few more times, Harry reached his peak, cum erupting from the head of his cock as it swelled with each pulse. Holding his cock as deep as he could in her, his hips bucked forward, trying to drive himself even deeper as jets of hot cum flooded her pussy. With a few more jerky thrusts, his orgasm trialed off and he collapsed forward, leaning over Hermione. Supporting his weight on his elbows, he breathed heavily as he closed his eyes and savored the blissful feeling that seemed to flow through his veins.

Once he had caught his breath, and his pleasure had waned, he stood up and pulled out of Hermione, watching with a feeling of satisfaction as his cum dripped out of her and on to the floor. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he stood her up and then lifted her into his arms bridal style. She draped her arms around his neck and rested her head on his chest as he walked around the teacher's desk to the chair. Harry sat down in the chair with Hermione in his lap, curled up against his chest in a way that reminded him of a cat. Harry smiled down at her as he remembered the time she had gown fur, ears, and a tale in their second year.

For several minutes they sat like that, with Harry running his hand up and down her body, taking the time to explore every inch of her smooth, soft skin.

"Harry?" Hermione called in a quiet, vulnerable voice that had him immediately concerned. "Please don't hate me."

"I could never hate you," He said in a reassuring tone, wrapping his arms around her in a tender embrace.

"But, with everything I said-" she stared, a note of panic in her voice.

"I enjoyed it as much as you did, Hermione," he interrupted her, know it was best to stop her before she could really get going. "Everyone has fantasies that they would never really act on. It's normal."

They sat in silence for a moment, and Harry could practically hear her thinking through everything. He wondered if the potion had worn off, or if she felt this way in spite of it.

“So, what does this mean for us?” she asked nervously.

“It means whatever you want it to,” Harry told her. “I’d prefer it if we could be together, I’ve fancied you for quite a while. But if you want to just pretend like this never happened and go back to the way we were...”

“No, no. I don’t think I could do that, even if I wanted to,” she said, pausing for a moment. “You really fancy me? You’re not just saying that, right?”

“No,” he assured her. “I’ve liked you since third year.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Hermione asked.

“Because I didn’t think you liked me that way,” Harry admitted. “Why didn’t you tell me how you felt?”

“Because I didn’t think you liked *me* that way.” She said with a little laugh. “So, does this mean we’re...”

Harry stroked her cheek and tilted her head up. Looking into her warm brown eyes, filled with worry and uncertainty, he leaned down and kissed her passionately. After a long moment kissing her, he pulled back while smiling affectionately at her.

“Does that answer your question?” he asked cheekily.

Hermione smiled brightly at him and laid her head back against his chest, cuddling up to him. They spent a couple of minutes in a comfortable silence, Harry caressing her breast with a light touch as she moaned contentedly.

“Hermione, do you think I could come to your house for Christmas this year?” he asked.

“Probably,” she said after a moment of thought. “I was thinking about staying at Hogwarts this year, though. Why?”

“I was kind of looking forward to seeing your mom.” He said, a smile twitching at the corners of his lips.

A slap to the chest was his reply.

## Chapter 2

Harry and Hermione finally made it to the Hospital wing, hand in hand and smiling. The happiness of the moment was cut short, however, when Madam Pomfrey descended on them the moment they entered and dragged Hermione rather forcefully over to one of the beds.

“Where have you two been? Professor Snape send me a message that you were coming nearly an hour ago,” the matron reprimanded them as she waved her wand over Hermione in a long and complex pattern.

“Sorry, Madam Pomfrey, we got, distracted on the way here,” Harry muttered lamely.

Pomfrey tsked at disapprovingly and went back to examining Hermione. After a couple of minutes, she bustled back into her office, and he could hear her rustling around in the potion's cabinet. Harry took a seat in the chair next to the bed Hermione and took her hand in his. She looked over at him and neither could suppress the wide smiles that broke out on their faces. Suddenly, Hermione leaned over and kissed him heatedly on the lips, sticking her tongue into his mouth and snogging him senseless.

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” Pomfrey groused as she came back into the room, making the teens jump apart in surprise. “Ms. Granger, I realize you're under the effects of a rather powerful potion, but the Hospital wing is not the place for that sort of activity.”

Both of them blushed at the scolding but neither could keep the smiles off of their faces. With a huff, Pomfrey pushed a vial of green, sparkling potion into Hermione’s hand.

“Drink,” she ordered.

Hermione downed the contents in a single gulp and grimaced at the taste, her nose wrinkling cutely. Pomfrey cast another series spells on her, waving her wand in long, complex patterns.

“Odd,” Pomfrey muttered, making Harry sit up in worry. “Ms. Granger, do you feel any different?”

“No, not really.” She answered.

What’s wrong?” Harry asked.

Pomfrey gave a sigh and lowered her wand, “It seems that whatever Ms. Granger did to make the potion explode changed it just enough that the antidote isn’t working.”

“I didn’t make it explode!” Hermione barked angrily, crossing her arms over her chest. “That asshole Malfoy threw something into my cauldron.”

“No need to get upset, I’m just going by what Professor Snape told me,” Pomfrey placated her. “Do you know what he threw into your cauldron?”

“No.” Hermione answered. “I looked away for a second to check the textbook when he did it.”

Harry ran his thumb in soothing circles on the back of her hand while Madam Pomfrey pursed her lips in thought.

“I’m sorry Ms. Granger, without know exactly what got into your potion I can’t make the proper antidote. I’m afraid you’re just going to have to wait for it to wear off naturally,” she told them.

“How long will that take?” Hermione asked.

“I’d say, roughly, a week,” Pomfrey answered.

“A week!” Harry and Hermione yelled in unison.

“With the amount of potion that got on your skin and in your mouth, you were given a much higher dose than what’s normally used. Fortunately, the effects of the Draught of Inhibitions don’t compound the more you take, it simply lasts longer.” She explained to the two horrified teens. “I’ll explain to your professors that this potion will affect your behavior and that you’re not to be punished for any outbursts you might have. I’m sure they’ll understand.”

“Snape won’t,” Hermione said, voicing Harry’s exact thoughts. “I doubt Umbridge will be very understanding either.”

“I’ll make sure to explain it to them. If you have any problems, I suggest going to your Head of House for help. In the meantime, I recommend that you stay close to your friends. I’m sure they’ll be able to keep you from doing anything you might not normally do,” Pomfrey said, her look softening as she took in Hermione’s troubled expression. “I’m sorry Ms. Granger, but there’s really not much I can do. If it gets too bad, come back here and you can stay in the Hospital wing until it wears off. Oh, and one more thing.”

Reaching into the pocket of her robes, Pomphfrey pulled out another vial, this one containing a bright pink potion. She handed the potion to Hermione who looked up at her questioningly.

“It’s an anti-pregnancy potion.” She explained, smiling at the embarrassed and horrified looks on the teens faces. “Given the nature of the potion that’s effecting you, and your newfound closeness with Mr. Potter, I figured it was sensible precaution. You’ll need to come back here every three months for another dose.”

“Will- will it still work if we’ve already um...” Hermione trailed off embarrassedly.

Harry felt the blood leave his face and a sinking feeling grew in the pit of his stomach.

