

While The kids Are Away

Chapter 1

Harry and Hermione, like most magical parents on the first of September, were at King's Cross Station, seeing their children onto the Hogwarts Express. Hermione was currently talking to their oldest, James Daniel Potter, who was getting ready to start his fourth year as a Gryffindor at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

"Make sure to look after your sister and can you at least *try* to stay out of trouble this year?" she asked, giving him a pointed look that she had perfected year ago.

"I'll do my best," James said with a crooked smile.

James was best friends with George's twin sons, Fabian and Gideon, who were in the same year as his son. They, along with their close friend and dorm mate Darren Wilks, were bound and determined to outdo the infamous Marauders in terms of both pranks, and time spent in detention. He had Harry's dark, wild hair and his mother's brown eyes, making him very popular among the girls at school.

Hermione tried to reign him in and get him to focus more on his studies, and Harry could admit he let things slide a little too much. Hermione thought he was trying to live vicariously through their son, but he thought it had more to do with the fact that he just wanted his son to enjoy his childhood in a way he was never able to.

Standing silently off to the side and rolling his eyes, was their middle child, Sirius Remus Potter. Currently starting his second year at Hogwarts as a Ravenclaw, Sirius took more after Hermione than he did Harry. Even as a young child, he was often very serious about his studies, leading to some truly horrible puns around the house. He looked much more like his mother with his angular face and curly brown hair, but he had Harry's bright green eyes. Their two sons couldn't be more different, but they loved them equally.

Their youngest child, Lily Rose Potter, clutched his hand tightly as she looked around the station excitedly. Lily was about to start her first year at Hogwarts and was understandable equal parts exhilarated and frightened at the prospect of spending a majority of the year away from home.

Harry doted on his daughter, and Hermione often had stop him from utterly spoiling her at times. In his opinion, she had gotten the best traits of her parents. She had her mother's beauty and intelligence, and his dark hair, green eyes, and curiosity. Most importantly, she had Harry's heart and Hermione's conscience, giving her an iron clad sense of right and wrong. He couldn't wait to see what she would accomplish once she got to school.

"You keep an eye on her too, Sirius," Hermione told him firmly.

"We don't even know what house she'll be in yet, mum. She could end up in Slytherin for all we know," Sirius replied.

"You don't have to be in the same house to check on her once in a while," she reminded him firmly. "I'm not asking you to babysit her, I'm just asking you to check in on her from time to time."

"Fine," he gave in, huffing irritably.

Harry smiled at the familiar exchange. Sirius hated anything that took him away from his studies. He really hoped he would find some friends that would remind him there was a world outside of the library.

The horn blew signaling the train was going to leave in five minutes time, and parents hugged their children goodbye as they rushed to board the train. Hermione hugged and kissed their sons on the cheek as Harry waited behind her. When she stepped back to say goodbye to Lily, he hugged James and patted him on the shoulder.

"Try to wait at least a week before you get your first detention," he whispered conspiratorially.

James smiled crookedly and gave a shrug before grabbing his trunk and dragging it towards the train.

"Have a good year!" he called out.

Turning to Sirius, he hugged him briefly and ruffled his short, bushy hair.

"I'm very proud of how well you do at school, but don't get so lost in your books you forget to live," he advised his son.

Sirius sighed and rolled his eyes, "Yeah, yeah. Bye dad."

Grabbing his trunk, he dragged it off to the train and met up with his closest friend, a pretty red head named Amanda Jones. While he watched his sons board the train and join their friends, he felt a tug on his shirt and looked down to see Lily looking up at him hopefully.

"Can you help me with my trunk, daddy?" she asked.

"Sure, sweetheart," he said with a smile.

"Have fun, but don't forget your studies," Hermione said as tears gathered in the corners of her eyes. "Remember to write us as soon as you find out what house you're in, and go to a teacher if you need help with anything, oh, and-"

"We need to go, love," Harry cut her off gently.

Wiping her eyes, she nodded and gave Lily one more hug before Harry walked her to the train, pulling her trunk behind him.

“Dad?” she asked nervously as they walked, biting her lip worriedly. “What if Sirius is right? What if I end up in Slytherin?”

