

Big Problems

Chapter 2

Harry was relaxing after a hard day of ordering his subordinates around. One of the rookie Aurors that he was responsible for had hauled in a juvenile punk that thought that it was a good idea to try and smuggle cigars laced with dried and treated Mandrake leaves. They were illegal according to the Ministry. Of course, it was all about money. The country that primarily supplied the cigars was having a bit of a tiff with England at the moment. As such, they refused to pay duties on them, which made them illegal to import. This created a black market demand for them. Rich purebloods certainly wouldn't want to go without their luxury items, and there were more than a few people willing to risk hefty fines or even jail time to earn a bit of coin. So when the punk was brought in and threatened with a year in Azkaban, he broke down in tears.

Harry wanted to laugh at the kid. There was no way that he would be sent to prison for such a minor infraction. A fine and community service was the most that he would get. If really unlucky, maybe a week or so of being locked up in the DMLE, but the kid didn't know that. When he begged to be let go, Harry cut him loose after telling him that he now owed him big time, and someday Harry would collect. The boy nodded his head enthusiastically and ran as fast as he could when Harry told him to "get the fuck out of here". Sadly, the two dozen boxes of premium cigars were personally destroyed by Harry ... according to the paperwork that is.

A ring of smoke floated through the air as Harry exhaled in satisfaction. The incredible, woodsy aroma of the smoke made his head swim. When mixed with a bottle of Ogden's Finest, Harry felt as though he were in heaven. He closed his eyes and relaxed.

"HARRY! I DID IT!" a familiar voice yelled next to his ear. Harry yelped as his eyes flew open. He accidentally dropped his lit cigar onto his lap and yelped even louder when it began burning a hole in the crotch of his trousers. He was just about to grab the cigar when Hermione beat him to the punch. She took the cigar and mashed it right into his ashtray. Harry watched as his precious cigar bent at the middle, snapped in half, then was smooshed even further when she ground it into oblivion.

"MY CIGAR!" he screeched as he gazed upon the ruined remains. "Hermione!" he wailed, turning his attention to his annoying friend.

"You're welcome," she told him happily.

"I never thanked you, you lunatic," he said, holding up the smooshed cigar and watching as tobacco fell from the torn-up outer leaf.

"You should. Smoking is unhealthy," she lambasted him on his bad habits. Harry sighed in resignation.

"What did I do to deserve your visit?" he asked, annoyed with her.

"Nothing. You're just lucky," she smirked at his annoyed expression. Harry pinched the area between his eyes.

"At least tell me that you're bringing me some good news," Harry said.

"I already told you! I did it! I figured out a way to fix things," she said excitedly. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"About the Weasleys' meat and veg?"

"Gross, Harry! I told you to stop calling it that," she exclaimed with a grossed-out expression.

"The twig and berries ... whatever ..."

"Yes!" she cried out, trying to get him to stop.

"Woah! If true then that's some really good news!" Harry said, smiling at her excited look. "I can see that you're dying to explain, so go ahead." Hermione didn't wait to jump right in.

"I tried the most obvious things first. We tried to use one of those magical strap-ons, but it didn't take care of the magical bond issues that we're having, and it was kind of pathetic. Next, we tried Polyjuice. Ron said that the pain of morphing was excruciating. Remember that not only was the flesh damaged, but the nervous system as well. His area is incredibly sensitive. He can't even take hot or cold showers due to the pain that it would cause. Ron passed out right after changing, and I had to call in a Healer. Just to make sure, George tried as well. He said that he would never try again after experiencing it. Ron wouldn't either. I can't really blame them. It sounded horrendous," she shuddered at the thought. Harry turned slightly green at the thought.

"I've tried figuring out a way to fix his nervous system so that we can use Polyjuice, but I haven't been able to so far. Maybe I'll figure it out in the future. I also tried figuring out a way to reverse the damage. I've failed in that so far as well, but I'll keep trying," she said determinedly. "Those would be the most obvious fixes to our situation. Unfortunately, the answers to those are still out of my grasp for the time being."

"After that, I had to really think out of the box. I studied the marriage bond every which way that I could, and I think that I've come up with a solution," she said happily.

"Well? Don't keep me waiting. What is it?" he asked, leaning forward.

"I've figured out a way to trick the bond," she told him, looking proud of her discovery.

“Trick the bond?” Harry asked, confused. “How exactly do you do that?”

“With this!” she said, pulling a large, clear crystal that was cut into the shape of a pyramid. All over it was hundreds of tiny runes that were carved in.

“What is it?” he asked, studying the weird object. He had never seen anything like it before.

“I don’t really have a name for it yet, but I’ll tell you what it does. Two people connect to the device at the same time, and one of the people can kind of mind-meld with the other.

“Mind-meld?” he asked, looking confused. Hermione nodded her head.

“For example, if you and I connected to this, I could see through your eyes, feel what you feel ... pleasure, pain. It would be as if I was living your life,” she said, bursting with excitement. Harry just raised an eyebrow.

“Still skeptical? I’ll prove it!” she exclaimed. Hermione reached into her bag and pulled out two small metal discs. Holding the bigger one up for him to see, she explained it as she did. “The bigger one is the person who’s living his normal life. You won’t even notice that anything’s different.”