“So long as it’s been less than a week since the last time you were sexually active, yes,” Pomphrey answered, narrowing her eyes at them. “I realize you’re under the effects of a rather powerful potion Ms. Granger, but that’s no excuse for not thinking ahead. The potion removes your inhibitions, not your common sense.”

Hermione nodded, looking down in shame. Harry felt bad for her but let out a sigh of relief that he hadn’t gotten her pregnant. There was no way either of them was ready for that. Madam Pomfrey heard his sigh and wheeled around to glare at him, pointing her finger at him accusingly.

“And you,” she said sternly. “Men are just as responsible as women for making sure they are protected, and you don’t have the excuse of being under a potion, Mr. Potter.”

“We’ll be more careful next time, Madam Pomfrey, I promise,” Harry told her, holding his hands up in surrender.

“Make sure that you are,” she said threateningly.

Reaching into the drawer of the small nightstand next to the bed, Pomfrey pulled out two small pamphlets and handed one to each of them. On the cover, it read, "A Guide to Safe Sex" with a moving photo of a witch and wizard holding hands and smiling at each other.

"Read these. They have a list of useful spells and potion, including ones to make sure you don't have any little witches and wizards running around before you're ready. Now, off with you. Come back here immediately if anything changes," she ordered.

Red-faced with embarrassment, Harry and Hermione jumped to their feet and practically ran from the room. Walking down the hall, Hermione grabbed his hand and then held his upper arm with the other, hugging his arm to her body. Harry looked down at her worriedly, but she smiled at him, even if her cheeks were still a bit pink.

"Can we go someplace private?" she asked softly. "I don't want to deal with anyone else right now."

Harry looked at his watch and noticed that it was close to lunch time. They had plenty of time before their next class.

"Sure," Harry said, squeezing her hand. "Do you want to go to the Room of Requirement?"

Hermione nodded and they made their way up to the seventh floor. Hermione paced back and forth in front of the blank stretch of wall three times, and the ornate wooden door melted into view. Entering the room, it looked like it was a girl's bedroom in nice house, much nicer than the Dursley's. Seeing the large, full bookshelves along the wall, he was pretty sure this was a copy of Hermione's room at her house.

Pulling him by then hand, Hermione led him over to the large, comfortable looking bed and climbed onto it. Pushing him down in the middle, she wrapped her arms around him and laid her head down on his chest. Harry ran his hand soothingly up and down her back as she cuddled up to his chest. The laid there in companionable silence for a few minutes.

“Harry?”

“Hm?”

“I meant what I said before.”

“About what?” Harry asked.

“About what I like,” Hermione answered. “I’m so sick of needing to have all the answers, of being in control all the time. I’m sick of people like Ron and Lavender thinking I’m a boring bookworm just because I like to read, and I don’t go around snogging every guy I think is cute. If they knew how many times I’ve daydreamed about you bending me over a table in front of them and fucking my brains out just to shut them up, they’d never call me boring again.”

Harry grinned and continued to soothingly stroke her back as she emotionally vented all of her frustrations.

“Does it bother you?” she asked nervously. “The things that I said.”

“No, not at all,” Harry assured her, kissing the top of her head. “I just want to make sure you don’t do anything you’re going to regret once the potion wears off.”

“You know, I’m kind of glad this happened,” she admitted, causing him to look at her curiously. “I don’t think I’d have ever been brave enough to tell you how I felt without it.”

The fell into a comfortable silence for a few moments before she spoke again.

“I really do want to try some of those things. It’s not just the potion, I’ve been thinking about it for a long time. If you’re okay with it, of course,” Hermione told him.

“As long as you’re sure you won’t regret it later, and we talk about it first, I’m fine with it,” Harry replied.

“Thank you,” Hermione said happily, leaning up to kiss him on the lips.

Harry wrapped his arms around her and pulled her until she was laying on top of him, her full, perky breasts squashed against his chest as she straddled his waist.

“So, you want to be my personal little slut?” he asked, remembering what she had said earlier.

Hermione sat up on his waist and nodded at him while biting her lip shyly. Harry's cock twitched as it strained against his pants and rubbed against her thigh. He had dreamed about being able to use her any way he wanted for years, and he couldn't believe he was actually getting the chance to do it.

"Tell me to stop if I do something you don't like or go too far, okay?" Harry asked.

Hermione nodded at him again. Harry smiled at her and caressed her cheek gently with his thumb.

"Good. Now, be a good little slut and wrap those beautiful lips around my cock," He demanded before adding, "And take your shirt off, I want to see those tits."

With shaking hands, Hermione fumbled with the buttons of her shirt as she tried to take it off as quickly as possible. Once her shirt was open, she tossed it to the side along with her tie and reached back to unclasp her bra. Harry watched raptly as the bra slid down her arms to reveal her tear drop shaped breasts. Unable to help himself, he reached up and groped her full, perky tits in his hands, squeezing them firmly. After a few moments of playing with them, he let go, allowing her to shimmy down the bed until she was knelt between his legs. Hermione quickly opened his fly and grabbed the waistband of both his pants and boxers to pull them down his legs. His rigid cock sprang up to greet her the moment it was free, the head swollen and dark purple in anticipation.

When his pants were off, Harry undid the top few buttons of his dress shirt and then pulled it over his head, leaving him naked except for his socks. Hermione reached out and grabbed his cock by the base, staring at it hungrily as she licked her plump, pink lips. Leaning down, she kissed the engorged head, then licked it with her warm, wet tongue. Threading his fingers through her bushy brown hair, Harry pulled her head down. Obediently, her lips parted as he pushed her down on his shaft, her hot, wet mouth enveloping the top half of his length until he hit the back of her throat. Hermione's shoulders heaved slightly as she gagged around his girth

and pulled back just a little. She sealed her lips around his girth and sucked lightly as her tongue swirled around his shaft.

For a couple of minutes, Harry let her bob up and down on his cock, enjoying the feel of her mouth wrapped around him. Gripping her hair more tightly, he pushed her head down, forcing her to take his cock deeper. He managed to get the head of his cock into her throat before she gagged again and pulled her lips back up his shaft, sucking in air and coughing lightly around his cock.

“Tap my leg three times if you want me to stop.” He told her.

Hermione looked up at him and nodded with his cock still in her mouth, her eyes glinting with determination. Pushing her down again, she gagged once his head entered her throat again. This time, Harry didn't let her pull up, the muscles in his arms flexed as her forced her down further and further, sinking a couple of inches of his shaft down her spasming throat.

After a few seconds, he relaxed his arms and she shot off of his cock, coughing and gasping for breath as she wiped a strand of drool off of her lips. Hermione glared at his saliva covered cock, as if it had somehow insulted her by not going further down her throat, and then took it back into her mouth. This time, she plunged her head down on her own, forcing most of his length down her throat in a single push. Harry held her head in place and groaned in pleasure as her abused throat spasmed and massaged his cock.

Looking down, he saw that her lips were only an inch from the base of his cock. Thick strands of drool ran down the length of his shaft, dripping onto his pelvis and dripping down his balls. After holding her down for several long seconds, Harry let her up for air when she started to squirm. Hermione shot off of his cock again, sitting up and taking several deep breaths as she cleared her throat. Her face was a mess as long, thick strands of spit ran down her chin and onto her chest while tears trailed down from the corner of her eyes.