Harry stopped, knelt down in front of her, and placed his hands on her shoulders.

“There’s nothing wrong with being in Slytherin,” he told her softly. “The house you’re in doesn’t make you who you are, it’s our choices in life that matter.”

Lily didn’t look convinced as she eyes the train with trepidation.

“You know, the Sorting Hat wanted to put me in Slytherin,” he told her, causing her to look at him sharply.

“Really?” she asked in surprise.

“Yup,” he said with a nod. “I met a boy I really didn’t like that went into Slytherin, so I asked the Hat not to put me there.”

“You can do that?” Lily asked in wonder.

“The Hat won’t put you in a house you don’t want to go into,” he told her reassuringly. “Listen, sweetheart, Whatever house you end up in, your mother and I will still love you, no matter what. Okay?”

“Okay,” Lily said, looking much calmer.

Suddenly she jumped forward and hugged him tightly around the neck.

“I love you, daddy,” she said.

"I love you, too," Harry replied softly. "Forever and always."

The horn sounded again, signaling there was one minute until the train left.

"Come on," Harry said urgently.

Grabbing her trunk in one hand and her hand in the other, they raced to the train laughing the entire way. Lily jumped on the train and Harry had just placed her trunk next to her when the train lurched into motion. Stepping back, he waved at his daughter as the train slowly left the station.

Hermione stepped up beside him on the platform and waved tearfully to the train as it gradually disappeared in a cloud of steam and a rumble. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her close, placing a kiss on the side of her head.

"Come on, love. Let's go home," Harry whispered.

Guiding her over to the Apparation point next to the Floo, he Disapparated both of them back to their home in Suffolk. As soon as they Apparated into their living room, Hermione's attention was drawn by the laughter of children outside. A group of young Muggle kids was riding bikes past their house, laughing and yelling happily. She sniffled and wiped her eyes before folding her arms tightly to her chest as she watched them cycle past.

Harry walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, hugging her close and kissing the side of her head.

"It's going to be so quiet without the kids around," she said sadly.

"Yes, but there are some benefits to having the house all to ourselves," he whispered softly.

Slipping his hands under her shirt, he caressed the smooth skin of her tight stomach. With work and kids constantly getting in the way, they were lucky to get more than an hour or two of time for themselves in the dead of night for the last fifteen years. While he was just as sad to see them grow up and head off to school, he was also quite looking forward to spending some quality time with his beautiful wife.

Keeping one hand on her stomach, he used the other to brush her hair out of the way so he could kiss her neck softly. Hermione sighed and leaned back against him, bending one arm behind her to run her fingers through his hair, her long fingernails scraping lightly across his scalp.

"How long has it been since we could just relax and enjoy ourselves without having to worry about one of the kids barging in?" he asked quietly.

"Mmh, too long," Hermione moaned.

Turning her head, she pressed her full, soft lips against his in a heated kiss. As his lips and tongue moved in time with hers, his hands slid up her stomach and over her ribs to grasp her bra covered breasts firmly. Hermione moaned deeply and broke the kiss to tilt her head back and rest it on his shoulder. Harry latched his lips onto her exposed neck, kissing and sucking at the delicate skin as he removed his hands from under her shirt and began undoing her buttons. Soon, he had it open and took half a step back to push it down her shoulders, letting it flutter to the floor.

Unsnapping the clasp of her black bra, he pulled it off her arms before tossing it carelessly to the floor and wrapped his arms around her waist to pull her bare back against his chest. Hermione tilted her head back with a whimper when he attacked her neck again, his fingers drawing random, lazy patterns across the smooth skin of her stomach. Her tight abs twitched under his touch as his finger glided over her stomach and up to her ribs.

As he reached her chest, he suddenly ran the back of his nail along the underside of her firm, perky breast. She hissed through clenched teeth and pressed herself more firmly against him, her thick, toned bottom trapping his rapidly hardening member between them. Sliding one

hand back down to her pelvis, Harry pulled her tightly against him and ground his hips forward while his other hand traced lines across the side of her soft breast with his fingernails. Hermione trembled in his arms as his nail scraped lightly over her hard, swollen nipple, causing her jutting breasts to quiver enticingly.

