

Chapter 3

Standing in front of the cabinet, Hermione scanned the ledger. She was surprised to see just how many names she recognized in the book. It wasn't just famous witches and wizards like Celestina Warbeck and Gwenog Jones. She also noticed quite a few of her classmates. Penelope Clearwater was perhaps the most surprising, but after looking at her entries, Hermione realized she hadn't left any memories with Harry. In fact, she hadn't left any memories involving men at all. But the next name she recognized did have a memory of Harry.

Lilith Moon had always been a quiet, studious girl at Hogwarts. Although she had been a Slytherin, she'd never taken part in the house rivalry or insulted anyone because of their blood. She'd certainly never joined the Death Eater. Hermione wondered how she'd become a member of Lucinda's little group. None of her memories were more than a couple of years old, and the first three were all with Harry. Had he had something to do with her joining?

Picking up the vial containing Lilith's first memory, Hermione poured it into the pool and took a seat on the couch. Her eyes widened when it resolved into a massive orgy.

Lilith sat on a couch in the middle of a large room. All around her sat curtained beds, cushions laid out in large piles on the floor, and even a couple of sex swings hung from the ceiling. All of them were occupied. There had to be more than two dozen people in the room, all of them in pairs and groups around the room, engaged in some sort of sexual act. Well, all of them except Lilith. Even as Hermione watched, an older man took the hand of a young woman next to her and led her over to one of the curtained beds.

With a sigh, Lilith slumped forward and rested her elbows on her knees.

Hermione wondered why people were avoiding her. It wasn't like she was unattractive. Lilith had pale skin, light green eyes, long dark hair, and an attractive figure. Back at school, she'd heard a few of the boys describe her as the most underrated girl at Hogwarts. She never got as much attention as girls like Lavender, Susan, or even Daphne, most likely due to the combination of her shy and quiet nature and being sorted into Slytherin.

Over Lilith's shoulder, Hermione saw Harry enter the room. He was still dressed in his Auror uniform, so she assumed he'd worked late. Lucinda, who she hadn't noticed standing off to the side of the room, approached him quietly. Hermione couldn't hear what they were saying, but when Harry looked over at Lilith, smiled, and nodded, she could take a guess. Together, he and Lucinda approached the couch and took a seat on either side of Lilith. She sat up in surprise, and her eyes widened when she recognized Harry.

"Hey," he said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. "No takers tonight?"

Lilith shook her head.

"Well, then, I guess I have you all to myself tonight, don't I?" Harry asked.

She smiled shyly, revealing long, pearly white canines for just a moment. A vampire, Hermione thought with a gasp. Now, it made sense that people were avoiding her. Harry didn't seem to have a problem with it, however. Smiling, he pulled her close and pressed his lips to hers. Lilith responded nervously, careful to keep her lips closed.

Harry slipped a hand inside her black robe, revealing her bare, pale white skin underneath. His hand palmed her perky breast, and he pinched her pink nipple between his fingers. Lilith gasped against his lips, and he pulled back with a chuckle.

Standing up, he took off his cloak and tossed it over the back of the couch. While he quickly took off the rest of his clothes, Lucinda splayed open Lilith's cloak and caressed her body. Harry stepped out of his trousers, his half-hard, swollen shaft swinging right in front of the brunette's face before he offered her his hands. The moment she took them, he pulled her to her feet and pushed her cloak off of her shoulders. It joined his clothes on the floor, leaving both of them completely naked.

"How do you want to start?" Harry asked.

Lilith bit her lip thoughtfully before turning him around and pushing him back down onto the couch. She followed him down, dropping to her knees between his legs. Harry ran his fingers through her long, dark hair with a sigh as she took him into her mouth. Bobbing her head up and down, he rapidly hardened in her mouth. Her bright red lips stretched around his girth, but despite his size, she had no trouble swallowing him completely.

Hermione glanced over her shoulder at the door and bit her lip in thought. A moment later, she unbuttoned her trousers and slipped a hand down the front of her knickers. She moaned as her fingers caressed her damp folds.

Lilith buried her nose in Harry's groin and held him in her throat for a long moment. When she pulled back, she took a deep breath before taking him to the hilt again. Harry groaned from the sensation, and Hermione could see a distinct bulge in her throat. Kissing his cheek, Lucinda dropped down to her knees and maneuvered herself behind Lilith.

"You're a vampire, dear," she said, placing a hand on the back of her head. "You don't need to breathe."

Lucinda held her down, and Lilith's eyes rapidly became panicked when she refused to let her pull back.

"Relax," Lucinda said softly.

Lilith calmed slightly, but she opened and closed her fists, and her eyes began to water as she stared up at Harry. He smiled at her reassuringly and caressed her cheek with the backs of his fingers. Finally, after a couple of minutes, Lucinda left her up. Lilith shot off of his length, thick strings of saliva falling from her lips, and sucked in a sharp, desperate breath.

