

Chapter 9

Cormac McLaggen smirked as he strutted down the hall towards Professor McGonagall's office. When a nervous second year, one of only three other Gryffindor's to stay in the castle for the holidays, had come up to him telling him his Head of House wanted to see him, he was certain she'd finally seen the light.

After Weasley's horrendous performance during the last Quidditch match, Cormac was positive she was finally correcting Potter's clear favoritism and having him placed as Keeper. Maybe she would even make him captain with Potter's clear lack of leadership abilities, he thought. Under his expert guidance, the Gryffindor team would be unstoppable. Professional teams would be clamoring to sign him.

Stopping outside Professor McGonagall's office, Cormac took a deep breath and plastered a wide smile on his face before rapping his knuckles against the heavy wooden door three times.

"Enter!" McGonagall called.

Grabbing the door handle, Cormac swung the door open with force and strode inside. Suddenly, he paused as he caught sight of her guests. The stacked, older witch wearing a monocle in her right eye he recognized as Madam Bones, Head of the DMLE. The slightly younger, fit looking witch with short blonde hair and piercing blue eyes next to her he didn't recognize, but the robes gave her away as an Auror.

"Have a seat, Mr. McLaggen," McGonagall said, firmly, her lips pinched together tightly.

Giving her a curious look, McLaggen closed the door and sat in the hard, straight backed, wooden chair across from the three women behind the desk in front of him in much more comfortable wing backed chairs.

“Mr. McLaggen, this is Madam Bones, who I’m sure you’ve heard of before, and this is Senior Auror and Lead Investigator Connie Hammer,” McGonagall said, eyeing him sternly. “They have a few questions they need to ask you.”

“Of course,” Cormac said, with a handsome grin. “I’d be happy to help the Aurors.”

“Mr. McLaggen, you were Hermione Granger’s date to Professor Slughorn’s Christmas party, correct?” Madam Bones asked.

Cormac shift slightly in his uncomfortable chair, his palms starting to sweat. His mind raced as he now had a very good idea of why they were here. He couldn’t believe that prude little bitch had gone to the Aurors. It was only a harmless potion to get her to loosen up a bit, he thought.

“Well, yes, but she left fairly early,” Cormac said, then leaned forward, feigning concern. “She’s not hurt, is she?”

“No,” Madam Bones replied, her dark eyes watching him like a hawk. “However, someone slipped her a very powerful Lust Potion, as well as a Forgetfulness Potion while she was there.”

McGonagall’s lips were the thinnest Cormac had ever seen them. Even worse than the time Fred and George had stuffed Montague in the Vanishing Cabinet and he'd nearly died Apparating out when he ended up in the u-bend of a toilet in the men’s room on the third floor.

“She told you I did that!?” Cormac gasped, doing his best to put a surprised look on his face and not look too frightened, even as his heart tried to beat its way out of his chest.

“No, she did not,” Madam Bones said, adjusting her monocle. “Ms. Granger simply told us what happened to her, and we’re looking to find the culprit. It’s standard procedure to take a close look at her date and anyone else who might have been involved. Now, I have to ask. Did you give Ms. Granger those potions?”

"No," Cormac said firmly, forcing himself to remain still under the intense stares of the three powerful, stern looking witches. "Aren't those potions legal anyways?"

Cormac immediately knew asking that question was a mistake as the three witches eyes narrowed.

"Under normal circumstances, you are correct," Madam Bones answered, causing him to breath a silent sigh of relief. "However, the fact that they were used together, without the knowledge or permission of Ms. Granger, shows a clear motive for sexual assault."

Cormac swallowed thickly.

"We were only at the party for about an hour before she just disappeared," Cormac said. "Potter was the one that told me she left. I went to go look for her, to see if she was alright, but I couldn't find her. When I got back to the party, Potter was gone as well. Maybe he had something to do with it."

Cormac knew no one would believe Potter would be capable of doing that to his best friend, but he hoped it would give the Aurors someone else to look at.

"Mr. Potter was the one to notice something was wrong and took her to the hospital wing," Auror Hammer said, speaking up for the first time. "We spoke with several other guests as well and all of them said outside of the time she spent with Mr. Potter; Ms. Granger was in your company for most of the evening. They also told us that she looked quite uncomfortable with your physical advances."

Cormac couldn't help but shift in the uncomfortable chair as they stared at him. Honestly, he thought, she was his date, of course he was going to sneak in a little feel here and there. After all, she'd been the one to ask him to the party in the first place, hadn't she?