Smirking against her neck, he undid the button and zipper of her pants while his other hand continued to tease her breasts. The moment he had them open, he slipped his hand down into her panties and ran his fingers through the small strip of short, curly hair above her hot, damp mound. Grabbing a tuft of hair, he tugged on it lightly. Hermione inhaled sharply through her nose and bucked her hips.

“Harry,” she whined with need, drawing out his name.

“I love it when you beg,” Harry whispered huskily into her ear.

Grasping her breast firmly, the soft, warm mound filling his hand perfectly, he slid his other hand down lower and cupped her sweltering mound. A moan left her lips as she bucked against his hand, slathering his palm with her slick arousal. Starting at the bottom, he slipped his middle finger between her tight, moist lips and slowly ran it all the way to the top, flicking it lightly over her clit at the end. Panting lightly, Hermione reached behind her and clutched his hair while her other hand grabbed the leg of his pants, desperate for something to hold onto.

Harry plucked at one of her stiff, pink nipples while his middle finger circled her clit teasingly. Her hips rolled and jerked as she desperately tried to make him touch where she wanted, but he countered her at every turn. A smirk stretched his lips when she let out a frustrated, needy whine as she squirmed in place. Chuckling, Harry finally relented and slipped his middle and ring finger into her dripping entrance and ground his palm against her throbbing clit. Her whole body shivered from the long-awaited pleasure, her hips driving forward into his hand.

Slowly, Harry pumped his fingers into and out of her while grinding the heel of his hand roughly against her sensitive nub. As Hermione panted and gasped, his lips continued sucking at the base of her neck, leaving behind a pink love bite that was sure to bruise. His rigid erection, trapped between her toned cheeks, throbbed with need as he ground his hips into her jutting ass.

When short, panting grunts left her open lips, Harry knew she was getting close. As her hips humped against his hand, he sped up the motion of his fingers and drove them deeper into her quivering core. Gripping her breast tightly, he suddenly bit down on her neck as he pressed the pads of his fingers against the top of her walls, rubbing her G-spot roughly.

Hermione's body went rigid as she trembled in his arms, her knees going weak. Face scrunched up in agonized pleasure, she opened her mouth to let out a short, high-pitched scream. Harry was forced to let go of her breast and wrap his arm around her waist when her legs wobbled and gave out under her. Holding her up, he continued to finger her roughly as she writhed in his arms. A flood of arousal soaked his hand and caused a loud, wet sucking sound to come from between her legs. Gasping for breath, Hermione could take the overwhelming pleasure no more and yelped as she grabbed his wrist to pull his hand away from her.

"Oh fuck!" Hermione said in a quivering moan, her body still trembling.

It had been so long since he had heard his wife swear that Harry couldn't help but laugh joyously. Hermione giggled as well, turning around in his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. As he held her close, he became annoyed with his clothes keeping him from feeling her body against his. With a snap of his fingers, his clothes and the rest of hers flew off of their bodies and scattered across the living room floor. Hermione gasped at the sudden sensation and pulled back to look at him.

"Show off," she said with a teasing smile.

Eyeing his muscled, naked body with a hungry gaze, she slid her hands over his shoulders and down his solid chest to his toned abs. Hermione wrapped her thin, delicate fingers around his massive, raging erection and stroked him softly. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as she teased his throbbing shaft. Gripping his length more firmly, she used it like a leash to lead him over to the couch against the window and sat down facing him. Leaning forward, she kissed the red, bloated head lovingly before staring up at him as she parted her lips and wrapped them around his hot, swollen glans.

Harry hissed in pleasure when she enveloped him in her hot, wet mouth. He couldn't remember the last time she done this for him, and only now realized how much he missed it. Reaching up, he ran his fingers through her hair as she started bobbing up and down on him, slowly taking him deeper. Her slick, soft tongue slithered along the underside of his shaft as his head hit the back of her mouth, causing him to groan deeply. Harry had to fight the impulse to thrust into her mouth from the intense pleasure when she sucked hard while pulling back to the head, her tongue swirling around his engorged tip.