He could see that like the pyramid, the disc was covered in tiny runes. Hermione pressed it against her skull behind her ear. Next, she held up the smaller disc. It also was covered in runes. “The smaller one is for the person connecting to the host.”

She reached out and placed the disc behind Harry’s ear. He felt a slight pinch, but besides that, nothing happened. “Make sure that you’re comfortable,” she told him. Harry sat back on his chair and took a deep breath. Hermione touched a certain rune on the pyramid. He saw the thing light up before he was suddenly Hermione.

The strange thing was that it didn’t feel wrong or strange. There was a strange disconnect between himself and Harry Potter. In fact, he saw his body sitting on his chair looking like a brain-dead vegetable, and it didn’t bother him. When he reached out and pinched his/her arm, he yelped in a feminine voice. When he brushed his fingers up and down the inside of his arm, he could feel how it tickled. Suddenly, he was back to sitting on his chair. He stood up and teetered for a second before Hermione reached out to steady him.

“Woah!” he gasped.

“Trippy ... Isn’t it?” she laughed. Harry nodded.

“I could even feel the pain when I pinched your arm,” he told her. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I pinched my own arm, Harry. That's the point! Everything that happened, I did it. You just experienced it as though you were doing it. You even thought that it was your decision to pinch your arm!" she explained.

"That's insane!" Harry said, amazed by what she had created. He could already imagine the possibilities of such a device. Imagine being connected to a professional Quidditch player during a match, or to an Auror during an intense raid. He suddenly remembered why she created it.

"Umm ... Hermione?" he said carefully. "What are your plans for this device?"

Hermione blushed beet-red.

"As I told you, Harry. It's the answer to our problem. I haven't told any of the other Weasleys yet, but Ron already agreed ... And you did say that you'd do anything to help!" she told him.

"Do what?" he asked for clarification. Hermione took a deep breath and answered his question.

"As you just witnessed, you thought that my decisions were yours. If Ron connects to you, it will trick his magic into thinking that whatever you do, he did. I already tested it by signing a harmless magical contract when Ron was connected to me. I signed Ron's name and his magic registered it as if he signed it himself," she confessed.

"Wow. That has the potential to be incredibly dangerous," he warned. Hermione nodded in agreement.

"That's why the secret will never leave the family. I'm going to ask everyone to sign a contract agreeing to not talk about it. It'll be too dangerous if it ever gets out. But it'll be wonderful for our problem," she said, wringing her hands together nervously.

"Hermione ... Are you suggesting that ... you know ... you and I ...?"

Hermione rolled her eyes at him.

"Stop acting like a child, Harry. You and I are going to have sex while Ron is connected to you. That should satisfy the bond between us," she said with a hint of finality.

"Should?"

"Obviously, I've never tested that. It should work though," she replied.

"And if it doesn't?"

"Then the worst thing that will have happened is two best friends making love to one another," Hermione argued.

"And Ron agreed to this?" That didn't sound like the Ron that he knew. Ron wasn't nearly as jealous as he was as a kid, but that didn't mean that he would be okay with Harry plowing his wife.

"Yes," she insisted. "Neither of us likes the idea of having extra-marital affairs, but it's either this or trying to get divorced. We don't want that. We just want to try and be happy again. It may not be the perfect answer to our problem, but right now it's the only answer that we have. And as far as you're concerned, you're the only person that I would consider as a partner," she told him, blushing prettily.

Harry also felt his face heat up, but he was better at hiding his emotions. He watched as Hermione bit her lip nervously while she waited for his answer. Finally, Harry nodded and gave his consent. Hermione squealed happily and hugged him before talking his ear off about the details that she had already outlined on a two-foot piece of parchment.

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"Are you absolutely sure, mate?" Harry asked once again. Ron nodded.

"At this point, I'm willing to try damn near anything," he confessed. Harry could certainly understand. He had been miserable for a long time now. Harry couldn't even imagine what it would be like to have his junk practically destroyed. He shivered just thinking about it.

"Well ... If you're sure," he said, walking up to Hermione who was holding the larger disc in her hand. The three of them were in the couple's bedroom. Ron was sitting back in a big, plush chair with his feet sitting on a footrest. Hermione smiled at him and placed the disc behind his ear. Like before, he felt the pinch. Next, she moved over to her husband and set him up. After that, she made her way back to the crystal pyramid that was sitting on a table in the corner of the room.

"By the way, is there a max distance before the connection is broken?" Harry wondered.

"Yeah. I tested it out myself. It varies between thirty and forty feet. If either of you gets that far away from the crystal, the connection will be severed," she explained.

"Good to know," Harry replied.

"Are you ready?" she asked. Harry nodded as did Ron. Hermione touched the crystal, and Harry felt a slight electric charge go through his body but nothing else.

"Feel okay?" she asked him.

"Yeah. I'm good."

She then went to Ron and checked him. He was sitting there zombified like Harry had before. She nodded in satisfaction at seeing that he was okay. She then turned back to him, cheeks pink. "We're ready."