"It'll take time to get over all of your old human instincts," Lucinda said. "But being a vampire has its advantages."

"That felt incredible," Harry added.

Smiling brightly, Lilith took him back into her mouth and straight down her throat. Harry gripped her head tightly with both hands and ground against her face with a groan. With a smirk, Lucinda stripped off her blouse. Her large breasts sagged a bit more than some of the younger women in the room, but they were by no means unattractive. Each one was capped with big, pink areolas and hard red nipples. Smiling, she hugged Lilith's back and kissed her shoulders.

"Maybe some incentive will help," she purred. "Did you know that vampires can feed off of magical cum? I've read that some even prefer it over blood."

Lilith moaned as Harry rocked his hips against her face, and Lucinda groped her breasts. She controlled her panic much better this time, her light green eyes staring up at his face with a glint of excitement.

"I'm close," Harry growled.

Hermione's fingers danced across her clit as she watched his face screw up with pleasure. She bit her lip, on the verge of her own climax, as his muscles flexed, and he pulled Lilith's face hard into his lap. He growled as he came, his shaft visibly swelling in her throat. Lilith's eyes went wide, and she started to squirm on her knees. It took a moment for Hermione to realize she was climaxing. The sight pushed her over the edge, and she hunched in on herself, her body twitching, and she came. She bit her lip to keep quiet, worried that someone outside would hear her if she was too loud.

As she came down from her peak and focused back on the memory, Harry let go of Lilith's head. She snapped back, her mouth hanging open and her eyes staring unseeingly into the distance as a powerful climax continued to rage through her body. Smiling, Lucinda held the younger woman to her chest and caressed her body softly.

"Better than blood?" she asked.

Lilith nodded, her breath trembling each time she exhaled.

“Maybe you can convince Harry to feed you once a week,” Lucinda chuckled.

“Wouldn’t take much convincing,” Harry said. “Bloody hell. I’ve never had my dick sucked like that.”

Lilith smiled shyly, and Harry pulled her onto his lap. She curled up against him and laid her head on his chest. As Harry and Lucinda began to talk, Lilith’s eyes drifted closed, and the memory came to an end.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione pulled her hand out of her knickers. She used her wand to clean her hand before removing the memory from the pool and placing it back in the vial. Hermione was planning to leave, but when she placed the memory back in the cabinet, she noticed another one next to it that piqued her interest. On the label, two names were written, Susan Bones and Harry Potter, and a date.

Her curiosity got the better of her. She picked it up and poured it into the pool. The memory swirled and resolved into an image of Harry and Susan on the streets of a small town. Susan wore a shrunken mockery of a Hogwarts uniform. The skirt was so short that the bottom of her cheeks was visible when she walked. Her shirt wasn’t long enough to tuck into her waistband, so it was tied above her belly button, and the buttons were straining to hold back her enormous bust. The black and yellow tie hanging loosely around her neck did little to cover the generous valley of cleavage she had on display.

As if all of that wasn’t enough, her hands were bound together in front of her by black leather cuffs, and a collar was around her neck. Attached to the collar was a black leash, the other end of which sat in Harry’s hand. He led her down the sidewalk, uncaring about the pointing and staring directed at them. Susan, on the other hand, blushed a deep red and kept her eyes on the ground.

Eventually, just after they passed a group of jeering teenagers, Harry and Susan turned down a gravel driveway that led to a large manor. He walked straight inside like he owned the place and closed the door behind him before tugging on the leash and leading her through the house. After a couple of turns, they entered a sitting room with numerous portraits hung on the walls.

They only featured women and given their resemblance to Susan, and the fact that they were moving, Hermione guessed that they were at Bones Manor.

Suddenly, Harry came to a stop, spun around, and shoved his hand under Susan's knickers. She gasped and whimpered as he slowly pulled his hand back out and held up his glistening fingers.

"Fucking soaked," Harry smiled. "Did you enjoy that?"

Susan blushed, looked back down at her feet, and gave the tiniest of nods. Narrowing his eyes, Harry grabbed her hair tightly in his fist and yanked her head back roughly.

"I asked you a question," he growled. "Did you like knowing the whole village was staring at your big tits and fat ass?"

"Y-yes," Susan admitted in a whisper, her blue eyes sparkling with excitement and nervousness.

"Good girl," Harry said.

Caressing her cheek, he ran his hand down to her neck, where he unhooked the leash. He brought it down to her hands and connected it to the short chain that bound the cuffs together.

"But you still need to be punished for not answering me the first time," he continued.

Susan gasped when he threw the leash up, and the free end attached itself to the ceiling. Her hands were yanked up high enough that even with her arms over her head, she still had to stand on the tips of her toes to keep her weight off her shoulders. It was obviously an uncomfortable position, but her expression showed how excited Susan was.