Staring up at him with a heated gaze, Hermione descended back down his shaft. When his head hit the back of her throat, she gagged and paused for a moment. Taking a deep breath, she pushed forward again and forced him into the tight confines of her spasming throat. Harry gasped as she continued forward determinedly, her eyes watering as she valiantly fought against her gag reflex. When she had three-quarters of his length in her mouth, she suddenly shot off of him and coughed while gasping for breath.

"Bloody hell, Hermione," Harry said.

Smiling, Hermione shrugged her shoulders, which did wonder things to her breasts.

"I've missed this," she admitted softly as she stroked his length.

Giving her a loving smile, Harry leaned down and kissed her passionately.

"Me too," he whispered softly before standing back up.

With a sultry look, Hermione took him back into her mouth and bobbed up and down a few times, before trying to force his cock back into her throat.

"Fuck, that feels incredible, love," he told her, massaging her scalp with his fingers.

Grabbing his hips, Hermione drove herself forward while pulling his hips towards her as she choked on his shaft. Thick globs of spit dripped from her lips and tears rolled down her cheeks as she forced herself to swallow more and more of his thick cock.

Pulling off of him to suck in a deep breath and clear her throat, she paused for only a moment before swallowing him again. Descending down his length more quickly and easily this time, she stopped just an inch from his base. Wrapping her arms around his waist, she pulled herself forward hard and drove her throat down on him the rest of the way, until her nose pressed against his groin.

Harry couldn't help but tighten his grip in her hair and groan as her tight throat convulsed wildly around him. Hermione held herself there for several seconds, tears falling from her eyes and her chest heaving as made loud, wet gags around his girth. Eventually, she was forced to pull back for air. Even as she coughed hard and wiped thick strings of spit from her chin, there was a smug smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

"Merlin, I love you," Harry panted.

Hermione smiled at him, her eyes sparkling lustfully in a way he hadn't seen in years. When she descended back down on his length once again, she bobbed her head rapidly, taking him all the way into her slick, grasping throat before pulling all the way back to the head. Harry groaned at the incredible feeling and felt his climax rapidly building. When she took him to the base and held him there for several seconds, he bucked his hips and tipped over the edge.

"Hermione," he called out in warning.

His wife quickly pulled back to the head and sucked hard while stroking his dripping shaft furiously. Harry's legs shook as he came with a groan, powerful jets of hot cum firing into his wife's sucking mouth. Hermione continued stroking and sucking him through his climax, draining him of every last drop. When she pulled back, a small stream of cum slipped from between her lips and she caught it in her hand, fighting a laugh. Her throat bobbed visibly as she swallowed and proceeded to lick her finger clean.

“You are brilliant,” Harry said emphatically.

Standing up, she gave him a sexy smile and wrapped her arms around his neck, her breasts pressing against his chest.

“How about you take me into the bedroom, and we spend the rest of the day celebrating the kids going off to school?” Hermione asked promisingly as she play with his hair.

Harry smiled at her mischievously.

“I have a better idea,” he told her.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at him questioningly. Grabbing her hips, he turned her around and pushed her shoulder until she was bent over with her hands on the back of the couch. With a wave of his hand, the curtains flew open, leaving her staring out at the front yard. Hermione gasped loudly as she stared out of the window at the house next door.

The windows were charmed so no one could actually see inside. It was originally done so that Muggles wouldn't see them using magic, and later, in case the kids performed accidental magic. Still, it was quite the thrill to be staring out of an open window during sex.

Smirking at his wife's reaction, Harry stared lustfully at her fantastic, round backside. Grabbing her thick cheeks, he squeezed and kneaded her firm, muscled globes roughly. Watching her reflection in the glass, he raised his hand and brought it down on her pale, toned flesh with a sharp *slap*. Hermione yelped, jerking her hips forward and turning to stare at him incredulously.

“Harry!” she cried in outrage.

Pulling her hips back, he smiled darkly at her as he raised his hand and brought it down on her other cheek. Biting her lip, she let out a muffled squeal and looked forward again, her cheeks a

light pink. Over and over, he groped and spanked her wonderful ass, quickly growing hard as she grew wetter.

