

Big Problems

Chapter 3

Hermione had never felt so full as Harry held her up by the backs of her thighs and fucked her full force against her bedroom wall. She knew that she would be sporting several bruises the following day, but she didn't give a crap. What she was feeling now was well worth it.

She moaned deeply into Harry's neck as his abnormally large cock pistoned in and out of her drenched cunt. Gently biting down on his skin as her walls clutched him tightly, she began trembling violently in his arms. Harry, however, showed her no mercy. His hips had a mind of their own. He penetrated her over and over, slamming repeatedly into her over-stimulated g-spot. Screaming in rapture, she came hard and pussy juice began to rain down from the area where they were connected. Harry showed off his manliness by lifting her up off of his cock. Hermione squealed in pleasure and fright as her body ascended higher into the air. With her back against the wall and her legs forced wide open, her pussy was right in front of his face. Harry stared at her contracting pussy while her juices dribbled out and rolled down to her asshole before dripping onto the floor beneath them. Licking his lips, he plunged forward and began lapping at her wet offerings. Hermione's eyes fluttered wildly as his mouth and tongue cleaned her while she continued to cum.

Unbeknownst to them, her husband Ron was twitching while leaning back in his chair. They didn't know it, but he too was having the experience of a lifetime. Hermione would never admit it out loud, but Harry was by far the superior lover. As much as she loved Ron, before his accident she thought that he was unimaginative in bed and didn't have the stamina necessary to bring her to a climax. It wasn't his fault completely. She always thought that she was particularly difficult to please ... sexually that is. As it turned out, Harry had no problems bringing her to climax over and over. She only hoped that once Ron was fixed and able to perform on his own again, that maybe he would use some of the things that Harry was showing him. As if to prove a point, Harry wrapped his lips around her engorged clit and added some suction. That alone was pleasurable, but when he mashed his tongue hard into her clit and made it vibrate ... Well, her response was answer enough.

Hermione thrashed so violently that her tits were shaking and flopping around. Harry had to hold onto her thighs so tightly that she might have bruises on them later. Her mouth was open in a silent scream of pleasure while her eyes rolled into the back of her head. She arched her back and thrust her gorgeous breasts out as Harry lifted her even higher above his head. It was as if she was a goddess reigning above him, she thought as she blessed him with her offerings. Pussy juice splashed down onto his naked body, showering him in her arousal. Hermione wasn't sure how long she was up there, but when she eventually came to, she was on the bed again with Harry straddling her chest and fucking her mouth like there was no tomorrow.

Her eyes nearly bugged out as his cock slid in and out of her throat. He groaned in delight as her throat was thoroughly fucked. When she thought that she was about to blackout from a lack

of oxygen, he pulled out and rested his fat cock on her face. She was breathing heavily while his heavy meat was draped over her mouth and cheek. Hermione's body was still occasionally spasming from the orgasm that never seemed to go completely away. The bastard didn't even give her time to recover when he lifted her up and placed her on his lap. She was forced to straddle him, and Harry gripped her ass tightly in his strong hands. He made it clear that she wasn't going anywhere. Hermione didn't want to go anywhere. Instead, she ground her sensitive cunt against the underside of the cock that she was sitting on. Up and down her pussy lips traveled over his hard shaft, painting it in her juices. While she dry humped him, her arms wrapped around his neck and she pulled him in for a kiss. Harry happily returned it by squeezing her ass and sucking on her tongue. Both of them moaned together as her body rubbed sensually against his. Harry was in no rush to leave this position. In fact, he deepened the kiss even further. One of his hands left her ass and slid up her soft and smooth back. It moved underneath her long and thick hair, and Harry threaded his fingers through her wild mane. Feeling the passion from him, Hermione was more than happy to return it in equal amounts.

Pushing his back flat on the bed, she made sure that his shaft was nestled snugly in between her plump and hairless lips. Lifting her hair up in her hands and as a result, showing off her lovely, bare breasts, she further demonstrated her sensuality by keeping her top half straight and only rolling her hips as she massaged the underside of his thick meat. Unable to stop himself, Harry moved his hands from her wonderfully wide hips and moved them up her sides. The tickling sensation made her gasp and blush as his hands climbed higher. Once they were at her swaying breasts, he cupped them within his palms and he let his thumbs rub circles over the tips of her crinkled nipples. The pleasure was too much for the bookworm and she collapsed forward, straight onto Harry's chest. Harry wrapped his arms around her back and thrust his hips. Hermione cried out as his magnum cock penetrated her all the way to her cervix. As his spongy head hit her cervix wall, her pussy clamped down once again. The sensation of her pussy milking him was incredible. If he had known how good sex with Hermione was, he would have been trying to fuck her for years. Now he had to make up for lost time, he thought smugly as she spasmed in his arms while he jackhammered into her cumming pussy.

