

Summary - Hermione, once again has to please Harry in front of her cuck husband in order to pay off his loans.

The Cucking

The twenty-eight year old Hermione Weasley ungracefully dropped down into her favorite cushy chair and placed her glass of firewhiskey on the side table. She harshly pinched and rubbed the area between her lovely chocolate-brown eyes, trying to stave off an oncoming headache. She once again looked at the letter that had come via Owl post.

Dear Weasley family,

The sum of 375 galleons for the month of February is due by the first of March. If payment is not received, we will have no choice but to repossess the house that was put up as collateral.

Best Wishes,

Gringotts

They had been paying that loan off for months. Her idiot husband took out a loan to start another one of his failed business ventures. He was always being roped into a get-rich-quick scheme. The five-thousand galleon loan he took out had just about killed their relationship. She really didn't know how much more that she could take. Her meager life-savings had been used up to help pay off the monthly installments, but now she was broke. Her paychecks were barely covering their monthly bills. Ron had recently been fired from another job. The man was useless. She would cry if it would make her feel better. Unfortunately, that no longer worked. That's why she had the firewhiskey.

There was one sure-fire way to pay off the loan this month. Her former best friend Harry Potter. While they were still friendly, they no longer spent most of their time together. After his break-up with Ginny, the relationship between him and the Weasleys went into a steep decline. As someone married to a Weasley, that meant that she could no longer spend as much time with him as she would like. Still, she did sneak out every so often and have lunch with him and such.

To her shame, this wouldn't be the first time that she had to turn to him for money. On two different occasions, she had to ask him for gold. Of course, each time was because Ron had squandered their savings. Hermione blushed when she thought about how she earned the money. Having no love for her husband, Harry made her perform sexual favors right in front of Ron! At first, Ron was outraged and stormed off. His tone changed when he realized that no one would give them any money, and if his debts went unpaid, not only would she end up divorcing him, but the debt holders would likely take payment in pounds of his flesh!

A few days later, he went crawling back and agreed. Hermione's cheeks pinked while remembering what had happened ... or maybe from the whiskey, she didn't know. She

remembered how Harry claimed her in front of her husband. She remembered how shameful it was that she felt so much pleasure. She also remembered how downtrodden Ron had looked later that night when she showered off another man's scent from her body. At the time she had felt vindictive toward him. He had deserved what he had gotten. Now, she didn't even care enough to feel that way. She hadn't let him touch her in months. It was then that her good-for-nothing husband had stumbled in completely drunk.

"Hello, Ronald," she said, emotionless as she took a sip.

"Mione," he slurred, stumbling a bit before falling back into a chair. His hair was disheveled and he had a five o'clock shadow. It also looked like he may have been in some kind of a physical altercation. His clothes were rumpled and slightly torn. Hermione didn't care enough to ask.

"The bill for this month's portion of the loan just came in," she said scathingly, flinging the letter at him.

"S-sorry, love. I'm a bit skint at the moment," he choked out as he tried to keep his eyes open.

"You're always skint," she replied calmly. She took another drink. Ron was going to drive her to alcoholism. "Anyway, you know what this means, don't you?"

"You know I don't. So why don't you just tell me," he slurred.

"We'll have to have another session with Harry," she smirked knowing it was going to piss him off. True to form, he jumped out of his chair to rant, only to fall over and bang his head on the floor.

"We don't need Potter!" he pushed himself into a sitting position. "I'll pay it myself!"

"Oh really. Well go ahead and pay it. When the Goblins come looking for you, I'll be at Harry's begging him to protect me. Who's going to protect you?" she dropped the truth on him. Harry still loved her enough that he wouldn't let anything bad happen to her. He would happily watch as Ron was dragged into the depths of the marble bank. She could hear Ron cursing to himself. He knew she was right, but didn't want to admit it.

The Following Day

Hermione wrote to Harry, who quickly responded. They were to meet him at his cottage. Ron wasn't allowed anywhere near his manor house. Hermione had been there multiple times. Ron was still hungover and angry when the time came for the meeting. They apparated just outside the ward-line, and Harry met them and let them in. Harry was looking more than a little smug. She could understand why. He loved seeing Ron down on his luck. Luckily for him, Ron was always having a rough time of it.

