

Cursed

Chapter 3

Hermione sat on her bed with her head in her hands. It had been three years to the day since she experienced her first Cursed Day. 'Damn that Lenobia!' she thought to herself. Needless to say, her first experience with the curse had not gone as she had hoped.

Her husband Ron, who was her boyfriend at the time, was obviously chosen as her partner. He had never blown her socks off in the bedroom, but she had stupidly thought that his clumsiness in bed would be enough to satisfy the curse's demand. Clearly, she had thought wrong. Not long after the Cursed Day had passed, she found that her magic wasn't responding as it had before. Spells that she had found easy to perform were suddenly harder. Difficult spells that she loved to perform so much were nearly impossible now. Mistakes happened much more frequently, and none of her enchantments would last longer than a few weeks since then. Hermione was devastated. Thankfully, that was the worst of it. She had heard rumors that poor Daphne Greengrass couldn't perform a simple levitation spell without the item blowing up like one of Seamus' feathers. The girl was obviously beautiful enough to find a good partner. 'She must have chosen a dud as well,' Hermione had thought.

After that day, Hermione had seriously considered breaking things off, but Ron had promised that he would improve. The embarrassment of his brothers making fun of him for his poor performance was motivation enough, Hermione had foolishly thought. After all, it wasn't like he could deny it. Hermione's sudden drop in power and skill was proof enough for everyone, and Ron was suddenly seen as less of a man. Because of his promise, Hermione had eventually agreed to marry him. Since then, he hadn't learned a damn thing. She looked up and sighed as he was grabbing his knee with both hands and pulling his leg up to stretch.

"Don't worry, babe. I've got a few tricks up my sleeve," he smirked. Secretly, he had been watching tons of muggle porn to get ready, not knowing that the girls in those movies were only screaming like that to put on a show. He lifted his leg up and put his foot on the wall. Leaning forward to stretch out his hammies, she screamed in pain.

"YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOW!" he cried out and fell to the floor, holding the back of his thigh.

"Oh, God!" Hermione cried out. Instead of being worried about her husband's safety, she was more worried about the fact that she only had an hour left before midnight. She quickly ran to Floo call Madam Pomfrey.

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"His hamstring is completely blown out. I've given him a potion, but it will keep him unconscious for most of the day. Sorry, Hermione," Poppy patted her on the shoulder and went back to Hogwarts.

"No, no, no! This can't be happening," she groaned. 'What did I do to deserve being stuck with such a dud?' she sadly asked herself. 'I should have dated Harry instead.' Hermione suddenly perked up. "HARRY!" she yelled and ran to the fireplace.

For the last three years, Susan Bones had been bragging about the sudden and unexpected gain in power and skill. Hermione knew that she wasn't lying as she went out of her way to show off her spell-casting abilities. People were saying that she was casting like the next Morgana. It wasn't long until she let it be known that Harry was her partner for the day. His stocks as a man and a lover suddenly skyrocketed overnight. There was even a rumor that some girl had paid him a hundred thousand galleons to be her partner this time. Sticking her head in the green flames, Hermione cried out, "Harry! Come over here! It's an emergency!"

Within seconds, Harry stepped out of the fire and looked around for the emergency. "What's wrong?"

"Ron got injured," she said, panicking. "He can't perform tonight! I need you to fill in ..."

"Hermione," Harry groaned. "I made plans with ..."

"I don't care that some bimbo paid you a hundred thousand galleons! This is my magic we're talking about!" she glared with her hands on her hips. Harry rolled his eyes.

"It's Daphne Greengrass, and she only paid me ten thousand for one hour," Harry corrected her. Hermione's eyes bulged at the audacity of him accepting bribes for sex.

"Wait! ... That means you're free for the other twenty-three hours?"

"Well ... I did promise Susan and Amelia another hour."

"Why only an hour?" Hermione asked, confused. Harry shrugged.

"Last time, Susan and Amelia were only able to last an hour and a half before both passed out for the rest of the day. I figured more than an hour would be a waste," he told her truthfully. "I did a lot of research after that day. I reckon I'm the world's authority on Lenobia's Day," he said proudly.