“She was just a bit nervous,” Cormac said defensively. “But I didn’t give her any potions.”

“Before coming here, we checked with Madam Pince,” Madam Bones said, pulling a book out of her pocket. “Looking through her records, we saw that you borrowed this book one week before the party. This just so happens to be the only potions book in Hogwarts that contains the recipe for the lust potion used on Ms. Granger.”

Cormac swallowed hard, his throat constricting in mild panic as he stared at the familiar looking book.

“I want my father,” Cormac said, realizing just how serious this was becoming.

“You’re of age, Mr. McLaggen,” Madam Bones reminded him. “And, for now, you’re not being charged with a crime.”

He struggled to keep the look of utter relief off his face. Only to have that feeling crushed a moment later as Madam Bones leaned forward with her hands braced on the desk as she glared at him.

“However, let me be clear,” she said. “While I may not have enough evidence to take this to court, there is no doubt in my mind you did slip those potions into Ms. Granger’s drink with the intent of assaulting her. You are incredibly fortunate Mr. Potter stepped in when he did and prevented you from making the biggest mistake of life. But I can promise you, we will be keeping a very close eye on you in the future.”

“As will I,” Professor McGonagall said sternly.

“That will be all, Mr. McLaggen,” Madam Bones said.

Standing up, Cormac practically bolted from the office, his heart racing a mile a minute and his hand trembling heavily.

+++++

"Are you sure there's nothing else you can do?" Minerva asked Amelia.

"Any competent attorney could say he was merely using the book for academic purposes, or that someone else had the book owed to the school without anyone's knowledge," Amelia said with a sigh. "Besides, with the pull his father and uncle have in the Ministry, they'd have the case dropped unless there was substantial evidence. I felt it would be better to frighten him, rather than press charges that would be dropped by the end of the day. It's possible that would've only made him more confident to try it again."

Minerva shook her head and, with a wave of her wand, animated her tea set to pour a cup for all of them.

"While I hate to see one of my Gryffindor's in this sort of trouble, I'd rather not have that sort of threat around my female students," she said, then reached into the drawer of her desk and pulled out a bottle of amber colored liquid. "Firewhiskey?"

Getting a nod from the two other witches, Minerva poured just a dash in each of their cups.

"If I might make a suggestion?" Connie asked.

"Of course," Minerva said, taking a sip of her tea.

"Perhaps you could inform your female students, as well as the prefects about what happened," Connie said. "Not the specifics, of course. Just that someone tried to slip a female classmate those potions, that they should be on the look out for something similar happening in the future, and to report any suspicious activity to a professor. It's not fool proof, but it will at least make them a bit more careful."

"Excellent idea," Minerva said. "I'll speak with the other Heads of House as well."

“You may want to make that a recurring talk,” Amelia added. “We get at least a dozen reported cases of something similar every year from young witches. With some being too ashamed to come forward, and some unable to remember, I’m sure there are far too many that we don’t know about.

With a heavy sigh, Minerva nodded and reached for the bottle of Firewhiskey once more.

+++++

Later that evening, Amelia stepped out of the Floo and into her office at Bones Manor, instead of the one in the living room. Setting down the paperwork she’d brought home to finish later, she walked over to the door and peeked into the living room. Rather than another display of debauchery that she’d grown accustomed to seeing when she arrived home, everything looked quite wholesome, for once.

Hermione was sitting in a chair, reading a book, while Harry, Susan, and Tonks rested on the couch. Susan lay back with her feet in Harry lap while he and Tonks cuddled while whispering to each other with affectionate smiles. Harry’s hands absently rubbed Susan’s bare feet as she flipped through a copy of Witch Weekly, occasionally peeking over the top to smile lovingly at her boyfriend.

As no one had noticed her arrival yet, Amelia leaned against the door frame and smiled as she watched them. It truly amazed her just how loving Susan and Harry were, and not just with each other. While she and her husband had brought other people into the bedroom from time to time, they’d never considered bringing someone else into their relationship. While she’d admittedly worried about her niece ending up hurt by the situation, it had become quite clear over the holiday that she was quite happy with her and Harry’s relationships.

Harry really was a wonderful partner, she thought. He was attentive to the point of doting with all of the girls he cared for outside the bedroom, while in it, he was the perfect combination of adventurous, daring, and loving. Seeing the way the girls looked at him made her truly miss having a partner of her own for the first time in decades. Sure, she greatly enjoyed the time she got to spend with Harry, but they both knew it would never be the deep, loving relationship he

shared with Susan, and was developing with Tonks and Hermione, as well as who knew what other women might join them in the future.