To his surprise, however, he saw that she had her hand down the front of her panties, rubbing herself furiously. As she bent down to swallow his cock again, Harry grabbed her hair and held her in place just above his cock.

“Be a good whore and swallow all of it and I'll fuck you,” he told her.

Hermione closed her eyes and moaned as she fingered herself. When she opened them again, she had a determined glint in her eyes as she opened her mouth and pushed herself back down his length. Plunging her head down, she forced most of his throbbing cock into her mouth and throat, but still she stopped about an inch away from the base. Taking her hand out of her panties, she grabbed his hips with her hands and pulled herself down.

Slowly, centimeter by centimeter, her lips descended further down his shaft until finally, she reached the base, and her nose pressed against his pubic bone. His cock pulsed in the throat, and he held her down for a few seconds, enjoying the feeling of having his entire cock encased in her hot, wet throat and mouth. When Harry let go, she pulled off of his cock and coughed a few times before looking at him with a triumphant smile.

“Good girl,” he said proudly, stroking her cheek.

Hermione smiled happily and leaned into his hand, kissing his palm.

“Will you fuck me now? Please?” she begged in a rough, sultry voice.

“Take off the rest of your clothes,” Harry told her.

Hermione hopped off the bed excitedly and quickly stripped out of her skirt and panties. Harry particularly enjoyed the view as she bent over to take off her panties, sticking out her full, toned ass and wet, drooling pussy. Once she was naked, she stood there looking at him expectantly.

“Since you were such a good girl, I’ll let you choose the position,” Harry offered, sitting up.

A thoughtful look crossed her face for moment, before she bent over the edge of the bed and wiggled her juicy ass. Hopping off the bed, Harry walked around behind her and grabbed her round cheeks in his hands. Squeezing them roughly, he drew a low, wanton moan for Hermione’s lips.

Pulling her hair into a ponytail and gripping it tightly in his hand, Harry lined his rock-hard cock up with her drooling cunt and sank into her hot core, making both of them moan. Once he was full sheathed in her gripping pussy, he tugged on her hair and brought his hand down onto her ass with a loud *smack*. Hermione bucked against him with a gasp and her walls tightened around his shaft as he started thrusting in and out of her.

*Smack! Smack! Smack!*

Harry rained his hand down on her ass cheeks, smacking them hard enough to leave a bright pink handprint behind with every thrust into her spasming twat. Hermione moaned, pushing her ass back against him in time with his thrusts. Her back arched as he pulled on her hair hard, forcing her neck to tilt upwards. When he stopped smacking her ass, he reached under her and groped one of her bouncing breasts, squeezing it roughly as the pace and force of his thrusts

grew. Gripping her engorged nipple between his fingers, he pinched it hard and held it in place as her breasts shook wildly from his thrusts.

“Oh God, yes!” Hermione cried.

The sound of Harry’s hips slapping against her ass echoed around the room each time their bodies collided. As he plowed into her, Hermione’s moans grew louder and louder while her walls fluttered around his cock.

“Yes. Yes. Yes,” she chanted over and over.

Suddenly, her walls grasped his thrusting cock tightly and fluttered wildly around him. Hermione’s breath hitched from a moments before a long, high-pitched keening left her throat as her arms gave out under her. As she collapsed to the bed, Harry leaned over her and fucked her even harder, slamming his cock in and out of her at a blistering pace. Hermione clawed at the bedding as her body trembled from her powerful climax.

“I’m going to ruin you Hermione. You’re my slut, my whore. You are mine!” Harry growled possessively as he slammed into her quivering cunt.

Hermione’s only response was to whimper under him as he continued to fuck her brutally.

“Say it!” Harry barked, smacking her ass hard.

“I’m yours!” She yelled. “I’m your slut, HARRY!”

As she screamed his name she came again, her pussy drenching his cock in her arousal as it spasmed around him. Harry felt his climax rapidly building as her spasming walls massaged his length. Pulling out of her, he flipped Hermione over onto her back and then drove his rigid cock straight back into her pussy.

Harry thrust into her furiously, making her perky tits bounce wildly from the force. Hermione tilted her head back and moaned continuously as he plowed into her. Just as he was about to cum, Harry yanked his cock out of her and stood over her as he stroked his shaft rapidly. With a loud groan, he came, long jets of hot, white cum shot out of his cock, landing in streaks over Hermione’s beautiful body.

Again and again, shot after shot landed on her chest, neck, and stomach, covering her in his cum. Hermione watched with wide, lust filled eyes as he marked her. Running her fingers through the streaks of hot cum that decorated her smooth skin, Hermione brought her finger up to her mouth and sucked it clean with a moan. When he was finally finished, Harry crawled onto the bed next to her and claimed her lips in a possessive kiss.

“Mine,” he said, stroking her cheek.

Hermione smile at him, her deep brown eyes sparkling, and said, “Always.”

### Chapter 3

Harry nervously wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans as he stepped off of the Hogwarts Express. It was Christmas break and Hermione had convinced her parents to let him stay with them for a

week. It had only been a week since the mishap in Potions where Hermione was soaked in the Draught of Inhibitions, and it was still working its way through her system. Originally, Madam Pomfrey had thought the potion's effects would only last for a week, but now, after Hermione's last check up, she said the potion was still in her system and it could last up to another month. It was because of this, and the fact that they were dating, that they spent most of their time together, and alone whenever possible.

Harry was nervous about meeting Hermione's parents as their daughter's boyfriend, especially when Hermione wasn't in full control of herself. As if she could read his mind – and he wasn't entirely convinced she couldn't – Hermione took his hand in hers and gave him a reassuring smile.

"It'll be fine, Harry" she told him for the umpteenth time.

"I hope so," Harry muttered.

Grabbing Hermione's trunk and loading it onto a trolley, he followed her through the crowd of students.

"Hermione!"

The shout pulled Harry's eyes away from his girlfriend's fit bum and up to the woman who had called out.

"Mum!" Hermione called back happily.

Hermione's mum, Emma Granger, was a couple of inches shorter than Harry, with short dark hair, a kind smile, and warm brown eyes. It was easy to imagine he was looking at Hermione in about twenty years' time, only with shorter hair. That comparison made him realize just how attractive the woman was. Well, at least I know Hermione will still be hot when we get older, Harry thought with a smile.

As he walked up behind his girlfriend while she hugged her mother, he also remembered some of the rather taboo fantasies Hermione had had about the woman. Harry did his best to purge those thoughts from his mind. Meeting his girlfriend's mother with a hard on probably wouldn't make for a great first impression. Unless she's as kinky as her daughter, a dark corner of his mind considered.

"Mum, this is Harry, my boyfriend," Hermione said happily.

"Nice to meet you again, Mrs. Granger," Harry said, holding out his hand.

"Please, call me Emma," she said with a smile before giving him a tight hug.

Harry blinked in surprise and looked to Hermione, only to find her watching them with a naughty gleam in her eyes. Harry suppressed a sigh just as Emma let go and took half a step back.

"I knew it," Emma said triumphantly. "Hermione's been writing home about you since the day she started school. I knew you two would end up together eventually. Come on, the car's this way."

