

The Love Doctor

Chapter 3

Hermione tapped her fingers against the wooden surface of her desk. The impatient click, click, click of her fingernails impacting against the hardwood would have normally annoyed her husband, but Ronald Weasley was running around the house like a man possessed. He was going to Germany for the weekend to attend some big Quidditch match that his work friend had procured tickets to. As always, he left it to the very last minute to pack.

"I can't believe my luck!" he happily called out as he threw some jeans into his bag. "He was going to take his best mate, but fortunately, he came down sick. Stomach bug or something," Ron said as he looked around for his money bag. "I think he said he ate a bad sandwich. I'd like to find out who served him that spoiled meat and shake their hand. This is supposed to be one of the best matches all year!"

"You better hurry," Hermione called out. "It's three minutes til!"

"Shit!" Ron cursed. He then cursed again when he banged his shin against the corner of the dresser. Only a minute later, Ron came down the stairs with his bag in hand. "Got everything! See you in a few!" he told her and disappeared through the Floo. Hermione looked at the fireplace in annoyance. He didn't say "I love you", and he didn't kiss her goodbye. Hermione sighed.

Their relationship was more than a little stale these days, Hermione had to admit. Ron would probably admit the same thing as well. He found happiness and joy in his near-constant partying. Hermione found her own joy in different ways. Waiting fifteen minutes to make sure that Ron wasn't coming back, Hermione finally smiled and got to her feet. She went to the little bar that Ron had set up and poured herself a drink. Firewhiskey on the Rocks was her choice of alcohol those days. With her drink in hand, she climbed the stairs and downed half her drink before sitting at her vanity. She only had ten minutes to make herself more presentable.

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Harry exited the Floo and immediately made his way upstairs. Knowing exactly which bedroom to go to, he stepped up and knocked softly. Hermione's smiling face met him as the door opened. She didn't say anything. She just grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him in. The door shut behind them. Harry sat his bag down on the nightstand by the bed. Hermione was wearing a little silk robe that he himself had purchased for her. Harry found it very amusing that Ron continued to buy her crap that she would never want for her birthday and Christmas while he bought his wife fancy perfumes and lingerie. Her tiny, silk robe was just one example of the gifts that he had given her.

"Ron make it out alright?" Harry asked as he opened his bag.

"He was late as usual, but he made it," Hermione replied. "Just in time too. I didn't want to miss my scheduled treatment."

Harry hid a smirk. He knew exactly why she called him, and it wasn't for the treatments. Sure, he did his best to "cure" her just as he did every other patient, but that wasn't why she continued to call on him. Hermione just loved to get fucked by someone other than her husband. She was turned on by it. Even so, she was a bit too much of a coward to go out and have a typical affair. She didn't want anything getting back to Ron or the other Weasleys. Besides that, the magical world was quite small, and people loved to run their mouths. Having Harry "treat" her was the perfect cover. He was already her friend. She trusted him, and she loved him. It was perfect.

Harry pulled out his special oil. Even knowing why she really wanted him there, he would still give her proper treatment. He could kill two birds with one stone as it were.

"Don't worry, Hermione. I'd never let you go without," he told her as he stepped up to her. He could see a slight flush to her cheeks. He could smell the firewhiskey on her breath. It was the same with every visit. She always downed a glass of the hard stuff right before he came. It helped keep her calm.

"I know," she said shyly.

Hermione blushed as Harry placed his hands on her waist and slowly spun her around so that she was facing away from him. He then bunched her bushy, brown hair up into a ponytail and tied it off with a band that he found on the bedside table. Once her hair was out of the way, he let his fingertips graze the tops of her hands. Hermione gasped slightly, and her body goosebumped. His fingers began to climb up her forearms. The slight touch of his fingertips made her body feel incredible. Harry had proved himself correct when he said that he could help with her sexual problems. She was skeptical at first, but now ... Hermione shuddered as she nearly came from his soft touches alone. When his hands reached her shoulders, he pulled the robe off of her body. The silky robe fell off of her top and bunched around her waist, only stopped by her child-bearing hips. Her breasts were bare, and she could feel his hot breath hitting her shoulders. Her body was trembling now. She couldn't believe how hard her nipples had gotten. He didn't even touch them and already they were beginning to ache with need. Again, his hands found her upper arms, and they slowly worked their way down. At her midsection, Harry grabbed the bunched-up material and eased it over her wide hips.

Though she couldn't see it, Hermione could sense him kneeling down as he worked the robe down her legs. His hands were now on her thighs, and Harry didn't bother acting shy. He happily explored the incredibly soft and smooth skin of her inner thighs. Hermione, of course, didn't bother with underwear. A bra and panties would only waste precious time. Sure, they had all night if she wanted. Hermione already planned on asking him if she could stay at his place that night. But even though they had hours ahead of them, Hermione didn't want to waste a single second of the mind-blowing pleasure that only Harry could provide for her. As he stood up,

Hermione stood in front of him, completely nude. By then, Hermione wasn't shy about showing him her body. Harry had, after all, been inside of her dozens of times. Even though she wasn't shy or nervous, her body still trembled. It trembled in anticipation. Hermione's stomach did a somersault when he stood behind her and moved the bottle in his hand around to her front. She loved that special oil that he used, and she desperately wished that she could get her hands on it. Harry, however, outright refused. A trade secret he claimed. She hadn't even had the opportunity to pinch any for herself. Harry guarded his stash carefully. She had even gone as far as trying to recreate it on her own, but she had failed with every attempt.