Harry reached out, gripped two handfuls of her blouse, and yanked his hands apart. The fabric tore like it was made of tissue paper. Even the knot at the bottom came undone, causing her

round, heavy breasts to bounce free and sway like pendulums on her chest. Unable to help himself, Harry grabbed them roughly in his hands and bent down to wrap his lips around one of her large, red nipples. Susan moaned softly as he tugged her nipple with his teeth.

“Merlin, look at these tits,” Harry said, giving them a shake. “The legendary Bones bust. I wonder if they’ll still look as good when you’re older.”

Walking around her, he cupped her breasts from behind and looked up at two of the portraits on the wall.

“What do you think, Amelia, Julia?” he asked. “Give us a look.”

“Absolutely not,” Amelia Bones said. “You might have Susan wrapped around your finger, but that doesn’t mean we’re going to obey you.”

“No, but you obey her,” Harry said, nodding to Susan. “Go on, Susie. Tell Mummy and Auntie to show me their tits. In fact, tell all of them.”

“Do it, please,” Susan whimpered as he pinched her nipples and rolled them between his fingers.

Amelia and Julia shared a look between their portraits before reaching up and undoing their tops. Around the room, the rest of the portraits followed suit. In moments, their breasts were bared.

“Damn,” Harry muttered.

He stared lecherously at Amelia and Julia’s enormous breasts before slowly spinning in a circle with Susan in his arms to look at the rest. All of the women were just as gifted, with the only real difference between them being the size and shape of their nipples.

“If you age like the rest of the women in your family, then I’m going to keep you around for the rest of your life,” Harry said, groping Susan’s chest as he finished his spin to face Amelia and Julia again. “What do you think, Amelia? Ten spans sound good to you?”

Smirking, he walked around in front of Susan. He paused for a moment before his hand lashed out and smacked her breast, causing it to bounce wildly and crash into the other one. Susan bit her lip and grunted softly with each strike, her soft, pale skin gradually turning pink under the abuse.

On the last one, Harry brought both of his hands down on the front of her breasts, directly over the nipples.

“Good girl,” he said.

Kissing her on the lips tenderly, Harry reached up and undid her cuffs. Susan’s hands immediately went to work undressing him while he helped her out of what little clothes remained on her body. In moments, they were both naked and snogging heatedly in the middle of the room.

Hermione noticed movement out of the corner of her eye and blinked when she realized that all of the women in the portraits were touching themselves. Some groped their chests and slipped their hands lower under their clothes, but some, like Amelia, had stripped completely and were openly pleasuring themselves.

Her attention returned to Harry when he suddenly spun Susan around, bent her over at the waist, and sank into her depths. Susan cried out as he started pummeling her from behind. Her heavy breasts swung and jiggled under her, their rhythm not quite matching the pace of his thrusts. Hermione got an even better look a moment later when Harry grabbed her wrists and pulled her arms straight back, using them as handles to thrust harder.

Susan screamed out her climax within moments, but Harry never slowed. Instead, he started walking her around the room in an odd sort of shuffle as he continued pounding into her. He led her around the room, showing off for each of the portraits until he circled back to where he had

started. Standing in front of the portraits of Susan's aunt and mother, he let go of her wrists, hooked his hands under her knees, and lifted her into the air. They had the best view in the house as he bounced her up and down on his thick length. A gush of arousal soaked the carpet under her as she climaxed again.

"Are all Bones women such unrepentant sluts?" Harry grunted.

"Yes," one of the other portraits replied to laughter from the others.

Harry snorted and turned his head to look at the woman as she rammed a candlestick in and out of her depths.

"I'll let you pick. Where should I cum? I'm getting close," he said.

"In her," the woman replied without hesitation. "It's about time Susan settled down and became a mother."

Susan gasped and then groaned her way through yet another climax. Harry paid her no heed as he sped up his thrusts. Her breasts bounced wildly as he hammered into her until the part of his shaft that Hermione could see swelled visibly. With a grunt, he buried himself as deep as possible and unloaded in her depths. Apparently, there was a lot because a trickle of white escaped her taut folds and dripped down his testicles to stain the carpet.

Stumbling over to the couch, Harry collapsed on it with Susan in his lap while the portraits broke out in applause. With a chuckle, he wrapped his arms around her, caressed her breasts, and kissed her neck. Things were just calming down when Susan's stomach let out a rumble, prompting laughter from Harry and the portraits.

"I'll go make us something to eat," he said, kissing her softly. "Rest up. I plan on staying the night."

Sliding Susan off of his lap, Harry, still completely naked, left the room. As she shifted into a more comfortable position, she reached between her legs and rubbed her folds.

“Are you alright, sweetheart?” Julia asked.

“I’m fine, mum,” Susan replied. “I’m a little sore, but it’s the good kind.”

A woman with greying hair across the room laughed lightly.

“There’s a reason the Potters were still known for their swordsmanship long after it went out of fashion,” she smirked.

“Nan!” Susan gasped as the memory came to an end.

Hermione shook her head with a smile as she collected the memory and dropped it into the vial.