Thinking of Hermione, she noticed the girl glancing over at the threesome on the couch with a thoughtful, confused look on her face. Amelia could hardly blame her. In the Muggle world, polygamy was frowned upon in most societies, and even in the Magical world, while it was more accepted, it was still highly uncommon. Normally, she didn't like to meddle in the affairs of others, but in this case, she felt a protectiveness for the young witch. She reminded Amelia a lot of herself at that age, always absorbed in her studies and looked down upon for following the rules.

It was easy to see the conflicting emotions in her expressive brown eyes. Hermione clearly cared deeply for Harry, but those feelings clashed with her sense of propriety. Harry cared just as much for her as she did him, and Susan certainly wasn't against the idea, if she was reading the situation correctly.

What also worried her was the seemingly toxic relationship she wanted to start with Ron. From what little she knew from Harry and Susan, the two had little in common and argued constantly about the smallest things. It also didn't help that both of them were quite headstrong and prone to explosive tempers towards one another. Hermione had already proven a lack of good judgement when it came to trying to get back at him for dating another girl after she'd asked him on a date. The girl had clearly not been in her right mind asking McLaggen to go with her, just to make Ron jealous.

They showed all the early signs of a toxic, and possibly abusive, relationship that she'd seen far too many times during her days as an Auror, responding to domestic disputes. Perhaps she should talk to her about more than just what happened with McLaggen at Hogwarts. But then again, was it really her place, she wondered.

Mentally shaking herself from her thoughts, Amelia noticed that Hermione had given up all pretense of reading and was staring at the couch over the top of her book. At first, she didn't see what had drawn the girl's attention, other than the fact that Harry and Tonks were sharing the occasional light kiss while continuing their whispered conversation. That is, until Susan's feet shifted, revealing the rather large bulge along Harry's pant leg.

Perhaps they weren't being so wholesome after all, Amelia thought with a small smile and shake of her head.

As Susan's foot rubbed along her boyfriend's rigid shaft, her eyes sparkled as a playful smile crossed her pretty face. Amelia decided it was time to make her presence known before things got out of hand. She knew just how quick that could happen when Harry Potter was involved.

"Hello," she said pushing off from the doorway.

A chorus of hellos greeted her, along with four happy smiles. After living alone with Susan for so long, it felt heartwarming to see the house so full of smiling, caring faces. A soft smile crossed her face as she looked at all of them.

"I see you're behaving yourselves, for once," Amelia said, then glanced at Harry's lap with a teasing look. "Well, mostly."

"We wore ourselves out a bit earlier," Tonks said with an unrepentant grin.

Susan blushed but giggled happily while Hermione just blushed and hid her face behind her book. Harry just shrugged and gave her a look that made her want to join him on the couch, a few naughty ideas running through her head. It was amazing how this young man could make her feel like a love-struck schoolgirl with just a glance and a smile. Unfortunately, there were things she needed to take care of first.

"I'm sure you did," Amelia said, giving her subordinate a playful glare.

Tonks just continued to grin and waggled her eyebrows suggestively. Promising herself to punish her Auror later, Amelia shook her head and turned to Hermione.

“Hermione, I need to speak with you in my office for a moment,” she said.

Blinking in surprise, Hermione marked her page and set her book down on the stand next to the chair.

“Okay,” she said.

“Is everything alright?” Harry asked, a note of protectiveness in his voice.

“Everything’s fine,” Amelia assured him. “I spoke with McLaggen earlier today. Hermione can tell you all about it later, if she wants to. However, as she’s of age, legally, I have to inform her in private. I don’t want anything to come back and bit us if something else happens.”

Harry didn’t look pleased but nodded. Amelia smiled at him, proud he was so protective of his friends, and grateful he was mature enough to handle the situation like an adult. Which was more than she could say for most of the adults she worked with.

As Hermione entered her office, Amelia followed her and closed the door behind her. She thought about silencing the room, but decided she could trust the others not to try and listen in.

“Have a seat,” she told the younger witch.

Hermione sat down, her back ram rod straight as she looked at her anxiously.