“Hermione ... Ron,” Harry greeted them with a head nod, ushering them into his cottage. His cottage was quite lovely. It was situated on a cliff somewhere close to Bill and Fleur’s place. Hermione would love to live there.

“Potter,” Ron growled. “You’re just loving this, aren’t you?” he asked snidely.

“Indeed I am,” he replied easily. Nothing else was said, angering Ron even more. Once they were in the living room, Harry handed them the standard contract. It was the same as the ones they signed twice before. It simply said that he would pay them the sum of five-hundred galleons in return for services rendered. It also had a stipulation about what would happen if Ron tried to attack him over it. Needless to say, Ron would curse and complain, but he wouldn’t try to get physical. The three of them signed, and Harry put the contract away. Like always, with a flick of his wand, Ron was petrified from the neck down. Harry wanted to hear his verbal complaints while taking her.

Harry floated the love seat right in front of Ron so he could have a perfect view. Hermione knew that Harry was a bit vindictive when it came to the Weasleys. Well, most of them anyway. Oddly enough, he still had a soft spot for Ginny, who still had a soft spot for him in return. Harry sat on the love seat and beckoned her closer. Hermione stood right in front of him. “Strip for me, love.”

Hermione blushed as he turned on a song with a nice sensual, slow beat. Having taken dance classes for years in her childhood, she knew how to move her body properly. Harry knew that, so Hermione began. She closed her eyes and allowed the beat to flow through her. She remembered what her dance instructor had once told her. Listen to the song, and let the song dictate how your body moves. Hermione did just that.

Harry watched with bated breath as his former best friend started slowly swaying her hips. As her performance went on, it became sexier and sexier. He knew that she could dance, having heard her talk about it multiple times, but he didn’t know that she could move like that! Hermione reached back and unzipped her knee-length skirt. Turning to face him, she gave him an incredibly sexy look while running her fingers into her hair and lifting it off of her shoulders. She gave her wide hips a shake, and her skirt slid off and pooled at her high-heeled feet. She easily stepped out of them and did a little spin, showing off her thong-covered ass. She looked over her shoulder and raised an eyebrow as she slapped her thick ass! He couldn’t believe that this was the same girl who told him off when he laughed at one of Seamus’ boner jokes.

Her beautiful ass jiggled from the impact, making his mouth water and cock harden. When she faced him, he could see her silky panties cling to her mound and lips, making a sexy, little camel-toe between her creamy thighs. He looked up and saw her unbuttoning her blouse. Button after button popped open as her hips swayed in rhythm with the song. Finally, she peeled her shirt off, leaving her in only her underwear and high heels. That was when Hermione got closer.

Harry wanted a show from her, and Hermione decided to give him one. In fact, she gave it her all. She danced as sexily as she could, not only to turn Harry on but also to anger her useless husband. She wanted Ron to see what he was missing. She placed her hands on his shoulders and straddled his lap. Her silken panties were wet as she rolled her wide hips against his erection and rubbed his face in her cleavage. Hermione was quite proud of her large C-cup breasts. They were large and perky and drew the attention of every man in her vicinity. She jiggled her tits as his erection stimulated her clit through her panties. She got off of him and quickly pulled off his shoes, trousers, and boxers, leaving him in his shirt and socks. She didn't want to waste time. She wasn't surprised by the ten-inch beast that popped up. She had taken it before, after all. She gave it a quick kiss before standing up and turning her back on him.

She swayed her hips sexily, making sure that Ron could see perfectly. Hermione sat down on his crotch and began grinding herself on him. She smirked at her husband and lifted her hair up, exposing her slender, lovely neck. As she thought, Harry immediately latched on to the soft skin, kissing and nipping at her silky neck. She let her curtain of hair fall over his head, covering him with her scent. She closed her eyes when the latch of her bra was released, causing her bra to fall forward. She let it fall to the ground, presenting her large tits to the cool afternoon air. Her nipples were rock-hard as she gave him the best lap dance of his life. His hands slid up her belly and cupped her swaying breasts. She moaned and leaned back against his chest. She looked at her cuck of a husband. His tiny, little pecker was hard, and his face was red with anger. She smirked and spread her legs a bit, showing him how wet she was. Another failure on his part. He could never make her wet like that.