This went on for hours until finally, Harry pushed deep inside of her and emptied his balls. Hermione wrapped her legs around his waist and held him inside of her until she was completely filled. While he seeded her, she had her tongue down his throat as she felt up every inch of naked skin that she could reach. Once done, Hermione blushed while breathing heavily. She loosened her legs and let Harry up.

"So how was it?" he teased as he pulled his clothes on. Hermione just lay there watching him, not bothering to cover her nude body. Cum began to leak from her used and abused pussy while she kept her legs open and gently caressed her belly with her fingertips.

"Brilliant!" she declared as he chuckled. When his clothes were on, Hermione removed the disc from his ear and broke the connection. As soon as she did, they heard Ron gasp from his chair and groan from being under for so long.

"I'll see you guys later," he told them and hugged Hermione. He made sure to give her ass a hard squeeze while Ron wasn't looking. "Later, mate!" Harry called out to him and smacked his shoulder right before leaving the room. He was sure that the married couple needed time to process what had just gone down. Harry didn't know what to expect. Sure, Ron said that he was okay with it, but that was before it actually happened. As he walked a safe distance away from the Anti-Apparation Wards, Harry shrugged his shoulders. In the end, it was their decision.

While he disappeared with a near-silent pop, Ron had a very large smile on his face.

Big Problems

Harry hadn't been home for more than an hour before the fireplace flared green, and Hermione stepped out looking nice and fresh. He could see that she had already showered. "Are you okay?" he asked, concerned as he walked up to her.

"Great actually!" she said excitedly. "Ron already fell asleep. Being under for so long took a lot out of him," she explained, blushing madly when she remembered that the reason for him being under for so long was that Harry was busy wrecking her pussy for all that time. She was already feeling sore between her legs. Her poor vagina hadn't been properly used in quite a while. She probably should have taken it easy for her first time back on the saddle, so to speak, she thought to herself.

"Great?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah. Ron thought that it was brilliant. Not only that but just as I suspected, the bond has been satisfied. It's as if a weight has been lifted off of both of our shoulders!" she exclaimed happily. Harry could see the happiness on her face and knew it to be true. He smiled happily at her and hugged her.

"That's wonderful, Hermione," he said, squeezing her tightly. She hugged him back. He felt her nod her head.

"I hope you don't mind, but we'll need to do that again at least once a week until I figure out a more permanent solution," she told him as her cheeks heated up. Harry let her go and led her to an empty chair near his own. As she sat down, he poured her a glass of her favorite hard liquor. Hermione took a big drink from her glass of muggle brandy and sighed happily.

"I don't mind," he assured her. "And you're sure that Ron's okay with all of this?"

"He already asked when we can do it again," she blushed madly. This certainly shocked Harry. He supposed that he understood. Ron had been going without sex since the attack. If that wasn't bad enough, he couldn't even masturbate because of the extreme amount of damage to his body. When you added in the fact that their own bond was attacking the married couple for

something that wasn't even their fault, Harry guessed that his redheaded friend had been living in hell. Hermione's discovery must have seemed like a godsend to him at the moment.

Harry reached out and placed his hand on her knee and gave it a gentle and assuring squeeze. "You know that I'll always do anything that I can for you guys ... right?"

Hermione nodded her head silently, still blushing. This time it was she who leaned in. She closed her eyes and kissed him lovingly on the lips. The kiss didn't linger, however. It was just her way of saying thank you. When they broke apart, Hermione downed the rest of her drink and stood up. "I'll see you soon, Harry," she told him as he escorted her back to the fireplace. Soon after, she disappeared back to her place.

Harry checked the clock tiredly. It was nearing three AM. He couldn't believe that he and Hermione had been going at it for so long. He was suddenly filled with manly pride while thinking about it. Putting that out of his mind for the moment, he yawned while going back to his chair. Pouring himself another drink, he had just sat down and began to savor the expensive bottle of Ogden's when the fireplace had lit up again. He turned his head expecting to see his best friend again. Instead, he saw Gabrielle's head hovering in his fireplace while surrounded by emerald flames.

"'Arry! Fleur and Bill are at it again. This one is bad!" she cried out tiredly. Harry knew that she needed to get some rest for work. Harry could take the following day off if he desired. He had already earned that privilege. Gabrielle hadn't. He walked over and knelt down next to the fireplace.

"I'll handle it, love. You go get some rest," he told her. Gabrielle's gorgeous face smiled at him.

"Merci, Arry! Come visit this weekend," she told him before disappearing. Harry sighed. Bill and Fleur could really get heated in their arguments. Truthfully, a lot of it was Fleur. Veela were very hot-blooded. Sex with a Veela was wild and passionate, but the trade-off was that they were quick to anger and tended to have bad tempers. Harry had been lucky to stay on Gabby's good side for so long.

