

**This story was commissioned by an anonymous supporter.**

### **Paying For Her Mistake**

Hermione sat nervously waiting for Harry to come into the bedroom and issue her punishment. She couldn't believe that she was stupid enough to let things get to this level, but she couldn't change the past. She wasn't even truly aware of everything until Harry had confronted her and filled her in on the details.

It all started with the defeat of Voldemort. How Harry had done, she didn't know. Maybe he figured out a way to easily defeat him, or perhaps he just got lucky. Hermione didn't know. What she did know was that both he and Voldemort shared some kind of powerful connection. Harry was being vague about that, but Hermione had some suspicions. When the Dark Lord finally met his fate, Harry was infused with not only his memories but also his magic as well. When the power flowed through his body, weak or latent talents were suddenly activated or made stronger. For example, Harry said that he had always suspected that he had a very weak Metamorphmagus ability. Something to do with his Aunt cutting off his hair when he was young. After his power increase, his metamorphing talents exploded to the point where he was even better than Tonks.

There were obvious benefits to becoming stronger. Clearly, his magic had become unmatched by anyone ... even Dumbledore. When you added in the memories of one of the most feared Dark Lords of all time, then Harry was on a completely different level. Not only that, but his powers of Legilimency and Occlumency were unrivaled. Those were only the ones that were mentioned to her. She was absolutely sure that there were more that he kept to himself.

After Voldemort's fall, Harry was understandably relieved and happy. Until then, his entire life revolved around the fact that the Dark Lord was still out there and waiting to come back and kill him, along with everyone else. Once that was no longer an option, Harry suddenly had his entire life ahead of him. He could do anything that he wanted, and with his power, there was nobody that could stop him. His first goal was to go back and investigate exactly what had been going on since his family was first attacked. Harry learned that most people didn't even know what Occlumency was, let alone know how to use it, and those that did were pretty pants at it. Suddenly, people were no longer able to lie to him. What he found shocked and angered him.

Over the years, there had been multiple cases of clear manipulation. Sometimes they were obvious and blatant, and other times they were much more subtle. The vast majority all led back to one man, Dumbledore. The annoying part was that he understood why Dumbledore did it. The old man wasn't some evil mastermind that was moving pawns around for his amusement. He was trying to keep people safe. At least, that was what Harry had thought until he really studied it closely. Because of the old man, a lot of innocent people died. Many more than should have. That's when Harry realized that Dumbledore wasn't necessarily trying to protect the people, but the way of life for magical citizens of the UK.

Dumbledore wanted the government and courts to go on the same way. He wanted Hogwarts to carry on in the same way. He wanted Purebloods, Halfbloods, and Muggleborns to have a dividing line between them. Voldemort would have changed that, obviously for the worse, but still.

Why Dumbledore acted this way, Harry didn't know. The old man had his reasons, and he used his influence to make sure that his goal was accomplished. What he didn't expect was for Harry to take matters into his own hands and do the job for himself. He also couldn't plan for the fact that one of his pawns would suddenly grow more powerful than he was. Hermione wasn't sure, but she suspected that Dumbledore was out there sweating bullets right about now. Harry was not in a forgiving mood and Dumbledore had a bullseye on his forehead.

Harry had eventually gone to the Goblins to see about his finances. Thankfully, no one was able to pilfer his accounts. He did learn that the old man was keeping even more secrets from him. Not only was he the Head of the Potters, but also the Black family. He was told that Sirius had left him a sizable chunk of money and the deed for Grimmauld Place. What he wasn't told was that the entire family name was now under his control. Monetarily speaking, it wasn't much of a change. The Blacks didn't have much left as far as savings went. The one good thing about it was the sudden increase in political influence that he was able to wield. Eventually, he would also be expected to take a second wife to fulfill his family duties to the Blacks.

At that point, Harry had control of two accounts that had a pretty good amount of gold in them.

He also learned that by defeating Voldemort again in single battle, he was able to claim the Slytherin name as well. That definitely surprised him. Unfortunately, Harry wasn't able to claim Hogwarts as his own and kick everyone out, not that he would have done that anyway. The school had long since been turned over to the ruling body of the country.

The Slytherin family also was completely broke. From what Harry had learned in his research, the Gaunt family was the last in a line of idiots that squandered the family fortune. What Harry did gain was more political influence, a potential third wife, and Gringotts vault number 2 (Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, and Ravenclaw owning the other three). While the vault itself was completely empty, it was valuable. The vault had no fees attached and was his in perpetuity. It would belong to his family as long as they existed. That in and of itself wasn't that great. He already had two vaults and the fees attached were reasonable. No, the true value was the prestige that went along with it. Having a single-digit vault would make people raise their eyebrows. It was just one more thing that gave him influence over the sheep.

