

Chapter 19 - Do the wicked change?

Harry Potter smiled and wrapped his hand around Audrey's neck and kissed her sweetly. The lovely woman who was not his wife whimpered against his lips. Her eyes remained dreamy and unfocused while thick gobs of cum sputtered out of her pussy.

"Ahuaaah-hah... Ohuaah..." Audrey Weasley's lips begged for more when he pulled back from her. Harry's gaze lingered on his secretary's subdued, but horny face. While Audrey was a pleasure to enjoy, especially in her cum-drunk state, he wasn't just kissing her for Audrey's bliss. Harry knew seeing him kiss the other woman would really get Hermione worked up, even if she claimed otherwise.

"You should get cleaned up, Audrey," Harry said, though it was too soft and gentle to be much of an instruction. It wasn't important to him what Audrey did at that moment, Harry's mind was already turning towards his partner. He knew that he should have been getting himself cleaned up and should have stopped enjoying himself, but he was still bitter about being told to close down the investigation he and Hermione had been working on. With no drive to return to work, he set his eyes on Hermione, who he cared about much more deeply than Audrey, cute and fun as she was.

The wizard turned and stood up, walking over to Hermione as casually as if he'd just walked into her home, and not just finished filling up another witch with his juices.

'Morgana's staff! Why can't I be mad at him? He looks so handsome, all sweaty, but I'm watching his load drip out of another woman's pussy. Hermione tried to brace herself, but all she felt beyond a swelling of infatuation was the pleasure when her legs continued rubbing together.

As her heart rate increased, her tits rose and fell with greater fervor as Harry stepped closer and closer to her half-naked body. It felt so good having Harry's eyes centered on her, but it frustrated and agonized her that such a look could make her break so many Ministry of Magic rules. Well, break more of them since she'd already broken several by masturbating in his office after seeing what Harry was doing to Audrey.

'I didn't stop them. I wanted to watch. I wanted to see Harry's powerful body dominate her,'

Thoughts consumed with rules and proper behavior shouted at her to leave Harry's office, but others reminded the scholarly girl of cold, awkward truths. She had no reason to feel jealous or embarrassed. After entering Harry's office, it was her choice to loosen her clothes to expose the wet petals of her pussy to her fingers. The sense of how wrong it was only made the pleasure more intense when her fingertips touched the hidden bud impatiently waiting within her lips. The witch had stroked her sex and droplets of lust leaking from her body became a mighty river.

The witch's body had started squirming, longing to be loved by Harry and to feel his warm body against hers. Now that Audrey had gotten her fill, it was only fair that Harry gave Hermione what she wanted. What she secretly... desperately needed.

Hermione would give much to feel Harry's fiery warmth seeping through her body. The taboo of the situation only made it harder for her to breathe, but her thoughts rallied. It was too risky.

'Far too risky... But... it would feel good. But no... we're in the Aurors' Office. People will be coming into the office soon!'

The woman reduced to a nervous mouse was on the verge of stopping herself when Harry cleared his throat and uttered some words that stopped her train of thought completely.

"Keep going. I want to see it, Hermione..." His tone was sharp and direct.

Hermione did not nod, but she did not stop moving her fingers along her pussy. The sharp-witted woman brushed some bushy brown strands of hair from her softly breathing face.

'I'm not stopping,'

She continued touching herself, in front of her paramour, and in front of another woman who wasn't Ginny. The thought that she wanted to pause and yet, Harry could keep her going with a simple sentence made her mad with lust. It didn't help that each time she looked at the half-dazed and panting woman in the room, Hermione's body yearned to taste Harry's rod.

"Murawah-hurah-mooohah..."

The more the witch moved her fingers like oars pushing into an ocean, the heavier her breathing became. Beads of sweat danced down her brow and Hermione's glasses started fogging up. Small rational slivers persisted in battling the girl's crass urges, but the rest of her didn't want to stop her sordid activities.

And yet, her lip fluttered a moment and her curiosity rang out with need. It compelled her to reply to Harry before completely succumbing to the aching calling out in her body like a loud signal horn. She couldn't lose control, not yet...

"What... Ohuah... What do you want to see, Harry?"

When she saw him adjust his glasses, to distract her from a hungry grin, the witch felt a shiver run down her spine. Her hard nipples clamored for someone to touch them, kiss them, or even slap them, and yet he continued leaving her be. But seeing him not press forward made the woman smile. Famished for his body as she was, Hermione took a certain kind of pleasure knowing that their 'duel' was not completely one-sided. She imagined what would have

happened if she had not already been playing with herself. But then, Harry continued and Hermione's defenses could not hold.

"Make yourself cum, Hermione. Cum for me, I want to see you do it. Now..." Hermione nodded. Her fingers playing with her pussy turned from sheepish and shy to hungry and fast as she played with herself. She wanted to please him, to give him what he wanted from her. Without hesitation, she continued stroking her clit and driving her fingers in and out of her gushing opening. Her shoulders began to drop while her breasts heaved as her breathing became more and more disjointed. Hermione's display ended up becoming so erotic that even Audrey moved closer to watch. Standing behind Harry, the younger girl began playing with her nipples while the scholarly witch's pussy devoured her invading fingers.