“I’ll get straight to the point,” Amelia said. “We discovered Mr. McLaggen borrowed a book from the library that contained the recipe for the potion that was used on you but, unfortunately, it wasn’t enough evidence that I felt comfortable pressing charges against him. His father and uncle have powerful friends in the Ministry, and there’s little doubt they would

have gotten the charges dropped within hours. After speaking with Auror Hammer, we decided it would be best to scare him, rather than take the chance of him feeling emboldened by getting off so easily.”

“Oh,” Hermione said blankly, balling her fists as she stared down at her hands.

“If it helps, I’m almost certain the message got through to him,” Amelia said in reassuringly gentle tone. “He looked suitably worried when he left the office. Professor McGonagall and the other Heads of House are also going to speak with the older witches to keep them on their guard, and the prefects will be asked to keep an eye out for anything suspicious. We can’t give them any names, obviously, but it should help. As much as I hate to say this, it would be best if you stayed quiet on the matter. Accusing McLaggen without solid proof will only cause more problems. I doubt he’ll try anything like this again but, just in case, I’m sure your friends will look out for you. I’m sure Harry will be quite keen to get his hands on him if he does cause you any more problems.”

Hermione smiled briefly, then nodded silently, still staring down at her lap.

“If your still worried, I can teach you a few spells to check for potion,” Amelia offered kindly before her voice turned playful in an attempt to lighten the mood. “Maybe even a Hex or two to deal with unwanted advances.”

Hermione smiled and finally looked up at her.

“Thank you, but I already looked them up, and I’m certain I can out duel McLaggen if he tries anything,” Hermione said quietly.

“I know we haven’t known each other long, but its clear somethings bothering you,” Amelia said gently. “Are you worried he might try to get revenge.”

“No, it’s not that,” Hermione said, shaking her head.

“Is it about your relationship with Harry?” she asked.

Hermione’s head shot up, and she stared at her with slightly widened eyes. Amelia smiled in response.

“How...?” Hermione asked, her voice choking off at the end.

“I’ve been an investigator for a long time, Hermione. I’ve gotten quite good at reading people,” Amelia said. “I know it’s none of my business, but I’m more than happy to listen and give you advice if you ever want to talk.”

Hermione bit her lip as her eyes looked everywhere but at her. Leaning back in her chair, Amelia gave her as much time as she needed. It was a long time before she finally spoke.

“I’m just so – confused,” Hermione said. “I’ve never really thought of Harry that way before, but ever since that night...”

Trailing off, she stared at the wall with a thoughtful look while Amelia remained silent, patiently waiting for to gather her thoughts.

“I –” Hermione stammered, swallowing thickly. “I think I’ve been in love with him for a long time, and I just never realized it.”

Nervously, she glanced up at Amelia to gauge her reaction. Amelia smiled in understanding and nodded for her to continue.

"I'm just – scared," Hermione admitted. "I know he's with Susan, and I shouldn't get too attached, but I can't stop these – feelings, I have for him. I'm afraid once we go back to school, I'll have to go back to just being his friend, and I don't know if I can handle that."

"Have you talked with Harry and Susan about this?" Amelia asked.

"No," Hermione said, shaking her head, her eyes glistening with unshed tears. "What am I supposed to say? Sorry, Susan, but I'm in love with Harry. I know they love each other, and even if Harry *did* have feelings for me, there's no way he'd leave her for me. Not that I'd want that even if he would. Susan's always been a good friend, and I don't want to see her hurt."

As she finished, Hermione wiped away a tear as it rolled down her cheek.

"And what about Ron?" Amelia asked. "Didn't this whole thing with McLaggen start because you wanted to make him jealous?"

"I'm such an idiot," Hermione muttered to herself. "Ron – Ron can be a good friend, most of the time, but I think I only wanted him because I couldn't admit to myself that I had feelings for Harry. We've been friends for so long, it just seemed like I was supposed to end up with one of them, you know?"

Hermione fell silent for a long moment, but Amelia could tell she was finished yet.

"I've been thinking a lot over the past couple of days about everything," she continued, "and I really don't like the person I've been this year. I've been horrible to Harry, giving him a hard time about everything when he has so much else to worry about because I was scared. I hate the way Ron and I have been treating each other. I realize now that we'd never work. We're not even dating and all we do is fight and try to hurt each other. Any relationship we might have would just end in disaster, probably ruining our friendship in the process."

Amelia nodded; glad the girl had come to that realization on her own. Almost always, telling someone they needed to get out of a bad relationship never worked, and only made them more defensive. Far too often, it was only after one or both partners went way over the line that things finally ended, and it never ended well.