That was all that he needed to hear. He had wanted to get Hermione into bed for years but thought that he had missed his shot long before. Now he was going to take full advantage of the situation. He could see her trembling nervously as he made his way to her. As he reached her, his hands touched her hips and he slowly pulled her in. Hermione closed her eyes just as his lips met hers. She moaned into his mouth as he deepened the kiss. It wasn't long before her arms wrapped around his neck, and she pulled him even closer. His hands moved from her hips to underneath the back of her shirt. He could feel goosebumps erupt all over her skin. Harry suddenly broke the kiss and moved his lips down to her graceful neck. Hermione's eyes fluttered open as he began gently sucking and nipping at her sensitive skin.

"You smell really good, Mione," he teased her. Hermione gasped and her legs nearly gave out. Thankfully, Harry held her tighter. He reached down and slid his hand underneath her skirt. She could feel his talented fingers grazing against her soft skin as they climbed higher and higher. They moved around to the inside of her thigh as they nearly reached their peak. Harry could feel the heat radiating from between her legs. He raised an eyebrow when his finger finally touched bare flesh. The incredibly smooth skin was already damp and burning hot. "No panties?" he asked.

Hermione blushed red at his question. She shook her head slightly. "I wanted to be ready for you," she confessed. Well, if she was ready, then Harry wasn't going to wait. He dropped down to one knee and slipped his head underneath her knee-length skirt. Hermione squeaked in embarrassment at his sudden action. Her body quivered violently when his lips brushed over her perfectly smooth mound. When his lips attached to her clit, she threw her head back and cried out as mini orgasms rocked her undersexed body. "HARRY!" she squealed when she began being lifted into the air.

Her back hit the wall and she clawed at it for dear life. It was a bit hard to concentrate for her since she had a tongue massaging her engorged clit. Her body was wracked by spasms as she bucked out of control. Her mouth was open, letting out a high-pitched squeal as pussy juice dribbled down Harry's chin.

Harry was surrounded by her lovely scent as his tongue worked on her throbbing clit and even scooped the moisture dripping from her contracting cunt. His cock threatened to burst through his trousers if he didn't get some relief soon. He carried his friend over to her bed and let her drop down onto her back. She watched him, wide-eyed and breathing heavily as he removed his clothes. When he stepped out of his boxers, Hermione gasped at the size of him.

She couldn't believe that was hiding in his trousers all this time. Sure, Ginny had said that he was big, but that was like saying cheesecake was good. He wasn't just big, he was enormous.

She was a bit nervous about the prospect of accommodating such a large instrument inside of her. She trembled nervously as she stalked forward. He reached out and began to undress her. The first thing to go was her shoes. Her socks were pulled off and tossed aside before he undid the button of her skirt and pulled it down her smooth legs. Hermione lifted her bottom up to help him get it off.

When Harry lifted her legs, he caught his first real good look at her beautiful pussy. It was little more than a hairless slit between two plump lips. He nearly came from just looking at it. Not wanting to wait any longer, he reached out and ripped her blouse open. She squealed as her naked tits erupted from the torn material. They jiggled and bounced as he helped her sit up, and he removed the destroyed fabric from her body. Overcome with embarrassment, she tried to cover up her C-cup breasts with her arms, but Harry wasn't having it. He grabbed her and flipped her over onto her belly. She couldn't believe that he was treating her in such a way. He was always so polite and had great manners. This man before her was a brute that took whatever he wanted without asking, and right then, he wanted her.

Her face was mashed into the bed as her ass was lifted up. "Harry? What are you ... EEK!" she squealed as her cheeks were spread, and his tongue touched her virgin asshole. She bit down on the bedsheets as his tongue slid around the rim of her naughty hole. When his tongue started to vibrate, her hands clenched the sheets tightly and her cheeks clenched. The bastard even chuckled when she had her first analgasm. It wasn't her fault, she thought as the tip of his tongue poked at her hole. She wasn't aware that having her ass played with would feel so good. Beads of arousal were dripping down the insides of her thighs as Harry's mouth moved down from her asshole and began suckling at her hard clit. Unable to stop herself, she reached back and grabbed the back of his head. Pulling his face into her ass, she started grinding herself against him, desperate for more pleasure. Harry was happy to accommodate such a request. He used the fingers on one hand to roll her throbbing clit between his fingers, while two fingers on his other hand slipped between her light pink lips.

Hermione choked out a pleased cry as she felt his fingers enter her. Immediately, her pussy clenched tightly around the invading digits. Harry pulled them back until they were nearly out. He could see that they were coated in her wetness. He pushed them back in, making her back arch. As he pushed them back in, he curled them downward to stimulate her g-spot. The effects were instant. Pussy juice erupted from her fluttering cunt, spraying him in the face and chest. Squeaks and squeals filled the room as her body bucked wildly and she rolled onto her back. She spread her legs wide as she continued to spray her juices all over the room. She didn't know how long this had gone on, but when she came to, she saw her best friend situated between her legs with his massive rod resting on her mound and belly. Her breathing intensified as he grabbed the shaft and began rubbing the domed tip up and down the length of her sopping wet slit. And with one mighty thrust, she cried out and started cumming again.

AN - Continued in the next chapter