Hermione was fine with her audience growing because Harry's gaze stayed on her body. Like a spotlight in a theater, Harry's green eyes did not waver from her. It was like they were both under each other's spell, each watching the other intensely, even though only Hermione was still moving. Her tongue began reacting like a wild animal as her breaths turned into wanton gasps and moans. Finally, she finished the page and her body arched back as she started cumming in front of the wizard she burned for.

"I'm cumming! Harry... Please... don't look... It's too embarrassing... Ahuwa-hurah... Ahuwaaaaah!" Hermione cried out as she came right in front of Harry and Audrey. The poor witch's entire body shivered once again, her breasts bouncing and her legs spasming as her cunny squirted out some of her nectar all over the floor of Harry's office.

In the daze that followed, Hermione slowly realized that Harry had stood up and reached his hand down to her. Moving gingerly, she grabbed his hand and allowed Harry to pull her body up. She no longer thought about how her juices were still dribbling down her thighs because now she was in Harry's care, and she did not have to worry about a thing any longer.

"Audrey, make sure the charms and wards are up," His secretary did as the wizard bid. It took the naked woman a moment to find her wand and check on the spells. By then, Harry was on the couch with Hermione laid out in front of him. The two ravenous lovers had already removed her clothes and their hands and lips ran rampantly all over their mouths, shoulders, and necks.

Harry's patience ran dry like an inkwell after an O.W.L. Exam. He looked down at his sweaty body and saw his cock wedged in between the orbs of Hermione's ass. The witch was beside herself with lust, wiggling her ass against his hard-on, wordlessly begging for him to take charge and fuck her. The Auror smiled and gave her ass a little squeeze before he leaned in to whisper to his lover.

"You're all mine today. Not Ron's... just mine," Harry's voice held an edge to it, but the way that goosebumps sprung up across Hermione's neck and how she continued grinding her bare butt against his cock told him just how excited it made her feel.

“Put it inside, Hermione,” This time, his words were definitely an order, one that Hermione answered willingly. Even though her body was still sensitive from making herself cum, there was just something entirely different about the incredible anticipation blowing through her body. She parted her legs and reached a hand down her body while Harry’s warm breath continued floating out across her naked back.

Her fingers grabbed hold of Harry’s mammoth cock and Hermione gulped down a few frenzied thoughts to just jam her lover’s entire length inside of her. She remembered how sensitive her body was, and so she started things off by just slowly guiding his tip up and down her sodden lips. Even that was nearly too much. Her legs began squirming more intensely and finally, all rational thought departed Hermione Granger and she pushed the hard, rigid crown of Harry’s member against the entrance to her womanhood.

“Mmrrraah... Yes....”

Hermione squealed with delight when he finally entered her. She moaned breathlessly as Harry lodged more of his rod deep within her vessel. Her fingers gripped the material of the couch while her inner walls hugged and squeezed Harry’s steamy cock. Her pussy held Harry’s tip intimately and quivered whenever he pulled back to start his next thrust.

“Oh Harry! Oouhaa-huah-ooohmmm...” Her hair waved and her breasts were rocked again and again as Harry’s hips started to go to town on her cute little ass. The wizard’s cock wasn’t the only thing setting the witch’s naked body on fire. He nibbled her neck and shoulders while his hands attended to her tits as well. Harry’s fingers found her nipples and his hands sank slightly into her breast as he wrestled against the twerking motion of Hermione’s lower half. As much as she bucked, the girl who had been with him through thick and thin never jostled him hard enough to dislodge his cock.

‘She loves being fucked almost as much as I love fucking her,’

The two moved as one on the couch. Harry’s office soon stank of sweat and sex, but that was a problem for a later time. For now, the two were simply enraptured by one another. Hermione’s weakened pussy began erupting once more and Harry slowed his thrusting while grabbing his friend’s mouth and turning it to his to lock his lips onto hers once again. During the lull, his ears picked up on Audrey’s whimpering. Looking at the girl, she was practically begging like a lost pup, and Harry nodded to her. Like a good little fuck slave, she walked up to where the powerful and handsome wizard was stretched out behind the other naked witch in the room.

“Join us, Audrey. Lick and suck on her nipples, but gently, she’s still sensitive,” Harry said with a grin.

Hermione’s mind swam in a tantric fog of pleasure. She didn’t have the strength to frown or suggest that Harry just focused on her. She knew that such an argument would not have been

fair, of course. Hermione knew that as much as she wished, Harry didn't just belong to her, but it was hard not to feel like she was not enough for him when he had Audrey join in.

'At least, I'm the one with his cock inside me,' Hermione thought lewdly as her honeyed entrance squeezed pleasantly on part of Harry's generous length. When she heard him grunt, she allowed herself a smile. Then, she was moaning all over again as Audrey knelt in front of her and began licking and sucking on her nipples. As Hermione's front was played with, Harry picked up the pace once again and his cock began stroking the entrance to her womb once more.