“Can I give you some advice?” Amelia asked.

Hermione nodded, sitting up straighter, like an eager student in class.

“I think you should talk to Harry and Susan about how you feel. I think you’d be surprised by their reaction. In case you haven’t noticed, Susan doesn’t have a problem sharing.” Amelia said with a smile.

“Do you think she’d really be willing to share him as a boyfriend?” Hermione asked, a touch of hope in her voice.

“You saw Harry and Tonks on the couch,” Amelia pointed out. “I don’t know about you, but they looked like a couple to me, and Susan certainly didn’t seem unhappy with it.”

“I – I don’t know...” Hermione said, biting her lip and looking away.

“Are you worried it won’t work, or are you worried about what other people will think?” Amelia asked.

“Both?” Hermione asked more than said with a helpless look.

“Look, Hermione, I don’t have all the answers, but let me ask you this. Have you been happy the past few days?” Amelia asked.

“Well, yes,” Hermione said.

“Okay. And how would things change if you started dating Harry, instead of just being friends who sleep together?” she pressed.

Hermione opened her mouth, and then closed it with a click.

“Exactly,” Amelia said. “Life is too short to have regrets Hermione. I know it might be frightening, but you’ll ask yourself ‘what if’ for the rest of your life if you don’t try. It also might help if you think of it as all of you dating each other, rather than just a bunch of girls all dating the same boy.”

“I’ve never really thought about dating a girl before,” Hermione said with a blush.

“You enjoy your time with Susan and Tonks, in and out of the bedroom, don’t you?” Amelia asked.

“Well, yes,” Hermione admitted quietly, her blush deepening.

“And I’ve noticed the way you look at me when I take charge with Tonks,” she continued, smirking slightly when Hermione looked away shyly and bit her lip cutely. “You have a thing for authority?”

“Er, I –” Hermione stammered, her blush extending down to her neck.

"It's alright, we all have our kinks," Amelia said with a grin. "Why do you think I let Harry have his way with me. I've always had a thing for powerful wizards. Unfortunately, most of them are far too old for me to find attractive."

Hermione's mouth fell open and she let out an incredulous laugh. Amelia chuckled, glad to see her relax. Standing up, she held out her hand to Hermione and pulled up from her chair. Running a hand down her curly locks, she rested her hand on her shoulders. They stood close enough to each other the Amelia's enormous bust practically engulf the younger girls modest yet perky breasts. Hermione's breath quickened as she looked up at her, her gaze conveying a mixture of nervousness and excitement.

"Would you like to try something with me?" Amelia asked softly.

Hermione swallowed and nervously nodded while biting her lip.

"Good," Amelia said, trailing her fingers lightly up and down Hermione's arms over her thin green shirt. "I need to go get changed, but feel free to tell Harry and the others as much or as little as you like."

Hermione nodded, and Amelia smiled at her as she led her towards the door.

+++++

As Amelia went upstairs to get changed, Hermione's body buzzed with excitement. Licking her lips, she walked back into the living room distractedly.

"Everything okay, Hermione?" Harry asked worriedly, jolting her from her thoughts.

"Oh, yes. It's fine," Hermione said. "She couldn't press charges, but Amelia gave him a good scare. I doubt he'll try anything like that again."

“He better not,” Harry growled.

Hermione smiled at him, a warm feeling filling her chest at his protectiveness towards her. How in the world had she not noticed her feelings for him sooner, she wondered.

“Do you want to sit with Harry for a bit?” Tonks asked, sitting up from where she leant against his side.

“That’s okay,” Hermione said, blushing slightly as thoughts of what Amelia might have planned for her ran through her mind.

Of course, it was that moment that she can downstairs. Hermione looked over to see her wearing a silk bathrobe that covered most of her body, but her black, four-inch heels clacked on the hardwood floor with every step she took. Hermione’s body buzzed with anticipation as she reached the bottom of the stairs and walked into the living room, her hips swaying provocatively.

Stopping in front of her, Amelia gave her a caring smile and rubbed her arm, sending goosebumps running up and down her skin.

“Say yellow if you want me to keep going, but slow down a bit, and red if you want me to stop, okay?” Amelia asked.

Panting excitedly, Hermione nodded, her panties already becoming damp with her excitement.

“Auntie?” Susan asked, pulling her feet out of Harry lap and sitting up.