“Imagine if one of the neighbors decided to mow their lawn right now,” he said, grabbing her cheeks and spreading them wide.

Hermione rested her elbows on the back of the couch and covered her reddened face with her hands with a whimper. Lining his hard rigid length up with her glistening entrance, he ran his thumb teasingly over her tight, puckered hole as he slowly drove into her clutching depths. Harry groaned as her tight walls surrounded him with their incredible heat. Her inner lips clung to his shaft as he fed his iron hard rod into her soft, hot depths. When he finally bottomed out, he paused for a moment to savor the blissful feeling.

Moaning, Hermione pushed her hips back against him, urging him to move. Smirking, he slid his hands up to her shoulders, using them as leverage as he began thrusting slowly. He marveled at the way her lips hugged his girth and clung to his shaft as he pulled back. Even after three kids, she was still perfect for him. With only his head left trapped in her core, he drove back in roughly, gradually gaining speed.

Looking at her reflection, Hermione stared out of the window with her mouth hanging open as she panted breathlessly. If anyone could have looked in the window, they would have clearly seen the expression of ecstasy on her face and her perky breasts bouncing as she was taken from behind. Harry’s cock throbbed as he thought about how people would react seeing her like this.

Even after Hogwarts, people still saw her as a boring, plain bookworm, and he longed to prove just how wrong they were. He wanted to show her off, let them see just how lucky he was and how desirable his wife really was.

Soon, Harry was slamming in and out of her, his hips bouncing off her fantastic ass with a loud, fleshy *clap* each time they connected. Hermione moaned lewdly as she threw her hips back at him. With one hand he reached under her, grabbed one of her bouncing breasts and squeezed it firmly. Suddenly, she let out a sharp gasp and stared out the window intently. Following her

gaze, he saw two women from Hermione's book club walking past their house on their way back from the shops.

With a dark smile she couldn't see, Harry reached up and grabbed a handful of her curly hair and pulled her head back roughly. Hermione's back arched, thrusting her jiggling breasts outward as he slammed into her furiously. One of her hands shot off of the couch to cover her mouth, desperately trying to muffle her squeal as she climaxed unexpectedly. Harry groaned as she clutched and spasmed around his thrusting length, soaking his shaft in her arousal. Her eyes followed the two women as they disappeared around the corner, and she collapsed forward with a moan.

Just as she calmed, Harry noticed someone else walking up the street. This time, it was the mailman. Smirking devilishly, He hooked his arms through Hermione's at the elbow, trapping them in place behind her back.

"No," came her drawn out groan when she spotted the mailman walking up to the house.

Harry continued hammering into her at a brutal pace as her eyes followed him up the driveway. Despite having just reached a climax, he could feel her excitement build as her walls quivered around him. She bit her lip hard, struggling to keep quiet and hold back her orgasm as he reached the front door. Her whole body trembled, and a quiet whimper escaped her throat as the mailman pushed their post through the mail slot of the front door just feet away from them.

Hermione squirmed in place as she desperately tried to fight her climax for just a little bit longer. Just as the mailman came back into view of the window on his way back to his van, she lost the battle against her own body. With her arms trapped behind her back, there was no way for her to cover up the squeal she let out as an intense climax thundered through her. The clapping of his thighs against her ass turned into a loud, wet slap as she drenched his hammering length in her arousal.

The mailman turned back to the house with raised eyebrows, clearly recognizing the sounds for what they were. Unknowingly, he stared right at them through the window as he looked at the house curiously. Hermione moaned pitifully as she made eye contact with him and shivered.

Harry, meanwhile, had reached his own peak and came inside his wife with a loud grunt and a long groan. His hot cum flooded her clutching depths and drew another moan from Hermione.

The mailman, even though he couldn't see in the window, smiled knowingly and whistled a tune as he walked back to his van. Inside, Harry pulled out of his wife, wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her onto his lap as he sat down on the couch, panting heavily. Hermione kissed his neck and cuddled up to his chest as they caught their breath, their sweat-soaked bodies quickly cooling.

It was only four more months until the kids returned for Christmas break and Harry planned to spend as much time as possible enjoying some alone time with his wife.