"Where's dad?" Hermione asked as they walked through the portal to the Muggle side of the station.

"At work," Emma said tonelessly. "He'll be home for dinner."

The change was subtle, but Harry could hear the hitch in her voice and see her smile turn forced. Glancing at Hermione, he was glad to see she hadn't noticed anything. Without her inhibitions, she could say and do some quite inappropriate things without realizing it. It was going to be a tough week keeping her out of trouble.

When they reached the car, Harry loaded their bags and then climbed into the back seat of Emma's Mercedes with Hermione. As they pulled out onto the road, Harry decided to broach the subject of the Potions mishap. He and Hermione had agreed it would be better for him to explain – Hermione tended to lose her temper when talking about it.

"Mrs. Granger?" Harry asked.

"Please, call me Emma, dear," she replied kindly. "Mrs. Granger makes me feel old."

You certainly don't look it, Harry thought.

"Ok, Emma. Has Hermione told you about what happened in potions class last week?" he asked.

"No, what happened?" Emma asked, focusing on the road.

"A boy in our class, Draco Malfoy, threw something in her cauldron that made it explode," Harry explained.

"She's alright, isn't she?" Emma asked in concern. "She didn't look hurt."

"She wasn't hurt," Harry assured her. "But, well, the potion soaked into her skin, and whatever Malfoy threw into her cauldron is making it last longer."

"What potion were you working on?" she asked.

"The Draught of inhibitions," Harry said tentatively. "It's a potion that removes a person's inhibitions."

“What!” Emma gasped. “Are you alright sweetheart? You haven’t done anything you regret, have you?”

“No, mum,” Hermione said while reaching over to take Harry’s hand. “Harry’s been protecting me.”

“Oh, good.” Emma said as she relaxed. “That’s good.”

There was a beat of silence and then Emma tensed again.

“You said this happened a week ago?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“And Hermione, you said you and Harry started dating a week ago as well?” Emma continued.

For the first time, Harry cursed how smart Granger women were.

“Yes, and I wouldn’t take it back for anything,” Hermione said defiantly. “You know I’ve had feelings for Harry for years. The potion just made it easier to finally act on them.”

Emma sighed and drove in silence. Harry was worried she would think he was taking advantage of Hermione, and he really didn’t want to get on her bad side. Hermione, however, had no such worries and was busy slipping her hand into his lap. Mentally, Harry cursed and tried to get her to stop, but he didn’t want to move too much and draw Emma’s attention. Before he could stop her, she had grabbed his cock through his pants and was rubbing it slowly.

“Are you happy, sweetie?” Emma asked abruptly.

“I’ve never been happier,” Hermione said with a smile as she squeezed Harry’s rigid erection.

“Well, as long as you’re happy, I guess that’s all that matters,” Emma said.

Hermione smiled brilliantly, “Thanks mum.”

The sound of a zipper being undone filled the car and Harry and Emma both looked down helplessly as Hermione quickly dug his cock out of his pants.

“Hermione! What are you doing!?” Emma shouted incredulously.

“You said as long as I’m happy that all that matters, and right now, being a naughty little slut for my loving boyfriend is what makes me happy,” Hermione said casually.

“Her-” Harry started, only to stop cold when Hermione took the tip of his swollen cock into her hot, welcoming mouth.

“Oh-my-God,” Emma gasped as she adjusted the rear-view mirror to see what was happening.

“Hermione, we need to stop,” Harry said through gritted teeth.

Hermione looked up at him with half of his length buried in her mouth and then slowly pulled up until she came off of him with an audible *pop*.

“I thought you liked it when I’m your naughty girl,” Hermione pouted as she stroked his glistening length.

“You know I do, love,” Harry assured her. “But your mum is in the car.”

“I don’t care,” Hermione said defiantly. “We’re both adults, and I’m not spending the next week celibate just because they still think of me as their good little girl.”

“Hermione!” Emma exclaimed again.

“You’re fine most of the time, mum. It’s dad that treats me like a little girl that isn’t good enough,” Hermione said before giving Harry’s cock a quick suck. “I’ll hide this from him just because I don’t want to deal with a fight, but when he’s not around, I’m not going to hide who I am anymore.”

Harry could see Emma’s reflection in the rear-view mirror, and he watched her expression go from shocked to sad as she watched her daughter swallow his cock with a loud slurp.

“I’m so sorry, Emma,” Harry said helplessly.

He tried to apologize more, but Hermione chose that moment to swallow his entire length deep into her tight throat. Harry groaned and ran his fingers through her long, bushy hair as he throbbed excitedly. After a week of constant sex of all kinds, Hermione’s technique had really improved, he thought.

Looking up at the rear-view mirror, he was surprised to find Emma constantly glancing back at her daughter. It made him start to wonder if Hermione had gotten her kinkiness, as well as her looks, from her mother.

Dragging her lips slowly back up his shaft, Hermione stopped with his thick, swollen head still in her hot mouth and then began bobbing her head. Harry gave in completely, closing his eyes as he enjoyed the incredible blowjob Hermione was giving him. Over and over, she pulled back to the head, swirling her tongue around his swollen glans, and then descended all the way back down to the base.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted. “Mione, I’m close.”

Moaning around his girth, Hermione focused on the top half of his rigid length, bobbing her head rapidly as her tongue bathed every inch of skin it touched. Bucking his hips upwards, Harry fucked her mouth roughly. Hermione slurped loudly as thick strands of her saliva dripped down his shaft. Panting heavily, Harry used his hand on her head to push her down further as he came hard.

Hermione gagged as the first shot fired straight down her throat before she pushed back against his grip and caught the rest in her mouth. Pulling off of him, she swallowed audibly and sucked in a quick series of breaths.

Dipping her head back down, she sucked and licked him clean before tucking him back into his jeans. There was a sexy, teasing smirk on her lips as she cuddled up against his side and rested her head on his shoulder. Harry smiled back at her and kissed the top of her head as he wrapped an arm around her.

The rest of the drive, Emma remained silent. It worried him that she might not allow him to stay after what had just transpired, but he didn't know what to do or say to try and make things better. He doubted there was anything that could.

A while later, they arrived at the Granger home in Crawley. It was a large, two-story home in an affluent neighborhood; the kind of place the Dursleys wished they could afford to live in. When they got out of the car, Harry grabbed their belongings while Emma, who still hadn't spoken to either of them, opened the front door.

"Harry, can you take our things upstairs?" Hermione asked. "I need to talk to mum for a few minutes."

"Uh, sure," Harry said with blush.

"Thank you," Hermione said with a smile and kissed him on the cheek. "My room's the first door on the right. The guest room is right across from it."

Nodding, and intentionally not looking over at Emma, Harry carried their trunks upstairs. Leaving Hermione's bag on her bed, he went to the guest room and spent as long as he could putting away his clothes. It was a good ten minutes before he finally worked up the courage to walk back downstairs.

"Just, please, don't blame Harry, it's not his fault," he heard Hermione say.

Pausing just outside the living room, Harry wondered whether he should go back upstairs and give them more time to talk or not.

"I don't blame either of you," Emma said, "and I'm not angry. This... magic is just difficult for me to understand, is all."

"You know when you have a stray thought, like 'that guy has a cute bum, I wonder what it feels like' but you don't do anything because you know you shouldn't?" Hermione asked.