Possibly the greatest boon to his influence came from Voldemort himself. When Harry received all of his memories, that included all of his little hidey-holes where he kept his gold and treasures. More than once did he bleed his followers dry of gold. In fact, Harry knew that the Malfoys were nearly broke after Lucius attempted to smooth things over with the Dark Lord after giving his diary away. Harry had told her that one of his fondest memories was tossing Lucius into Azkaban for life. After clearing out his troves, the Slytherin vault was now overflowing with

gold. Hermione knew that more than one gold-digging whore was sniffing around his crotch, hoping to catch his eye.

His investigation found something else that had Harry's eyebrows rising. He found out about her arrangement with Dumbledore. In her defense, it started out innocent enough. He wanted to keep an eye on Harry to make sure that he didn't get himself into a situation that he couldn't get out of. It was a good reason, in her opinion. Harry had proved himself a trouble magnet, and he needed someone to look after him. She was more than happy to fill that role. That's how it started out.

Over the years, she found herself reporting on his activities more and more. It went from reporting only the important stuff to reporting day-to-day activities. Whenever she made a fuss about it, Dumbledore would tempt her with something shiny, and she somehow seemed to forget about her objections.

It got to the point when in her sixth year, she was actively taking books and knowledge about rare spells for her spying. She told herself that it was all for Harry. She was keeping him safe and receiving knowledge that could help him in the future. But no matter how much she told herself that, it wasn't the truth. She was getting those books and spells for herself. Dumbledore would never give her any information that might help derail his plans. When Harry finally found out, he was suitably pissed.

Of course, she apologized and tried to explain herself. Unfortunately, her excuses weren't really all that good, to begin with. She couldn't believe that she allowed herself to betray him like that. Eventually, she just confessed all of her sins and said that she had no excuses. She told him that she would take any punishment that he deemed suitable. Hermione would have no choice but to comply.

Since Harry's rise to power, all of those that acted against him were justifiably terrified. They were afraid that Harry might kill them with his own bare hands. In an attempt to appease him, suspected Death Eaters and other criminals were being brought in at record numbers. Not only that, but the number of people fleeing the country was amazing. She doubted that those attempting to run from him would last long. Harry had been made the new Chief Warlock, and Dumbledore was cast aside. Hermione wasn't even sure if he would be able to keep his position as Headmaster after all was said and done. As Chief Warlock, anyone that even smiled at Voldemort was punished to the fullest extent of the law. Receiving his ire, Hermione would gladly take his punishment in private, rather than the court of law.

He had told her to come to his temporary home and wait in his room. He was having a massive manor house built, but it would still be a while before it was finished. Hermione quickly agreed. Then he shocked her by commanding her not to wear a bra or panties, and that she was to make sure that she was completely hairless down there. Blushing furiously, she agreed. She understood what her punishment would be and was willing to endure it.

Just then, the door to the room opened. Hermione's heart hammered against her chest as a hulking brute walked through the door. He looked like Harry but was huge. Perhaps ten feet tall and completely nude. Her eyes drifted down to his crotch. Hanging between his legs was a slab of meat that was long and thick. As it flopped back and forth, Hermione gasped. It was still soft, and already it was massive. Behind his low-hanging cock was a set of balls that looked bloated and full of cum. Like her, there wasn't a hair to be seen on his crotch. The lack of pubic hair made his cock seem all the more massive. Just the sheer size of him had her trembling in fright. He slowly strolled up to her and before she could even talk, he grabbed the back of her bushy head and mashed her face right into his soft cock. Gasping out loud, she was forced to endure as he rubbed her face all over his cock. She took in his musky scent as her soft lips rubbed his limp member and swollen ball sack. She looked up and was about to say something when he took that as an invitation for oral sex. As her mouth opened, his fat, swollen head was stuffed down her gullet.

Gagging, he took no pity on her as she was forced to suck him into hardness. Not having any practice with the act, she did the best that she could as she wiggled her tongue against him while he slowly thrust himself deeper into her mouth. She could feel his cock inflate against her tongue, and soon his head was bumping into her tonsils. As she gagged, he pushed his cock down her throat. Looking up at him pathetically, she practically begged with her eyes as he began moving his hips. Harry chuckled mercilessly as he began fucking her mouth.

Hermione was starting to see spots, not realizing that she should be breathing through her nose. She desperately banged on his leg and gasped wildly when he pulled out. Breathing deeply with her eyes watering, she saw her saliva dripping off of his shiny cock. Lifting up his cock, he pressed his fat balls to her lips, and Hermione began to lick them. Hearing him groan, she began to pleasure him even more. She knew that she needed to pull out all of the stops if she was going to get him to forgive her. She licked and sucked on his sack while he literally towered over her. Hermione's entire head was now underneath him, licking his balls before moving on to his ass. Her tongue wiggled against his backdoor as she properly rimmed him. This was new to her, but he seemed to enjoy that she had taken the initiative. There wasn't a spot on him that her lips and tongue didn't touch. Moving around him, she was now licking him from behind while one hand fondled his dangling balls and the other stroked his mighty cock. His member was so heavy that it was starting to tire her arm as she stroked him vigorously.