"You're not the only ones allowed to have fun," Amelia said, then turned to Hermione, her expression turning stern. "Isn't that right, Ms. Granger?"

"I - I guess -"

"That's yes, ma'am, or no, ma'am," Amelia told her firmly.

"Yes, ma'am," Hermione replied eagerly, without conscious thought.

"Good girl," she said, praised her. "Now, I believe you mentioned owing someone an apology?"

It took Hermione a second to catch on to what she was saying.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she said, then turned around to face Harry.

"Harry, I'm really sorry for the way I treat you this year," Hermione said contritely. "I really haven't been a very good friend lately."

"It's alright," Harry said, looking on curiously with a clear bulge tenting his trousers.

"If Hermione is to truly learn her lesson, then she still needs to be punished," Amelia said.

Hermione turned back to look at her just as Amelia untied her robe and shrugged it off her shoulders. She gaped at the stunning outfit she had on underneath. Amelia's huge breasts were trapped in a tight, black bustier that caused an incredible amount of cleavage to bulge from the top. Her bottom half was covered by a pair of fine black stockings held up by a matching garter belt. The only thing covering her modesty was a tiny pair of black panties. Looking at her,

Hermione couldn't help but be reminded of a dominatrix she seen in a movie once. Unconsciously, she rubbed her thighs together excitedly.

"Turn around, bend at the waist, and put your hands on Mr. Potter's legs," Amelia said commandingly.

Before she realized it, Hermione was scurrying to do as she was told. Flushed and breathless, she looked up and made eye contact with Harry. He must have seen the nervous look on her face, because he smiled gently at her and reached up to stroke her cheek lovingly. Hermione closed her eyes and leaned into his touch.

Smack!

Hermione's flew open and a gasp left her lips as a hand smacked her bum just hard enough to sting slightly.

"When I tell you to do something, you will reply with yes, ma'am, or no ma'am. Is that clear, Ms. Granger?" Amelia asked sternly.

"Yes, ma'am," Hermione replied obediently.

"Excellent," Amelia said, her hands caressing her bum softly over her shirt. "It's quite simple Ms. Granger. Good girls get rewards, while bad girls get punished. Now, are you a good girl, or are you a bad girl?"

"I'm a good girl," Hermione whimpered softly.

God, she couldn't believe she was doing this, or that she was enjoying it so much, especially in front of Harry, Susan, and Tonks. Unable to look any of them in the eye, she kept her eyes

down. Unfortunately, that left her staring at the swollen, pulsating log trapped in Harry's pants. She closed her eyes as her mouth began to water just thinking about him pulling it out into the open. Bent over, her lips parted slightly as she panted in arousal, she was in the perfect position for him to take it out and feed it into her mouth.

"But you have been bad, haven't you?" Amelia asked.

Hermione hesitated, not sure how to answer. As she gathered her lust addled thoughts, Amelia's hand connected with her bottom once more, this time just a little bit harder. She had no hope of stopping the needy moan that left her lips.

"Answer me," Amelia demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," Hermione panted. "I was a bad girl."

"See, now that wasn't so hard, was it?" Amelia asked.

Bunching her long, black skirt up in her hands, Amelia raised the back of it up over her waist, leaving her legs and dark blue panties completely exposed to her gaze. Hermione shivered, knowing she'd easily be able to see the damp spot of her mound. Gently, Amelia caressed the cheek she'd just spanked, her fingers ghosting over the exposed skin.

"I think you owe Harry a proper apology, don't you?" Amelia asked. "How do you think a good girl should properly apologize?"

Biting her lip and feeling like she was taking a test she hadn't prepared for; Hermione supported her weight on one hand and reached for his fly. The sound of his zipper being undone sounded so much louder than it should in the silent room.

“Very good,” Amelia praised her in a husky voice, sending a pleasant shiver down her spine.

With a bit of difficulty due to her trembling hand, she eventually opened Harry’s pants and pulled out his engorged, throbbing length. Holding it in her hand, she took a moment to marvel at it. Long, thick, and arrow straight, his hot shaft felt soft and smooth despite being hard as iron. The wide, purple head pulsating in time with the beat of his heart. Holding him lightly, Hermione stroked him slowly, transfixed by the thought that he could get this hard for her.

Chancing a glance at his face, Harry bright green eyes met her with a lustful stare that made her loins throb with need. As if sensing it, Amelia grabbed the waistband of her panties and yanked them down to her ankles.

“Perhaps you’re not such a good girl after all,” Amelia said.