Slowly he tipped the bottle over, and the thick, warm liquid poured down over her beautiful tits. When the oil dripped down and covered her nipples, Hermione squeaked and bucked slightly. She had had her first orgasm of the night. Sure, it was a small one, but she was absolutely sure that much bigger ones were just around the corner. Harry continued to pour, and her entire front was coated with the slick liquid. Her eyes fluttered wildly as it covered her smooth mound and finally reached her clit. Hermione threw her head back and moaned. The back of her head hit the topside of Harry's shoulder, and she kept it there as lights flashed behind her brown eyes. Just then, she felt his hands on her breasts. He first cupped them from the bottom, then he began kneading them slowly. Feeling his fingers brushing against her hard nipples was driving her crazy. She couldn't help but rub her bare ass against the front of his trousers. He grew hard as she rubbed against him, much to her delight.

One of his talented hands continued to caress her oily tits while his other hand dipped down below her legs. He lightly pinched Hermione's clit. Hermione nearly collapsed into his arms when another orgasm hit. Holding onto her, he asked, "Have you been touching yourself lately?"

"Y-Yes," Hermione said through her slutty gasps.

"Can you make yourself cum yet?" he asked.

"A little ... but not like you can," she confessed.

"I guess we'll have to continue with your treatments." Hermione rapidly nodded her head.

"Yes, please!" she breathed out, shuddering uncontrollably as Harry's fingers flicked over her swollen clit.

"On the bed," he ordered.

Hermione was quick to obey. As she crawled onto the bed on her hands and knees, she heard the sounds of rustling clothes and knew that Harry was stripping down. When she spun around, he was just pulling his trousers and boxers off at the same time. His long, fat cock was bouncing around, drawing her eyes to it. Before he could join her, she shot forward and grabbed his bare ass with both hands. Opening her mouth, she wrapped her soft lips around his head and took him deep into her throat. Harry moaned and grabbed her ponytail with one hand. She let go of

his cock, and he pulled back on her hair, making her head tilt up. "I thought I was supposed to be giving YOU the treatment," Harry teased. Hermione blushed pink.

"Sorry, Harry. I ... I was just making sure that you stay hard. I can't get my treatments if you grow soft," she quickly lied. In reality, she just wanted to suck him off. She wanted to taste his pre-cum. When she felt his grip on her hair go slack, she leaned in and began sucking him off again. Hermione closed her eyes and moaned at the taste of him. Keeping her tongue against him, she started bobbing her head faster.

Harry smiled down at his best friend. Hermione was still very pretty, and her body was the best that it had ever been. Not only that, but he could tell that she started working out since they began their little fling. She, of course, didn't tell him, and Harry was too much of a gentleman to bring it up. Pulling back, his cock slipped from her lips, and she looked up at him, her cheeks flushed pink. "Roll onto your back," he told her. Hermione rolled over, and her legs spread without him having to ask. Her perfect, little pussy was on full display. As her legs opened fully, he could see her taut lips spreading slightly. Between them, he could see her inner lips glistening with wetness. Grabbing the oil, he poured a healthy amount all over her pussy and asshole. Hermione's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and her back fell flat against the mattress.

His hand crept between her legs, and his two middle fingers entered her. Curling them upward, Harry started stimulating her favorite spot. Her breathing immediately intensified, and her body began shaking. She was shaking so hard that her tits started jiggling. "Harry," she whined pathetically as her legs closed around his hand. Harry continued to furiously finger her. She was mewling and moaning. Her hands were gripping his forearm, and sometimes she was trying to force him away, while at other times, she was pulling his hand against her while thrusting her hips.

Pulling his hand away, he pushed her knees apart until her legs were wide open. He put his fingers back in and violently finger-fucked her while rubbing her clit with his other hand. Hermione's back arched, and she screamed as she came. Harry didn't give her a chance to come down. He pulled her body into position and began fucking her. Leaning in, he kissed her lips while his groin clapped against her hips. "You're still very tight," Harry groaned. "You haven't been stretching yourself, have you?" Harry moaned again as her incredibly tight pussy squeezed his thrusting cock.

Hermione was so wet that there wasn't even a smidge of friction as he fucked her harder and harder. She shook her head. "I like being tight!" she gasped and squeezed her walls even tighter. Harry nearly came on the spot, but he held on. He kissed her neck and felt Hermione begin to flutter.

"Are you coming again, love?" he asked her just as her pussy began milking his cock. He knew that she usually lost control of her body when she came. Instead of dealing with her body flopping around, he pushed her legs into the breeding position and started fucking her G-spot.

Hermione screamed so loud that it hurt his ears. Her wet walls were choking his cock while trying to pump the cum straight from his balls. Hermione cried out again instead of answering. His cock was slamming down hard, burying himself deep inside of her. Her juices were flooding the bed, and her scent was filling her small home. When her pussy refused to let him go, Harry finally gave in and bucked hard. spurts of cum filled her slutty, little pussy while she looked at him as though he were the most important person in her life. Harry knew that he could command Hermione to do anything, and she would do it. Instead, he just continued slowly penetrating her until her pussy was leaking with cum. Rolling over, he lay in Ron's spot.

"Let me know when you're ready for round two of tonight's treatment," Harry sighed happily, his cock sticking straight up. Hermione simply rolled over and began sucking him clean. He really hoped that Ron was enjoying those tickets, especially given what he was missing. Harry smirked as he felt her tongue licking him below his sack. He imagined her giving Ron a big, wet kiss only moments after licking his balls and ass. All he could do was chuckle at his own amusement and enjoy Hermione's warm, wet tongue.