"Yes," Emma said slowly, like she didn't know where Hermione was going.

"Well, I don't have those thoughts about why I shouldn't do it," Hermione explained. "If I want to do something, I don't see a reason not to do it until I think about it later. Like in the car. I know I shouldn't have done that now, but in the moment, there was nothing telling me I shouldn't."

"I'm so sorry, sweetheart. That must be so hard for you," Emma said emotionally.

"It's not that bad," Hermione told her. "Harry looks out for me and stops me from doing anything I'd regret."

"You really care about him, don't you?" Emma asked.

"I love him," Hermione said, and he could hear the smile in her voice. "He's my best friend, he doesn't judge me for the things I do, or say. And the sex is incredible."

"Hermione!" Emma exclaimed with an incredulous laugh.

Harry decided it was time to show himself before Hermione said something she didn't mean to. As soon as the girls spotted him, both of them broke down into a fit of giggles. Harry smiled at them and did his best not to blush and look like he'd been listening in. Sitting down next to Hermione, she took his hand and kissed him on the cheek.

"Harry," Emma started, "Hermione's explained things to me, and I think I understand what's happening better now. First, I just want to thank you for looking out for her."

"Of course," Harry said. "She's my best friend."

"Second," Emma continued, "I don't care what you two get up to when I'm in the house, but Dan won't be as understanding. He still thinks of Hermione as his little girl. I know it might be hard but try not to let anything happen in front of him. I'll do what I can to help you out."

"I think I can handle that," Harry said gratefully. "Thanks, Emma."

"You're welcome," she said with a smile. "Now, what would you like for dinner?"

Harry, Hermione, and Emma spent the rest of the afternoon talking about school, careful to leave out the parts about Voldemort. Just as Harry was helping Emma finish making dinner, Dan, Hermione's father, arrived home from work. Immediately, he noticed the tension between Emma and her husband.

"So, Harry, what do you plan to do after school?" Dan asked as they sat down to eat.

"I was thinking about becoming an Auror," Harry said.

"That's a magical police officer, right?" he asked.

Harry nodded while taking a bite of chicken, then nearly choked when he felt Hermione place her hand on his thigh. Emma patted him on the back and passed him a glass of water while giving her daughter a pointed look. Hermione ignored it as she ran her fingers along his shaft.

His girlfriend continued to tease him all throughout dinner, and Harry didn't know whether to be grateful or not. He just hoped he'd be able to find a way to sneak out of the kitchen without Dan noticing the obvious bulge in the front of his pants.

"How are your grades, Hermione?" Dan asked as they were finishing dessert.

"Really good," she answered. "I've got straight O's, except for Defense, but the teacher is making things difficult this year."

"That's no excuse. You should never settle for good enough," Dan said, his eyes darting to Harry. "You should always strive for something better."

While Harry bristled at the remark, Emma stood abruptly and began gathering the empty plates, a stormy look on her face. She was clearly troubled about something, and it was enough to even get Hermione to stop teasing him under the table.

"Are you okay, mum?" Hermione asked.

"I'm fine," she replied with a forced smile. "Why don't you take Harry upstairs and make sure he's set for the night?"

Hermione looked like she was about to argue, but Harry grabbed her hand and gave it a squeeze, stopping her. Standing, he pulled Hermione to her feet and walked towards the stairs.

"I wonder what got mum so upset," Hermione said as they climbed the stairs.

"I don't know," Harry said. "I think it was something your dad said."

"I hope everything's okay," she said worriedly.

"I'm sure they'll be fine," Harry told her.

When they reached the guest room Harry was staying in, Hermione suddenly stopped and started patting down her pockets.

"Shoot, I think I left my wand in the kitchen," she said frustratedly.

"I'll get it," Harry offered.

Smiling, Hermione pecked him on the lips just before he turned to head back downstairs. As he neared the kitchen, he paused and found himself unintentionally eavesdropping on a conversation for the second time that day.

"I don't know if I like the idea of Harry staying in the guest room," Dan said. "Maybe we should ask him to sleep in the living room."

"We're not making him sleep on the couch," Emma said sternly.

"What if he tries to sneak into Hermione's room in the middle of the night?" Dan asked.

“She’s eighteen Dan,” Emma said, annoyance creeping into her voice.

“She’s still too young,” Dan countered petulantly.

“Oh, that’s rich, coming from you,” Emma bit out.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dan asked angrily.

“How old was that secretary you slept with, eighteen, nineteen?” Emma asked.

Harry eyes widened and he felt as though he should leave, but his legs wouldn’t listen to his brain. He felt like he was stuck watching a car crash, completely unable to look away.

“Are you ever going to let that go?” Dan asked. “I told you I was sorry. I had too much to drink and made a mistake.”

“Then where were you today? And don’t tell me you were at work,” Emma said sharply. “I called the office and they told me you left at two.”

“I just went out with some colleagues,” Dan snapped defensively. “Is this how it’s going to be now? Are you going to start accusing me of cheating every time I leave the house?”

“Well, what am I supposed to think?” Emma hissed. “If you were just going out with some friends, why did you lie to me and say you were at the office?”

“I’m not putting up with this,” Dan muttered, followed by the sound of a chair scraping across the floor.

“Where are you going?” Emma asked.

Hearing footsteps coming closer, Harry ducked back up the stairs and pressed his back against the wall.

“Out,” Dan grunted.

A moment later, Harry heard the front door open, and then slam closed.

“Damn it,” Emma cursed, her voice thick. “Bastard.”

Hearing sniffing and crying from the kitchen, Harry debated on what to do. In the end, his chivalrous side won out. Walking into the kitchen, he walked up behind Emma as she wept over the sink.

“Emma,” he called out softly while touching her shoulder.

Despite his gentle approach, Emma still startled.

“Oh, Harry. I-“

Harry interrupted whatever excuse she was going to try and come up with by hugging her. She went stiff in his arms for a long moment before she suddenly broke down into great, heavy sobs. Holding her tightly, Harry gently rubbed her back for the next couple of minutes, until she was calm enough to talk.

“D-did you hear?” she asked with her face still buried in the crook of his neck.

“Yeah,” Harry said softly.

“Please, don’t tell Hermione,” she pleaded.

“Don’t tell me what?” Hermione asked in concern. “Mum, what’s wrong?”

Emma looked up sharply and pulled back from Harry, renewed tears gathering in her eyes as she watched Hermione step out from behind the corner where Harry had been hiding earlier.

“Hermione, I—” she started before breaking off with a sob.

“Mum?” Hermione asked, her concern growing.

Emma wiped her eyes, a conflicted look on her face.

“Emma,” Harry said, drawing her attention. “I know it’s really none of my business, but I think you should tell her. People have kept a lot of secrets from me over the years. Everything from the real reason my parents died, to the truth about my Godfather, and they’re still keeping things from me. It would have meant a lot, and been less painful, if someone had just been honest with me from the start.”

Emma looked at him sadly, then surprised him by giving him a tight hug.

“You’re right,” she said as she pulled back. “Let’s go into the living room and talk.”

Hermione looked increasingly concerned as her mother took her hand and led her to the living room. Sitting on the couch with Hermione between them, Emma took a deep breath.