Hermione gasped as she felt her run a finger between her sodden folds. In response, her hand tightened on Harry, and she stroked him faster.

“Look how wet you are, you little slut,” Amelia said.

Although she’d heard and used plenty of dirty talk over the last few days, something about the situation made her words so much more impactful. Hermione bit her lip and whimpered while rubbing her thighs together. That earned her another swift, stinging spank, this time on her bare, delicate skin. Hermione gasped, her mouth hanging open and her folds leaking as she closed her eyes and panted.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” Amelia asked impatiently.

Opening her eyes, Hermione dove down and took Harry’s throbbing head between her lips. Moaning around him, she swirled her tongue around his swollen glans and sucked lightly. Harry hissed, bucking his hips and feeding another half inch of his shaft into her mouth while his hand gripped a handful of her bushy hair.

“You little whore,” Amelia said. “Look at you, sucking his while his girlfriend sits right there.”

She smacked her ass again, using more force than before. Hermione moaned deeply around Harry’s length as her bottom stung sharply from the impact.

“Dirty slut,” Amelia barked degradingly, spank the other cheek just as hard as the first.

Hermione whined with need as she bobbed vigorously on Harry’s rigid shaft. She could feel her pussy gushing, causing drops of hot arousal to drip down her thighs.

“Didn’t even think to ask for permission before swallowing that big cock, did you?” Amelia continued. “Look how desperate you are.”

The older witch spanked her several more times, alternating between each cheek without a break until her delicate skin felt hot and tender. With each new jolt of pain, Hermione moaned, leaking more as her legs began to quiver.

“Say it Granger, tell us what you really are,” Amelia ordered.

Pulling off of Harry’s shaft, leaving it glistening with her thick saliva, Hermione panted.

“I’m a slut,” she said barely above a whisper.

“Louder!” Amelia demanded, her hand impacting her burning cheek hard.

"I'm a slut!" Hermione practically yelled, her eyes welling with tears for reasons she didn't understand.

Amelia caressed her ass soothingly.

"Good girl," she said softly.

"Thank you, ma'am," Hermione said, her mouth quickly returning to Harry's desperately throbbing cock.

As she bobbed her head quickly, taking him deeper and deeper, until he hit the back of her throat, Harry stroked her hair and bucked his hips lightly. Behind her, Amelia loosened her bustier with a snap of her fingers, her massive breasts bouncing free as it fell to the ground. While Hermione continued driving Harry's thick length into her stretched mouth, gagging as he hit her throat, Amelia unzipped her skirt and let it fall to pool around her feet.

Running a hand up her tight, reddened bum, and continuing up her back, Amelia suddenly grabbed a thick handful of her hair. Hermione moaned as she felt a light, stinging pull on her scalp.

"Deeper," Amelia breathed into her ear, her heavy breasts resting against her back as she bent over.

Whimpering, Hermione tried to relax as Amelia forced her down. A loud, strangled gurgle left her throat as she swallowed more than she ever had before. When his thick head entered her throat, her chest heaved as she gagged loudly.

Suddenly, Amelia yanked her back up, giving her a brief moment to suck in precious oxygen before slamming her right back down. Tears gathered in the corners of Hermione's eyes as she gagged loudly. Over and over, Amelia drove her deeper onto Harry's rock-hard, throbbing cock. Gobs of thick saliva leaked for her lips to drip down his shaft as her lips, bit by bit, drew closer

to the base. Hermione desperately wished her arms weren't holding her up so she could reach between her legs. With the exception of being under the influence of a lust potion, her clit had never been in more need of attention.

After minutes of Harry's hard rod battering her throat, Hermione finally felt her nose touch his groin, the curly, coarse hairs tickling her slightly.

"Fuck that's hot," Tonks panted.

Amelia held her in place for several long seconds, until Hermione began to squirm from the burning in her lungs, before finally pulling her up. With long, thick strands of saliva dripping down her chin and staining her shirt, she gasped for breath.

"Such a good girl," Amelia said, pulling her upright and hugging her back to her chest.

Hermione leaned back against her and tried to reach between her legs. Before she could get close, Amelia grabbed her wrists and held them tightly, causing her to groan in frustration.

"Don't worry," Amelia whispered while kissing her ear. "Good girls get rewards, remember?"

A needy moan left her swollen lips as Amelia grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. A moment later, her bra joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor, leaving her completely exposed. On the couch, Harry, Susan, and Tonks all quickly stripped, tossing their clothes haphazardly around the room.