As soon as Gabby's face disappeared, Harry tossed in some Floo Powder and stepped in. "Shell Cottage!" Harry called out and was sucked into the Floo. Different fireplaces whizzed by him and he could have sworn that he saw Narcissa Malfoy leaning in front of a fire and accidentally displaying a fantastic amount of cleavage. Perhaps it was just wishful thinking, Harry thought as he was spat out of the correct Floo address. He stepped out and immediately waved his wand at himself, cleaning all of the soot and ash from his clothes. Almost instantly, he heard yelling and name-calling coming from the other room. It was amazing how much time he had spent trying to smooth things over between the different couples. Sadly, his efforts were usually all for not. Taking a deep breath, Harry went into the other room.

As he walked in, Harry was forced to duck as a vase flew at him and smashed against the door behind him. "Don't you dare throw stuff at me!" he heard the voice of Bill Weasley. His voice sounded gruffer than usual. Probably from all of the yelling, Harry thought.

"I will throw anything that I please, Cochon!" Fleur yelled back and stepped into Bill's personal space. Now face to face with her husband, she was looking up at the tall redhead and poking him in the chest with nearly every word that she spoke.

"Cochon?!" Bill bellowed. "Me a pig?" he sputtered. "Since you're so good at throwing things, maybe you should try throwing some of that cochon into a pan and frying it up! I haven't had a decent meal since I met you!"

"Ow dare you!" she ground her teeth with her face twisting into something fierce. "You would not know fine French cuisine if it bit you on your flat ass!"

"Better a flat ass than a fat ass, Tubby! Now I know where all my food has gone!" Bill insulted her and looked around her body to her backside as if examining her butt. Harry heard a gasp of shock.

Harry tried not to chuckle at their insults. These two were by far the most amusing of the group when they were arguing. "Guys! Calm down!" Harry yelled out, trying to get in between the pair. He smooshed his way between them and eventually got them to each step back.

"Don't bother, Harry. I'm done with her. I'll be staying at Ron's if you need me," Bill said, clapping him on the shoulder and walking straight from the room. Fleur was left behind breathing deeply as she tried to calm down. When they heard him leave through the fireplace, Fleur finally exhaled and began crying. Instantly, she was hugging Harry and crying into his chest. All he could do was wrap his arms around her and hold her while she got it out of her system. Eventually, she let out a shuddered breath.

"What am I going to do, Arry?" I do not think that I can take much more," she confessed, rubbing the wetness from her cheeks.

"I'll talk to Bill again once he's calmed down," he told her, leading her upstairs to her room. "Meanwhile, grab some stuff and come stay with me." She smiled sweetly at him.

"Merci," she thanked him as she packed a bag with some clothes. "Owever, I do not think that talking to that man will do any good. 'E is too stubborn."

Harry held back a snort. Fleur calling anyone else stubborn was ridiculous. Obviously, he didn't tell that to her. He didn't want to deal with a screaming Fleur again so soon. Once her bag was packed, they went back to Grimmauld Place and sat down for a drink. Both were on the couch with Fleur pressed tightly against him and resting her head on his shoulder. Harry wrapped an arm around her and rubbed her shoulder. While their position next to each other might seem

romantic to an outsider, it was completely normal for them. As a girl with Veela blood, she was already very passionate, but when you added the fact that she was in a marriage that was falling apart and had been for a good long while, Fleur needed to feel safe and secure. That's what Harry always tried to do. When Bill was over, he just took him to a strip club. That always cheered him up.

The pair talked for another hour before it got to be very late. When Fleur yawned cutely, Harry suggested that they turn in for the night. He got a sleepy nod of the head as his answer. As they stood, Fleur hugged him again and kissed both cheeks.

"Thank you for always being a good friend, 'Arry," she told him while still hugging him tightly. Harry rubbed her back and smiled.

"You're welcome, Fleur."

She broke away from him and started walking toward the stairs to go up to the room that she always used while staying there. In fact, she called it "her" room, because she was the only one who ever stayed there. The house had so many rooms that all of the Weasley clan could have their own, and there would still be more to spare. She suddenly stopped and tried to look down over her shoulder.

" 'Arry?" she called out.

"Yeah, Fleur?" He looked at the sexy Veela.

"Is my ass getting fat?" she asked, worried. Harry chuckled and walked up to her. He swung his hand and spanked her lovely ass. The hard impact made her squeak and jump. She glared at him while rubbing her stinging cheek.

"Your ass is perfect. Now go to sleep," he told her. Fleur's glare turned into a relieved smile, and she nodded before climbing the stairs and retiring for the night. Harry shook his head and went to his room.

What they didn't know was that Bill was talking to his brother, Ron who seemed to be a changed man all of the sudden.