"I discovered that some men in India, who have to tend to multiple women, have the women take a very powerful sleeping potion. Then when it's their turn, the men give them the antidote and do their duty. It's the perfect solution. Daphne and the Bones women have already taken the potion. They're just waiting for me to wake them up and ... well, you know."

Hermione's eyes narrowed. "How many women have you promised?"

“Just three hours worth. I didn’t want to stretch myself thin,” Harry told her.

“Well then, as your best friend, I demand you tend to my needs first,” she said, looking at the clock. There were only ten minutes left!

“Hermione ... are you sure? I mean ... Ron ...”

“Don’t worry about Ron. This will have been the second time that he let me down. If he makes a fuss, he can go find another woman to disappoint,” she said, crossing her arms over her chest. Her annoyance with him went beyond his lack of talent in bed. Ron drank too much and was overly lazy. He was close to being fired from his job, and she couldn’t get a good one since her magic had been wonky for the last three years because of him. Hermione just didn’t know how much more she could take.

“Hermione ... I ...”

He stopped talking when her body suddenly stiffened. Like last time, her eyes widened and her pupils dilated. She looked to be in her own little world momentarily until she slowly turned her head and looked at him. She placed her hand on his chest and slowly lowered it, feeling his muscles through his shirt. Before he could even say anything, she dropped down to her knees and pulled his trousers apart so hard that the button flew off.

“Hey!” he yelped at the rough treatment. Hermione didn’t care though. She yanked down his boxers so fast that he got a bit of rug burn on his cock. “Watch it!” Harry complained as his erection sprang out and slapped her in the face. Without an apology, Hermione grabbed his asscheeks and buried her face in his crotch. She moaned happily as she rubbed her face all over his cock like the little sex kitten that she had turned into. Her tongue would lash out and lick his overheated skin while nuzzling his shaft.

“So big!” she gasped as her hands joined in. Putting both of her small hands around his shaft, she held the big, bulbous tip up and placed her pink lips around the head. When she began working it like a lollipop, Harry’s eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head. He instantly forgot about Ron and focused on helping his other friend. As he looked down at her, he saw that she was quickly pulling her shirt from her body. Harry reached down and pulled her bra hard, just as she had done with his clothes. Hermione squealed when the front of her bra tore open, revealing her small but perky breasts. It was the first time that he had ever seen Hermione naked, so he allowed his eyes to feast on her form before reaching down and taking her breast into his hand. He could feel the warmth of her body in his hand as he fondled her and tickled her nipple with his fingers. Hermione was mewling with pleasure and arching her back. Wanting to take things further, Harry lifted her up and carried her to the bedroom. Tossing her on the bed, Harry quickly removed the rest of his clothes before turning his attention back to her.

Hermione was in a daze. All she knew was that a big cock was present, and she needed to get it inside of her. She didn’t fight when Harry began taking the rest of her clothes off. Her shoes

and socks went flying, as did her skirt. Hermione opened her legs wide, tempting him to take her. She didn't know it, but she had a massive wet patch on the crotch of her panties. The material was soaking wet and clung tightly to her taut, hairless lips. She whined pathetically when he didn't act fast enough for her liking. Reaching out with her leg, she stroked his cock with her toes to get him going. It seemed to work because right then, he pulled the crotch of her panties aside and put her bare pussy on display. He looked her in the eyes and reached down, cupping her damp cunt. When his finger stroked up and down her wet slit, Hermione shuddered deeply. When his finger touched her hard clit, Hermione's eyes fluttered as she moaned like a slut.