Harry chuckled and pulled away. He walked over and sat on a large, leather chair. Watching her, he stroked himself and said, "Lose the clothes. Be sexy while doing it."

Hermione nervously nodded. While sitting, she pulled off her shoes and socks, leaving her small feet bare. Standing up, she walked closer to him and began slowly undoing her buttons as the WIZARDING Wireless was turned on. A soft beat filled the room as she began swaying to the music. When her blouse was unbuttoned, she slowly opened it up.

That was the first time that she had shown a boy her naked body. She could see Harry's eyes glued to her medium-sized chest. Hermione blushed as he gestured for her to come closer. She

stepped between his parted legs and shuddered when both his hands reached for her naked tits. She closed her eyes as the warmth of his hands surrounded her bare breasts. She could feel him hefting them, testing their weight. She could feel him squeezing them and groping them, and when he started rubbing his thumb on her nipples, she squeaked in pleasure. Her nipples rapidly hardened under his touch, and soon they were hard enough to cut glass. Looking down, she could see the crinkled nub disappear into his mouth as he sucked on her breast. His tongue slipped and slid around her sensitive nipple, and when his tongue began to vibrate, her legs nearly buckled.

Suddenly, his big arm snaked around her slim waist and held her up. Her pussy was becoming very damp from the intense pleasure that was coming from her nipple. Hermione was picked up as Harry stood, and she cried out when he tore the thin skirt from her body, leaving her wet pussy bare.

“I think it’s time that I had a taste,” he said, pulling her shirt off. As her shirt hit the ground, she was tossed onto the bed on her hands and knees. She tried to scoot up, but Harry’s hands were already on her body, positioning her to his liking. Her knees were parted and her ass was lifted. When she raised her upper half to get a look at what he was doing, she felt his hand press into her upper back and push her down. With her face mashed into the pillow, she couldn’t see what was going on. Her body jerked when she felt his face press against her ass. Biting the pillow so that she wouldn’t embarrass herself from the noises that she was sure to make, she exhaled deeply when his tongue touched her clit before traveling up her wet slit and onto her asshole. When the tip of his wet tongue touched her tightest hole, she felt it vibrate again.

Squealing and clenching her cheeks shut, Harry chuckled and used his hands to spread her ass apart again. She knew that he could see everything, especially since she removed all of the hair from down there. As his tongue wiggled around the rim, she could have sworn that he was using a vibrator on her. Beads of arousal were dripping down the insides of her smooth thighs as her asshole puckered around his tongue. Her eyes widened when she felt him drag his tongue up the inside of her thigh, licking up her drippings. Crying out, she had a mini orgasm from the naughtiness alone. A hard slap on the ass had her yelping.

Harry moved her hair out of the way and he began nibbling at the back of her neck. “You like this, don’t you?” he asked huskily, making his finger vibrate as he toyed with the rim of her asshole. Hermione shook her head, denying his accusation.

“Harry!” she squealed and puckered her asshole when his finger slipped inside of her. Her hands gripped the sheets tightly as his finger vibrated inside of her. He pulled it out to the tip before sliding it back in. Suddenly, his other hand was on her pussy and rubbing it rapidly from side to side. She could hear the sloppy wetness of her cunt as he played with her. The sensation on her clit was almost too much to handle.

“Are you sure that you don’t like it?” he teased her, showing his hand that was covered in arousal. Hermione blushed and hid her face as his finger pistoned in and out of her ass.

Hermione was mewling embarrassingly as her toes curled in pleasure. A sudden slap made her gasp. Her perky cheeks rippled from the impact. Another slap had her whining pathetically, her pussy tingling badly. Another slap and pussy juice was drenching the bed underneath her. Using his other hand, he slipped his fingers inside of her undulating pussy and furiously fingered her g-spot. Hermione threw her head back and wailed as she gave off a small squirt of girl cum. Harry was chuckling mercilessly as her body twitched and bucked. Burying his face in her ass, he licked and sucked the juices from her sloppy wet pussy. Suddenly, Harry pulled his finger from her ass and got behind her. She felt the inside of her ass flutter and relax, and she looked back wildly. She jumped when she felt herself getting cleaned and lubed up.

“Now get ready for some fun,” Harry happily said. Opening her mouth, she let out a choked gasp as his very big cock started burrowing its way deep into her ass. Gripping the bed tightly, she wasn't ready for the moment when another fat cock slid into her wet, warm tunnel.