“A couple of days ago, I caught your father cheating on me with one of our secretaries,” she said.

“What?” Hermione gasped. “That-that bastard! I can’t believe him! Where is he?”

“We got into an argument, and he left,” Emma said sadly. “He said he drank too much and just made a mistake. I’m sure we’ll be able to work things out.”

“That’s bullshit,” Hermione said, startling her mother with her language. “I haven’t had any inhibitions for a week, and I would never, ever, cheat on Harry.”

Harry smiled and squeezed her hand supportively. Out of all the things he was worried about Hermione doing while under the influence of the potion, cheating on him wasn’t one of them.

“Do you still have that GPS on the car?” Hermione asked.

“Yes, why?” Emma confirmed hesitantly.

“I want to know where he went,” Hermione said.

Standing up, Hermione grabbed her mother’s laptop and opened it up. With practically zero experience with computers, Harry had no idea what she was doing.

“That’s really not necessary, sweetheart,” Emma said, although she still looked at the screen.

“He’s at the pub down the road. Come on, let’s go see what he’s doing,” Hermione said, climbing to her feet.

Emma halfheartedly tried to talk Hermione out of going to the pub, but a couple of minutes later, all three of them were in the car. Hermione was on a mission, and Harry was smart enough to not try and stop her. She was determined to find the truth and confront her father, but he noticed that the closer they got, the more nervous Emma became.

Arriving at the pub, Hermione determinedly strode inside and looked around, Emma following hesitantly behind. Harry stayed at the back, hoping for everyone's sake that Dan was just having a pint. That hope was dashed when Hermione pointed to a corner where Dan was getting cozy with a young woman, one that looked much closer to Hermione's age than Emma's.

Angrily, Hermione grabbed her mother's hand and dragged her over to Dan, who chose that moment to kiss the woman he was with. Harry winced as he watched the two furious Granger women stalk towards the unsuspecting man.

"Hello daddy," Hermione said mockingly.

Dan pulled back from the woman he was kissing and stared in shock at the angry faces of his wife and daughter.

"Hermione, Emma! What-"

*Smack!*

Dan's head whipped to the side as Emma's hand left a bright red handprint on his cheek. Harry watched as the woman Dan was with stared at Emma fearfully and snuck away. Smart choice, he thought. As soon as Dan turned to look back at his wife, Hermione smacked his other cheek, the loud slap causing onlookers to groan in sympathy.

"Get in the car," Hermione growled.

Scared of the girls and humiliated by the patrons laughing at him, Dan made his first smart choice of the night and got up without arguing. Hermione pushed her father into the back seat with her, leaving Harry to ride up front with Emma. The silence inside the car was oppressive as Emma drove them back to the house. Glancing over his shoulder, Harry saw Hermione sitting with her arms crossed, a furious expression on her face as she pointedly avoided looking at Dan.

In the driver's seat, Emma looked just as angry as Hermione, but he could see the pain in her eyes. When they stopped at a red light, he saw her let out a shuddering breath and wipe her eyes as she struggled to keep her emotions under control. Harry reached out and gave her hand a comforting squeeze, hoping it would help. Emma clutched his hand in a death grip while giving him a watery smile. She continued holding his hand as the light turned green and she continued her drive.

Harry had the feeling that her grip on his hand was the only thing keeping her from losing it.

A few minutes later, they pulled into the driveway and climbed out of the car. Dan looked like a man walking to his own execution as he walked into the house.

"I can't believe you!" Emma yelled as soon as the door was closed. "You have the gall to get upset with me for not trusting you, after you already cheated on me, and then I find you doing something like this!"

"You're right, I was stupid," Dan said placatingly. "I was just upset-"

"Oh, so now we can't even have an argument without you running off to fuck some tramp?" Emma asked venomously.

"Why?" Hermione asked simply. "Why would you cheat on mum?"

Dan looked down shamefully at the question from his daughter. When he didn't answer, Hermione scoffed in disgust and pulled out her wand. With a flick, thick ropes shot out of the tip. They hit Dan hard, knocking him into the chair behind him and then tying him to it.

"Hermione!" he yelled, struggling against the ropes.

She ignored him and turned to Harry.

“Can you keep an eye on him while I talk to mum for a minute?” she asked.

Harry nodded. Smiling, Hermione gave him a quick kiss before pulling her mother into the kitchen.

“Harry,” Dan called. “Let me go so I can leave for the night and let everyone calm down.”

“And get them mad at me?” Harry asked with a raised eyebrow. “Not a chance.”

Dan narrowed his eyes angrily and scowled at him.

“Let me go now, or I’ll make sure you never see my daughter again,” he growled.

Harry really didn’t like being threatened like that, and he was already mad at him for hurting Hermione and Emma.

“Yeah, and how are you going to manage that?” Harry asked. “Hermione’s of age, she spends most of her time at school with me, and I doubt she’s going to listen to anything you say after the shit you just pulled.”

Harry smirked and decided it was time for a little payback.

“Besides, she loves my cock too much to give it up,” he said tauntingly.

If looks could kill, Harry was certain he would have been a pile of ash on the floor. They didn’t, however, so he just smirked. He could easily understand why Hermione didn’t get along that well with her father. It made him wonder what a wonderful woman like Emma saw in him.

Hermione came back from the kitchen with a wide smile on her face and a sparkle in her eyes. Behind her, Emma walked in slower with a determined expression on her face as she glared at her husband. Harry raised an eyebrow at his girlfriend as she practically skipped over to him.

“Mum’s agreed,” she whispered excitedly. “Make sure to take really good care of her, okay?”

Harry looked at her questioningly for a moment, not sure what she meant, then it clicked, and his eyes widened. Since the first day that Hermione had been affected by the Draught of Inhibition, watching him cuck her dad had been one of the most common fantasies she talked about.

“How did you get her to agree to that?” Harry whispered incredulously.

“She’s really angry and dad hasn’t shown any interest in her for a long time,” Hermione said.

“You’re *really* sure this is what you want?” he asked.

Hermione bit her lip and nodded. Harry shook his head with a chuckle. He couldn’t believe he was really in this situation.

“I love you,” Harry said earnestly.

“I love you, too,” Hermione said, leaning in to kiss him. “Now go before she changes her mind.”

Hermione pushed him over to Emma, who was still arguing with Dan.

“How am I supposed to ever trust you again?” she asked.

“I already said I was sorry and that it was a mistake,” Dan replied angrily. “What more do you want from me?”

“You know, you really are an idiot,” Harry interrupted, causing Dan to glare at him furiously. “If I was married to someone as beautiful as Emma there’s no way I’d be stupid enough to cheat on her.”

As he spoke, Harry wrapped his arms around Emma’s waist and pulled her back against his chest.

“It sounds to me like you don’t appreciate what you have,” he continued.

Staring at Dan, he tilted his head and kissed Emma’s neck. She gasped lightly but instinctively tilted her head to give him more room.

“Don’t you dare touch my wife!” Dan shouted while struggling hard against the ropes holding him to the chair.

“What, don’t like a taste of your own medicine?” Hermione asked.