Harry's fingers slipped and slid over her wet pussy. Her body was burning hot. That was another thing that he had discovered through his many hours of research. The witches' bodies produced more heat and a sweeter-smelling scent during the hours of the curse. With Hermione beneath him, quivering and squirming around, he could see that it was true. Her body was incredibly warm, and her scent was drawing him in. His cock throbbed with need as two fingers dipped inside her pink insides. Hermione's back bowed, and she thrust her perfectly-shaped tits high into the air. Her light pink nipples were as hard as rocks, and she thrust her hips wildly, fucking herself on his hand. By then, his hand was completely soaked in her juices. She tightened around his fingers as he curled them upward. His other hand was caressing her soft and smooth belly and breasts. He loved hearing her beg and plead.

"Fuck me, Harry," she shuddered as he pulled his fingers from her depths. Harry grabbed her panties, and Hermione helped him by lifting her legs. Her panties rose until he pulled them off of her feet. Her scent was amazing, and he fought off the urge to bury his face between her lovely thighs. He got into position between her legs and she was already grabbing his cock and stroking it. Her body was wiggling around as she tickled the head with her wet folds. Harry began to tease her.

"Which hole do you want it in?" he asked, moving the tip down and rubbing it against her arousal-slickened asshole.

"Any hole!" Hermione gasped with need. For now, he needed to make sure that her future for the next three years was secured, but he may just make a return trip once he finished with his other duties that day, Harry thought to himself. Moving the tip back up to her folds, he pushed in just as Hermione rested her legs over his shoulders and grabbed the back of his head. Pulling him down, she kissed him deeply as his cock slid deeper than she had ever been penetrated. As his cock hit her g-spot, Hermione's insides hugged him tighter while she squealed into his mouth. Harry was too busy sucking on her tongue and thrusting his hips to care if he was giving her too much pleasure. Her pussy felt incredible as he fucked her folded body.

Hermione gasped into his mouth. The sensation of the curse clouding her brain was too much for her. Her nails dug into his back as his hips slammed into the backs of her thighs. The sounds of skin clapping and her pussy squelching filled the room as her head became heavy under the thick smell of sex. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head when Harry hit a spot within her that

Ron had never even come close to touching. She felt a strange sensation building up deep in her belly. Never having experienced a true orgasm before, she didn't know what to expect. What she definitely didn't expect was for Harry's wild thrusts to go awry. As he pulled back, his fat cock slipped out of her wet cunt, and as he thrust forward again, his cock lined up perfectly with her puckered hole. Suddenly having her asshole plunged into, Hermione's eyes bugged out and she screamed, "HARRY!" Unfortunately, Harry was in his own sexual daze.

She squealed as her toes curled and her pussy began spraying all over his chest. Harry lifted her and started fucking her standing up. Pussy juice poured out of her orgasming cunt as Hermione clung tightly to him. In and out his cock pistoned into her stretched hole. Had the curse not affected her mind so deeply, she probably would be yelling in pain, but thankfully, that was not the case. She loved it. She loved how his cock buried balls deep into her bowels. She loved how her pussy ejected a jet of girl cum every time he penetrated her asshole again. Hermione was choking out a string of curses as her head became light. Her eyes wouldn't stop fluttering as she pulled herself tighter against his chest. She cried out, biting his shoulder, and Harry responded by slamming her back onto the bed and lifting her legs up by the ankles. He folded her in half, with her feet above her head. Her asshole was being completely destroyed by his thrusting cock.

"H-H..." she tried to beg him to stop. It was too much. She just couldn't get the words out. With one last spasm of her used-up body, she squeaked in pleasure and passed out. Hermione didn't know how long she had been out. When she came too, Harry pulled out of her asshole and crawled up to her face. She watched in a near coma as he stroked his cock and spurted cum across her cheeks. Another spurt hit her lips and on instinct, she licked them clean. She couldn't even stop him when he pressed his cock to her lips and went ass to mouth on her. When his cock was shiny and clean, Harry checked the time and smiled.

"That oughta hold her," he said as he looked down at his best friend. She was splayed out, completely nude with her pussy contracting, her asshole gaping, and smears of white cum all over her face. Her body jerked unconsciously as she stared up at the ceiling in a total daze. He promised that if he had time, he'd come back for another round. At the moment, she appeared to need a rest. Besides, he had a snooty, former Slytherin beauty to take care of.