"Yes Harry! Give me every inch! Don't stop... I want it so much... It feels... Amazinguaah! Please... Give it to me. Pump your semen inside me!!"

Hermione's breathing lost all semblance of control as Harry shifted her body. Now the two were no longer on their sides and she was in Harry's lap, with his powerful arms lifting her legs out to the side. She was completely exposed to Audrey, but Hermione loved it because it was what Harry desired. In this position, he could also pound her as much as he wanted because he had more control over Hermione's body, which she also relished. Her breasts bounced excitedly and Audrey had to grab hold of one just to even have a chance at licking it. The girl's determination amused Hermione for a scant moment before her entire body was rocked by another orgasm.

This time, her head went completely numb with heat and the scorching sensation of Harry's load shooting out within her body. Hermione's vaginal walls squeezed and squeezed, but the powerful wizard only stopped moving when his load was entirely spent. The spent witch's tongue lolled free and she gasped almost painfully as her man's thick penis rubbed right up against her cervix while his sperm continued flooding throughout her sensitive depths.

When the three of them finally started getting cleaned up, Hermione remembered why she'd come racing to Harry's office. She put her hair in a ponytail and then pulled up her wand to summon a folder to her hands.

"Harry, you need to see this,"

Harry found his glasses and bent over her shoulder after buttoning up his shirt. Hermione opened up the file and Harry saw a moving picture made by a unique Auror camera. When the witch beside him moved her wand, the image changed to the next in the reel, and all of the images moved, just like they did in the Daily Prophet.

Harry recognized one of the men in the pictures. They looked like the suspect he'd trailed from Crantford's Cannery, the one with the magic ring able to allow him and others access into a secret club. A club that hadn't given up much of anything yet. Harry's jaw tightened. Being stone-walled was annoying, whether it was by Dumbledore, Mrs. Weasley, or Hull.

"Where did you get this?"

“I have a few contacts of my own, Harry. You’ve been busy, and I know it will take the Ministry at least a month before we’re let in there, so we’ll have to move around the rules. I talked to my contacts, giving them the description of the man, and that led me to Mortimor Colliworth,”

“He work in the Ministry?”

“He did until about ten years ago. Apparently, they shut down his branch. I dug around, it was for Wand Power Amplification. Experimental stuff, and closed off after one too many exploded bodies,” Hermione chewed her bottom lip. Even she knew that messing with wands was something every second year at Hogwarts knew to avoid.

“Anything recent?”

“No, it seems he’s been enjoying a generous pension. Fudge paid the group well, though they never came up with much. But his past isn’t important. Hull says we cannot investigate the club without a writ, but Colliworth doesn’t just stay in the club and bars. He has tea at the Mayberry Blackshop. And guess who else goes there for tea and other magical enchantments?”

Hermione moved her wand again and the image shifted. Harry saw himself watching Colliworth opening up a door like a gentleman, and letting in Narcissa Malfoy. The white-haired woman looked to have barely noticed the man helping her, and Colliworth frowned after letting her inside.

“You think Narcissa is connected?”

“I doubt it. She’s been keeping her nose clean. But... she might make an ideal contact to... ‘reach out’ to Colliworth and find out more about what he is doing,”

Harry grinned. Hermione had handed him quite the play and he kissed her, wanting to bed her all over again. But now he was once again feeling the urge to hunt down the dark wizards. Convincing Narcissa would take some doing, but he had a feeling he’d get her to see the ‘wisdom’ in his way of thinking.

“I’ll get right on it. Dinner at eight, I need to check in on Ginny before the big match,” Harry said curtly, giving Hermione a kiss on the cheek and a gentle squeeze of her ass. She swooned, wondering if he wanted her to bring Ron, but Harry was already pulling on his coat and heading out of the office.

Hermione had known he’d hop to the task quickly. It was good that Harry had been checking in on the Malfoys. Time was of the essence. As much as she liked breaking the rules about inter-agent fraternization and office cleanliness, she wasn’t about to not report that she’d had Colliworth under observation. The witch just hoped Harry could get Narcissa to turn witness before the end of the week.

“Do you... do you think that I should invite Percy?” Audrey asked. Hermione blinked and then set her sharp eyes on the other brunette in the room. The edge of her lip curled into a bit of a wicked smile.

“I would use your best judgment, Audrey. But you probably can't make it tonight anyhow,”

Audrey looked at her quizzically. “I can't?”

“Yes, I need you to write up reports on Colliworth, include a backdated observation initiation form, and prepare a new protection agreement for Narcissa Malfoy. If Harry can convince her to help us, it will be to her benefit,”

‘Draco and Lucious Malfoy will continue enjoying their full punishment for their crimes. No act of Narcissa should lessen their load,’ Hermione thought darkly before gathering up her things and leaving Harry's office while Audrey set about to her new assignments.