"I need you now, Hermione!" Harry groaned out. She wanted him too. Hermione stood up and reached down to spread herself open. She slowly lowered herself as Harry lined himself up. They moaned in unison as he slid into her moist tunnel before she settled on his balls. She leaned back against his chest and he grabbed her behind her knees and lifted her legs up. Her high-heeled feet were spread apart, as were her legs while Harry slammed his absurdly long cock into her repeatedly.

Ron was so fucking pissed! He watched as his wife gave Harry Fucking Potter the sexiest dance he had ever seen! Now he was being forced to watch as his insanely large junk was sliding in and out of Hermione's beautiful cunt. Hermione's face was twisted in passion and pleasure. It was a look he hadn't ever seen. The sound of wet skin clapping made him look to the place they were connected. Harry's cock was streaked with her creamy, white girl cum as their bodies collided together. They were moaning, and he could hear the wet slurps of their tongue kissing as Hermione turned her head to kiss him. He watched as her bald pussy was being stretched out, and a pain hit him. It would never be tight for him again! That didn't matter, he guessed. It had been a long time since he was able to get a piece of ass from her. He heard his wife squeal and looked to see what had changed. Harry's hand was rubbing her hard clit while pounding into her viciously. Ron was hard as hell, and more than a little embarrassed at the size difference between the two men. He was trying to squirm to relieve some of the pressure. Hermione's sexy body started trembling wildly, and she screamed out and started squirting right there in front of him!

Harry saw Hermione squirting and smirked to himself. He lifted her up by the underside of her knees and displayed her to Ron. Her ejaculate hit the redhead right in the face over and over as Hermione writhed and squealed. Her pussy felt incredible as if fluttered over his cock, massaging his meat and desperately trying to milk his seed. It didn't need to wait long as his own orgasm hit him hard. He pulled out, and Hermione reached under and grabbed him. She took aim and stroked his cock wildly as he moaned.

Hermione, being the vengeful little bitch that she was, took aim and started stroking. A gooey load of hot cum spurted out at incredible speeds, hitting Ron right in the forehead. The redhead screamed out angrily. A terrible mistake, as a second, bigger load squirted right in his mouth. Ron choked and gagged as spurt after spurt hit him in the face. Hermione laughed as she came and squirted over him.

Ron, shamed and emasculated, couldn't take it anymore and came in his pants! "Ohhhhh Oh!" he groaned as a wet patch appeared on the crotch of his trousers.

Hermione and Harry looked at the pathetic sight. They shook their heads. Harry turned Hermione around and held her against him. She wrapped her arms and legs around him so as to not fall off. "That was fucking fantastic, Hermione! I didn't know you had it in you! I'm going to open a side account at Gringotts under my name. I'll put an extra five-hundred galleons in it as a tip for you. You've earned it, love," he told her, tired from their coupling. Hermione smiled and kissed him deeply.

"Thank you, Harry! I appreciate it." She was happy that Ron wouldn't be able to touch that money. Harry set her on her feet, and she collected her clothes. She watched as Ron collapsed when the spell holding him down wore off. She walked up to him, still nude. "Go home, you pathetic twat! You've embarrassed me enough today," she said scathingly, turning and walking away from him. All he could see was the delicious way her ass moved when she walked. Suddenly, she apparated away.

Ron looked back and glared at his former best friend. Harry just smiled and waved him goodbye. Grinding his teeth in rage didn't exactly work, as he still had cum in his mouth. Remembering this fact, he gagged and quickly apparated home to shower and brush his teeth.

When Ron left, Harry burst into laughter. He was almost sure that he'd be seeing them again next month. If Hermione ever wizened up and left the git, he'd invite her into his home, and of course, his bed. Time would tell. Until then, he'd have fun humiliating his former friend, and fucking his beautiful wife.