“Harry, what are you doing?!” she squealed as two cocks entered her. With a fat cock burrowing its way down each hole, Hermione began cumming on herself again. Her body was hot and sweaty as she wiggled around in pleasure. Out of nowhere, Harry's big, powerful hands gripped the back of her thighs and lifted her up easily. Her back against his chest, she breathed heavily as she spasmed. Hermione felt herself being cared over to the full-length mirror that was hanging on the wall.

“Just look at what you are,” Harry said, nipping at her ear. “My little whore,” he told her before pushing the rest of his cock deep within her. Hermione's back arched and she watched as fluid escaped her stuffed pussy and sprayed in every direction. Her eyes were wide and wild as she was forced to watch him piston both cocks into her virgin holes. Somehow, he was even able to take his hands from her legs and keep her in the air. His magic was on another level. Her body was tingling so much that even the lightest touch was like torture to her. His hands drifted up her sweaty body until he cupped her slippery breasts. As he pinched her nipples, he twisted them and pulled, causing her to scream out and clamp down on his cocks.

Her legs were spread wide and she could easily see herself being stretched beyond what was normal. Her asshole was puckering while her pussy was creaming all over the gargantuan cock that was currently spearing her.

Her eyes became as large as dinner plates, and her body trembled as though she was experiencing an earthquake. Both of his cocks not only began to vibrate, but they also suddenly felt ribbed. It felt as if they were bumpy, and when penetrated, they felt absolutely incredible.

“TOO MUCH!” her high-pitched squeal hurt his ears as her pussy juice misted the air, covering his entire room in the smell of her aroused cunt. His hand left her tit and came down on her pussy.

“AAAAHH!” she cried out as his hand slapped her engorged, wet clit. Another slap to her nude, hairless mound had her body twisting and turning and her pussy and asshole clenching on him.

Hermione was tossed on the bed as both of his cocks slipped out of her. She couldn't even protest as her body was folded in half. Her knees were now by her ears and her pussy was sticking straight up in the air. Her legs were wrenched apart, exposing herself again. Hermione shuddered violently when she felt the cool air drift over her gaping asshole. She had little time to reflect on that, however, because Harry buried his face into her soaking wet pussy.

"Ohhhhhhh .... Ahhh!" she mewled and chittered as the loud, wet slurping sound filled her ears. She could feel his tongue slipping and sliding everywhere. No inch of her pussy was untouched. Harry then raised his head up and he wiggled his eyebrows. Hermione not knowing what was going on was incredibly surprised when his tongue grew an extra ten inches. It wiggled around like a snake waiting to strike before he slammed his face back down, and she felt the long, warm digit wiggle into her pussy.

She nearly tore the sheets with her fingernails as his tongue wiggled all over her g-spot. The arousal was pooling around her folds before dripping down and wetting her asshole. Without thinking about it, she began bouncing her hips and trying her best to fuck herself on his tongue.

"I'm about to orgasm again, Harry!" she warned her pussy tingling again. This time, Harry pulled out and he held his two cocks together in one hand. When both of the heads parted her lips, she cried out, "It's too big!"

Harry had no concern for her arguments. Two cocks were forced into her pussy, stretching to an obscene level. Biting her lower lip sexily, she tilted her head back and moaned like a whore as his cocks touched and rubbed every possible inch of her insides. Vibrating and ribbed, she had never felt anything so amazing. Her wails of pleasure came out of her mouth continuously as Harry thrust his cocks furiously into her. Clamping her legs together to keep from cumming again, Harry was having none of that. Holding her ankles, he opened her legs wide as the massive hulk towered over her.

Hermione felt his enormous hand wrap around her throat, and she was suddenly frightened when he began to squeeze. He wasn't choking her hard enough to harm her, but still hard enough to cut off her oxygen. Hermione tried to breathe but couldn't. Finally, when she was about to pass out, he let go causing her to inhale deeply and noisily. She breathed in some much-needed oxygen as her pussy exploded. He pulled his cocks out as her pussy squirted a torrent of juice all over his long, thick torso. Harry happily rubbed her pussy juice all over his chest, bathing himself in her scent.

Even as she was still cumming and squirting, he pulled her to him and placed one cock between her sweaty breasts and the other into her mouth.

GACK! GACK! GACK! Was the only sound that she could make as he fucked her face and tits at the same time. Holding each side of her breasts, he pushed them together to create a tight crevice for him to fuck. Hermione couldn't stop cumming as he used her for his pleasure. Finally,

he pushed her and with his strength, she landed hard on the mattress. She watched, twitching and spasming as he stroked both cocks. Taking aim, he spurted thick ropes of cum all over her face, and with the other cock, coated her naked pussy in his thick, white seed. He didn't stop cumming until her body was slick with his offerings. Hermione could only lay there like a used whore, breathing heavily while in shock.

"A few more hours like this and I'll consider forgiving you," he smirked. Hermione whimpered as she was flipped over and double-barreled again.