"Come here, Harry," Amelia said.

Harry stood up and walked around behind her, while Amelia took his place on the couch. For the first time, Hermione noticed that she had lost not only her top, but her panties as well. The

only thing left covering her voluptuous body was the garter belt and stocking. Sitting down, Amelia spread her legs open wide, revealing her glistening folds, and scooted forward until her full, wide ass was on the edge of the cushion.

“On your hands and knees, Ms. Granger,” she ordered, to which Hermione obeyed immediately. “Good, now crawl to me.”

Very aware that Harry was behind her, Hermione crawled forward between Amelia thighs. Her hands tangled in her bushy hair once more and pulled her face first towards her leaking slit.

“If you cum before I do, I’ll have to punish you,” Amelia said.

Hermione nodded, panting in anticipation as the scent of Amelia’s arousal filled her every breath. She’d only done this once before, so she still wasn’t too sure of herself. Extending her tongue, she tentatively ran it between the older woman’s dripping lips. As she pulled her tongue back into her mouth, she realized she tasted just slightly different than Susan. The taboo thought of having done the very same thing to her niece not too long ago, and the fact that Susan was sitting just inches away, had Hermione’s pulse thundering in her veins.

After a few tentative licks, Hermione grew more confident. Hearing Amelia moan in pleasure sent a thrill down her spine, causing heat to pool in her core. Looking up, she saw Tonks had leaned over to kiss Amelia, while Susan cupped one of her breasts and sucked at the nipple. Her soft pink areola was so wide she couldn’t fit all of it in her small mouth.

Suddenly, Hermione stopped lapping at her clit when she felt something big, round, and hot press against her entrance. Closing her eyes, she let out a long, low moan as Harry slowly sank into her tight depths, stretching her deliciously. Before she could enjoy it too much, Amelia tugged on her hair. She moaned from the light stinging in her scalp mixed with the sense of fullness she got from Harry’s cock before going back to pleasing her mistress.

Just thinking the name in her head caused Hermione to shudder. Remembering what Amelia told her, her eyes widened as she tried to fight down her rising climax. Desperately, Hermione

attacked her folds with renewed vigor, praying she could get her to climax before she was overwhelmed. Above her, Amelia moaned and turned her head while pulling Susan up for a gentle kiss.

Feeling herself flutter around Harry's thrusting length, Hermione slammed her eyes shut, the sight only pushing her that much faster towards her peak. Unfortunately, there was nothing she could do to shut out the loud moans above, or the wet, sucking sound from behind. The noise coming for her pussy as it was invaded by Harry's cock over and over would have embarrassed her if she wasn't so focused on pleasing Amelia.

Despite her best efforts, no amount of focusing on her mistress' folds could distract her from the incredible feeling of Harry's thick shaft pummeling her depths. Whether he was pulling back or driving in, the flared head hit someplace pleasurable every time. Before long, Hermione trembled with the effort of holding back the flood of pleasure threatening to overwhelm her.

Mercifully, Amelia moaned loudly and bucked her hips roughly against her face as she reached her peak. Hermione only had a moment to savor her achievement before, with one last thrust, Harry pushed her over the edge. With Amelia holding her head in place, grinding her gushing slit roughly against her face, Hermione cried out in pleasure as stars burst behind her eyes.

If it weren't for Harry holding her up on one end, and Amelia on the other, she was sure she would have collapsed to the floor. As it was, she lost all control of her body as she shook, her legs quivering uncontrollably. Gasping in the damp, musky air between Amelia's legs, she was barely conscious enough to feel Harry swell even further as he exploded inside of her. With each pulse of his cock, she felt his hot ejaculate splash forcefully against her walls.

After a moment of eternity, everyone relaxed at once and Hermione would have collapsed to the floor if not for Harry's strong arms holding her up.

"You okay 'Mione?" Harry panted.

"Mh hmm," Hermione hummed dazedly. "Just hold me?"

Chuckling, Harry sat on his bum and pulled her into his lap. Sighing contentedly, Hermione laid her head on his chest as his arms wrapped around her. Eventually she opened her eyes and looked up at the couch. A giggle escaped her as she saw Amelia in little better shape than she was, while Tonks and Susan snogged heavily with their hands buried between each other's legs.

As she felt Harry begin to harden against her bum, she stared at the younger, busty redhead, determination welling inside of her. She would need to talk to Susan, and soon.