Harry continued to focus on Emma. He could feel her tremble excitedly as one hand slipped under her shirt to lay on her bare stomach. With the other hand, he gently cupped one of her breasts over her clothes, the soft mound filling his hand perfectly. She let out a shuddering breath as she leaned further into him, her round bum rubbing his groin.

“This has gone far enough, Hermione,” Dan said authoritatively. “This is humiliating, let me go.”

“Like it wasn’t humiliating for mum to catch you with that slut?” Hermione asked angrily. “Our friends and neighbors go to that pub. You think they aren’t going to talk about it behind her back?”

“Hermione, shut him up,” Harry said.

Throughout their arguing, Emma had ignored all of it. It made him realize that, for her, this wasn't about revenge. The way she soaked up his attention showed him just how starved for affection she really was. Harry was willing to bet that Dan had been cheating for months, if not years, and ignoring his wife completely.

Giving Emma a kiss on the cheek, he grabbed her hips and spun her around to face him. She looked at him with warm brown eyes filled with a mixture of need and uncertainty. Reaching up, Harry stroked her cheek tenderly.

“You are so beautiful, Emma,” he told her.

Running his fingers through her short brown hair, Harry pulled her in for a kiss. Emma froze for just a moment before she melted into him. It was like a switch had been flipped as she went from nervous to desperate in an instant. Her tongue twined with his while he ran his hands down her back and cupped her curvaceous rear. With a firm grip on her ass, he pulled her against his rising erection, causing her to lean her head back and let out a deep, guttural moan.

Smiling, Harry grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up and over her head. Emma didn't even hesitate to raise her arms as he stripped the shirt off of her to reveal her lacy red bra. The top of her pale breasts bulged above the thin, low-cut fabric, giving him just a glimpse of her dark red nipples.

Bending down, Harry kissed and sucked all over her smooth warm cleavage. Emma let out another moan and gripped the back of his head.

Unfortunately, they were interrupted by a loud bang. Looking up, Harry saw that Dan, red faced and screaming soundlessly at them, had knocked over a small table.

“Sorry,” Hermione said, her face flushed and nipples visible through her jumper.

With another wave of her wand, she froze Dan in place, only allowing his head to move. Still, he continued to scream silently.

Emma bit her lips and looked down, a mannerism that he had seen many times on Hermione when she was troubled by something. Harry was sure she was going to put a stop to things. Instead, a look of resolve came over her face.

“Fuck it,” Emma said as she reached behind her back, unclasped her bra, and tossed it to the floor. “I’ve been a good wife, I’ve been faithful. I deserve to have this.”

Harry stared at her full, lush breasts as she dropped to her knees in front of him and reached for his belt. Hearing a gasp, Harry looked over and saw Hermione watching them lustfully with one hand groping her clothed breast and the other stuffed down the front of her jeans.

“You want to watch mummy suck your boyfriend’s cock, sweetheart?” Emma asked.

“Oh God, yes,” Hermione panted.

Emma chuckled and shook her head while unzipping Harry’s fly.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she whispered to herself with an excited smile.

Opening his pants, Emma reached in and pulled out his cock. Harry fully hardened in her hand almost instantly as she stared hungrily at his impressive length.

“Is he bigger than daddy?” Hermione asked.

“Much bigger,” Emma said as she stroked him lightly.

Leaning forward, Emma kissed the tip of his cock, then gave a deep, sexy chuckle when he throbbed in her hand. Looking up at him, she opened her mouth wide and swallowed the top third of his length. As Harry groaned, Emma swirled her tongue around him and then sucked hard as she pulled back.

“Mhh, I’ve missed this,” she murmured.

“Bloody hell,” Harry panted.

Feeling hot, he pulled off his jumper and t-shirt. Emma smiled as her eyes raked over his fit chest and abs. Taking him back into her mouth, she bobbed up and down his shaft, taking him deeper and deeper until she reached halfway down.

Unlike Hermione, who like choking and gagging on his cock as she forced the entire thing down her tight throat, Emma took a completely different, though no less pleasurable, approach. She gazed up at him as she made love to his cock, licking and sucking every inch she could comfortably reach. Her every action was geared towards showing him how much she utterly loved having him in her mouth.

Harry ran his fingers through her hair, massaging her scalp. The sight of this beautiful, older woman giving him a sultry, smoky gaze as his cock stretched her soft pink lips was one of the most alluring things he’d ever seen.

Focusing mainly on the head, Emma moved languidly, as if she wanted to savor the experience. Pushing herself lower, her tongue wriggling along the underside of his shaft, she pressed his head against the back of her mouth and hummed. Harry groaned as the vibrations went from her palate to the head of his cock and all the way up his spine.

Her dark eyes conveyed her smugness as she slowly dragged her lips along his shaft back up to the head, where Emma bathed him with her soft tongue. Pulling off of him, a long string of thick saliva stretched from his glistening head to her bottom lip. With sparkling eyes, she stared up at him as she puckered her lips and blew cool air over his wet tip. Harry’s legs trembled from the feeling right before she dove forward and surrounded his now cool glans with her hot mouth.

“Holy fuck!” Harry grunted, his hands unconsciously tightening in her short hair.

As if she knew he was close, Emma began bobbing her head in short, fast movements over the head. The sudden change was so overwhelming that Harry’s breath caught in his throat, and he couldn’t get his voice to work so he could warn her.

Harry’s cock swelled against her tongue, and she stopped with his head trapped firmly between her lips while her hand flew up and down his spit slickened shaft. A strangled grunt left his throat as he exploded against her tongue. Jet after jet of thick, hot cum filled her mouth while Emma calmly suckled on his tip.

By the time his climax ended, Harry nearly collapsed on weak legs. Emma kept her lips tightly sealed as she pulled off of him. Tilting her head back, she showed him the pool of cum bathing her tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing heavily twice.

The moment was broken by a loud moan. Looking over, they watched as Hermione, now topless, came with her hand down her pants. With her mouth open in a silent scream, she arched her back, thrusting her perky tits towards the ceiling. Harry’s cock abruptly stopped softening and jerked as it began to harden again. Still tied to his chair, Dan glared at Harry and Emma while doing his best not to look at his half naked daughter.

Shaking his head at the absurdity of the situation, Harry held out his hand and helped Emma to her feet. Leaning in, he kissed her heatedly, his hands caressing her smooth, bare flesh. With his arms around her, he lifted Emma off of her feet and carried her over to the couch. Emma stretched out on her back as Harry quickly stripped out of his pants before working on opening hers.

Emma lifted her hips eagerly so he could pull off her trousers and red panties in one go. A triangle of short, curly hair sat above her folds like an arrow. Harry ran his fingers through her trimmed bush, causing her to moan lightly and buck her hips.

He moved to settle between her legs, but Emma stopped him, sitting up and pushing him back.

“I need you,” she whispered with a needy tone.

Throwing her leg over him, Emma straddled his lap and pressed her mound to his rapidly re-hardening shaft. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders, she kissed him deeply while rolling her hips, sliding her folds along his shaft. Harry ran his hands all over her sinful curves and, in no time at all, his cock was rock-hard and pressed between her wet lips.

Moaning into his mouth, Emma raised herself up and panted in anticipation as she aimed him at her entrance. The two of them moaned in unison as she slowly lowered herself, sinking his cock into her sweltering depths.

“Oh fuck, yes!” she hissed.

“It feels good, doesn’t it mum?” Hermione asked, her voice much closer than it was before.

Harry turned to see his naked girlfriend sitting on the arm of the couch, watching closely as he impaled her mother. She smiled at him happily as she fingered herself shamelessly.

“It’s so big,” Emma groaned, her eyes closed as she rested with his full length buried in her depths. “You’re so lucky, Hermione. I’m so glad I let you talk me into this.”

“I think I’m the lucky one at the moment,” Harry said.

The girls laughed and Hermione slid onto the couch to lean over and kiss him briefly. Sitting next to him, she spread her legs and fingered herself while looking lustfully at her mother’s body. Emma bit her lip shyly when she noticed, but Harry felt her flutter around him. It seemed as though Hermione wasn’t the only one who found the taboo exciting.

Raising herself up a few inches, Emma slowly lowered herself back down with a moan. Harry groaned as she did it again and again, riding him with long, slow movements.

“Oh God,” she moaned.

Tentatively, Hermione reached out and ran a hand over Emma’s jiggling breast. Gasping at the feeling, she rode him faster and harder, her round ass clapping against Harry’s thighs.

“Hermione,” she said softly.

Harry wasn’t sure if Emma said it because she wanted her to stop or keep going, but Hermione took it as the latter regardless. Caressing the soft, bouncing orb, she took the stiff nipple between her fingers and rolled it gently.

Emma closed her eyes with a long, low moan and moved a little faster as her walls flexed around him.

“Her tits are great, aren’t they?” Harry asked.

“They are,” Hermione agreed. “I hope mine look this good when I’m her age.”

Emma let out a shuddering breath, her walls spasming as they talked about her so brazenly.

“Does she feel good?” Hermione asked.

“Amazing,” Harry said. “Fuck, she’s just as tight as you.”

Emma whimpered, her legs trembling and causing her to break her rhythm briefly. When she got going again, she hugged herself to Harry and buried her face in the crook of his neck. He grabbed her full, firm cheeks and used his strong arms to help her move up and down his length. Hermione grew bolder, running her hand down her mother’s stomach to play with her clit.

“She’s so wet,” Hermione remarked.

“I know,” Harry said. “If your dad leaves, can we keep her?”

Emma whined, her hips jerking spasmodically as she neared her peak.

“You can fuck mum anytime you want, love,” Hermione said breathlessly.

“You hear that, Emma?” Harry whispered, kissing her neck. “I can fuck you anytime I want. You better get used to this cock. It’s going to be filling you up every chance I get.”

With her hips moving wildly, Emma bit his neck lightly to muffle her scream as she peaked. While she trembled in his lap, Harry grabbed her ass and pounded up into her gushing pussy, prolonging her climax. A long moment later, Emma moaned tiredly as she collapsed limply against him.

“Watch out, Hermione,” Harry said.

When she stood up, he held Emma tightly and turned to the side so he could lay her down on her back. Sitting on his knees, Harry started thrusting into her. Before he could really get going though, he was interrupted.

Hermione turned his head and gave him a searing kiss. When they broke apart, she climbed onto the couch on all fours above her mother. Harry couldn’t help but run his hands along her upturned ass as he waited excitedly to see what she would do.

“Hermione?” Emma said questioningly, her voice trembling with a mix of apprehension and anticipation.

Flipping her long, bushy mane to one side, Harry got a clear view of her face. Biting her lip nervously, Hermione slowly leaned forward and pressed a short, light kiss to Emma's lips. Then another, and another, each one lasting longer and becoming firmer. Soon, they were kissing heatedly, tongues twining between their lips.

Harry began plowing into Emma with long, powerful strokes. She moaned into her daughter's mouth, her body bucking from the force of their bodies colliding. Eventually, it became too much, and Emma had to pull her lips away from Hermione's to catch her breath and moan loudly.

"I love you, mum," Hermione said breathlessly.

"I love you, too, sweetheart," Emma said.

Harry smiled and leaned over Hermione's back. First, he kissed his girlfriend, and then he kissed Emma. Sitting back up, he focused on his own pleasure and reaching his own peak. Supporting his weight on one hand, the other slipped between the girls, caressing and groping their breasts.

Hermione bent down and kissed Emma again while Harry hammered into her roughly. Huffing from exertion, he heard Emma moan as she spasmed around him. Growling, Harry fucked her hard and fast, racing his own climax to try and get her off for a second time. Just when he felt like he couldn't hold back any longer, Emma cried out as she reached her peak. Harry buried himself to the hilt in her clutching depths and flooded her core.

When Harry pulled out of her and sat back on the couch, Hermione pulled Emma up and pushed her against him before taking the same position on his other side. The relaxed atmosphere was ruined when Harry looked up to find Dan glaring at him murderously.

"What do you want to do about him?" he asked.

Hermione and Emma followed his gaze and frowned.

“Hermione, you said you can get rid of memories, right?” Emma asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione answered. “Are you sure that’s what you want to do? He deserves it for the way he treated you.”

“I know, and as fun as it is to get some payback, it’s not actually going to help anything,” Emma said with a sigh.

Dan’s expression went from angry to worried and shaking his head at the mention of Memory Charms. Harry couldn’t find it in him to feel sympathy.

“What are you going to do after I change his memory?” Hermione asked.

Emma looked at Dan sadly.

“I’m sorry sweetheart, but I think it would be best if we just got divorced,” she said emotionally. “Your father hasn’t loved me for a long time, and I don’t think I could ever fully trust him again.”

“I’m sorry, mum,” Hermione said sadly, reaching out to hold her mother’s hand.

Emma smiled at her daughter even as tears fell from her eyes. Seeing the pain on her face, Harry pulled her into his lap and kissed her as lovingly as he would Hermione. She moaned in surprise at first, but quickly melted into his embrace and kissed him back. When he pulled back a long moment later, he stroked her cheek tenderly.

“Emma, you’re a beautiful, wonderful woman and a brilliant mother. Anyone would be lucky to be with you. It’s not your fault Dan was too stupid to realize what he had,” Harry told her.

“Thank you,” she said, smiling tearfully. “You’re too sweet, Harry. I’m so glad Hermione found someone like you.”

Giving him one more kiss, Emma climbed off his lap and stood. Hermione stood too, but then dropped to her knees between his legs and took his cock in her hand. Smirking up at him, she licked his damp shaft, still covered in her mother’s arousal.

“Hermione,” Emma exclaimed in surprise.

“I want my turn, and we’re erasing his memory anyway,” she said before going right back to his cock.

Emma opened and closed her mouth twice before shaking her head with a laugh.

While Hermione worked on getting him hard again, Harry patted the couch next to him in invitation. After just a moment’s hesitation, Emma gave in and curled up to his side. Resting her head on his shoulder, they both watched as Hermione got him hard and then began choking herself as she shoved his cock down her throat.

“Wow, that’s impressive,” Emma said, turning to her husband with a smirk. “I bet she has a lot of practice sucking Harry to be able to take all of him like that.”

Dan glared at her while Emma smirked. Reaching down, she ran her fingers through Hermione’s bushy hair as she happily gagged on his length.

Harry shook his head, wondering how in the hell a potions mishap could lead to this.